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THE LAST CHATTEL.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1866.

CONGRESS.

It was not to be expected that Congress would make great progress in the matter of the reorganization of the Union before the holidays. But, from its action thus far it is very clear that there is not likely to be any serious division in the Union party upon any vital point of the question.

That Mr. STEVENS is of this opinion is clear from his speech, in which he frankly announced that he spoke for himself alone. Yet, however much any thoughtful man may differ from the theories of the situation which were stated in the speech, he can not refuse his admiration to the tone of Roman heroism which rings all through it. THOMPSON STEVENS has what the French call the courage of his opinions, and every member of the House might in that, at least, wisely follow him. The vice of our statesmanship is timidity and the paralyzing force of a minority. One of our cleverest politicians frankly admits that he is a trimmer. He is thinking of Lord HALIFAX. But HALIFAX explained that if he were sailing at a port he would not try to sail against the wind but he would tack. You must have a port. You must see and confide in a principle, or, like a sailor in shoreward currents who does not keep his eye upon the light, you will inevitably go up to the breakers.

Mr. STEVENS certainly keeps his eye upon the light and he scorns the wind. He sees plainly that the end we must seek is sure rather than swift reconstruction; and he states clearly the steps which he thinks essential to that end, regardless of the undoubted truth that the great mass of citizens will reject both his premises and his conclusions. Yet we are inclined to believe that the difference between the various views of the whole question is one of details and not of essence.

Then Mr. RAYMOND replied at some length to the speech of Mr. STEVENS. He combated his views of the exact present condition of the late rebel States. Mr. STEVENS said that they were out of the Union, and were to be treated as conquered territories. Mr. RAYMOND replied that they did not succeed in getting out, and were therefore States in the Union. He is very positive that the States in question are not out of the Union. Mr. STEVENS is equally sure that they are not in. But even Mr. RAYMOND does not think that they are in the Union as New York and Iowa are. Now, can there be two ways of being in the Union? And if there can, are they not, first, as New York is, and, second, as Montana is—that is to say, as a State with every State power untouched, or as a Territory?

But why split hairs? The question of reconstruction is purely practical. If indeed Mr. RAYMOND had argued that every State not in actual armed rebellion—Mississippi for instance—had precisely the same present rights in the Union and in Congress that New York has, and that no conditions could be imposed upon her elections or her conventions, then the question of the exact condition of the States would be the most practical of all. But since both Mr. STEVENS and Mr. RAYMOND are agreed that the States in question are not to be restored until satisfactory pledges are given to the United States, is not the argument of their abstract condition superfluous? Mr. LEXINGTON called that kind of speculation "a pernicious abstraction." The important point, in his judgment, was how they should assume their practical relations in the Union.

Mr. STEVENS calls the late rebel States conquered provinces, in which there is now no government but the military law of the United States; and he insists that Congress must reorganize them with republican forms. Mr. RAYMOND holds that the citizens of those States are defeated insurgents, who must submit to any conditions of surrender imposed by the victorious commander. The theory of both is adjudication. But would Mr. RAYMOND insist that therefore Congress is powerless, and that the whole matter is to be absolutely and finally settled by the President? The President at least makes no such a claim. Has Mr. RAYMOND forgotten that in the President's proclamation appointing Provisional Governors he expressly recommended the people whom he authorized to vote to present governments to which Congress could properly promise the national recognition?

If, as Mr. RAYMOND argues, we have a right to demand certain concessions of the late rebel States, as parts of their surrender and as conditions of their restoration, and among them may require assent to a proposed Constitutional Amendment affecting the whole industrial structure of their society, is it foolish to suppose that we may also require assent to another such amendment affecting the political structure of their society? It may not be expedient to require it, but that is a totally different point. If we are prevented from requiring it, is it not because of certain supposed indefensible, fan-

damental rights of States? And if that be so, can any State right be more inviolably sacred than that of giving an uncoerced consent to Constitutional Amendments?

The whole difficulty springs from the wrong starting-point of the debate. The sole practical question for Congress is, in view of the actual situation of the late rebel States, in the light of history, of human nature, and of the principles of our Government, what concessions, in Mr. RAYMOND'S words, ought we to demand. The right to demand any whatever arises from the primal right of every Government in the present position of ours to secure its own existence, and includes the right of limiting the demand solely by its estimate of that necessity. Mr. RAYMOND, probably, is of opinion that the necessity can be satisfied by the conditions he names, acceptance of the emancipation amendment; repudiation of the rebel debt; legal protection of freedmen, and revocation of the ordinances of secession. But if one of his colleagues should consider that the necessity could not be satisfied without agreement to a Constitutional Amendment forbidding political disability by reason of birth-place or complexion, or apportioning representation to voters, he would be fully sustained in his position by Mr. RAYMOND'S logic.

We trust, since the President and the Union party are thoroughly persuaded that some concessions may be rightfully demanded and certain conditions imposed, that Congress, after the recess, will devote itself to the most careful study of the actual situation of the States in question, that it may act wisely as well as promptly upon the report of the Committee upon Reconstruction.

WALL STREET PROSPECTS FOR 1866.

There are reasons for believing that the year which is just beginning will be the most active ever known in the history of Wall Street—or, in other words, that it will witness more frequent and extensive fluctuations in values than have occurred in any previous twelve-months.

One principal reason for this belief is the avowed policy of Government and Congress, which looks to an attempted contraction of the currency as the means of restoring specie payments. Such an operation insures a steady succession of ups and downs. While the contraction is merely threatened, without being attempted, business is checked throughout the country, men of capital refuse to part with their money, business paper sells dear, prudent merchants keep out of debt, and the consequence is an extensive accumulation of idle money at the financial centres, which is sure, sooner or later, to generate speculation and cause an advance in stocks. By-and-by the threatened contraction is actually attempted, and then comes a pinch in the money-market; occurring, in all probability, just as speculation is under full headway, and the "outside public" have loaded up with stocks in order to realize a rapid fortune. Hence comes a panic, and a fall in values more rapid than the previous advance; the "outsiders," and many "inside" speculators too, are "cleaned out;" and then follows a season of calm, dullness, and low prices. But this does not last long. Before many weeks elapse Government stops contracting, either from choice or necessity, and, meanwhile, the fall in prices has increased the purchasing power of the currency, so that money again becomes easy, under the influence of which speculation revives again, and a fresh upward movement is inaugurated—to be followed, in due course, by another collapse. These "ups and downs" will naturally succeed each other at intervals of greater or less duration, so long as paper continues a legal tender, and there is no absolute standard of value to regulate the ordinary transactions of business.

Another element of change may be developed from excessive importations—a point to which reference was made in our last number. If we continue to consume foreign goods as we are doing at present a commercial revolution can not long be deferred, for it is impossible for the country, burdened with a debt of \$2,000,000,000, and just recovering from four years of exhausting war, to pay for all these goods. A commercial crisis would of course be severely felt in Wall Street. Merchants are all, more or less, holders of public and corporate securities, which would be sacrificed in the event of a general mercantile shipwreck. A pressure to sell would involve a decline in prices which would go on until points were reached at which capital would desert industry, and would flow in from abroad, to secure bargains at panic prices.

Fluctuations in the market price of the leading railway stocks may be expected to result from the uncertainty which overshadows the proportion to be borne hereafter by net to gross earnings. According to the recent report of the New York Central the expenses of that line have increased during the past year so much faster than gross earnings that, though the traffic on the line has been steadily improving, it has yielded nearly a per cent. less to the stockholders than it did in 1863-4. On the

other hand, the Michigan Central and the Port Wayne roads are said to be run for about the same ratio of expense as formerly. We are all familiar with the increased cost of living and the increased cost of labor and all kinds of materials: the president of the leading bank of the city declared on oath in court a few days since that the purchasing power of \$4000 a year seven years ago was equal to that of \$10,000 a year now. It seems, therefore, reasonable to assume that it must cost the railroads much more than it did to run their trains and keep their road bed and equipment in repair. And as they have not, as a general rule, increased their charges either for passengers or freight, being in many instances strictly prohibited from so doing by their charters, it would seem not unlikely that most if not all of them are actually earning less money on their present enormous gross traffic than they earned a few years ago on smaller gross receipts. These considerations would seem to justify lower prices for railway stocks. But, on the other hand, the indications are unmistakable that each railway stock in its turn will be "cornered" by the great operators of the street. What has been done in the Harlem and Prairie du Chien may be done with all the others. The Bears of Wall Street need no pressing to induce them to sell stocks short in any amounts to suit purchasers, and, though it is an open problem whether money is ever made by cornering a stock, there can be no question but that such manoeuvres inflict heavy losses on the parties cornered. Thus it may turn that just as this or that railway stock is proved to be declining in real value it may advance in market-price in consequence of a cornering operation, and may sell, in 1866, on reduced net receipts, at higher figures than were ever reached in its palmiest days of prosperity. Who ever fancied that Prairie du Chien would sell at 250?

But the most lively fluctuations of the year will probably be in Governments. These securities offer a splendid crop of uncertainties to the gambler. On the one hand, they are mostly held on speculation by parties who have not paid for them, can not pay for them, and must sacrifice them whenever a pinch arrives in the money market. They have never gone through the fiery ordeal through which the public securities of all nations that are or have been at war must necessarily pass before they settle down to a fixed position in the market. Who can say what shall be the natural par of Five-Twenty bonds in the years 1870-75? But, on the other hand, these securities are a first mortgage on every acre of land and every dollar's worth of improvement in the whole country from Maine to the Rio Grande. The Five-Twenty bonds are, all things considered, the best security in the world; that is to say, they are as safe as the safest security known; and they yield a larger income than any other first-class Government bond. Seven-Thirties are worse held than Five-Twentys, and the temptation to sell them short is great. But it must be remembered that within thirty-six months from their date they will be payable in full in currency. As that time approaches they will therefore naturally approximate to par. Most of them have nearly a year's interest already accrued. By the time they are within nine months of their maturity they will sell at or nearly par. Speculators have thus from twelve to eighteen months to work in.

If Wall Street continues lively that is time enough for plenty of fluctuations. The bonds may again touch 114, or 99, or both; the notes may sell at 90 and at 100. If speculation once fastens on them there is no saying how they may fluctuate. If a general impression spreads to the effect that they are going to rise, all the world will buy, and prices will advance far beyond real values; if, on the other hand, the public can be persuaded that they are going to fall, the rush to sell will precipitate them much below the figure at which they ought to rule. There are so many of them, and so many people are interested in them, that there is hardly any limit to the possible fluctuations to be caused by the ebb and flow of public confidence. Railway securities interest a comparatively limited class, and every day the danger of corners and of dishonest management is diminishing that class. Governments interest everybody. Every one who has money either holds, or has held, or expects to hold Government securities. Fluctuations in the price of Government will be felt at every breakfast-table in the country. Let Wall Street once seize upon Government bonds as an instrument to gamble with, and the operations in them, and the fortunes lost and made in them will far outstrip the operations and the fortunes of the most active periods of railway speculation.

A TRUE CHRISTMAS STORY.

In the bright and beautiful summer weather there is often a secret sadness in the thought that it will soon pass away; and so as the happy Christmas rhymes ring in the annual carol of CHARLES DICKENS, there is a painful feeling that the time must at last come when he will tell no more Christmas stories. His budget

of this year, "Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions," is issued in a cheap and convenient form by the HAUBENS, and his own contributions to it are most characteristic and delightful.

Doctor Marigold himself is a character finished with great elaboration. He is a creation as positive as Dick Swiveller, although as a "Cheap Jack" he is a type of a more limited character. The incidents of his story have a gipsy homeliness and freshness and that exquisite pathos which, when not exaggerated, and it is not in this instance, invest "Jack" and his surroundings with universal interest. It is a Shakespearean power which plucks one true-hearted vagabond out of the crowd of figures which fill England, and makes him typical and immortal. It is DICKENS'S way of preaching humanity. The tender and vivid portraiture of Doctor Marigold will humanize many a heart toward the fellow-man in the tramp or the wandering tinkler. Whatever the tune DICKENS plays upon the Christmas bells, there is always the old strain heard in it: "Peace on earth: good will to men."

In the collection of little tales that make up the story some are merry and some are sad. And how true they are to life every where was painfully illustrated by an incident of a wreck which was published on the very day the story was issued, and which might have been the most tragical of all in some Christmas budgets.

On Tuesday morning, the 19th of December, the schooner *Eveline Ricker* "set sail in good cheer" from the Delaware breakwater for Pawtucket, Rhode Island. There were but six souls on board; Captain FISHER, a young man of about 27, and his wife of about 20 years, with a mate, a cook, and two seamen, one of whom, LOUIS TALBOT, tells the story. On Wednesday morning it began to blow freshly. During the day the gale increased. At evening Captain FISHER thought he saw the Highland Lights at Sandy Hook, but TALBOT thinks they were lights in houses on the shore. It was then snowing hard and blowing a hurricane. They sounded and found they were drifting fast on shore, spite of all their efforts to keep off. The sails were useless in the storm which parted the ropes, and the waves dashed over the deck and into the cabin. In the total darkness they heard the roaring of the breakers, and found the vessel to be fast filling. They tried the pumps and let go both anchors. The schooner dragged them instantly, and TALBOT looked about for something to make a raft. "I went down into the cabin, which was more than knee-deep with water at the time, and there I saw poor Mrs. FISHER standing quietly in the water." She turned to him and said, pitifully, "I wonder if my husband knows that I am here?" TALBOT lifted her in his arms and placed her in a bunk high out of the water. Then he went up and lashed himself into the fore rigging, while Captain FISHER, wrapping his wife in a huge coat, lashed her into the main rigging. The schooner struck. Every thing was swept away. The foremast went over with the two seamen. Ten minutes afterward the mainmast went; but TALBOT thinks the captain with his wife jumped into the sea before the mast fell; and he heard the cries of Mrs. FISHER in the water. They had been but a few months married. The captain was cool and much liked, and "she kept her courage up well," says TALBOT. But the next morning the dead body of the bride was thrown ashore upon the beach. On her right hand was a kid glove lined with red wool to protect it against the frost, and her clothes were torn to shreds by the furious waves. The body of her husband had not been recovered.

In the pleasant Christmas season, as we read this sad story, the brave old words of Sir HUMPHRY GILBERT are heard again. It was three hundred years ago, in the evening, that the lights upon his vessel were last seen off Newfoundland. Before midnight they had disappeared. But his words are never forgotten, "Heaven is as near by sea as land."

OUR DUTY TO THE FREEDMEN.

THAT the people of the late rebel States will ultimately see the coincidence of justice and prosperity we have no doubt. But General HOWARD and General GRANT and General SCHURZ are all of opinion that for some time yet the National Government must directly see that the freedmen are protected in every personal right. And this, we presume, will be the suggestion of the Committee on Reconstruction.

To leave the freedmen at once in the absolute control of the late rebel population at the South would be a crime which would forever justly disgrace the United States. Whatever the good intentions of large classes of that population may be, we all know too well that the immediate results of such a policy would be. We see it already in North Carolina. In that State a negro was lately convicted of some trifling offense, and was sentenced to slavery for a term of years. The wording of the Constitutional Amendment permits the enormity. Foolishly following the old phraseology of laws in an entirely different condition of affairs the Amendment forbids slavery except as a punishment for crime. Nothing is easier than to

erect vagrancy into a crime; then, by refusing to employ the negroes, to compel their vagrancy; then to sell them into slavery for a longer or shorter term.

This is but an illustration of the foul play to which the freedmen will be exposed in the absence of the national protection. And there is no excuse whatever for leaving them to such a fate. Indeed, when we remember the unwavering possession of their fidelity to us during the doubtful years of the war—how tranquilly they repelled their masters' falsehoods meant to inflame them against us—how steadily these people, regarded as apes and treated like cattle, waited for our coming and believed in our frier ship—how they guided all our escaping soldiers, who counted upon their fidelity as surely as they themselves counted in escaping upon the North Star—how they resisted bribes, the arts, tortures, and death rather than betray us, asking no reward, but trusting in us as surely as we trusted in them—when we remember this unprecedented history, and reflect that many among us are now half reluctant not to deliver them into the pitiless hands from which they rescued us, and are calculating how little we can do for them and how much for those who despise and hate them, we may well fear that the lustre of our victory be irretrievably furnished.

The cause of the United States, said the ex-posing Continental Congress, is the cause of human nature. It is so now more than ever. By the fundamental law of the land every man is now the free equal of every other man, the late slave of Governor OUN of South Carolina as much as the Governor himself; and we trust that the Committee upon Reconstruction, looking at facts rather than at theories, will recommend the continuance of the Freedmen's Bureau until the people of the United States are thoroughly satisfied that the personal freedom which they have conferred upon the majority of the people of South Carolina, for instance, is to be respected by the minority.

MR. BIGELOW UPON FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

At a late dinner of American citizens in Paris at which Mr. BIGELOW, the Minister of the United States, and General SCOTT were present, Mr. BIGELOW said: "The policy of the American Government is peace with all mankind, and at the present moment, as far as the eye of any statesman can penetrate into the future, there is no probability of a rupture of the good relations which exist between the United States and every other country."

Mr. BIGELOW certainly ought to know, and his remark only confirms the universal impression that the Mexican complication is to be solved without war, as every sensible man heartily hopes it may be. But it is very desirable that the country should know a few details. While we assume from the Message of the President and from such remarks as those of our French Minister that negotiations are pending, it is very clear that the highest interests of the country would gain by making the assumption knowledge. The House of Representatives, upon Mr. SREYESS's motion, has already requested the President, if not incompatible with the public interest, to communicate all the information and correspondence upon the subject, and we hope a response will not be long delayed.

Meanwhile there need be no fear that the public interest in the matter will decline, or public vigilance relax. If there are those who suppose that LOUIS NAPOLEON wishes or expects to remain in Mexico, we think they are profoundly mistaken. He does not court war under the inevitable conditions of such a struggle as this would be. He undoubtedly wishes to get out of the scrape, and our true policy is to help him out, not to threaten to kick him out. A peremptory threat from the United States would make France, which now sneers at the Mexican expedition, enthusiastically united in supporting it at all hazards. Now, of course, if it were necessary, the United States are ready and able to encounter the whole of Europe enthusiastically hostile. But, as a matter of fact, it is not necessary. Patience, common sense, and the President's response to Congress, will carry us through.

TAUGHT BY OUR NEIGHBORS.

SOME curious facts are revealed by the statistics in regard to the young men called out to the conscription in France. In one of the departments it appeared that out of 100 young men, 21 years old, 64 can neither read nor write. In other departments the numbers range from 56 to 62 out of every hundred. In 27 departments the number of illiterate young men is more than a third, or certainly one fourth. In 15 others it varies from a fourth to a tenth. In 10 it is less than a tenth. In the Meurthe and Bas-Rhin there are but four or five out of 100 young conscripts who can not read. In the Haute-Marne but three or four. In the Meuse and the Doubs but two or three. There are 86 departments in all, and Paris is in that of the Seine. Strasbourg is in the Bas-Rhin, and Besançon is the Doubs.

The Minister of Public Instruction has verified the figures, and he has offered a gold medal of the value of 200 francs to be given to the Communal schoolmaster in each department who shall be most successful in reducing the number of illiterate persons in the Commune.

This is an illustration of the way in which things are done in France. Instead of a system which makes it the plain interest of every community to take care that its members are properly instructed, the Government offers a pitiful bribe to the village schoolmaster.

But we have also a recent statement of the Condition-of-England-question, which is even worse than that of France. "Nowhere in Ireland," says a correspondent of the New York Times, who is an Englishman, "have I seen the stupid, ignorant, hopelessly-demoralized people that are to be found here by thousands, and it would scarcely be an exaggeration to say by millions. Now a country with such a population needs a government more intelligent, more active, more powerful, more practical than we have got in England. Twenty millions out of thirty have not the pretense of self-government. They are unrepresented in Parliament; they are confessedly out of the pale of the Constitution."

This is what Mr. OLSTEDT remarked nearly twenty years ago in his most valuable and interesting "Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England." And it is this ignorance and brutishness which are the real peril of Great Britain, in which 36,000 out of the 30,000,000 own the land, and in which the poor are growing poorer and the rich richer.

All these facts should be carefully pondered by every man in this country who thinks that it is safe to deny men education, or to tamper with perfect freedom of speech and the press. Ignorance any where in this country is a peril every where; and in this view the suggestions of General HOWARD in his admirable Report upon the Freedmen are very significant and important.

OUR MAPS OF THE SOUTHERN STATES.

A VIRGINIA landholder lately said to a friend of ours in Richmond, "I own three thousand acres of land, but I have no money to work it with. I want to sell half of it, and I should like nothing so much as to sell it to a company of Vermont farmers." The desire to sell was natural under the circumstances, and the disposition to welcome Vermonters showed with what common sense the gentleman accepted the situation. For it is by actual immigration and social and industrial intercourse that the hostility springing from separation and ignorance will be removed.

We propose to publish a series of carefully prepared maps of the Southern States, beginning with Massachusetts in this number of the Weekly, accompanied by concise and complete industrial statistics, that the general character and special advantages of the Southern part of the country may be understood by those who are thinking of settling there. There is, for instance, no nobler State in the world probably than Virginia. Her climate, her resources, her variety of surface, are unsurpassed. And now that the system of labor which has blighted her is removed, there is no reason to doubt that she will reach a prosperity proportioned to her advantages. And each State has its special attractions. Knowledge, knowledge, knowledge—that is the key with which the golden treasury of the Future is to be unlocked; and we shall do what we can to put it into the hands of every body in this country who can read.

THE RELIEF OF BROADWAY.

THE pressure of travel upon Broadway in the city of New York is such that some method must certainly be devised for its relief. The question is not purely local. Every part of the country and every citizen has a peculiar interest in the great city and all its conveniences of transport, traffic, and amusement. The street railways have been all successful. But they are not adequate to the increasing demand. The cars are crowded to the utmost discomfort of the passengers. They run as often as safety and convenience will permit. But still the throng increases, and new difficulties require new solutions. What shall they be? How shall Broadway be relieved?

The project which is at this moment most widely discussed is an underground railroad. The enterprise is not original to the Yankee genius. It has been tried, and with striking success, in London, and a Company has been already formed in New York which applied for authority to the last Legislature, which passed a bill. The Governor, for sufficient reasons as it seems to us, vetoed the bill.

But the Governor did not express any hostility to the proposition, nor do we learn that he entertains any. He wishes only to secure all interests, and to avoid, as far as possible, the dangers of monopoly and of loosely-guarded discretionary power. A railroad of the kind contemplated could hardly fail, upon perfectly just conditions, to be very profitable; and we shall gladly record that some Company has per-

formed a plan which, with a due regard to the claims of private property and to the public convenience, shall bring the ends of the great city together and relieve the horrors of Broadway.

CARLYLE'S FREDERICK.

THE fifth volume of CARLYLE'S "Frederick" is just published. It is full of the same extraordinary power as the other volumes, and shows its hero's conduct in misfortune and defeat. The conclusion of this work is amazing. CARLYLE has evidently exhausted all the sources of information, and how dreary and forbidding they must be even a slight student of German military or political movements may easily imagine. Yet the weariness of investigation, the despondency and disgust of picking over a mountain of chaff for a single grain of wheat, are not in the least manifest in the result. The history is elastic, sparkling, and forever fresh, and no other author will ever hereafter feel that the task must be again attempted.

It is obvious from the events narrated in this volume that a great soldier like FREDERICK advocates his adversaries, as NAPOLEON did in the next century. The old methods, slow, cumbersome, traditional, disappear before the onset of the fierce rapidity and appalling daring of a fresh genius. The Austrian and French commanders and Governments learned to anticipate the movements of their adversary, and he sometimes counted too confidently upon their stupidity. The energy with which he threw a few men against an army, the promptness with which he conceived his plans, and the skill and tenacity with which he executed them, rank FREDERICK with the greatest soldiers of history; and his heroism, full of resources in extremity and against enormous odds, kindles the enthusiasm of his biographer.

But the significance of the war in its bearing upon civilization, which is its vital importance, is not revealed in the history. As it appears here it is a tremendous conflict of a Titan with forces individually very inferior but collectively vast and overpowering. As a Protestant hero FREDERICK makes a poor figure, but as a King fighting to extend his dominions and maintain his power he is one of the most striking that can be found. CARLYLE depicts Germany as a huge battle-field upon which France, Prussia, Russia, and Austria sustain the shock, and Great Britain is a sorry and futile listener upon the outskirts. The performances of the British contingent under the Duke of Cumberland, as CARLYLE describes them, must make any well-regulated Briton gnash his teeth. His wit is never so sardonic as when he is laughing at the Britons. But the EARL OF CHATHAM is an exception to CARLYLE'S gibes. He shines with new lustre upon these pages. And it is impossible as we read of him not to regret that, instead of FREDERICK THE GREAT and his era in Germany, CARLYLE had not selected CHATHAM and his era for a history. That subject has never been justly or fully treated, and it would have been an addition to British annals not less striking than the Cromwell.

The personal interest of the reader in FREDERICK is no greater in this volume than in the rest. Apparently he had not a single quality which could excite a genial and hearty affection. As a conspicuous and controlling actor upon the public arena his movements are interesting and his talent unquestionable; but as a man using that talent for mankind he is nothing. A certain insincerity and dramatic shallowness spoil his letters and speeches. There are no winning ways in his private intercourse. His career is a selfish struggle. You scarcely care whether he beats in a battle or is beaten. His German foes are thickly veneered with French artifice; and the glow of a divine passion of patriotism or of conviction is totally wanting. He was the son of his father; only in the son's case the drill-sergeant was a man of genius.

THE HANFERS will immediately issue the sixth and concluding volume of the history; and it is with deep sadness that the reader draws toward the end, for it is the last work of importance for which we can look from his author. He is now seventy years old, and great literary works are not undertaken at that age. But we have no right to complain, for CARLYLE has built his monument, not less in the books he has written than in his enduring influence upon the mind and literature of his time. Vexed as the reader must often be by his whims and dogmatism, he knows that a manly, sincere, and great soul is behind them all, like the sun behind clouds and vapors. His name belongs to the most truly illustrious in English letters, not alone because of his scholarship, and works, and genius, but because he has sought truth under every disguise, and has always honored, so far as he understood, whatever is really noble and helpful to mankind. Our war and this country he has never understood, and we can surely forgive the crude folly of his talk about us. CROMWELL and BENES and the French Revolution he did understand, and he has made the world understand them.

SHINING STARS.

Shine, ye stars of heaven,
On a world of pain!
See old Time destroying
All our hoarded gain;
If our sweetest flowers,
Ever stary serene,
Our hard-earned glory,
Every dream divine!

Shine, ye stars of heaven,
On the rolling years!
See how Time, consoling,
Dries the saddest tears,
T' do the darkest storm-clouds
Pass in gentle rains;
While appearing in glory
Flowers and dreams again!

Shine, ye stars of heaven,
On a world of fear!
See how Time, avenging,
Bringseth judgment here;
Wearing ill-won honors
To a fiery crown;
Fading hard hearts perish,
Casting proud hearts down.

Shine, ye stars of heaven,
On the hours' short flight!
See how Time, rewarding,
Gilds good deeds with light;
Fays with kindly measure,
Brings earth's dearest price,
Or, crowned with rays divine,
Bids the end arise!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

December 29: In the Senate, several bills were introduced and referred. Among the most important were a bill for the admission of the northeastern frontier, and one for the establishment of a branch of the Freedmen's Bureau in each of the formerly slave States. A Message was received from the President giving information in regard to the condition of the States lately in rebellion. The Message in its long and matter pronounced decidedly the local disposition of those States, and was accompanied by a report of Lieutenant-General Grant, characterized by a similar spirit. The reports of Howard and Schurz were also submitted. Senator Sumner called the President's Message "a white washing document, only paralleled by Foster's message on Kansas," and considered the alternative followed.

In the House, resolutions of censure from Louisiana and Virginia were referred to the Select Committee. The bill to regulate railroad transportation between the several States, known as the New York and Washington Air Line bill, was passed after a sharp discussion, 92 to 52. A joint resolution for an amendment of the Constitution as to prohibit the assumption or payment of the public debt by any State was adopted.

December 30: In the Senate, the House bill to pay Mrs. President Lincoln \$25,000 was passed. It was agreed to adjourn from the 31st to January 3. In the House, resolutions were referred, congratulating the country on the adoption of the constitutional amendment. A bill was passed giving to the Secretary of the Treasury the appointment of Deputy Assessors of Internal Revenue. A bill establishing several new Post routes was adopted. The recess to January 7 was agreed to. A resolution was adopted giving the President control of several Indian funds. -Enclaves were delivered on Mr. Kellogg, lately a member from New York.

December 31: In the Senate, Messrs. Fremont, Gilman, Harris, Howe, Johnson, and Williams were appointed as the Senate's part of the Select Committee of Seven on Reconstruction. In the House, Mr. Ashley, of Nevada, took his seat. -Messrs. Patterson, Ferry, and Guffey were appointed as Examiners of the Southern Expedition. -Mr. Raymond spoke for an hour, mainly in reply to the speech made by Mr. Stevens on the 19th, and taking the general ground that the Southern States were still and always had been members of the Union; that the effort to secede was frustrated by the victories of the Union armies, and was therefore void; and that the arts, speeches, and deeds of arms of the rebels were of no legal effect in disrupting their connection with the General Government.

RECONSTRUCTION.

The Provisional Government has been withdrawn from Georgia, Alabama, and from North and South Carolina. Governor James L. Orr, of South Carolina, has sent a dispatch to Secretary Seward in response to that of the latter, announcing the President's suspension of the provisional government in that State. Governor Orr states that this announcement will be most gratifying to the South Carolinians, returns thanks in their name, and declares his "unshaken purpose to aid in upholding the supremacy of the laws of the United States."

NEWS ITEMS.

On the 24th of December the Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims was observed at Boston by a grand military demonstration, and the imposing ceremonies connected with transfer of the numerous battle-flags of Massachusetts regiments to the State and their deposition in the Capitol. Mr. John Evans and Mr. Jerome B. Claflin, both Republicans, have been elected United States Senators from Colorado. The first forty miles of the Union Pacific Railroad, from Omaha (Nebraska) westward were completed December 18. The Hon. Lewis D. Campbell, of Ohio, has been appointed, by the President, Minister Extraordinary to the Republic of Mexico, in place of General Logan, who declined the office. The total number of emigrants visited at this port for the year ending November 30, 1865, is one hundred and seventy-eight thousand and three, which number is an increase of fifteen thousand over that of last year.

FOREIGN NEWS.

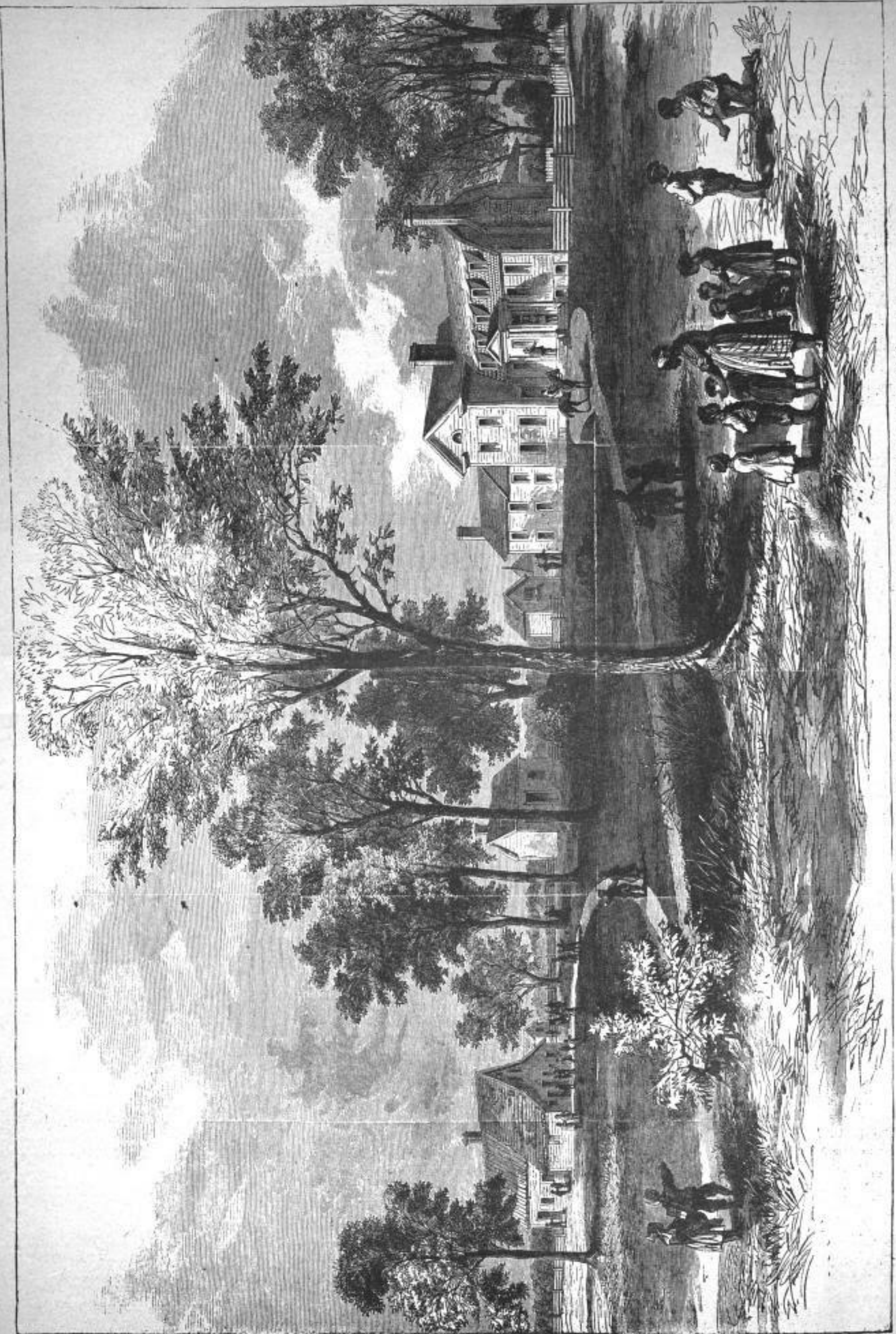
It is stated that the British Government has dismissed Governor Eyre, of Jamaica, a full explanation of the extraordinary measures resorted to after the riot at Morant Bay. It is conceded, even by those English journals which are noted for their hatred of negroes and abolitionists, that Gordon, who was long for settling the riot, had not been proved to be guilty of any action which they would hesitate for a moment to take the responsibility. We learn that Mr. Laurence, whose only crime seems to have been that he was overseer of Gordon's property, has also been hung.

The Parliament must have become extremely sensitive to every symptom of a hostile intention from America. Lately they were fearfully excited because Admiral Farquhar was taking soundings in French waters. The recent arrival of Major-General Sigfield in Paris has thrown these excitable Frenchmen into another panic. "This occasion does make towards us all."

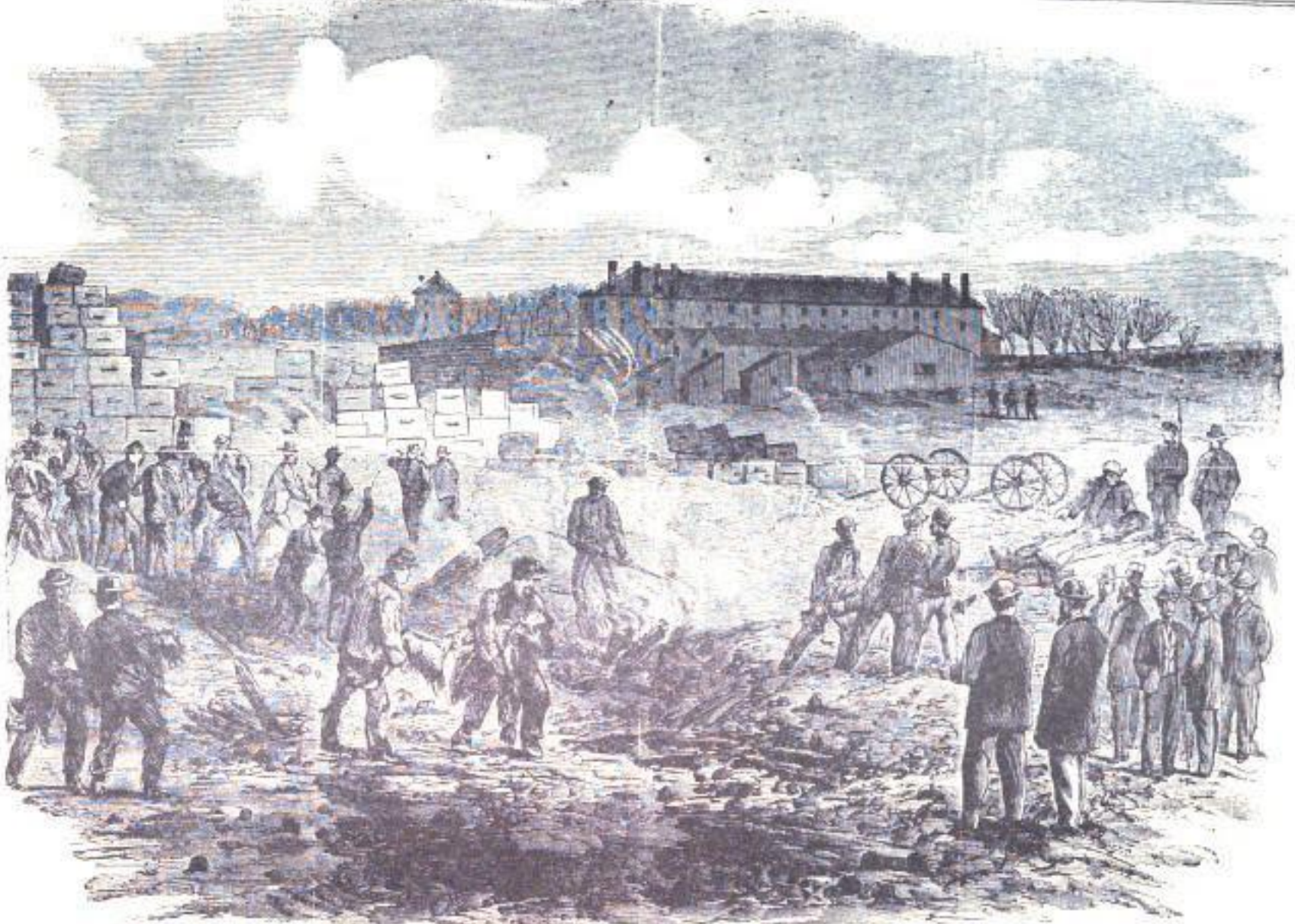
In Italy it appears that the Delta Marmora Cabinet is destined soon to give place to one formed by Rattazzi. The Nonpartisan brigades have been honored in by the Papal soldiers, and have asked to be allowed to surrender without complying with any rigorous conditions. They have their appeal upon the fact that the Government had, to some extent, concurred with them. It was because of his encouragement of these brigades that the Pope's Secretary of War, M. Neriola, has been dismissed.

The Greek Chamber has abolished the Council of State by a large majority. Count Spontack, the young King's Turkish Counselor, has been driven from the country. Our news from Hayti indicates that General Salnave, after his defeat at Cape Haytien, went to Monte Christo to recruit his army, to which he was receiving large accessions of deserters from Gelfard's forces. Gelfard had offered a reward of \$1000 for Salnave's capture.

Spain has refused to submit her difficulties with Chili to foreign arbitration. General Canales, who became Provisional President of Peru, on the expulsion of President Pezet, has been possibly deposed, and Colonel Prado has been made Dictator. The rebellion in the United States of Colombia is deemed at an end, and popular confidence in the Government is re-established.



VIEW OF EX-GOVERNOR WISE'S RESIDENCE NEAR NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.—SCULPTURE BY J. B. HANCOCK.—[See Page 15.]



EXPLOSION AT THE ARSENAL IN WASHINGTON, DECEMBER 18, 1865—REMOVING THE DEAD BODIES.—[SKETCHED BY A. M'CALLUM.]

THE ARSENAL EXPLOSION AT WASHINGTON.

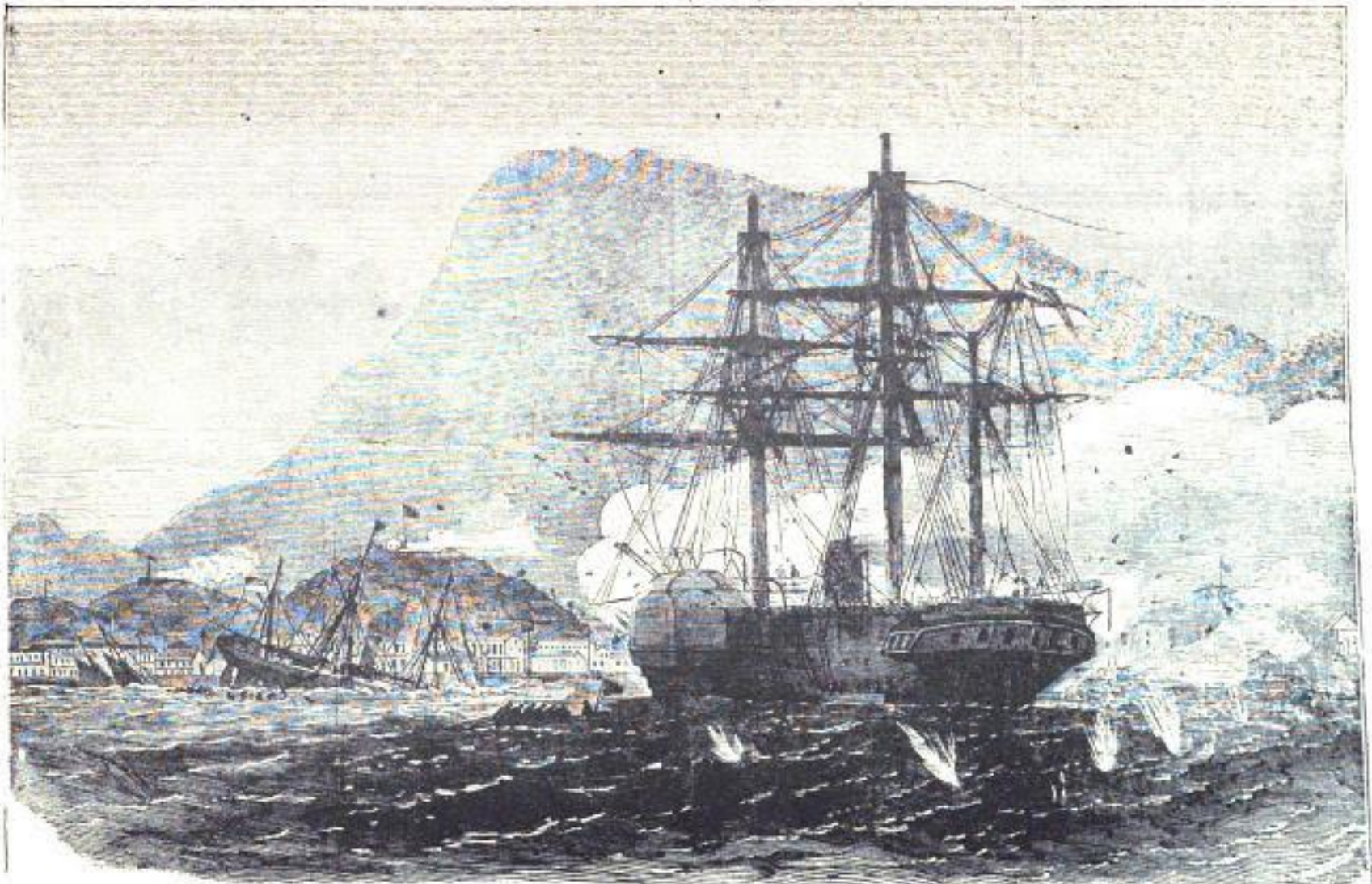
On the afternoon of Monday, December 18, an explosion took place at the Washington Arsenal very similar to one which occurred in the same

city a year ago. The explosion took place in a small building at the Arsenal, and in which workmen were employed in sorting ammunition, removing cartridges, etc. The accident was terribly disastrous in its effects, and the force of the explosion was felt at remote distances in the city. Seven

persons were instantly killed, and several others fatally injured. They were all employes, and had all been in the army.

We give on this page an illustration of the removal of the bodies after the explosion. The building, completely demolished by the violence of the

explosion, soon became a mass of flames. This not only happened before the removal of the killed, but also threatened to involve the adjacent buildings, in which were stored quantities of ammunition, in a like disaster. The bodies of some of those injured by the explosion were torn in a horrible manner.



THE BRITISH STEAMER "BULLDOG" IN CONFLICT WITH THE FORTS AND GUN-BOATS AT CAPE HAITIEN, OCTOBER 23, 1865.—[SEE PAGE 14.]

VIEW OF EX-GOVERNOR WISE'S RESIDENCE NEAR NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY J. H. HARTWELL.—[SEE PAGE 13.]

NOT TO BE TAKEN FOR GRANTED.

To-day I, Eunice Fielding, have been looking over the journal which I kept of the first few weeks of my life in the world, after I left the seclusion of the German Moravian school, where I was educated. I feel a strange pity for myself, the tender ignorant innocent school-girl, freed from the peaceful shelter of the Moravian settlement, and thrust suddenly into the centre of a sorrowful household.

As I turn to this first page, there rises before me, like the memory of a former life, a picture of the noiseless grass-grown streets of the settlement, with the old-fashioned dwellings, and the quiet and serene faces looking out kindly upon the troop of children passing to the church. There is the home of the Single Sisters, with its dimly lighted and spotless easements; and close beside it, is the church where they and we worshipped, with its broad central aisle always separating the women from the men. I can see the girls in their picturesque caps, trimmed with scarlet, and the blue ribbons of the maids, and the pure white head-gear of the widows; the burial-ground, where the separation is still maintained, and where the brethren and the sisters lie in undivided graves; and the kindly simple-hearted pastor, who was always touched with the feeling of our weakness. I see it all, as I turn over the pages of my short journal, with just a faint longing to return to the repose and innocent ignorance which encircled me while I dwelt among them, safely shut in from the sorrows of the world.

Nov. 7. At home once more after an absence of three years; but home is changed. There used to be a feeling of mother's presence every where about the house, even if she were in the remotest room; but now, Susannah and Priscilla are wearing their aprons, and as they go in and out, I catch a glimpse of the soft dove-colored folds of the dresses, I look up with a start, half in hope of seeing my mother's face again. They are much older than I am, for Priscilla was ten years of age when I was born, and Susannah is three years older than Priscilla. They are very grave and serious, and it is well known, even in Germany, how religious they are. I suppose by the time I am as old as they are I shall be the same.

I wonder if my father ever felt like a child; he looks as if he had lived for centuries. Last night I could not venture to look too closely into his face; but to-day I can see a very kind and peaceful expression underlying all the wrinkles and lines of care. In his soul there is a calm serene depth which no tempest can touch. That is plain. He is a good man, I know, though his goodness was not talked about at school, as was Susannah's and Priscilla's. When the coach set me down at the door, and he ran out into the street bareheaded, and took me at once into his arms, carrying me like a little child into our home, all my sorrow upon leaving my school-fellows, and the sisters, and our pastor, vanished away in the joy of being with him. God helping me—and surely he will help me to do this—I will be a comfort to my father.

The house is very different to what it was in my mother's time. The rooms look gloomy, for the walls are damp and mildewed, and the carpets are worn threadbare. It seems as if my father had taken no pride in household matters. To be sure Priscilla is betrothed to one of the brethren, who dwells in Woodbury, about ten miles from here. She told me last night what a beautiful house he had, and how it was furnished with more luxury and cosiness than our people often care for, inasmuch as we do not seek worldly show. She also displayed the fine linen she had been preparing for herself, with scores of dresses, both in silks and stuffs. They looked so grand, spread out upon the poor furniture of our chamber, that I could not help but cast up in my own mind what the coat would be, and I inquired how my father's business prospered; at which Priscilla colored, but Susannah uttered a low deep groan, which was answer enough.

This morning I unpacked my trunk, and gave a letter from the church to each of my sisters. It was to make known to them that Brother Schmidt, a missionary in the West Indies, desires that a fitting wife should be chosen for him by casting of lots, and sent out to him. Several of the single sisters in our settlement have given in their names, and such is the repute of Susannah and Priscilla, that they are notified of the application, that they may do likewise. Of course Priscilla, being already betrothed, has no thought of doing so; but Susannah has been deep in meditation all day, and now she is sitting opposite to me, pale and solemn, her brown hair, in which I can detect a silver thread or two, thinned closely down her thin cheeks; but as she writes, a faint blush steals over her face, as if she were listening to Brother Schmidt, whom she has never seen, and whose voice she never heard. She has written her name—I can read it, "Susannah Fielding"—in her clear round steady hand, and it will be put into the list with many others, from among which one will be drawn out, and the name written thereon will be that of Brother Schmidt's appointed wife.

Nov. 9. Only two days at home; but what a change there is in me. My brain is all confusion, and it might be a hundred years since I left school. This morning two strangers came to the house, demanding to see my father. They were rough hard men, whose voices sounded into my father's office, where he was busy writing, while I sat beside the fire, engaged in household sewing. I looked up at the loud noise of their voices, and saw him turn deadly pale, and bow his white-haired head upon his hands. But he went out in an instant, and returning with the strangers, bade me go to my sisters. I found Susannah in the parlor, looking scared and bewildered, and Priscilla in hysterics. After much ado they grew calmer. When Priscilla was

lying quietly on the sofa, and Susannah had sat down in mother's arm-chair to meditate, I crept back to my father's office, and rapping softly at the door, heard him say, "Come in." He was alone, and very sad.

"Father," I asked, "what is the matter?" and seeing his dear kind face, I flew to him.

"Eunice," he whispered very tenderly, "I will tell you all."

So then as I knelt at his knee, with my eyes fastened upon his, he told me a long history of troubles, every word of which removed my school-days farther and farther from me, and made them seem like the close of a finished life. The end of all was that these men were sent by his creditors to take possession of every thing in our old house, where my mother had lived and died.

I caught my breath at first, as if I should go into hysterics like Priscilla, but I thought what good would that do for my father? So after a minute or two I was able to look up again bravely into his eyes. He then said he had his books to examine, so I kissed him, and came away.

In the parlor Priscilla was lying still, with her eyelids closed, and Susannah was quite lost in meditation. Neither of them noticed me entering or departing. I went into the kitchen to consult Jane about my father's dinner. She was rocking herself upon a chair, and rubbing her eyes red with her rough apron; and there in the elbow-chair which once belonged to my grandfather—all the Brethren knew George Fielding—sat one of the strangers, wearing a shaggy brown hat, from under which he was staring fixedly at a bag of dried herbs hanging to a hook in the ceiling. He did not bring his eyes down, even when I entered, and stood thence-struck upon the door-sill; but he rounded up his large mouth, as if he were going to whistle.

"Good-morning, Sir," I said, as soon as I recovered myself; for my father had said we must regard these men only as the human instruments permitted to bring affliction to us; "will you please to tell me your name?"

The stranger fixed his eyes steadily upon me. After which he smiled a little to himself.

"John Robins is my name," he said, "and England is my nation, Woodbury is my dwelling-place, and Christ is my salvation."

He spoke in a sing-song tone, and his eyes went up again to the bag of marjoram, twinkling as if with great satisfaction; and I pondered over his reply, until it became quite a comfort to me.

"I'm very glad to hear it," I said, at last, "because we are religious people, and I was afraid you might be different."

"Oh, I'll be no kind of nuisance, miss," he answered; "you make yourselves comfortable, and only bid Maria, here, to draw me my beer regular, and I'll not hurt your feelings."

"Thank you," I said. "Jane, you hear what Mr. Robins says. Bring some sherry down to air, and make up the bed in the Brethren's chamber. You'll find a bible and hymn-book on the table there, Mr. Robins." I was leaving the kitchen, when this singular man struck his clenched fist upon the dresser, with a noise which startled me greatly.

"Miss," he said, "don't you put yourself about; and if any body else should ever put you out, about any thing, remember John Robins of Woodbury. I'm your man for any thing, whether in my line or out of my line; I am, by—"

He was about to add something more, but he paused suddenly, and his face grew a little more red, as he looked up again to the ceiling. So I left the kitchen.

I have since been helping my father with his books, being very thankful that I was always quick at sums.

P.S. I dreamed that the settlement was invaded by an army of men, led by John Robins, who insisted upon becoming our pastor.

November 10. I have been a journey of fifty miles, one half of it by stage-coach. I learned for the first time that my mother's brother, a worldly rich man, dwells fifteen miles beyond Woodbury. He does not belong to our people, and he was greatly displeased by my mother's marriage. It also appears that Susannah and Priscilla were not my mother's own daughters. My father had a little foreboding hope that our worldly kinsman might be inclined to help us in our great extremity; so I went forth with his blessings and prayers upon my errand. Brother Moe, who came over to see Priscilla yesterday, met me at Woodbury Station, and saw me safely on the coach for my uncle's village. He is much older than I fancied; and his face is large, and coarse, and flabby-looking. I am surprised that Priscilla should betroth herself to him. However, he was very kind to me, and watched the coach out of the inn-yard; but almost before he was out of my sight, he was out of my mind, and I was considering what I should say to my uncle.

My uncle's house stands quite alone in the midst of meadows and groves of trees, all of which are leafless now, and waded to and fro in the damp and heavy air, like funeral plumes. I trembled greatly as I lifted the brass knocker, which had a grinning face upon it; and I let it fall with one loud single rap, which set all the dogs barking, and the rooks cawing in the tops of the trees. The servant conducted me across a low-roofed hall, to a parlor beyond: low-roofed also, but large and handsome, with a warm glow of crimson, which was pleasant to my eyes, after the gray gloom of the November day. It was already afternoon; and a tall fine-looking old man was lying comfortably upon a sofa fast asleep; while upon the other side of the hearth sat a dwarfed old lady, who lifted her forefinger with a gesture of silence, and beckoned me to take a seat near the fire. I obeyed, and presently fell into a meditation.

At length a man's voice broke the silence, asking in a drawy tone,

"What young lass is this?"

"I am Eunice Fielding," I replied, rising with reverence to the aged man, my uncle; and he gazed upon me with his keen gray eyes, until I was abashed, and a tear or two rolled down my cheeks in spite of myself, for my heart was very heavy.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "as like Sophy as two peas out of one pod!" and he laughed a short laugh, which, in my ears, lacked merriment. "Come here, Eunice," he added, "and kiss me."

Whereupon I walked gravely across the open space between us, and bent my face to his; but he would have me to sit upon his knee, and I, who had been at no time used to be fondled thus, even by my father, sat there uncomfortably.

"Well, my pretty one," said my uncle, "what is your errand and request to me? Upon my soul, I feel ready to promise thee any thing."

As he spoke, I thought me of King Herod, and the sinful dancing-girl, and my heart sank within me; but at last I took courage, as did Esther the queen, and I made known my urgent business to him, telling him, even with tears, that my father was threatened with a prison, if he could find none to befriend him.

"Eunice," said my uncle, after a very long silence, "I will make a bargain with you and your father. He stole away my favorite sister from me, and I never saw her face again. I've no children, and I'm a rich man. If your father will give you up to me, keeping no claim upon you—even to never seeing your face again, if I so will it—then I will pay all his debts, and adopt you as my own daughter."

Before he could finish all these words, I sprang away from him, feeling more angered than I had ever done in my life.

"It could never be," I cried. "My father could never give me up, and I will never leave him."

"Be in no hurry to decide, Eunice," he said; "your father has two other daughters. I will give you an hour to reflect."

Upon that he and his wife left me alone in the pleasant room. My mind was firmly made up from the beginning. But as I sat before the glowing fire, it seemed as if all the bleak cold days of the coming winter trooped up and gathered round me, chilling the warm atmosphere of the room, and touching me with icy fingers, until I trembled like a coward. So I opened my little lot-book, which our pastor had given unto me, and I looked anxiously at the many slips of paper it contained. Many times I had drawn a lot from it, and found but vague counsel and comfort. But I now drew therefrom again, and the words upon the lot were, "Be of good courage!" Then I was greatly strengthened.

When the hour was ended, my uncle returned, and urged me with many worldly persuasions and allurements, mingled with threatenings, until at length I grew bold to answer him according to his stares.

"It is an evil thing," I said, "to tempt a child to forsake her father. Providence has put it into your power to lessen the sorrows of your fellow-creatures, but you seek to add to them. I would rather dwell with my father in a jail, than with you in a palace."

I turned and left him, finding my way out through the hall into the deepening twilight. It was more than a mile from the village through which the coach passed; and the hedge-banks rose high on each side of the deep lane. Though I walked very swiftly, the night came on before I had proceeded far from my uncle's house, with such thick gloom and fog that I could almost feel the darkness. "Be of good courage, Eunice!" said I; and to drive away the fears which lay in wait for me if I yielded but a little, I lifted up my voice, and began to sing our Evening Hymn.

Suddenly a voice a little way before me, took up the tune, in a clear deep rich tone, like that of the Brother who taught us music in the Settlement. As I stopped instantly, my heart leaping up with fear and a strange gladness, the voice before me ceased singing also.

"Good-night," it said. There was such kindness and frankness and sweetness in the voice, that I trusted it at once.

"Wait for me," I said; "I am lost in the night, and I want to find my way to Longville."

"I am going there too," said the voice, to which I drew nearer each moment; and immediately I saw a tall dark figure in the mist beside me.

"Brother," I said, trembling a little, though wherefore I knew not, "are we far from Longville?"

"Only ten minutes' walk," he answered, in a blithe tone, which cheered me not a little. "Take my arm, and we shall soon be there."

As my hand rested on his arm lightly, I felt a sense of great support and protection. As we came near the lighted window of the village inn, we looked into one another's faces. His was pleasant and wholesome, like some of the best pictures I have ever seen. I do not know why, but I thought of the Angel Gabriel.

"We are at Longville," he said; "tell me where I can take you to."

"Sir," I answered, for I could not say Brother to him in the light; "I wish first to get to Woodbury."

"To Woodbury," he repeated, "at this time of night, and alone! There is a return coach coming up in a few minutes, by which I travel to Woodbury. Will you accept of my escort there?"

"Sir, I thank you," I answered; and I stood silent beside him, until the coach lamps shone close upon us in the fog. The stranger opened the door, but I hung back with a foolish feeling of shame at my poverty, which it was needful to conquer.

"We are poor people," I stammered. "I must travel outside."

"Not such a winter's night as this," he said. "Jump in."

"No, no," I replied, recovering my senses, "I shall go outside." A decent country woman, with a child, were already seated on the top of the coach, and I quickly followed them. My seat was the outer one, and hung over the wheels. The darkness was so dense that the faint glimmer of the coach-lamps upon the leafless hedgerows was the only light to be seen. All else was black, pitchy night. I could think of nothing but my father, and the jail opening to imprison him. Presently I felt a hand laid firmly on my arm, and Gabriel's voice spake to me:

"Your seat is a dangerous one," he said. "A sudden jerk might throw you off."

"I am so miserable," I sobbed, all my courage breaking down; and in the darkness I buried my face in my hands, and wept silently; and even as I wept, the bitterness of my sorrow was assuaged.

"Brother," I said—for in the darkness I could call him so again. "I am only just come home from school, and I have not learned the ways and troubles of the world yet."

"My child," he answered, in a low tone, "I saw you lean your head upon your hands and weep. Can I be of any help to you?"

"No," I replied; "the sorrow belongs to me only, and to my house."

He said no more, but I felt his arm stretched out to form a barrier across the space where I might have fallen; and so through the black night we rode on to Woodbury.

Brother Moe was awaiting me at the coach-office. He hurried me away, scarcely giving me time to glance at Gabriel, who stood looking after me. He was eager to hear of my interview with my uncle; when I told him of my failure, he grew thoughtful, saying little until I was in the railway carriage, when he leaned forward and whispered, "Tell Priscilla I will come over in the morning."

Brother Moe is a rich man; perhaps, for Priscilla's sake, he will free my father.

Nov. 11. I dreamed last night that Gabriel stood beside me, saying, "I come to bring thee glad tidings." But as I listened eagerly, he sighed, and vanished away.

Nov. 15. Brother Moe is here every day, but he says nothing about helping my father. If help does not come soon, he will be cast into prison. Prudence, my uncle will relent, and offer us some easier terms. If it were only to live half my time with him, I would consent to dwell in his house, even as Daniel and the three children dwelt unharmed in the court of Babylon. I will write to him to that effect.

Nov. 19. No answer from my uncle. To-day, going to Woodbury with Priscilla, who wished to converse with the pastor of the church there, I spent the hour she was engaged with him in finding my way to the jail, and walking round the outside of his gloomy and massive walls. I felt very mournful and faint-hearted, thinking of my poor father. At last, being very weary, I sat down on the step at the gateway, and looked into my little lot-book again. Once more I drew the verse, "Be of good courage." Just then, Brother Moe and Priscilla appeared. There was a look upon his face which I disliked, but I remembered that he was to be my sister's husband, and I rose and offered him my hand, which he tucked up under his arm, his fat hand resting upon it. So we three walked to and fro under the prison walls. Suddenly, in a garden sloping away beneath us, I perceived him whom I call Gabriel (not knowing any other name), with a fair sweet-looking young woman at his side. I could not refrain from weeping, for what reason I can not tell, unless it be my father's affairs. Brother Moe returned home with us, and sent John Robins away. John Robins desired me to remember him, which I will as long as I live.

Nov. 20. Most miserable day. My poor father is in jail. At dinner-time to-day two most evil-looking men arrested him. God forgive me for wishing they were dead! Yet my father spake very patiently and gently.

"Send for Brother Moe," he said, after a pause, "and act according to his counsel."

So after a little while they carried him away. What am I to do?

Nov. 20. Late last night we were still discoursing as to our future plans. Priscilla thinks Brother Moe will hasten their marriage, and Susannah has an inward assurance that the lot will fall to her to be Brother Schmidt's wife. She spake wisely of the duties of a missionary's life, and of the grace needed to fulfill them. But I could think of nothing but my father trying to sleep within the walls of a jail.

Brother Moe says he thinks he can see a way to release my father, only we are all to pray that we may have grace to conquer our self-will. I am sure I am willing to do any thing, even to selling myself into slavery, as some of our first missionaries did in the slave-times in the West Indies. But in England one can not sell one's self, though I would be a very faithful servant. I want to get at once a sum large enough to pay our debts. Brother Moe bids me not spoil my eyes with crying.

Dec. 1. The day on which my father was arrested, I made a last appeal to my uncle. This morning I had a brief note from him, saying he had commissioned his lawyer to visit me, and state the terms on which he was willing to aid me. Even as I read it, his lawyer desired to see me alone. I went to the parlor, trembling with anxiety. It was no other than Gabriel who stood before me, and I took heart, remembering my dream that he appeared to me, saying, "I come to bring thee glad tidings."

"Miss Eunice Fielding," he said, in his pleasant voice, and looking down upon me with a

smile which seemed to shed sunshine upon my sad and drooping spirit.

"Yes," I answered, my eyes falling foolishly before his; and I beckoned to him to resume his seat, while I stood leaning against my mother's great arm-chair.

"I have a hard message for you," said Gabriel; "your uncle has dictated this paper, which must be signed by you and your father. He will release Mr. Fielding, and settle one hundred pounds a year upon him, on condition that he will retire to some German Moravian settlement, and that you will accept the former terms."

"I can not," I cried bitterly. "Oh! Sir, ought I to leave my father?"

"I am afraid not," he answered, in a low voice.

"Sir," I said, "you must please say 'no' to my uncle."

"I will," he replied, "and make it sound as gently as I can. You have a friend in me, Miss Eunice."

His voice lingered upon Eunice, as if it were no common name to him, but something rare and pleasing. I never heard it spoken so pleasantly before. After a little while he rose to take his leave.

"Brother," I said, giving him my hand, "farewell."

"I shall see you again, Miss Eunice," he answered.

He saw me again sooner than he expected, for I traveled by the next train to Woodbury, and, as I left the dark carriage in which I journeyed, I saw him slight from another part of the train, and at the same instant his eyes fell upon me.

"Where are you going to now, Eunice?" he demanded.

It seemed a pleasanter greeting than if he had called me Miss. I told him I knew my way to the jail, for that I had been not long ago to look at the outside of it. I saw the tears stand in his eyes, but, without speaking, he drew my hand through his arm, and I silently, but with a very lightened heart, walked beside him to the great portal of my father's prison.

We entered a square court, with nothing to be seen save the gray winter sky lying, as it were flat, overhead; and there was my father, pacing to and fro, with his arms crossed upon his breast and his head bowed down, as if it would never be raised again. I cried aloud, and ran and fell on his neck, and knew nothing more until I opened my eyes in a small bare room, and felt my father holding me in his arms, and Gabriel kneeling before me, chafing my hands, and pressing his lips upon them.

Afterward Gabriel and my father conferred together; but before long Brother More arrived, whereupon Gabriel departed. Brother More said, solemnly:

"That man is a wolf in sheep's clothing, and our Eunice is a tender lamb."

I can not believe that Gabriel is a wolf. Dec. 2. I have taken a room in a cottage near the jail, the abode of John Robins and his wife, a decent tidy woman. So I can spend every day with my father.

Dec. 13. My father has been in prison a whole fortnight. Brother More went over to see Priscilla last night, and this morning he is to lay before us his plan for my father's release. I am going to meet him at the jail.

When I entered the room, my father and Brother More looked greatly perturbed, and my poor father leaned back in his chair, as if exhausted after a long conflict.

"Speak to her, brother," he said.

Then Brother More told us of a heavenly vision which had appeared to him, directing him to break off his betrothal to Priscilla, and to take me—me!—for his wife. After which he awoke, and these words abode in his mind, "The dream is certain, and the interpretation thereof sure."

"Therefore, Eunice," he said, in an awful voice, "do you and Priscilla see to it, lest you should be found fighting against the Lord."

I was struck dumb as with a great shock, but I heard him add these words:

"I was also instructed in the vision, to set your father free, upon the day that you become my wife."

"But," I said at last, my whole heart recoiling from him, "this would be a shameful wrong to Priscilla. It can not be a vision from Heaven, but a delusion and snare. Marry Priscilla, and set my father free? Surely, surely, it was a lying vision."

"No," he said, fastening his gaze upon me; "I chose Priscilla rashly of my own judgment. Therein I erred; but I have promised her half her dowry as a compensation for my error."

"Father," I cried, "surely I ought to have some direction also, as well as he. Why should only he have a vision?" Then I added that I would go home and see Priscilla, and seek a sign for my own guidance.

December 14. Priscilla was ill in bed when I reached home, and refused to see me. I arose at five o'clock this morning, and stole down into the parlor. As I lighted the lamp, the parlor looked forlorn and deserted, and yet there lingered about it a ghostly feeling, as if perhaps my mother, and the dead children whom I never saw, had been sitting on the hearth in the night, as we sat in the daytime. Maybe she knew of my distress, and had left some tokens for my comfort and counsel. My Bible lay upon the table, but it was closed; her angel fingers had not opened it upon any verse that might have guided me. There was no mode of seeking direction, save by casting of lots.

I cut three little slips of paper of one length, and exactly similar—three, though surely I only needed two. Upon the first I wrote, "To be Brother More's wife," and upon the second, "To be a Single Sister." The third lay upon the desk,

blank and white, as if waiting for some name to be written upon it, and suddenly all the chilly cold of the winter morning passed into a sultry heat, until I threw open the casement and let the frosty air breathe upon my face. I said in my own heart I would leave myself a chance, though my conscience smote me for that word "chance." So I laid the three slips of paper between the leaves of my Bible, and sat down opposite to them, afraid of drawing the lot which held the secret of my future life.

There was no mark to guide me in the choice of one slip of paper from another; and I dared not stretch out my hand to draw one of them. For I was bound to abide by the solemn decision. It seemed too horrible to become Brother More's wife; and to me the Sisters' Home, where the Single Sisters dwell, having all things in common, seems dreary and monotonous and somewhat desolate. But if I should draw the blank paper! My heart fluttered; again and again I stretched out my hand, and withdrew it; until at last the oil in the lamp being spent, its lights grew dimmer and dimmer, and, fearful of being still longer without guidance, I snatched the middle lot from between the leaves of my Bible. There was only a glimmer of dying light, by which I read the words, "To be Brother More's wife."

That is the last entry in my journal, written three years ago.

When Susannah came down stairs and entered the parlor, she found me sitting before my desk, almost in an idiotic state, with that miserable lot in my hand. There was no need to explain it to her; she looked at the other slip of paper, one blank, and the other inscribed, "To be a Single Sister," and she knew I had been casting lots. I remember her crying over me a little, and kissing me with unaccustomed tenderness; and then she returned to her chamber, and I heard her speaking to Priscilla in grave and sad tones. After that, we were all passive; even Priscilla was stolidly resigned. Brother More came over, and Susannah informed him of the irrevocable lot which I had drawn; but besought him to refrain from seeing me that day; and he left me alone to grow somewhat used to the sense of my wretchedness.

Early the next morning I returned to Woodbury; my only consolation being the thought that my dear father would be set free, and might live with me in wealth and comfort all the rest of his life. During the succeeding days I scarcely left his side, never suffering Brother More to be alone with me; and morning and night John Robins or his wife accompanied me to the gate of the jail, and waited for me to return with them to their cottage.

My father was to be set free, only on my wedding-day, and the marriage was hurried on. Many of Priscilla's store of wedding garments were suitable for me. Every hour brought my doom nearer.

One morning, in the gloom and twilight of a December dawn, I suddenly met Gabriel in my path. He spoke rapidly and earnestly, but I scarcely knew what he said, and I answered, falteringly:

"I am going to be married to Brother Joshua More on New-Year's day, and he will then release my father."

"Eunice," he cried, standing before me in the narrow path, "you can never marry him. I know the fat hypocrite. Good Heaven! I love you a hundred times better than he does. Love! The rascal does not know what it means."

I answered not a word, for I felt afraid both of myself and him, though I did not believe Gabriel to be a wolf in sheep's clothing.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked.

"No," I whispered.

"I am your uncle's nephew by marriage," he said, "and I have been brought up in his house. Break off this wicked betrothal with the fellow More, and I will engage to release your father. I am young, and can work. I will pay your father's debts."

"It is impossible," I replied. "Brother More has had a heavenly vision, and I have drawn the lot. There is no hope. I must marry him upon New-Year's day."

Then Gabriel persuaded me to tell him the whole story of my trouble. He laughed a little, and bade me be of good comfort; and I could not make him understand how impossible it was that I should contend against the dispensation of the lot.

Always when I was with my father I strove to conceal my misery, talking to him of the happy days we should spend together some time. Likewise I sang within the walls of the prison the simple hymns which we had been wont to sing in the peaceful church at school amidst a congregation of serene hearts, and I strengthened my own heart and my father's by the recollection of counsels of my dear lost pastor. Thus my father guessed little of my hidden suffering, and looked forward with hope to the day that would throw open his prison doors.

Once I went to the pastor, dwelling in Woodbury, and poured out my heart to him—save that I made no mention of Gabriel—and he told me it was often thus with young girls before their marriage, but that I had a clear leading; he also told me that Brother More was a devout man, and I should soon love and reverence him as my husband.

At length the last day of the year came; a great day among our people, when we drew our lot for the following year. Every thing seemed at an end. All hope fled from me, if there ever had been any hope in my heart. I left my father early in the evening, for I could no longer conceal my wretchedness; yet when I was outside the prison walls I wandered to and fro, hovering about it, as if these days, miserable as they had been, were happy to those which were drawing near. Brother More had not been near us

all day, but doubtless he was busy in his arrangements to release my father. I was still lingering under the great walls, when a carriage drove up noiselessly—for the ground was sprinkled with soft snow—and Gabriel sprang out, and almost clasped me in his arms.

"My dear Eunice," he said, "you must come with me at once. Our uncle will save you from this hateful marriage."

I do not know what I should have done had not John Robins called out from the driver's seat, "All right, Miss Eunice; remember John Robins."

Upon that I left myself in Gabriel's hands, and he lifted me into the carriage, wrapping warm coverings about me. It seemed to me no other than a happy dream, as we drove noiselessly along snowy roads, with the pale wan light of the young moon falling upon the white country, and now and then shining upon the face of Gabriel, as he leaned forward from time to time to draw the wrappers closer round me.

We might have been three hours on the way, when we turned into a by-road, which presently I recognized as the deep lane wherein I had first met Gabriel. We were going then to my uncle's house. So with a lightened heart I stepped out of the carriage, and entered his doors for the second time.

Gabriel conducted me into the parlor which I had seen before, and placed me in a chair upon the hearth, removing my shawl and bonnet with a pleasant and courteous care; and he was standing opposite to me, regarding me with a smile upon his handsome face, when the door opened and my uncle entered.

"Come and kiss me, Eunice," he said; and I obeyed him wonderingly.

"Child," he continued, stroking my hair back from my face, "you would not come to me of your own will, so I commissioned this young fellow to kidnap you. We are not going to have you marry Joshua More. I can not do with him as my nephew. Let him marry Priscilla."

There was such a hearty tone in my uncle's voice, that for a moment I felt comforted, though I knew that he could not set aside my lot. So he seated me beside him, while I still looked with wonderment into his face.

"I am going to draw a lot for you," he said, with an air of merriment; "what would my little rose-bud say to her fat suitor, if she knew that her father was a freed man at this moment?"

I dared not look into his face or into Gabriel's. For I remembered that I myself had sought for a token; and that no earthly power could set aside that, or the heavenly vision also, which Brother More had seen.

"Uncle," I said, shuddering, "I have no voice in this matter. I drew the lot fairly, and I must abide by it. You can not help me."

"We will see," he answered; "it is New-Year's eve, you know, and time to draw again. The lot will neither be to become Brother More's wife, nor a Single Sister, I promise you. We shall draw the blank this time!"

While I yet wondered at these words, I heard a sound of footsteps in the hall, and the door opened, and my beloved father stood upon the threshold, stretching out his arms to me. How he came there I knew not; but I flew to him with a glad cry, and hid my face upon his breast.

"You are welcome, Mr. Fielding," said my uncle; "Phil!"—it did not seem appear that Gabriel's name was Philip—"bring Mr. More this way."

I started with fright and wonder, and my father also looked troubled, and drew me nearer to his side. Brother More entered with a cowardly and downcast mien, which made him appear a hundred-fold more repulsive in my eyes, as he stood near the door, with his craven face turned toward us.

"Mr. More," said my uncle, "I believe you are to marry my niece, Eunice Fielding, to-morrow?"

"I did not know she was your niece," he answered, in an abject tone. "I would not have presumed—"

"But the heavenly vision, Mr. More?" interrupted my uncle.

He looked round for a moment, with a spiritless glance, and his eyes sank.

"It was a delusion," he muttered.

"It was a lie!" said Gabriel.

"Mr. More," continued my uncle, "if the heavenly vision be true, it will cost you the sum of five thousand five hundred pounds, the amount in which you are indebted to me, with sundry sums due to my nephew here. Yet if it be true, you must abide by it, of course."

"It was not true," he answered; "the vision was concerning Priscilla, to whom I was betrothed. I was censured to change the name to that of Eunice."

"Then go and marry Priscilla," said my uncle, good-humoredly. "Philip, take him away."

But Priscilla would have no more to do with Brother More, and shortly afterward she settled among the Single Sisters in the same settlement where I had lived my quiet and peaceful youth. Her store of wedding garments, which had been altered to fit me, came in at last for Susannah, who was chosen to be the wife of Brother Schmidt, according to her inward assurance; and she went out to join him in the West Indies, from whence she writes many happy letters. I was troubled for a time about my lot, but certainly if Brother More's vision was concerning Priscilla, I could not be required to abide by it. Moreover, I never saw him again. My uncle and father, who had never met before, formed a close friendship, and my uncle would bear of nothing but that we should dwell together in his large mansion, where I might be as a daughter unto both of them. People say we have left the Church of the United Brethren; but it is not so. Only, as I had found one evil man

within it, so also I have found some good ones without it.

Gabriel is not one of the Brethren.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.



SOME PERSONS ARE MOST PARTICULAR ABOUT THEIR "BLACK HAIR."

By a Fakir.—Familiar in these months as household bread. By a Freeholder.—Sweet Auburn! loveliest traces of the plain. By a Married Man whose better-half is a long time passing her things on: Hope springs eternal in the husband's breast. Wives never are, but always to be desired. By a Champion of Wessons's Rights.—The wish was mother to the thought.

Think of the Saw-kill. A dog lying on the hearth rug with his nose to the tail is the emblem of Economy. The snake, both ends meet.

UNUSUAL SOLICITS.—Private Fines and Unusual Punishment.

THE LATEST THING OUT.—The Head Centre.

Not long since, our friend Brown was on a visit to Look-out Mountain, Georgia, and was much struck with the fact that a fine jet of water was thrown up above the top of the eminence on which the hotel stands. Walking round the jet admiringly, he accented a plain countryman's wish:

"My friend, is this water forced up by a pump?" inquiring, of course, the hydraulic contrivance so named. "A pump?" exclaimed the countryman.

"Yes, a pump, I say." "What on earth, Sir? It's a damned big model, and it's tremendous hard work for him. Come here, and I will show him to you."

Brown saw the truth, and left.

AMERICAN CLAIMS. There is a large tick between England and America. The Atlantic.

A "Hansard" once commented on our own Antislavery. "Why is Messrs. M. like a chief in the English Antislavery?—Because it's a kind of a center!"

A lady wrote with a discomf on a pane of glass: Out did at first make men upright, but now To which a gentleman asked— Must surely had continued so, but alas—

Brooks's wife loves to make bread, because it cleans her hands beautifully.

The Earl of Sorey, afterward eleventh Duke of Norfolk, who was a voracious gourmand and hard drinker, and a leading member of the beef-steak club, was so far from clearly in his person that his servants used to avoid themselves of his fits of drunkenness—which were pretty frequent by-the-way—for the purpose of avoiding him. On these occasions they stripped him as they would a copper, and performed the needful ablutions. He was equally notorious for his hoar of clean lives. One day, on his complaining to Dudley North at his club that he had become a perfect martyr to rheumatism, and had tried every possible remedy without success, the latter wittily replied, "Egad, my lord, did you ever try a clean shirt?"

OLD SAWS RE-SET. The gitcher goes often to the well, but the letter has never been known to return the call. When the cat's away the cook finds it difficult to explain how the cold meat goes.

What is sauce for the goose is generally composed of scraps.

Never put off till to-morrow any thing that you have no intention of doing until the week after next.

The many cooks spoil the supper, but there are a few who can dress things decently.

Some hot brains should be called upon to expiate themselves to danger.

Killing two birds with one's stone is an act only to be accomplished by a slinger whose target is a double-barrelled one.

An Irish drummer, who now and then indulged in a muggin of right good potum, was asked by the corking General, "What makes your nose so red?" "That's yer honor," replied Pat, "I always blanch when I speak to a general officer."

Why is a Nabal like a beggar?—Because he's an Indypoot.

TRIPPING STREET BY ANIMAL PAINTERS.—A dog trying to imitate the bark of a tree.

—Well, Bridget, if I engage you I shall want you to stay at home whenever I shall wish to go out." "Well, ma'am, I have no objections, provided you do the same when I wish to go out."

A MADONN SQUAB.—Ask papa.

A QUESTION FOR THE METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Which rain falls does it ever get up again?

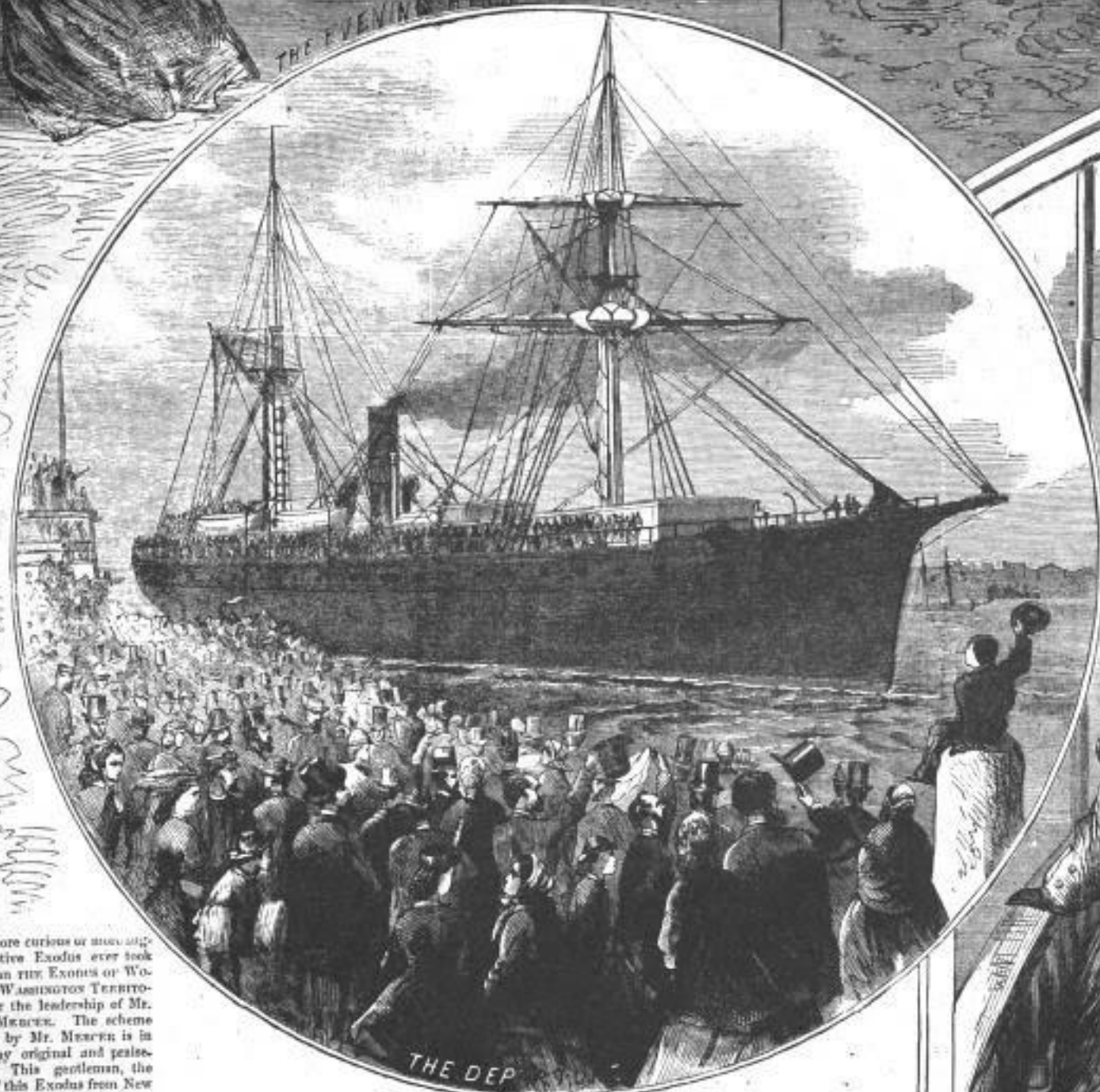
A doctor up town recently gave the following prescription for a lady: "A new bonnet, a calicoes shawl, and a new pair of garter boots." The lady, it is needless to say, has entirely recovered.

What sort of day would be a good one for "Turning for a Cup?"—A muggy day.

Why is a faithful printer like an ardent lover?—Because he "sets up" a great deal, and employs an occasional "embrack."

What is the difference between a speedstiff and a feather-bed?—One is laid up and the other soft down.

BEAST REPARTEE.—A countryman sowing his ground, two expert fellows riding that way, one of them called to him who was in front, "Well, honest fellow," said he, "it's a fine day, but we reap the fruits of your labor." "Yes," replied the countryman, "The only like you to me, for I am sowing keep."

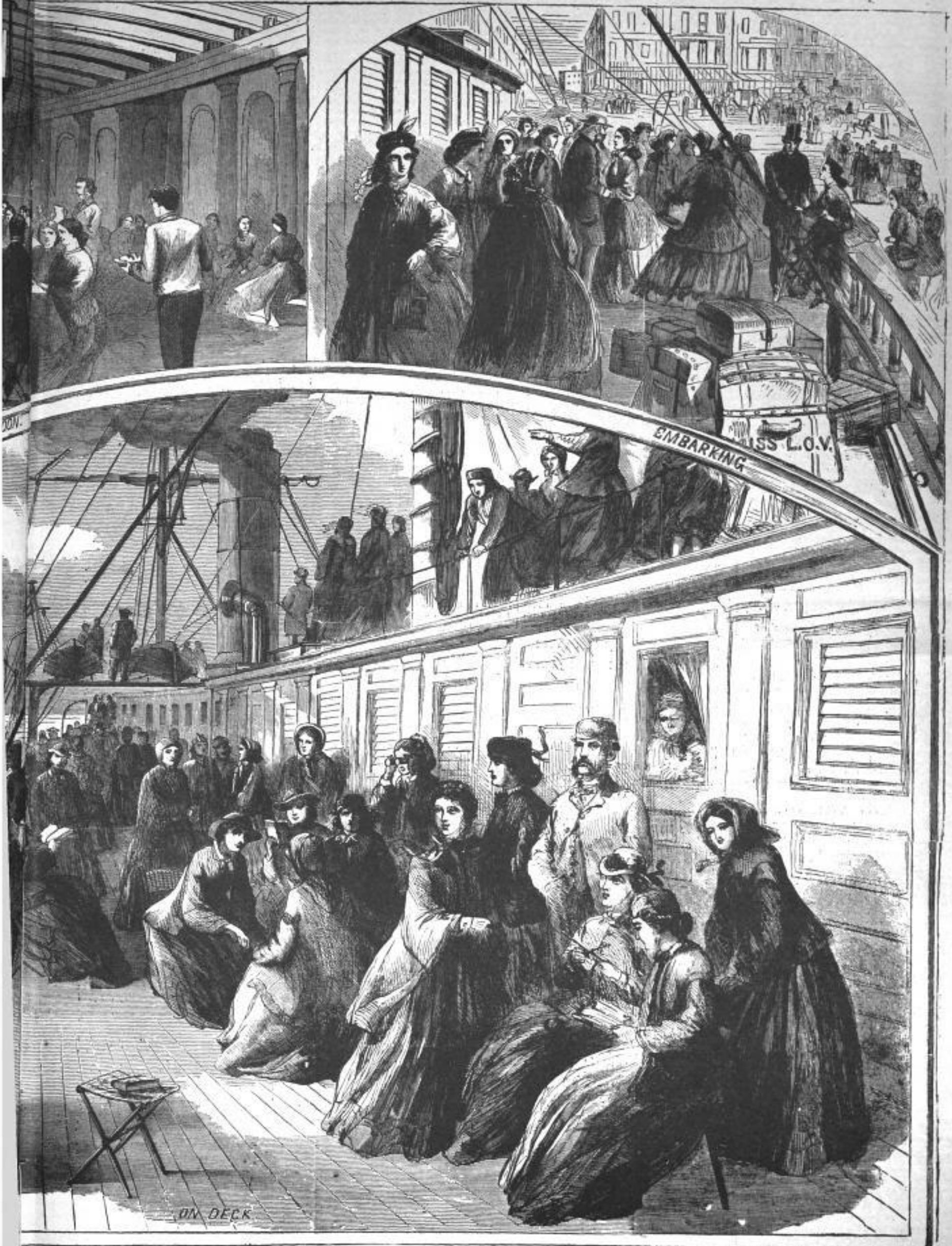


More curious or more significant Exoduses ever took place than the Exodus of Women to Washington Territory under the leadership of Mr. ASA S. MANCKEN. The scheme proposed by Mr. Mancken is in every way original and praiseworthy. This gentleman, the Moses of this Exodus from New England to the West, is a graduate of Franklin College, Ohio. He went to Washington Territory five years ago for recreation. He found the Territory rich in resources, which it required a vast population fully to develop. The actual population of the Territory was meagre, owing in great part to the small proportion of women. Mr. Mancken saw that there were nine men in the Territory to one woman. His official position as President of the Washington Territory University—an office to which he was chosen soon after his arrival in the Territory—brought him into direct contact with the people. He saw that the emigrants from the Eastern States had been for the most part respect-

able young men who sought the more promising opportunities for business which a new and fertile country always offers. His survey of the social condition of the Territory led Mr. Mancken to come to New England to find women for teachers. This was two years ago. He succeeded in inducing twelve ladies to emigrate for that purpose. This was an experiment, and it proved a success. He found that the ladies were soon married, and there were none to take their places. Mr. Mancken therefore determined to undertake the transportation of women on a larger scale. He traveled over the North, from Kan-

sas to Maine, in search of intelligent women willing to emigrate, and willing to labor at sewing or teaching. The Government offered him assistance. He chartered a steamer, expecting that the Government would pay the expense. Here he was disappointed, and this caused so great a delay that many of the young ladies (he had induced about 750 to enter upon the expedition) returned to their homes. Some friends advanced the necessary funds, and Mr. Mancken persevered in his undertaking. Although he takes but about four hundred women with him, we wish him success in his undertaking, hoping that this first Exodus may not be the last.

EMIGRATION TO WASHINGTON TERRITORY OF FOUR HUNDRED WOMEN ON THE



ON THE STEAMER "CONTINENTAL."—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

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paler, as Saxon, in the intensity of his earnestness, laid his facts and inferences one by one before her.

Then the young man paused, seeing that she was convinced, but grieved also to see at the cost of how rude a shock that conviction was purchased.

"These are cruel truths," he said; "but what can I do? I must undeceive you. I have tracked you from house to house, from city to city, for no other purpose than to save you from the fate to which you are devoting yourself; and now the minutes are going fast, and I am forced to speak plainly, or it will soon be too late to speak at all!"

Miss Rivière wrung her hands despairingly.

"Oh, mother! mother!" she cried, piteously, "why are you not here to tell me what I ought to do?"

"You believe? You are convinced?"

"Yes—alas! I am convinced; but shall I forget that this man was my father's early friend—my mother's benefactor?"

"If William Trefalden told you that he was your father's early friend, Miss Rivière, it was as false as the name under which he made himself known to you!"

"Ah, you do not know all that he did to serve us! You do not know how he sought us out when we were in poverty; how he—"

"Pardon me—I do know it. He sought you out because I gave him your card and requested him to do so. He bought your father's paintings on my account solely; and he never saw Mr. Rivière in his life. I never meant to tell you; but this leaves me no option."

The young girl covered her face with her hands and wept silently. Her tears went straight to Saxon's heart. He felt an irrepresible desire to take her in his arms and tell her that he would give his life to comfort and protect her. But not daring to do this, he only said, in his simple, boyish way:

"Pray don't cry. It makes me feel that I have been so cruel to you!"

But she made no reply.

"I can not tell you," he went on, "what I have suffered in the thought of inflicting this suffering upon you. I would have borne the double share gladly if I could. Do you forgive me?"

Still she wept on. He ventured a little nearer.

"I know how hard it is," he said, tenderly. "I have had to go through it all. He was my friend, and I thought he was the very soul of honor. I would hardly have believed it if an angel from heaven had told me that he would be false to his trust!"

"But he was my only friend," sobbed the young girl—"my only friend in all the world!"

"No, no," cried Saxon, "not your only friend! Don't say that! Don't think it! Look up—look in my face, and see if it is not the face of a truer man and a truer friend than William Trefalden!"

And so, kneeling down before her to bring his face upon a nearer level, the young man touched her hands timidly, as if he would fain draw them away, yet dared not take them in his own.

"Do look at me!" he pleaded. "Only once—only for one moment!"

She lifted her face, all pale with tears, and glancing at him shyly, tremblingly, like a frightened child, saw something in his eyes which brought the color back to her cheek in a flood of sudden scarlet.

"Oh, if I only dared to tell you!" he said, passionately. "May I?—may I?"

He took her hands in his—she did not withdraw them. He kissed them; first one and then the other. He leaned closer—closer.

"I love you, Helen," he whispered. "Can you forget all this misery, and be my little wife? My home is in Switzerland, where I have a dear father who is a pastor. We are a simple people, and we lead a simple life among our flocks and pastures; but we are no traitors. We neither betray our friends nor deceive those we love. Tell me, darling, will you love me a little? Will you come and live with me among my own beautiful Alps, far, far away?"

She smiled. He took that smile for his answer, and kissed the lips that gave it; and then, for a few minutes, they laughed and cried and rejoiced together, like children who have found a treasure.

"You must wear this till I can get you a smaller one," said Saxon, taking a ring from his finger and putting it upon hers.

"It is very beautiful," said Helen. "What is it?—a crystal?"

"No, a diamond."

"A diamond! I did not think there were any real diamonds in the world so large as that!"

"I will give you a necklace of them, every one bigger than this."

"What are you, then?—a prince?"

"A citizen-farmer of the Swiss Republic."

"Then the Swiss are very rich!"

"Not they, indeed; but I am the richest man in the Canton Grisons, and my wife will be a great lady—as great a lady as her grand-aunt, Lady Castletowers."

"Do you know Lady Castletowers?"

"Yes; her son is my most intimate friend. He is the dearest fellow in the world. You will be so fond of him!"

"I do not know any of my relations," said Helen, sadly, "except my Aunt Alcthea—and she does not love me."

"She will find out that she loves you dearly when you wear your diamonds," laughed Saxon, his arm round her waist, and his curls brushing her cheek.

Helen sighed, and laid her head wearily against his shoulder.

"I do not want Lady Castletowers to love me," she said; "and I do not care for diamonds. I wish we were going to be poor, Saxon."

"Why so, Helen?"

"Because—because I fancy poor people are happier, and love each other better than rich people. My father and mother were very, very poor, and—"

"They never loved each other half so much as we shall love each other!" interrupted Saxon, impetuously. "I could not love you one jot more if I were as poor as Adam."

"Are you sure of that?"

"As sure as that I am the happiest fellow in all the world! But tell me, Helen, did you never care for William Trefalden? Never at all?"

Helen shook her head.

"I respected him," she said. "I was grateful to him."

"But did you not love him a little?"

"No."

"Not in the least?"

"Not in the very least."

"And yet you would have married him?"

"Think how lonely I was."

"That is true—poor little Helen!"

"And he loved me. He was the only person in all the world who loved me."

"Except myself."

"Ah, but I could not know that! When did you first begin to love me, Saxon?"

"I hardly know. I think ever since I found you were in danger of marrying William Trefalden. And you!"

"I shall not tell you."

"Nay, that is not fair."

"Indeed I will not."

"Then I shall conclude that you do not love me at all!"

"No, no!"

"Positively, yes."

She turned her face away, half crying, half laughing.

"You have been my hero," she whispered, "ever since the day of our first meeting."

Happy Saxon! Half wild with joy, he took her in his arms, poured forth a thousand follies, and almost devoured her little hands with kisses. In the midst of his raptures the door opened and Mr. Guthrie came in; smiling, but apparently not much surprised by the spectacle before him.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I knocked twice, but you did not hear me. I fear you do not know how late it is. The good woman down stairs tells me that Mr. Trefalden has appointed to dine here this evening at seven, and it is already half past six, with, I think, a storm coming up."

CHAPTER XCV.
BROUGHT TO DAY.

WITH closed windows, lighted lamp, and curtains jealously drawn, Saxon Trefalden and Mr. Guthrie sat together, ominously silent, in the larger salon of the Château de Peyrolles. On the table were placed pens, paper, and ink. The ante-room was left in darkness, and the folding-doors between stood a little apart. All was very still—in the house no voice, no footfall, no sound of life; out of doors, nothing but the weary moaning of the wind, and the creaking of the weather-cocks upon the turrets overhead.

They were waiting for William Trefalden.

Miss Rivière had withdrawn to her chamber, partly to escape all sight or hearing of the coming interview, and partly to make such slight preparation as might be necessary before leaving the château; the clergyman having promptly volunteered to find her a temporary asylum with the family of an English merchant settled at Bordeaux. It was therefore arranged that the carriage should be in readiness at the back entrance shortly after seven o'clock; and then, as soon as was practicable, they were all three to hasten back to Bordeaux as fast as Saxon's post-horses could carry them. In the mean while the appointed hour came and went; the two men waited, and still no William Trefalden made his appearance.

Presently the pendule on the mantle-shelf chimed the quarter.

Mr. Guthrie looked at his watch. Saxon rose, went over to the nearest window, pushed aside the curtain, and looked out. It was now dusk; but there was still a pale, lurid gleam upon the horizon, by the light of which the young man could see the great clouds rolling together overhead, like the mustering of many armies.

"It will be a wild night," he said, as he resumed his chair.

"Hush!" replied the clergyman. "I hear wheels."

They listened; but the vehicle came along at a foot-pace, and went slowly round by the yard at the back of the château.

"It is only our own post-chaise," said Saxon. And then they were again silent.

Five minutes; ten minutes; a quarter of an hour went by, and the pendule chimed again. It was now half past seven.

All at once Saxon held up his hand, and bent his head attentively.

"I hear nothing," said the clergyman.

"I hear a carriage and pair—coming very quickly—from the direction of Bordeaux?"

Mr. Guthrie smiled doubtfully; but Saxon's trained ear could not be deceived. In another moment the sound became faintly audible, then grew gradually louder, and ceased at last before the gates of the château.

Saxon looked out again.

"I see the carriage outside the gates," he said. "They are opened by a boy carrying a lantern. He alights—he pays the driver—he crosses the court-yard—the carriage drives away. He is here!"

With this he dropped the curtain, and turned down the lamp, so as to leave the room in half-shadow, while Mr. Guthrie, in accordance with their preconcerted plan, went out into the dark ante-room, and took up his station close against the door.

Presently they heard William Trefalden's voice clanking pleasantly with the housekeeper in the hall, and then his footsteps on the stairs. Outside the door he seemed to pause for an instant, then turned the handle and came in. Finding himself in the dark, he deposited something heavy on the floor, and, guided by the narrow line of light between the folding-doors, moved toward the second suite. As he did this Mr. Guthrie softly locked the door and put the key in his pocket. Slightly as the sound was, the lawyer heard it.

"What's that?" he said, quickly, and stopped half-way.

He listened, holding his breath the while; then sprang forward, threw the doors open, and passed into the adjoining room.

As he did so Saxon turned on the full light of the table-lamp, and the two men stood suddenly revealed to each other face to face.

"At last—traitor!"

A frightful pallor—that deadly pallor which is born, not of fear but of hatred—spread itself slowly over William Trefalden's countenance, and there remained. No other sign betrayed the tumult within. Haughty as an Indian at the stake, he folded his arms, and met his cousin's eye unflinchingly.

Thus they stood for a second or two, both silent. Then Mr. Guthrie came in from the ante-room, shut the folding-doors, and took his seat at the table; while Saxon resumed his former place, and, pointing to a chair standing apart from the rest, said:

"Please to sit there, William Trefalden."

The lawyer, with a sharp glance of recognition at the clergyman, flung himself carelessly into the chair.

"May I ask what this means?" he said, contemptuously. "An amateur Star-chamber?"

"It means justice and retribution," replied Saxon, sternly.

Mr. Trefalden smiled, leaned back in his chair, and waited for what should come next. He knew that all was over. He knew that his fairy gold had turned to withered leaves, and that the paradise of his dreams had suddenly vanished away, leaving in its place only the endless desert and the burning sands. He knew that the edifice which he had been rearing month after month, with such consummate skill, was shattered to dust—that the die on which he had staked reputation, country, personal safety, and his whole worldly future, had turned up a blank at the very moment when he believed the prize his own. He knew that Helen Riviere would never, never, now be wife of his; would never grace his home and gladden his heart with her smiles; never learn to give him love for love, in all the weary years that were to come! He knew that from this time forth he was a marked man, a branded felon dependent on the mercy of the kinsman whom he had betrayed; and yet, knowing all this, his self-command never wavered, his eye never quailed, his voice never faltered for an instant. He was desperate, but his pride and his courage were at least equal to his despair.

Saxon, sitting at the head of the table with his head leaning on his hand, looked down for some moments in silence.

"I have not much to say to you, William Trefalden," he began presently; "and what little I have to say must be said briefly. To reproach one who could act as you have acted would be idle. If you had any heart to be touched, any sense of honor to be awakened, neither you nor I would be sitting here tonight."

Still smiling scornfully, the lawyer listened, apparently with the greatest indifference.

"To keep, then, then, to plain facts," continued the young man, "you have defrauded me of two millions of money; you have that money in your possession; you are at this moment my prisoner; and I have but to call in the aid of the village police, and convey you to Bordeaux in the carriage which now waits below for that purpose. Such is your position, and such is mine. But I am unwilling to push matters to extremity. I am unwilling to attach public scandal to the name which you are the first of our family to disgrace. For my uncle's sake and my own, and from respect to the memory of many generations of honest men, I have decided to offer you a fair alternative."

He paused and referred to a slip of paper lying beside him on the table.

"In the first place," he continued, "I require you to restore the money of which you have robbed me. In the second place, you must sign a full confession of your guilt, both as regards the two millions stolen from myself and the twenty-five thousand pounds of which you have defrauded the Earl of Castletowers. In the third place, you must betake yourself to America, and never again be seen on this side the Atlantic. If you agree to these conditions, I consent to screen you from the law, and will give you the sum of one thousand pounds to help you forward honestly in the new life before you."

"And supposing that I decline the conditions," said Mr. Trefalden, calmly. "What then?"

"Then I simply ring this bell, and the boy who just now opened the gates to you will at once summon a couple of *sergents de ville* from the village."

The lawyer only elevated his eyebrows in the least perceptible degree.

"Your decision, if you please."

"My decision?" replied Mr. Trefalden, with as much apparent indifference as if the subject under consideration were the binding of a book or the framing of a picture. "Well—it appears to me that I am allowed no freedom of choice."

"Am I to understand that you accept my conditions?"

"I suppose so."

"Where, then, is the money?"

"In the adjoining room. You have but to take possession of it."

Mr. Guthrie rose, fetched the carpet-bag, and placed it on the table.

"Your keys, if you please."

William Trefalden produced three small keys on a ring, and handed them to the clergyman.

"You will find the money excellently invested," he said, looking on with unruffled composure while the bag, the deed box, and the cash box were successively opened. The contents of the last were then turned out upon the table, and Mr. Guthrie, with a view to ascertaining whether the whole sum was actually there represented, proceeded to examine each item separately. But he found, after a very few minutes, that the attempt was fruitless. The notes and specie offered no difficulties, but of notes and specie there was, comparatively, but a small proportion, while the bulk of the booty consisted of securities of the value of which he could form no opinion, and precious stones which it would have needed a lapidary's knowledge to appraise.

"I confess," he said, "that I am wholly unequal to the task of verifying this money. It needs a better man of business than myself."

"Then it must go unverified," said Saxon, taking up rouleaux and papers as they came, and thrusting them back again, pell-mell, into the box. "I am no man of business myself, and I can not prolong this painful investigation beyond to-night. We will go on to the declaration."

"If you will tell me what you wish said, I will draw it up for you," said Mr. Guthrie.

Saxon then whispered his instructions, and the clergyman's pen ran swiftly over the paper. When it all was written, he read the declaration aloud:

"I, William Trefalden, of Chancery Lane, London, attorney-at-law, do acknowledge and confess to having obtained the sum of two millions sterling from my cousin, Saxon Trefalden, of Switzerland, with intent to defraud him of the same; and I confess to having deceived him with the belief that I had invested it for his use and advantage in the shares of a certain speculative Company, which Company had no actual existence, but was wholly invented and imagined by myself to serve my own fraudulent ends. I also confess to having invested those two millions in such foreign and other securities as I conceived would turn to my own future profit, and to having fled from England with the whole of the property thus abstracted, intending to escape therewith to the United States of America, and appropriate the same to my own purposes."

"I likewise confess to having, two years since, received the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds from my client, Gervase Leopold Wynnecliffe, Earl of Castletowers, which sum it was my duty to have straightway paid over into the hands of Oliver Behrens, Esq., of Broad Street, London, for the liquidation of a mortgage debt contracted by Lord Castletowers some four years previously; but which sum I did, nevertheless, appropriate to my own uses, continuing to pay only the interest thereof, as heretofore, in the name of my client."

"And I allege that this confession, both as regards the offense committed by me against my cousin, Saxon Trefalden, of Switzerland, and as regards the offense committed by me against my client the Earl of Castletowers, is in all respects substantially and absolutely true, as witness my signature, given in presence of the undermentioned witnesses, this twenty-second day of September, Anno Domini eighteen hundred and sixty."

Mr. Guthrie, having read the statement through, passed it across the table. William Trefalden, still leaning back carelessly in his chair, affected to smile at the lawyer-like way in which the clergyman had rounded his sentences, but, as the reading proceeded, frowned, and beat his heel impatiently upon the polished floor.

Saxon pushed the inkstand toward him.

"Your signature," he said.

The lawyer rose—took up a pen—dipped it in the ink—hesitated—and then, with a sudden movement of disdain, flung it back upon the table.

"You have your money," he said, impatiently. "What more can you want?"

"I require the evidence of your guilt."

"I can not—will not sign it. Take your money, in God's name, and let me go!"

Saxon rose, pale and implacable; his hand upon the bell.

"The alternative lies before you," he said. "Sign, or I give the signal."

William Trefalden cast a hasty glance about the room, as if looking for some weapon wherewith to slake the hatred that glittered in his eye; then, muttering a fierce oath between his teeth, snatched up the pen, and, as it were, dug his name into the paper.

"There, curse you!" he said, savagely. "Are you satisfied?"

Mr. Guthrie affixed his own signature as witness to the confession, and Saxon did the same.

"Yes," the young man replied, "I am satisfied. It only remains for me to fulfill my share of the compact."

And he selected Bank of England notes to the value of one thousand pounds.

The lawyer deliberately tore them into as many fragments.

"I would die a dozen deaths," he said, "sooner than owe a crust to your bounty."

"As you please. At all events, you are now free."

Hereupon Mr. Guthrie rose, took the key from his pocket, unlocked the outer door. The lawyer followed him. On the threshold he turned:

"Saxon Trefalden," he said, in a low, deep, concentrated tone, "if ever man hated man, I hate you. I hated you before I ever beheld you, and I have hated you with a tenfold hatred from

the hour when we first met face to face. Remember that my deadly curse will be upon you and about you all the days of your life—upon your children, and upon your children's children—upon your marriage-bed, and your death-bed, and your grave. There is no sorrow, no disease, no shame, that I do not pray may embitter your life, and blast your name in this world—no extremity of despair and anguish which I hope may not fall to your portion in the next. Take this for my farewell!"

There was something frightful in the absence of all passion and fury, in the cold, calm, deliberate emphasis with which William Trefalden uttered this parting malediction; but Saxon heard it with a face of solemn pity and wonder, and looked at him steadily from the first word to the last.

"May God forgive me as I do!" he then said, devoutly. "May God in his infinite mercy forgive you and pity you, and soften your heart, and not visit these curses upon your own unhappy head!"

But William Trefalden was already gone, and heard no word of his cousin's pardon.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

What a merry time every body had preparing for Christmas, notwithstanding old Bessie and her stern-looking assistant insisted to prevent! First came the rain, pouring steadily all day, and the ladies sat at the windows shaking their heads at the muddy streets, but cooled by donning water-proof and rubber boots and courageously facing the storm. Then came the snow, softly but thickly, making a disagreeable "slush" on every crusting. But who cared for that when Christmas gills were brightening every shop window? Next Bolas went forth all his embroils, and boldly did they battle. But it was of no use—every body tumbled up their coats and furs a little, doer, and tumbled gaily to the wind. So, finally, the elements yielded, and there came a bright sunny morning, and "all the world and his wife" went out to stink up the shopping. What mattered it to them if the skies were overcast before noon? Even if the sun did not do its duty, wasn't there plenty of daylight in every shop? and such a confounding display of pretty things! And wasn't the vision of staidy pairs of bright, eager, expectant eyes at home a constant pleasure? Every body was gaily; every body was accommodating; every body was ready to give something to the little shivering boy who held out his hand. Nobody was ashamed to carry bundles; nor to say, "I have spent all my money," with a shake of the head at some new attraction.

And so, at length, Christmas Day—with song and praise, with gifts and gladness—came and went.

Now, standing on the threshold of 1866, we bid farewell to the old year—this eventful 1865, in which our country has been rescued, though at such a fearful price—and turn a hopeful gaze to the future, beseeching our warmest wishes to all, that not only the old springs of enjoyment may flow more freely, and pour a purer stream than ever before, but that new sources of happiness may open with the New Year.

We presume that very few ladies will be "not at home" on New-Year's Day. The following paragraph, therefore, taken from a recent Boston paper, probably presents the epitome considered suitable for ordinary occasions—in Boston:

"Not at home" may mean not in the house, or not at home to visitors, the latter words understood, but not expressed. I fear there is no polite alternative; for certainly, when I drove up to the door, if my footman brought me back word, "Mrs. So-and-so is engaged," I should consider it equivalent to a "not direct."

The phrase "Not at home" is deceptively ambiguous, to say the least. In many circles of society it is positively false, because understood literally. If a lady states to give the "not direct" to a caller, and saying she "is engaged" (if she will so accomplish that object, we don't know of any better way to do it. But if not, we think there is a "polite alternative." In the first place, if ladies would always make their morning toilet neat and tasteful enough to be suitable to receive a friend in it, and if they dressed for the day, visitors need not be kept waiting on ordinary occasions, nor dismissed with "engaged" or "not at home." And aside from dressing (which we fancy is often the origin of "not at home"), a lady is seldom so imperatively engaged that she might not step to the parlor, cordially greet her visitors, and, if needed, state frankly at once that her lady is ill—that she has promised to meet a friend at that hour—that her preserves are over the fire, and require more than servant's attention—or whatever the case may be. If the necessity exists, and this is done gracefully and cordially, no one of good sense will be offended, but will honor the more a lady who thus lays aside a very inconvenient kind of false pride. Of course if illness or extraordinary circumstances exist, a message to that effect will, or should, be accepted as all-sufficient.

When "paterfamilias" settles the bill for the Christmas dinner we fancy he would not be sorry if the old time of 1710 could return, when in Scotland "distressed eyes" were sold for "one shilling bottle" (equal to about one penny of our money), "one good hen at two shilling notes, and goose at eight shilling notes; duck and drake, wild and tame, at four shilling." In those days, however, prices were settled by law. Later, in 1745, "strong old claret" was sold at fourteen shillings the dozen, and for "smaller old claret" twelve shillings; "berry one-fourteen shillings a dozen, and heavily water. Eggs sold at a penny a dozen, hens at fourpence each, and ducks at sixpence, twelve chickens for sixteenpence, "a leg of beef" for six shillings, and "a side of mutton" for five. Alas! these days are past!

New York is had enough, but seldom is there any record of any deed in this city so mean as the following:

"A fellow has been arrested in Boston for robbing a cripple of a pair of crutches!"

A Virginia paper gives the following curious account of a family wedding-coat:

"Many years since an old German citizen of Piedmont County, when about to lead his fair 'three' to the matrimonial altar, purchased a broadcloth coat, in which he was married. His wife possessed him with many children, among whose were eight sons, all of whom were married in the same coat in which their father was, and their mother. The youngest of the eight sons had seven sons, all of whom were married in the same wedding-coat; and after the youngest son of the seven, or the youngest grandson of the original owner of the coat, had led his blushing bride to the altar in his venerable grandfather's fashionable wedding-coat he sold it for the sum of \$30. What has become of the coat since it was sold we have not been advised, but suppose that some one is keeping it for the purpose of getting married in it."

The Jewish Talmud holds this opinion in regard to women:

"A good wife is Heaven's noblest gift. A housewife never allows herself to be disturbed from her work, even while conversing; she is busy spinning. An old, experienced woman in a household is an ornament to it like a pearl. He who lives in an unmerciful state, knows no joy, none of the blessings of home, and is without support. God has given to woman more ability of judging, correctly than a man."

The English papers are fond of publishing all the "distressing accidents" and "awful deaths" from criminals that they can collect. Evidently they have no liking for that article of ladies' dress. We do not hear of frequent accidents in America from that cause; consequently it must be that English ladies are not so skilful in the management of that part of their attire as American ladies are. One of the foreign papers states that a strange accident recently occurred at a public ball, resulting from some awkwardness on the part of a gentleman. An officer became entangled by the collapse of his partner, and, falling, broke one of his legs; the lady, rolling over him in her turn, fell upon and broke his other leg.

A country couple recently went to be married at Stockport. The man evidently thought some portion of the marriage service superfluous, for when the minister asked him "Will thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" he immediately answered, "I be come of purpose."

One of the London magazines, in an article on "My Estate," thus alludes to those in our own vicinity:

"The Irving House, the Astor House, the Metropolitan, and the St. Nicholas hotels at New York, and the Mount Vernon Hotel in New Jersey, have shown, for the last twelve years, what stupendous establishments Butler and Jonathan require—six to eight hundred bedrooms under one roof; three hundred servants; a steam-laundry that will wash four thousand articles in a day (a shirt washed, dried, ironed, and delivered in fifteen minutes); the best of a thousand ornate ovens and served up in a year; bell-telegraphs to every room; five-and-a-half-cent carriages, and other carriages, to convey visitors to and from the hotel; a mile and a half of veranda and balconies in front of the several ranges of rooms; hot and cold water to the every bedroom; a hundred miles of gas and water pipes; a bridal-chamber so gorgeously furnished and served that ten grooms a day is charged for its use—all these things the Americans have long been accustomed to."

Much sensation has been caused in India by an English girl of fourteen years of age having been sold to the Chief of Shikwa, in the Kattywar territory, to be placed in his harem. He is said to be seventy years old, and to have bought her of her parents for 2000 rupees (2000). The parents were poor and dissolute, and the sum of 2000 rupees was the tempting bait which was to make them drive their little girl into the Narrah of Shikwa's net. A clergyman tried to interpose between the unfortunates and the brutal purchaser, but in vain. A deed, however, was drawn up, by which it was stipulated that, in the event of her being at any time banished from that blessed abode of vice, the harem, she is to receive for the term of her natural life the handsome allowance of 150 rupees per annum, or 2000 rupees per annum.

At present most head-dresses are worn in Paris than any other description; by these are meant such things as rows of small curls, which are attached to a comb, and then fastened across the forehead, and sometimes even all round the head; occasionally a scaffolding of these small curls, powdered with gold, is to be seen. Thin bunches of long ringlets are prepared with a comb in the same manner, and fastened at the back of the head; the false curls and twists are extremely thick, and these are placed round the head to form bandeaux. As all fashions are but fleeting, few ladies care to submit to have their front hair cut so as to be able to wear the short fringed curls so much in vogue; consequently, with few exceptions, every one submits to wear those already prepared and fastened on either combs or ribbon bandeaux.

The following description of a few of the new styles may interest our lady readers:

THE DIANA HEAD-DRESS.—The hair is entwined as a French twist, and arranged across the forehead; small smooth bands of hair are combed at intervals over the crown. Small curls are worn round the face, and gold ornaments, enriched with precious stones, are fastened on the crown and between the bands of hair. The back hair is arranged in thick plaits, looped up with a gold comb, and a white feather at the side, arranged to fall low on the shoulder.

THE EMERALD HEAD-DRESS consists of a coronet of short curls across the forehead, the curls being divided in the center by a band of steel, with interceded lines of either silver or gold thread upon it; a branch of hawthorn with silver foliage at the side. Curls pinned across the back of the head, and fastened at the top with a gold and enamel comb.

There is another style, rather more simple, in which the hair is twisted back from the forehead over a small frizzette, and is kept in its place with a thick gold cord, which is carried twice round the head, and then tied at the sides in graceful loops. The hair is arranged at the back with a thick plait.

How do our readers like this style of dress for "a child who is as yet a baby?" A white silk shirt; a low white silk bodice; a muslin gossamer; a snow-flake in white silk, fastened with a bow on the shoulder, covering the chest, and then tied at the side; a white silk pelisse, embroidered by hand in chain-stitch and pearls; a white beaver hat, bound with velvet, and a long white feather at the side. That child is the daughter of a fashionable Parisian, and is cited as one of the most tastefully-dressed children in Paris.

Among the patterns lately taken out in France are the following:

"A hygienic alphabet in gingerbread; a method of making head-dresses, caps, and pocket-handkerchiefs in paper; a mechanical fan, opening and shutting instantaneously; a machine for cutting staps by means of a system of points, reproducing instantly the relief required; an apparatus for making deaf people hear; and ten patents for stopping railway trains."

The intended betrothal of Princess Helina to Prince Christian, of Anhalt-Bernburg, is announced. It is understood that the marriage will be one of a "union, and that, as the Prince has neither country nor subjects to claim the attention, the Royal couple will permanently reside in England.

The French medical schools refuse to admit ladies to study medicine. A lady, Mlle Bangner, a native of Algiers, having passed her examination, and obtained the diploma of Bachelor of Letters, applied to the Doyen of the Faculty of Medicine, of Montpellier, to be allowed to study medicine in that university, but was refused. She then applied to the Minister of Public Instruction, and he proposed the following compromise: That she should be permitted to study medicine on condition that, when qualified to practice, she should confine her labors to the Arab women of Algiers, who have a great objection to male physicians. This was declined by Mlle Bangner.

MISSISSIPPI.

In the present situation of the country the material condition of the Southern States is of primary importance. We give on page 12 a map of the State of Mississippi, surmounted by an emblematic representation of that State. In the centre of the latter is the STATE ARMS, with the eagle and the sun rising over the waters. Above is an armed figure of Minerva, bearing the liberty cap on the spear in her right hand. On the left we behold Dr. Soto, the Governor of Cuba, and probably the first white man who ever saw the River Mississippi, in converse with an Indian chief, while his mailed followers are grouped behind. To the right is a sketch illustrating the great agricultural interest of the State—field laborers bringing in their baskets of cotton to the huge cotton-press which rises in the background.

Mississippi lies between 31° 10' and 35° north latitude and between 88° 9' and 91° 40' west longitude from Greenwich; mean annual temperature varies from 60° to 70° Fahr.; area, 47,146 square miles, of which, in 1860, 5,563,755 acres were in improved farms, and 19,773,927 unimproved farms, valued together at \$190,760,367; and the value of farm implements and machinery was \$8,826,512. The surface has a general slope in a direction south and south-western. The portion of the State bordering on the Gulf of Mexico, and extending for 100 miles inland, is a sandy country, with but few slight elevations, originally covered with pines. The region south of the Yazoo River, and between it and the Mississippi, is a large tract of alluvial land, of great fertility, subject at times to inundation. The other portion of the State is a slightly elevated table-land, traversed by ridges of moderate elevation, some of which terminate at the Mississippi in what are termed bluffs. The only rivers of note are the Pascagoula and Pearl, flowing into the Mississippi Sound; and the Big Black and Yazoo, running into the Mississippi River, which flows along the entire western border of the State. The surface is well drained by many smaller streams, of which the above-mentioned rivers are the recipient of their waters. It has a coast-line of about 70 miles; a series of low sandy islands, off about ten miles, extend the entire line, the most noted of which are Ship, Horn, and Cat islands, between which and the shore lies the body of water called Mississippi Sound. The population of the State in 1860 was 791,305, of which 353,901 were whites, 773 free colored, and 463,681 were slaves. The following table shows the white, free colored, slave, and aggregate population of each county; and also the number of bales of cotton, of 400 pounds each, produced:

Table with columns: Counties, Whites, Free Colored, Slaves (Black, No. and Aggr.), and Bales of Cotton. Lists counties from Adams to Yazoo with corresponding population and cotton production data.

Mississippi produces the largest amount of cotton of any other of the States of the Union; in 1860 it amounted to 1,202,567 bales of ginned cotton, of 400 pounds each. The grain crops of 1860 consisted of—wheat, 587,925 bushels produced; rice, 89,474; Indian corn, 29,057,082; oats, 227,235; barley, 1875; buckwheat, 1699; and rice, 803,082 pounds; and there were produced of peas and beans 1,954,695 bushels; Irish potatoes, 414,520; sweet potatoes, 4,563,873; tobacco, 139,141 pounds; wool, 663,809; and there were made, at the same period, 7282 gallons of wine; butter, 5,096,610 pounds; cheese, 4427; sugar, 506 hogsheads, of 1000 pounds each; 10,036 gallons of molasses, and 1427 of sorghum molasses. Home-made manufactures were valued at \$1,082,144. The live-stock in 1860 consisted of 117,571 horses, 110,723 asses and mules, 207,646 milk cows, 105,008 working oxen, and other cattle 415,690; sheep, 832,632; and swine, 1,532,768.—valued, in the aggregate, at \$41,391,693. Value of animals slaughtered, \$7,800,123.

Manufactures.—There were, in 1860, 276 establishments of industry, with a capital invested in real and personal estate in the business of \$4,384,972; the value of raw material consumed was valued at \$23,196,636; hands employed, 4572 males, and 203 females, producing articles valued at \$6,309,687.

The internal improvements consist of several extensive lines of railroads, which, in 1860, amounted in the aggregate to 872 miles, the cost of construction of which amounted to \$24,020,000.

There is no uniform common-school system in this State; each township has a school fund arising from the lease of lands granted for common-school purposes by Congress, every sixteenth section having been so donated. The school sections in some townships are worth many thousand dollars, and in others only a few hundreds. In all the larger towns public schools have been established, and there are many flourishing high-schools.

RESIDENCE OF EX-GOVERNOR WISE, OF VIRGINIA.

We publish on page 4 a view of the residence of HENRY A. WISE, Ex-Governor of Virginia—the same property which has been so long and prominently held before the public, and which is still retained by the Federal Government, in spite of every effort to effect its reinstatement to its former owner, and to obtain a partition for it.

This splendid property is situated about eight miles from Norfolk, on the road to Princess Anne Court House, and contains some 1450 acres, 700 of which were cleared and cultivated, and the remainder in timber, at the outbreak of the war, but a very large quantity of the latter has been cut down during the war, and the wood cut up for the use of the Federal Government, at the saw-mills erected by Governor Wise himself. The property is now in a very poor and dilapidated condition. There are forty or fifty shanties scattered over its large surface, occupied by 230 negroes—men, women, and children—who find what precarious employment they can in the farms surrounding it.

The residence itself—the rambling old building to the right of the sketch—has nothing particular to distinguish it from many others of the kind scattered over the surface of this portion of Virginia. It has evidently been patched and altered at various times, producing in its internal arrangements all those inconvenient ups and downs so common to old-fashioned houses when joined on to modern additions. The oldest and most interesting part is that to the extreme right, represented by its steep mansard-roof and dormer-windows—a feature extremely common among all the old residences of Norfolk and its neighborhood. In this building are still to be seen an old sofa and arm-chair of the Governor—the only portion of his furniture left, excepting an anachronistic bedstead up stairs.

The out-building shown at the extreme left of the picture, and which was formerly the carriage-house, is now used as a free school-house for colored people. It was first devoted to this purpose in 1863, by the American Missionary Association, and at present gives daily and evening instructions to 150 colored people of all ages and sexes, from four years of age up to 65. Of these there are 120 children and 30 adults. The teachers assert that the children learn very rapidly, and that even the adults, with rare exceptions, show aptitude also. The report, so lately current, that one of JOHN BROWN'S daughters is teaching here was a mere fabrication. Mr. B. G. BRYAN has charge of the school, assisted by three ladies—Miss S. E. GILBERT, Miss E. A. LEAVITT, and Miss LIZZIE GILMORE. Mr. D. D. OSGOOD is the general overseer of this property and some eight or nine others in this neighborhood, at present in the hands of the Government, but to be immediately restored to their owners, who have all received their pardons.



CHARLES DECKER—THE SMALLEST MAN LIVING. (Photographed by N. Brown & Son, St. Louis, Mo.)

THE SMALLEST MAN LIVING.

We give above a portrait of Mr. CHARLES DECKER, the smallest man living. CHARLES DECKER, or CHARLEY (as he is more familiarly called), was born in Mississippi. He moved to Memphis at the age of ten years, where he has been employed by Mr. ED. WOODMAN in the profitable and useful occupation of selling Harper's Weekly and other periodicals for eight years. He is now eighteen years old and only thirty-six inches in height, and is well known in Memphis for his smartness and intelligence.



LADIES' MORNING COSTUME FOR EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX.



LADIES' EVENING COSTUME FOR EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP,

COMPOSED OF IODIDE POTASSIUM, WITH THE COMPOUND CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT OF VALUABLE MEDICINAL ROOTS AND HERBS.

PREPARED BY WILLIAM H. GREGG, M.D., Graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, formerly Assistant Physician in the McQueen's Island Hospital, late Medical Inspector of the New York State Voluntary Depots, under Governor Edwin D. Morgan.

Constitution Life Syrup HAS PRODUCED A REVOLUTION IN MEDICINE.

What may seem almost incredible is that many diseases which are considered hereditary become cured by the use of this medicine, and many chronic diseases are cured by its use.

RAPIDITY OF CURE.

Some say, "Your cure are too quick," while others doubt their permanency, and think that disease can only be cured by the slow and tedious process of nature.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Is a positive and specific remedy for all diseases originating from an impure state of the blood, and by its use the system is restored to its normal condition.

PARALYSIS

It is an universally admitted that Consumption leads to Paralysis, and Paralysis leads to Consumption, and the only remedy for both is Constitution Life Syrup.

DYSPEPSIA

Indigestion, weight at stomach, flatulence, liver complaint, want of appetite, bad breath, constipation, biliousness.

SCROFULA

STYMS, KING'S EYEL, GRANULAR Ophthalmia, Keratitis, Gonorrhoea, Syphilis, etc.

RHEUMATISM

(ARTHRITIS), LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, GOUT, etc.

If there is any disease in which the Constitution Life Syrup is a specific, it is in Rheumatism and Gout, and in all cases of these diseases, it is a most valuable remedy.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Purges the system entirely from all the evil effects of disease, restores the blood, and cures the worst cases of Consumption, and all other diseases of the lungs.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Heals cuts, rots and blanch, all Eruptive Diseases of the skin, etc.

ULCERS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES,

And all other eruptions of the skin, which so much disfigure the outward appearance of both men and women, and which make life so disagreeable to themselves and to others.

For all forms of Ulcerative Diseases, of the nose, throat, lungs, etc., and for all other diseases of the head, neck, and face, depending upon a diseased state of the blood, are very successful in their action.

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Heals cuts, rots and blanch, all Eruptive Diseases of the skin, etc.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

As a General Blood-Purifying Agent, the Life Syrup is a most valuable remedy for all diseases of the blood.

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Are liable to the same diseases, and the Life Syrup is a most valuable remedy for all diseases of the blood.

PURE BLOOD

Is the health of men and women; and if the constitution is impure, the blood is impure, and the body is diseased.

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 To be found on each box and each piece of GENUINE
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 Therefore the nervous and debilitated should immedi-
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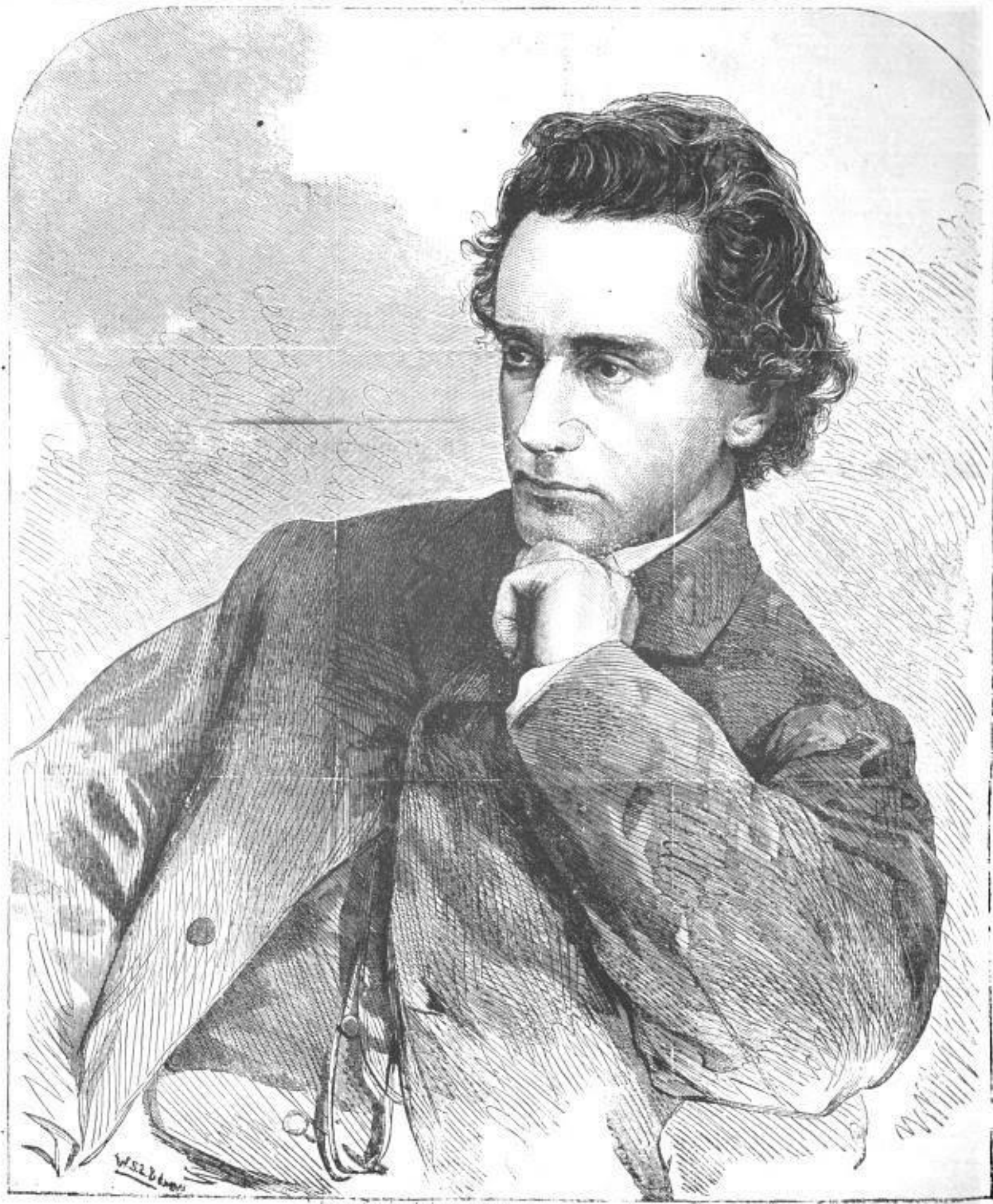


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EDWIN FORREST BOOTH.—PORTRAIT BY HEADY.—[SEE PAGE 12.]

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Southern States which will give the pacifying influences fair play? So long as a large class of the population is subject to unfair laws there will be no temptation to immigration or trade, and free speech will be constantly threatened. So long, consequently, there will be no harmony or peace.

No man who really understands the character of our Government, and accepts from conviction the principles upon which it is founded, as they are impressively stated by President JOHNSON in his Message, can believe that there will be any actual pacification of the country until this fundamental point of political equality is settled. The question, then, is vital and imminent. Reasoning from evidence and human nature, have we any right to suppose that the present voting population will, without further suggestion from the National Government—in other words, from the people of the United States—take, within this generation, the necessary steps to settle the question of political rights in such a manner as to promise speedy peace and reunion? Or, to put it in the other way, will the true welfare of the country be more endangered by the immediate admission of the unrepresented States, seeing and knowing what we do—or by requiring, as a precedent condition, in addition to the amendment to which their assent has already been required by the President, and for the purpose of securing its rightful intent, a further amendment apportioning representation to the number of voters?

There is no occasion for heat and fury in the discussion of the question. All loyal men have but one great object in view, and that is the earliest real—not nominal or ceremonial—reunion. And it is very foolish for those who differ upon the question of method to denounce each other as reprobates or malcontents.

THE VOTE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

We have had occasion sometimes to speak of the rats of the City Hall, which gnaw away the legacies of widows and orphans, which prey upon the property of all citizens who think they have any, and which have long since destroyed the honorable name of the city of New York. The taxes of this city are of fabulous enormity; its municipal management is another name for the worst corruption; its foul condition at this moment invites the cholera, which is hastening greedily hither; and were the experiment of popular government to be decided by its working in this city it would be called a failure by every candid mind.

Indeed it is hard to say whether it would not have come to a Vigilance Committee, if it had not been for the sagacious and timely help of the State. The Metropolitan Police and the new Metropolitan Fire Department—of the Commissioners and machines of which we elsewhere in this paper present an illustration, have been of incalculable service to this city and to the country; but they were both stoutly resisted upon their introduction, and that worthy patriot, FERNANDO WOOD, who mourned in the opening war that he could not send arms to the rebels with which to shoot loyal citizens, undertook to resist the law removing his police, but was fortunately not sustained in his rebellion, and yielded.

The politics of the State are a contest between the city and country. The question during the war always was, how large a city majority against the National Government must the country overcome? The vote of the rest of the State, in 1862, elected General WASHINGTON Governor by some thirty thousand, that of the city elected Mr. HORATIO SAYBORN by about forty thousand. The city of New York, in February, 1861, would doubtless have adopted the Montgomery Constitution by a large majority. In November, 1864, it gave more than thirty thousand majority for the Chicago shame and surrender policy. Beyond question it would have supported as warmly a proposition to allow the rebel States to resume their relations to the Union without a single condition; and out of its 123,000 voters some 10,000 only could be persuaded to vote for a candidate for Mayor pledged against the Ring, or conspiracy for municipal swindling.

In view of the proverbial corruption and misgovernment of the city, and of its tenacious adherence at the ballot-box to the party which has so long held the municipal control, and which as a party virtually palliated the rebellion and embarrassed the Government in its effort to suppress it, and considering the undoubted fact that the security of order and property here, such as it is, is due to the care of the State and not to the unrestricted authority of the city, it becomes extremely interesting to analyze the composition of the vote of the city. Why has the American system so conspicuously failed in an American city?

The means of this analysis are furnished in the State census of the year 1865, by which it appears that the naturalized voters of New York city outnumber the NATIVE voters by 26,000. A number which, by a singular coincidence, is almost exactly that of the Democratic majority of this city in our last State election. The whole number of NATIVE voters in the city is

\$1,500, and that of the naturalized voters 77,475. While of the 823,426 voters of the State, 239,882 are naturalized.

These facts are very striking and significant. Unquestionably the 123,000 votes of the city represent in the mass the least intelligent voters in the country; and it is agreeable to know that the results of the elections in New York city are due to the ignorance of those who have had little chance to know the spirit of our institutions or the true policy of our Government, and not to the intelligent choice of native and educated citizens. These figures explain also the freedom with which money is voted away, and the civic partiality for allowances to the Institutions of the Roman Church over all others. The Census is a happy proof that the utterly misgoverned municipality of New York is not a representative American city.

DECLARATORY RESOLUTIONS.

THERE are certain good gentlemen in Congress who are fond of whipping out declaratory resolutions as a highwayman pops out a pistol, with "your opinion or your life." The performance is usually worse than unedifying; and especially during a discussion which should be so peculiarly calm, earnest, and deliberate as that upon which Congress is about entering declaratory resolutions are impertinent and mischievous. They are an attempt to coerce or forestall conclusions which can only be legitimately expressed after thoughtful consideration. They are devices of impatience and are very deceptive, except when they have the solemnity and force of great Legislative acts, and then they are meant to be maintained by all means and at all hazards.

But when they beg the very point at issue they are merely absurd. A man may hold many abstract opinions which he does not propose at any particular time and under existing circumstances to embody in laws. Yet if he be compelled to express those opinions, he is, on the one hand, exposed to a charge of inconsistency, or worse, if he does not subsequently vote upon a special proposition in accordance with his abstract views; and, on the other hand, by his regard for apparent consistency, he may be coerced into a vote which he does not fully approve.

Congress is a body of practical legislators met for deliberation upon the best methods of achieving certain results. It is not an arena for the assertion of doctrines of political philosophy. Every wise legislator, indeed, will hold certain fixed and absolute general principles, but the best application of them to legislation is the very point of his deliberation. He may honestly believe, for instance, that every body of sound mind and of a certain age should vote; and he may with equal honesty vote against a specific proposition for securing that result. To compel him, without explanation and qualification, to say yes or nay to a declaratory resolution upon the subject, is to embarrass him needlessly, and imperil the very cause which the mover of the resolution may have at heart.

Upon the great question of Reconstruction the country needs no snap judgment, but the most mature and sagacious action.

HISTORY OF THE GOLD PREMIUM.

FOUR years have elapsed since the Banks of the United States suspended specie payments. It is interesting to note the fluctuations which have taken place in gold during that period.

The suspension took place on the last night of the year 1861, eight months after the commencement of the war. For five months the fluctuations in gold were merely nominal, the highest point touched being 105. Wall Street speculators, seduced by the heavy interest account on sales of gold on long sellers' options, were willing to supply merchants with any quantity of specie, deliverable within sixty days, at a fraction below the cash price. People generally were believers in a short war, and, guided by the experience of 1857, were slow to believe in a great depreciation of the currency. Though the first Act of Congress authorizing an issue of irredeemable paper-money became a law on 25th February, 1862, it was not till the June following that the premium on specie marked 100. In the following month, July, the utter defeat of McCLELLAN's expedition against Richmond could no longer be concealed, and in the general discouragement caused by the news gold rose to 120. From this point it reacted in August to 112. In the first week of September came the sad intelligence of the second battle of Bull Run and the rout of POPE, which caused the premium again to advance to 120; subsequently, on news of LEE's invasion of Maryland, it rose to 124; but fell back on his retreat into Virginia, after the battle of Antietam, to 116. Then came news that BRAGG was chasing BURKE through Kentucky to the Ohio River, and gold rose early in October to 137, the highest point yet reached. It reached to 122 on the retreat of the rebels. But the upward tendency had now been fully established, and speculation began to accelerate the movement. In December of 1862 BRAXSIDE fought his un-

lucky battle at Fredericksburg, and gold jumped suddenly to 160.

Hundreds of persons were now interested in the rise of gold. At Washington leading members of both political parties, department officials, newspaper correspondents, bankers, members of Congress, lobby agents, were all speculating for the rise, and with such daring and capital that nothing short of military successes of a decisive character could have defeated them. The public temper, from having been, in January, 1862, almost unanimous against an advance in gold, was now, in December, 1862, about as unanimous on the other side. The premium had been kept down below 105 by the force of public opinion in the first two months of 1862, in spite of prodigal issues of paper-money; in the first two months of 1863 that same public opinion, without the aid of material disasters, forced up the premium to 173. SHERMAN'S unsuccessful assault upon Vicksburg was the only important defeat of the period, and that was less material than several successes which occurred almost simultaneously. The climax of the speculation was reached in February. In four months gold had risen from 122 per cent. to 173 per cent.—51 points. It may have been too low in October, but such an advance was too rapid to hold. The immediate occasion of the collapse was the passage of the first gold bill through Congress—a ridiculous measure, forbidding loans of over par on gold. Had the market been in a different condition the act would have put up, instead of putting down the price. Inflated as it was, it only required an excuse to give way; this measure sufficed, and before the end of February, 1863, gold sold at 152.

From that point the decline was steady—with occasional reactions—till August, in which month it sold down to 122. This was on the defeat of LEE at Gettysburg, the capture of Vicksburg, and the capture of Fort Wagner at Charleston. When the news of GRANT'S gallant achievement was received in Wall Street it was confidently assumed that Charleston was "as good as taken," and that at last the rebellion had really received its death-blow. During this period of six months, from 15th February to 15th August, the old Bulls in gold had generally been ruined, and the Bears had reaped a splendid harvest.

In August well-informed persons, who knew that the war was not over, that the rebels were still full of fight, and that the Government stood in great need of money, became large buyers of gold and exchange, and the premium again began to advance, until by November, 1864, it stood at 150. The changes were fair that, in the absence of decisive military events, the premium would remain at about that figure, when it unfortunately occurred to Secretary CHASE and to THADDEUS STEVENS that it might be depressed by legislation. On the first suggestion of interference with the trade in bullion the premium advanced to 160, and then, in April, 1864, to 180. Every one became uneasy. If to buy gold would be pronounced a crime the holding of gold would next be declared criminal; the French Government, during the Revolution, had punished with confiscation and imprisonment persons who hoarded specie; if our Government pursued its present policy a similar measure was not improbable. In the dread inspired by these apprehensions large numbers of persons purchased gold and shipped it abroad, creating a scarcity of the precious metal, and causing the price to advance. Undismayed by these indications Congress pursued its policy, and the famous gold bill was passed, the effect of which was to cause specie to advance to 225 in July, 1864.

The military prospect at the time was not unfavorable. GRANT was pushing "on to Richmond;" SHERMAN, with the finest army in the world, was preparing for his march through the cotton States; all the indications were in favor of the success of the Government and the ruin of the rebels. Yet so wide-spread was the alarm created by the interference of Government with the trade in bullion that gold rose 20 per cent. a day for several days in succession, and would have gone on rising indefinitely but for the repeal of the "Gold Act." This evidence of a return to sound principles checked the advance. But it was not so easy to repair the damage done. The lowest price made for gold in August, 1864, was 237—fifty points above the highest price current before Congress began to legislate on the subject. In the first week of September SHERMAN took Atlanta, and, on the news, gold fell to 186. From this point it rose again. In November considerable uneasiness was felt respecting SHERMAN, GRANT'S operations did not yield results which the masses could appreciate, the volume of paper-money was excessive, and there seemed to be no limit to the issues, present and future; and gold once more touched 260.

This was the last great upward surge. From the fall of Savannah at Christmas 1864, which depressed the price to 211, all went well with the Union cause. Congress, taught by experience, killed a few gold bills in a summary manner, and quite positively refused to authorize new issues of paper. Under the influence

of this policy gold was only about 200 when Richmond fell. The event caused a decline of 52 points; and when, a few days afterwards, the whole Confederacy collapsed like a balloon, the Generals surrendered, and the Kingmaker was caught, a further decline of 20 points, bringing the price down to 128, was realized.

From that point it has reacted as high as 149. For several months the premium has fluctuated between 147 and 152, seldom rising above the latter or falling below the former figure. Heavy sales of surplus gold by the Sub-Treasurer at New York have put down the premium, and occasional inquiry for gold for duties has put it up. But its range has been a narrow one.

It is not Mr. McCULLOCH'S plan, as we understand it, to attempt any violent interference with the gold market. He will sell all the surplus gold he can spare at the market-price—no more. He will continue to exact gold for duties. He will, of course, oppose legislation on the subject of dealings in gold. And while he will resist all further expansion of the currency, he will from time to time, as the market suits, negotiate new loans with a view to the withdrawal of the currency received in payment. The effect of these measures will be gradually to depress the price of gold as compared with currency. How rapid the depression will be—over how many years the process may extend—how old we shall be when the last legal tender passes out of circulation—these are problems which depend, for their solution, on influences beyond the control even of Secretaries of the Treasury, and respecting which it would be futile even to hazard a conjecture.

THE LABOR QUESTION AT THE SOUTH.

LAST August General SLOCUM, then commanding in Mississippi, countermanded Provisional Governor SHERMAN'S order for the enrollment of the State militia, and gave excellent and conclusive reasons for his conduct. The General's action was not sustained, and the consequences which he predicted are taking place. The following statement, which comes to us in a letter from Rodney, Mississippi, dated on the 2d of December, is confirmed by a distinguished General who was long in service at the Southwest, and has just returned:

"The militia of this county have seized every gun and pistol found in the hands of the so-called freedmen of this section of the county. They claim that the status laws of Mississippi do not recognize the negro as having any right to carry arms. They commenced seizing arms in town, and now the plantations are ransacked in the dead hours of night by Captain WOODS and company. There are no Union troops here, not even a Provost-Marshal nearer than Fayette; and of course the pro-rebel militia are having full sway, although they give Fayette a wide berth in their operations, not wishing to come in contact with the Provost-Marshal. Several of the guns seized belonged to disbanded colored soldiers. Some of them have applied to the Provost-Marshal in Fayette; but, though willing, he is unable to assist them, not having any troops with him. The colored people intend holding a meeting to petition the President's Bureau to re-establish their county in the State of Mississippi, as the civil laws of this State do not, and will not protect, but insist upon enforcing on their liberties."

In Texas, General GRANTON recently arrested an ex-slaveholder for chasing a freedman with dogs. Throughout the disaffected section the hatred of the colored race is intense, and they are persecuted without mercy, especially if they have worn the uniform of the United States. Undoubtedly the whites would like to exasperate the blacks into insurrection, that there might be a good excuse for their extermination. Meanwhile, it is indubitable that the conduct of the freedmen is generally as patient and loyal as it was during the war. They are willing to work, and wish to remain upon their native soil. But the experience of the West India islands shows that the class which, after emancipation, retards and perplexes a proper adjustment of the new relations is always the masters. As a rule, their haughty, senseless, impracticable conduct, their refusal to accept the radical change, and their determination either to retain their old domination under new forms, or by sullen passivity to make freedom seem worse for the laborers than slavery, is the cardinal difficulty of the situation.

That this is to be so in our Southern States is plain, and the duty of the Government, which has freed the slaves, is to consider in what way it can best secure that freedom. The *Freeasy Post* urges warmly an allotment to the freedmen of portions of the public lands, believing that, when the planting class discovers that labor is disappearing, wages will rise and the treatment of the laborer improve. Others are sanguine that, if a beginning could be made, in Virginia, for instance, of transporting freedmen to Florida, under the auspices of those whom they have learned to trust, even if but a thousand or two should go, the result would be similar; and the landowners, finding that the laborers were not absolutely dependent upon them, would gradually come to reason.

Such suggestions deserve thoughtful attention; and the importance of the question, and the necessity of the most intelligent action, which can be based only upon accurate knowledge, show how indispensable is the continuance of the Bureau which is now so skillfully and ably controlled by General HOWARD. It

is also of extreme importance that it should be managed by those who are really and not merely officially interested in the subject.

JURY QUALIFICATIONS.

SENATOR DOOLITTLE, of Wisconsin, has introduced an excellent bill abolishing in the United States courts the disqualification of jurors based upon their knowledge and impression of the circumstances attending the commission of crime. In cases of great and peculiar publicity, when it is especially necessary that the most intelligent jury shall be empaneled, the most intelligent men are obviously more or less familiar with the public accounts of the transaction, but are by no means necessarily prejudiced. The press has taught us all to distrust the press, and no intelligent man now forms an absolute and final opinion merely upon the current reports of news.

The old law, as Mr. DOOLITTLE remarks, called men to a jury because they knew all about the transaction. But lately such men have been entirely excluded. Yet in a case of paramount importance, like that of JEFFERSON DAVIS, when the facts are necessarily familiar to every man, and an opinion has been formed by every man so far as he has considered the facts and what he supposes to be the law, there is no shutting of the mind to any fair statement or strong argument, and the case could be as justly tried by a jurymen who had read and talked upon the subject for the last four years as by a denizen of the planet Mercury newly come down. The question in the case would be not whether DAVIS had waged war against the United States, which he would not deny, but whether he were justified in doing it.

Or to take a somewhat different case—that of QUANTRELL. However strongly a man may feel upon the subject of the Lawrence massacre, he would yet be capable of perceiving a palliation or justification, if such could be produced. And while the exclusion operates against the honest man it is powerless against the dishonest. A person who had vowed revenge against QUANTRELL would often swear that he had no opinion of his guilt, in order to get upon the jury and hang him.

The proposition of Mr. DOOLITTLE applies, of course, to the case of DAVIS. It is very clear that a jury can never be empaneled for his trial if it is to be composed of those who have really formed or expressed no opinion upon the subject. We are indeed inclined to believe that the trial will never take place, but for other reasons. The President says that persons charged with treason should be tried, that the truth "may be clearly established and affirmed that treason is a crime." But how if the jury should not agree or could acquit JEFFERSON DAVIS, for instance?—would the truth not be, in that unlucky case, "clearly established and confirmed" that secession is a right? There seems to us to be more sense in Mr. DOOLITTLE'S bill than, under the circumstances, there would be in the trial it contemplates.

WHAT "JOE FRY" THINKS.

"Joe Fry" takes us pleasantly to task for our "Saturday Sermon" of some few weeks since. He asks:

"Now, old fellow, how are you going to accomplish 'the moral elevation of society'? If the working man, whose whole energies are devoted to hard bodily labor for ten hours per day is to be elevated, please inform me by what process you propose to do it. Does a severe and constant tax upon the muscular system tend to mental elevation? Does it tend to subvert the heart, to crush authority toward all men, to give us broader views of our duties as citizens? Now, Sir, I have worked twelve, eighteen, and sometimes twenty-four hours for a day's work. I confess that I prefer ten hours to either, and would prefer eight hours to ten. Not because I am lazy and don't like to work, but because I believe that there is a living principle within me—the seed which animates and inspires this mass of bone and sinew, flesh and blood that I call my body—that it is my first duty to cultivate and make that keep pure and stimulated. Now I was not born with a silver spoon in my mouth; I expect to work, and work hard, just as long as I am able. But if I can have ten more hours per day to devote to my own 'moral elevation,' would I be any thing short of being an idiot did I sit idly by and do nothing toward the attainment of so desirable an end? Nor do I believe that the capitalists need enlarge if they generously choose to in this eight hours of labor for a day's work. Let some one try the experiment, and at the end of three months report how much he has lost by it, working the same number of men at the same work."

Mr. "Joe Fry" ought to remember that the question is not whether it is desirable that over-worked men should have more time for mental and physical recreation, but how to get it. It is a question of method, and one of the oldest and most perplexing in the world. Joe would certainly be an idiot if he did not take the same wages for eight hours' work that he does for ten if he found any body who wished to give it. But what would he think of giving ten cents for a loaf of bread instead of six? And yet this is what he expects the capitalist to do. If Joe were a dry-goods dealer would he expect a customer to pay him the same price for four as for five yards of the same piece of cotton goods? Now Joe does not sell cloth, but he does sell labor. Does he suppose eight hours of it will bring the price of ten? Of course if the eight is more effective, that is, if it will be worth more, it will bring more. But what would be the result, in Joe's opinion, if the Legislature

should fix the price of a six-cent loaf at three cents? If the price of a loaf making eight, or six, or four hours a day's work could secure the same wages to the laborer, the same profit to capital, and the same price to the manufacturer of the loaf, it would be impossible to resist it. And if Joe can prove that the work of eight hours will be as productive as that of ten, he will be a pioneer in the reform which he desires.

He will not misunderstand us. Our object is the same. The point we discuss is one of method only.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RECONSTRUCTION.

The President has reflected much upon the Provisional Government. This Mr. HATTISSEY, Secy. of the Gov. of that State, and Secy. of the Executive office in the Governor's office of New York, evidently the President's chosen for carrying out the Provisional Government in order until after the meeting of Congress, was to make it impossible for members of the body to take part in the organization of Congress. We can see in his own relating these matters of their Provisional Government to attempt to compose or to participate in Congressional legislation. For plainly it was the President's design from the first appointment of Provisional Government that these latter should be displaced by the regularly elected Government, and the functions of the Provisional Government was to provide for the regular election in each State. The President did indeed step in to interfere with the immediate business of the Provisional Government; but his object in doing so was to relieve Congress of a serious embarrassment.

CITY NEWS.

On New Year's Day Major Hoffman was installed in office. The Common Council was reorganized by the election of John Hines President of the Aldermen, and J. W. Green of the Corporation, Board Mayor Hoffman's Message was received by the Common Council. From this Message it appears that our city debt amounts to \$41,265,000, of which \$2,500,000 is held by the Common Council of the State Bank. The total tax levy for 1865 was over eighteen millions of dollars. The Mayor says that he has been studying his Message.

First—The city should be permitted to choose its own officers, carry on its own government, and manage its own affairs. Its chartered rights should be preserved, its privileges maintained, and never, under any circumstances, should the State Legislature attempt to saddle upon it a constitution to govern and control it.

Second—The Mayor should be clothed with power commensurate with his responsibility. A concentration of power and responsibility should be the end and aim of all legislation relating to its government. It is the division of power and the division of responsibility which cause all or nearly all of our municipal evils, and the sooner this great truth is universally recognized and acted upon the better for the common interests of us all.

The last official act of Governor Hoffman before his expiration of the Mayorship was an ordering of 150000 of Redden's forger to imprisonment for four years and a half. In the course of his address to the prisoner he said: "If, sitting here as a judge, I should indicate your punishment for any of the reasons assigned, or because your eyes are acting and feeling, or because of my own personal sympathies with those who mean for you, I should feel that every sentence I had passed upon a first offender had been a wrong, and that I was indeed a respecter of persons."

NEWS ITEMS.

A large and destructive fire broke out in the railroad depot at Groton, Connecticut, at half past 1 o'clock on the morning of 29th December, which especially damaged the depot, together with a large number of cars and the magnificent Sound steamboat *Connecticut*, moored in and near this city on the Washington line. The total loss is estimated at a million and a half of dollars, which is partially covered by insurance.

The Hamburg ship *Arcturion* was wrecked on the night of December 21st on Northwick, and all the crew perished. One man succeeded in reaching the shore, but soon afterwards died from exhaustion and exposure.

Blow-Boats were recently shot in the bay by high-wind on the way home a short distance out of Charleston.

The funeral of Governor Corwin took place at Lebanon, Ohio, on Christmas-day, and was attended by delegates from all parts of the State.

The latest advices from Arizona represent that there is constant fighting between the Apache and the white settlers. Twenty-eight soldiers were cut off November 1st and had been killed. The destruction which was done on page 20 indicates, in some measure, the ferocity of an Indian fight on the plains.

The negroes did their best to get up an insurrection on Christmas-day, but though very few with thick barrels have nothing worth the while to show for their efforts.

The bellies of Baltimore have been distinguishing themselves by presenting a set of elegant furniture to General Lee.

The University of Georgia, at Athens, has been re-opened.

The pirate, Captain Semmes, has been arrested and is being taken to Washington for trial.

At the close of the year 1864 gold was quoted at 227, December 29, 1864, it was 145.

The steamer *Queenstown*, Captain Green, from Savannah for New York, struck upon rocks about six miles from the light-house, and all hands perished. She had fifty-four persons on board, on land, including two infants and one child. The Captain and thirty or more were saved. The steamer is a total wreck.

FOREIGN NEWS.

President Johnson's Message was received with great favor in England. It appears now to be received by our English leaders that they are not the only slavish and heartless nations on the face of the earth.

At a Thanksgiving banquet given by the Americans in Paris several noble remarks were made, at the close of which we gave the following toast: "The old friendship between France and the United States may it be strengthened and perpetuated." Frenchmen may perhaps wonder at our toast; they can learn from Paris, but they will doubtless understand that certain measures on this point are absolutely essential to the preservation of friendship between the two countries.

Governor Frye had been suspended from his functions in Providence, and Mr. Henry Stokes temporarily appointed in his place.

It does not appear that France has united very cordially with England in the re-assertion against Spain in regard to the Cuba affair.

The Christian naval steamer *Albatross*, which some time ago escaped to sea from Valparaiso through Admiral Parry's blockade, and was for a while lost sight of, suddenly made her appearance about forty miles to the westward of that port December 26, struck the Spanish war steamer *Chalchicomula*, and after a brief fight of half an hour, captured it, with all on board, consisting of over one hundred officers and men, four heavy guns, and valuable war munitions and supplies. In the engagement two were killed and fourteen wounded on board the *Chalchicomula*, and none on the *Albatross*.

Leopold, late King of the Belgians, has been succeeded by his son, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, styled Leopold II.

The French Government has been requested to permit arrivals for life.

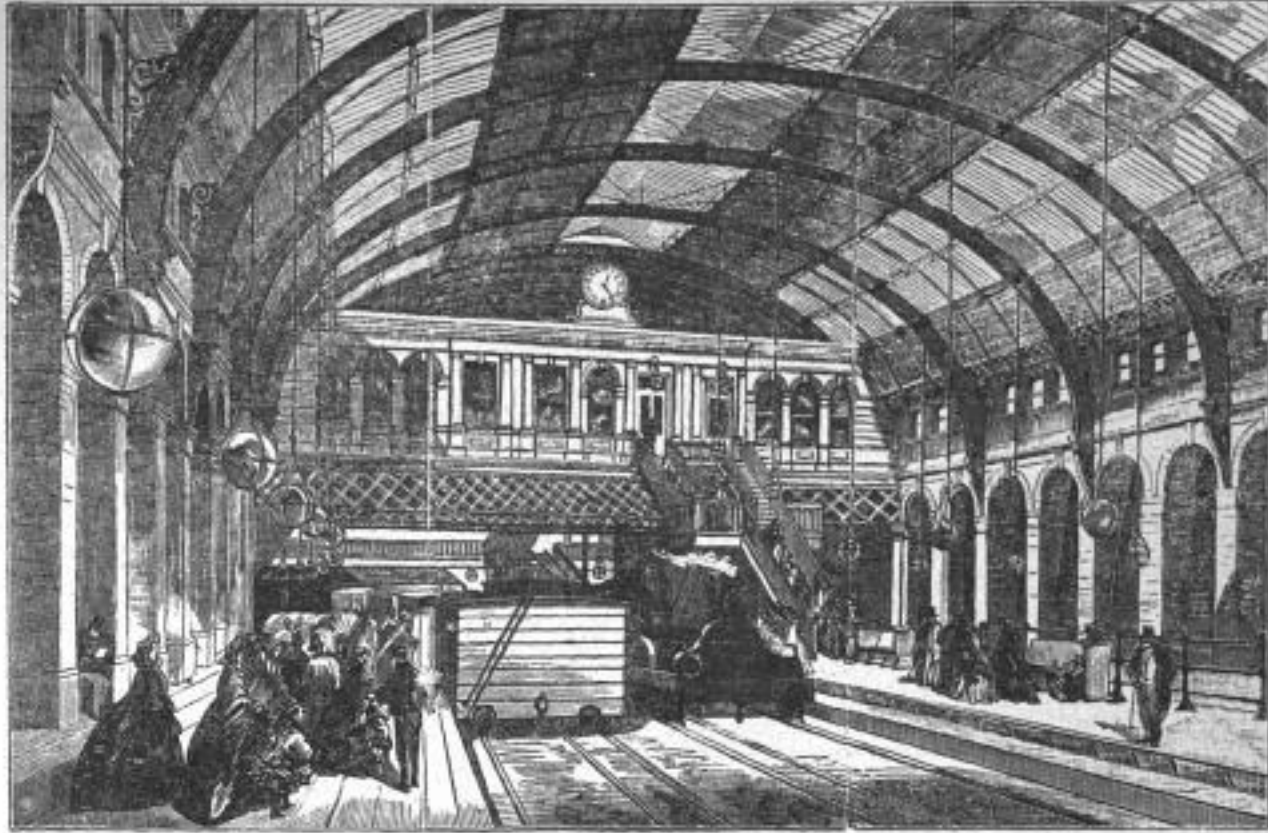
The news from South America, up to December 8, has been received, but contains nothing of great importance. The 21st of December was the fourth anniversary of the birth of the Emperor Don Pedro. There is no change in the military situation.



MOUNTED MESSENGERS ATTACKED BY INDIANS ON THE PLAINS.—[SKETCHED BY S. B. ESTEROS.]

UNDERGROUND RAILROADS.

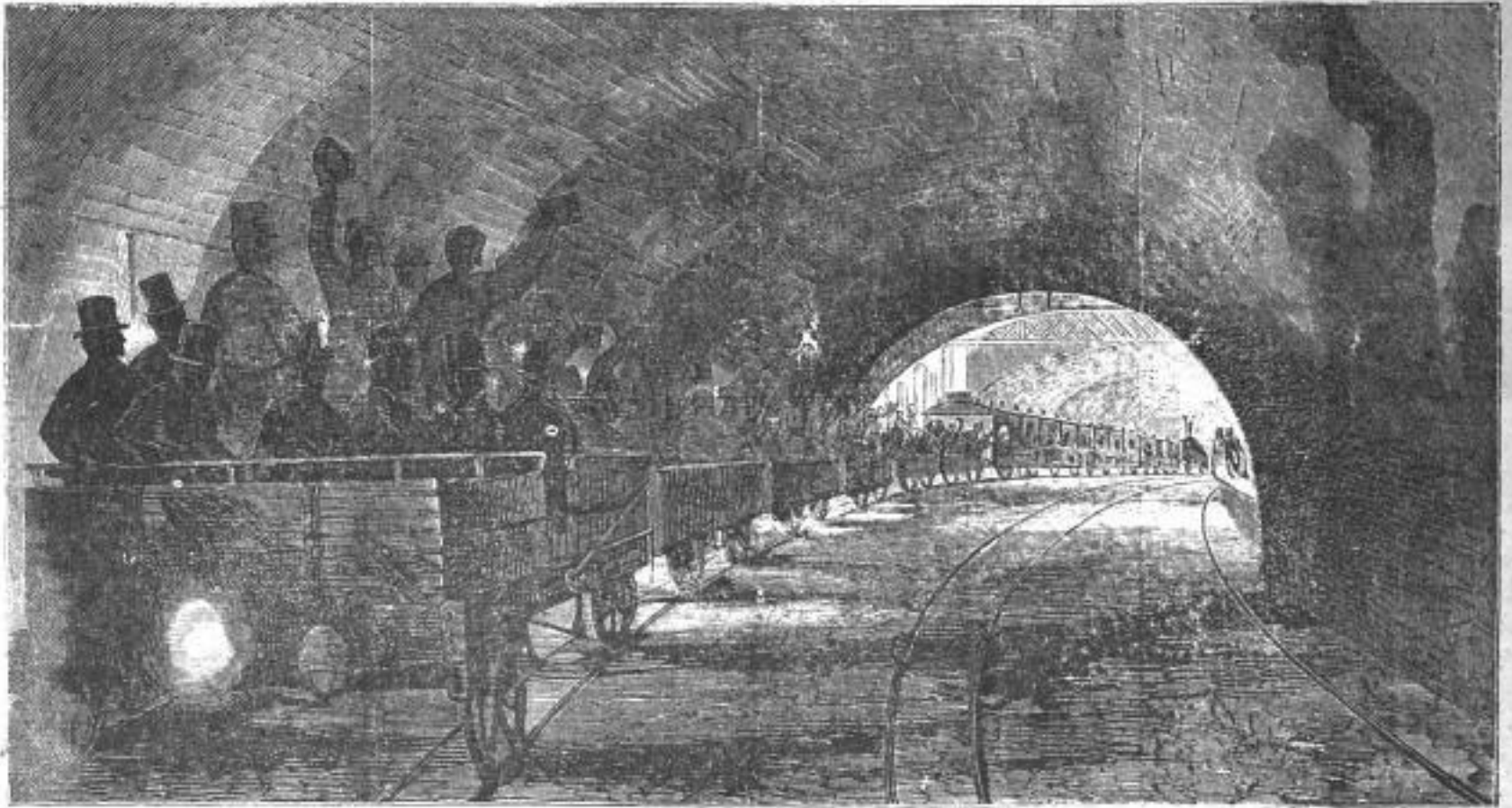
An underground railroad has become of such obvious necessity in New York city that the presentation of arguments in its favor is utterly needless. From the Battery to Harlem river is a distance of more than eight miles. While traffic is concentrated in the lower portion of the city near the Battery, the people reside mostly in the upper portion, and the tendency toward Harlem river, and even across that river into Westchester County, is so great that the exclusive dependence now placed upon horse-cars and omnibuses involves a fearful waste of time. A journey which used to be made twice daily, ought to occupy, and would by steam conveyance occupy only forty minutes, now consumes an hour and a half. The railroads now in use do not begin to satisfy the demand. During the last ten years the number of passengers carried by the city railroads has increased from 10,728,000 to 60,325,700. New railroads are built, but still the cars are over-



THE METROPOLITAN UNDERGROUND RAILWAY, LONDON—STATION AT KING'S CROSS.

to the bill. In the first place, there was no guarantee that the road would be speedily completed, and, secondly, one of its provisions allowed the Company to use at pleasure, temporarily or permanently, any of the public grounds in the city, thus placing even our parks at the mercy of the Company. The justice of these objections has been acknowledged by the corporation of the Company, who had themselves to abandon the objectionable clauses of the bill. As the Legislature has again reconsidered this subject because of its instant and pressing importance.

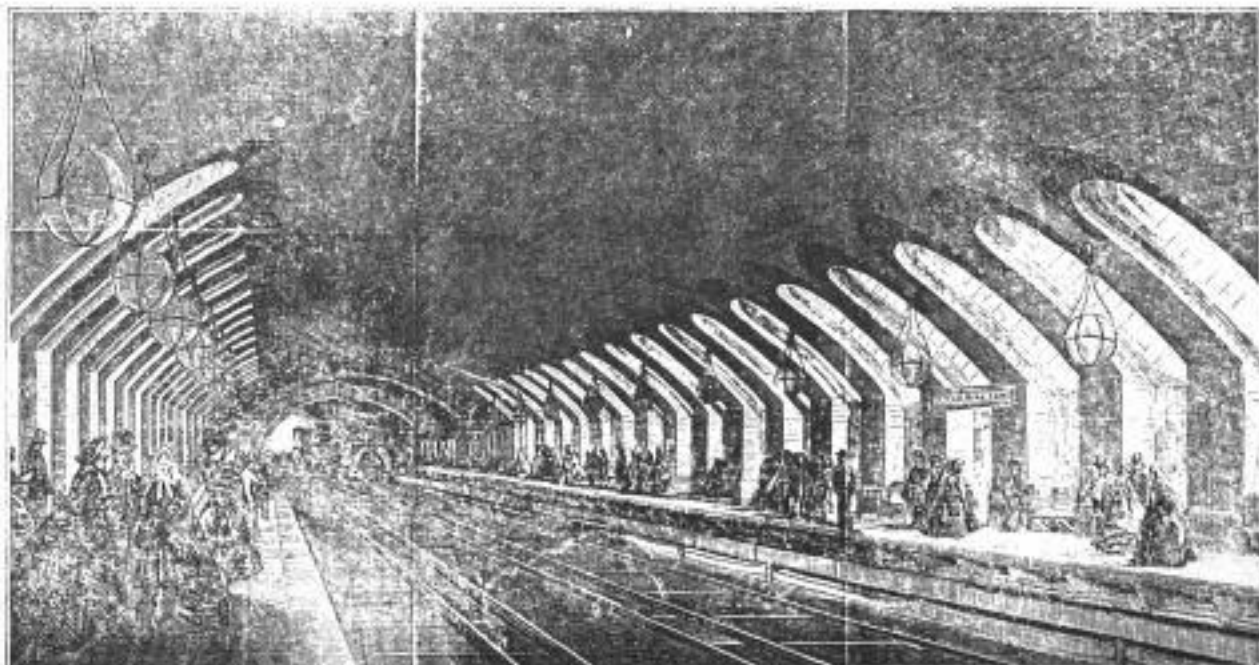
It is estimated that the cost of the proposed railway from Bowling Green to Central Park will be over eight millions. The route proposed would follow the line of Broadway to Fourteenth St., thence pass under Union Square and Broadway to Twenty-third Street, thence under Madison Square to Fifth Avenue, and under Fifth Avenue to Fifty-ninth Street. Pipes for ventilating the tunnel might above ground serve as lamp-posts. It



THE METROPOLITAN UNDERGROUND RAILWAY, LONDON—THE TRAIN PASSING THE PORTLAND-ROAD STATION.

crowded; and while there is a hunt to the number of roads that can be built on our principal avenues, there is none to our rapidly-growing population. As a necessity we shall be compelled to build underground railroads. These, besides the economy which they realize as regards space and time, will also be free from dust, and afford fewer opportunities for casualties.

A bill for the construction of the Metropolitan or Underground Railroad passed the State Legislature April 27, 1865. It was sent to Governor FULTON on the evening of the same day, and on the 28th the Legislature adjourned. The Governor did not veto the bill, but returned it to the Secretary of State without his signature. He admitted the necessity of an underground railroad, but found two objections



THE METROPOLITAN UNDERGROUND RAILWAY, LONDON—STATION AT BAKER STREET.

is proposed to erect stations at intervals of half a mile. The tunnel would be wide enough to give room for two lines of road, and would provide for carrying 51,500 passengers per day, or one-half that number each way.

The underground railroad has been tried in London with great promise of success. There, as in New York, it was found that the means of conveyance in the metropolis were slower and more liable to obstruction than in the country. It was a work of greater dimensions to get from the Mansion House to Temple Bar than to get to London from a far distant rural station, just as it takes longer to reach the City Hall from Harlem than to reach the same point from a distance of over thirty miles. A scheme was therefore proposed to encircle London with a tunnel which was to

INDIAN MASSACRES ATTACKED BY INDIANS ON THE PLAINS.—[Illustrated by H. B. HARRISON.]

"Confound that meddling woman!" said David, wrathfully in his heart, but wisely left Mollie to herself, and went below with Jennie to brew the punch, with which to see the Old Year out and the New Year in. Meanwhile Mollie turned down the gas, because of her headache, and, sitting there in the dark, resolved to give David his answer. Even as she resolved the door opened.

"Mr. Trusman," commenced Mollie in a trembling voice. "I have made up my mind about—about what we were speaking of."

"Well," David's voice sounded strangely—choked, and hardly above a whisper.

"And I think I ought to tell you at once," pursued Mollie, hesitatingly, "for fear you might deceive yourself; for, when we stood there by the window, I was not sure of myself, and I think you know it! for I was saying to myself how bleak and bitter it looked outside, and how snug and safe this looked, and that I must choose between them! But I have been thinking since then of Joe"—and here her voice sank and took a new touch of tenderness; "and, Mr. Trusman, no doubt he is dead, but he is not dead to me—not dead to me! and if I sat here as your wife, and there should come a strange step on the stair, and a quick knock at the door, my heart would come up with a jump, and I should say to myself, all in a tremble, perhaps that is Joe; or if we were chatting by the fire, and the storm beat hard against the windows, I might smile at you, but I should be shrinking and praying, as I have done on many a stormy night before, for Joe."

"Oh, God bless you!" and the deep voice that broke in on hers was never David Trusman's. Mollie sprang up and screamed shrilly,

"Jennie! Mr. Trusman! Jennie! quick! I'm going out of my head! Jennie!" all the time trying to light the gas, which, flaring up at last, showed David hurrying up, with his sister close behind him, and, oddly enough, Mr. and Mrs. Minnow following her, and Mollie, pale and dumb, with eyes staring wildly at a tall, blue-eyed, well-looking young fellow, who, if he was a ghost, was of the brownest and in the best condition ever seen.

"Joe Dory!" cried out David, loudly, and "Joe Dory!" echoed Jennie, and "Joe Dory, sure enough!" piped Mrs. Minnow, making a rush from behind her husband toward Mollie; "and to think that he—no, that isn't it! stop now—let me begin at the beginning! and, in the first place, Joe isn't dead. It was the wrong man, or the wrong ship, or something, and coming home after a hard voyage think what a start he got when passing here, he saw Mollie at the window as if she were quite at home. Off he flies to Grim-Malkin's to hear the news; and says Grim, says she, 'I have a feeling heart, Mr. Dory, and can't bear to distress you; but if the truth must be told, Mollie's quit this very day, only because I said to her she was going on shameful, and you only dead a year, and nothing certain; and I heard from one that saw her that she goes to David Trusman's, and after that I suppose you know as well as I do what will come next; and this wife Joe, being a man, is stupid of course, and swallows it all, and back he posts to me, and then I come over to see how the land lay," looking wickedly at David; "and thinks to me, 'I'll get her over and bring her out; and I had very nearly brought myself out too! such work as I had to get Joe out of your way, my dear! and I brought you out; and you come out, didn't you?' said Mrs. Minnow, laughing heartily and whirling the bewildered Mollie round and round; "and Joe there all the time on the other side of the door and heard every word you said! and then he insisted on coming over to-night like a ghost, instead of coming to-morrow like a decent Christian caller, and so here he is."

One, two, three, four—the clock striking twelve.

"The punch," cried Jennie.

"The New-Year," said Joe softly, drawing Mollie a little aside, "and a New-Year for us indeed, my love!"

"But since he was to come back, why the deuce couldn't he have come before I made a fool of myself?" growled David Trusman, to the bottom of his glass.

UNCLE JACOB'S WIFE.

We were sitting round the breakfast-table, my father, mother, brother Tom, two sisters, and myself, one winter's morning, when the letters came in, nearly an hour late.

"Postman says, Sir, that the roads are frozen so slippery that he had to leave his horse at a farmhouse and walk over with the bag," said James, apologetically, as he laid the letters by my father's plate.

"There's always something wrong," said my father, with a shrug, "when I am expecting important letters."

"Read that from Jacob," said my mother, pointing to one.

"How do you know it's from Jacob?" asked my father, always a little jealous if he thought his letters were in any way scrutinized, even to the reading of a post-mark.

"I see his writing across the table," said my mother, meekly. Here she touched another weak point of my father's; he was the slightest bit envious of her better sight.

"It will wait," he said, and chipped at his egg. But the touch of spleen was but momentary, and he presently broke Uncle Jacob's red seal.

"He is coming here," he said, without looking up.

"He will be welcome," said my mother, and my father read on. He always read straight through a letter before enlightening us. Suddenly his face changed. He turned pale, absolutely white, he whose complexion was like that of one of his own ruddy apples; his hand shook, too, and he threw down the letter.

"What is it? Is he dead?" asked my mother in her fright, forgetting that she was looking at his writing.

"Worse than dead!" said my father.

"What has he done?" we three girls exclaimed in a breath. "Is it very bad?" for my father's face was a picture.

"Pshaw!" said my father, and his color came back as he spoke; "he's going to be married."

"Married!"

"Married!"

"Married!" We all pronounced the dreadful word, and then there was silence, and we thought much and said little. The matter, in fact, was beyond speech.

"There go your fortunes, girls!" said Tom, breaking silence, with a look that reminded me of his old mischievous school-boy days.

"Hold your tongue, Sir!" thundered my father.

"I must say I think it inconsiderate of Jacob, highly inconsiderate," said my mother, but something in her voice pleaded for Uncle Jacob as she spoke; she was such an unreasoning sort of woman, my mother, in her habit of leaning to mercy's side.

"Inconsiderate? Disgraceful!" said my father.

"Yes, my dear Charles, very disgraceful," said my mother; but I caught the same tone of appeal in her voice.

"Shameful! Ridiculous! Unheard of?" My father was given to the piling of epithets. "Pitiable in a man of his age!"

"He is old to marry," said my mother.

"Old! Only think of it. I am sixty-seven, and he is not two years younger."

"I suppose he was very lonely."

"Why could he not have come here, then?"

"His business, my dear," said my mother. "I suppose he can not leave his office in town for long."

"Why not have asked one of the girls to go and live with him? if he was lonely. Lonely! nonsense! The man has no more feeling of loneliness or any thing else than a dried stick. Lonely!"

"It seems a pity," said the gentle voice of the gentlest of all gentlewomen.

"You don't appreciate the case at all, Mary! The old goose! So, nothing but marrying will serve his turn—and all out of spite too! Well, he is bringing a fine lot of cares on his shoulders, and so he'll find. There's an end to his quiet life now. The trouble of a wife—Here my father checked himself, seeing something perhaps in my mother's face.

"No, Mary; I didn't mean that! You know I did not. You and I have pulled together without a rub for five-and-thirty years. Why, Polly, what are you thinking of?" She did not speak, but I always thought my mother's smile was better than words. I am sure my father thought so too. Her smile was known to us all to be the sunlight under which the sour parts of his nature ripened to sweet.

"I wonder what she is like!" queried Tom, unluckily giving utterance to the thought that was seething in our girlish minds.

"Stuff, Sir! What does it matter!" said my father, effervescing again. "A designing woman, no doubt: designing women are all alike."

Now Uncle Jacob had never spoken a word of love or matrimony, but we built our hopes on the circumstances of the case, and very reasonably so, I think. He had not a single relation in the world outside our house. He had always been kind to us in his way, paying Tom's school-bills, and sending my mother presents of the quaintest ornaments that could well be seen. He was really fond of her, in his unobtrusive way, and had told my father confidentially several times that she was an "excellent woman." On one occasion, too, my father had been lamenting in his presence that we girls could have no fortunes.

"Tom must have the farm, of course, and then if he marries?" my father had said; and Uncle Jacob had said: "Don't fret yourself about their fortunes."

There was no promise in the words certainly—that is, no promise expressed—but did not an implied one lurk there so slightly hidden as to be seen? We thought so, and rejoiced and made merry over it, and made sure of our fortunes from that day forward.

Before a week passed my father had another letter from Uncle Jacob, naming the wedding-day, but not asking any of us to be present.

"Although he invites himself here, in the coolest manner possible, the fortnight after," said my father.

"I would fill the house, Sir, ask the Jenkinsons and young Clive here, and tell him there wasn't room," was Tom's sapient rejoinder.

"And make his wife an enemy for life," said James.

My father shortly enjoined Tom to keep his ideas to himself: so he had evidently decided to receive the visit.

The wedding-day passed, and the fortnight's honey-moon passed, and the bride and groom were to be with us next day (roads permitting). It really was pleasant, their coming so soon, for our curiosity had been raised to the highest pitch, and had as yet had nothing to allay it—not a single particular as to the young lady's age, looks, manners, accomplishments, nay, nor even her name. My mother had thought to write to Uncle Jacob, asking a few questions as to those matters, "to show just a little kindly interest," she said, but had not done it, my father having looked things unutterable at the bare idea.

My mother, in her motherly heart, began to pity the bride, as the hour came for the carriage to be heard crunching the frost up the drive.

"She is sure to be nervous, poor thing. Mind you meet her kindly, girls. It is not her fault about the fortune, poor thing; I dare say she knows nothing about it."

In one of my mother's pauses came the sound of wheels, and we went in a body to the hall—all of us except my father, who kept out of the way, wishing to meet the happy pair privately. Nearer and nearer came the carriage-wheels, and we opened the hall-door, and stood just inside in the biting cold air, as the green carriage, bay horses, and yellow post-boy came to the steps. She was tall—the bride—much taller than Uncle Jacob, tall and slight, and dressed in dark rich colors, but with so thick a veil down that we could not even make a

gaze at her face, not even when she kissed us, for she only raised the corner, and let it down again. She was timid, no doubt, as my mother had said.

"Come in, dear aunt, by the fire." "You must both be half-frozen."

"You are an hour later than we hoped you would be."

"Dear Uncle Jacob, let Tom take your coat." Civil things we said of that sort, and finally marshaled our dear relatives to the fire in the morning-room.

"Stir the fire well in Mrs. Jacob's bedroom before she goes up stairs," said my mother to the maid as she left the room, "and take up the spiced negus when I ring. It is a great preservative from cold, negus as we make it," said my mother, turning to our aunt in an explanatory manner.

"Thank you," said the veiled lady. Uncle Jacob in the mean time had taken the poker in hand, and was "mending the fire," as he called it, to such purpose that his yellow-brown face became suffused with ardent crimson, and we kept moving our chairs backward half a foot at a time.

"Yes," he said, replying to my mother; "it was" (poke), "it was cold" (poke). "The roads were" (scrape of the lower bar) "like glass" (crash of the upper crust), "and we creep along slowly."

"Will she never lift her veil?" pondered I, and caught myself wandering off into musings about the mythical "Pig-faced Lady," and her rich veil, never drawn aside for human eyes to gaze behind. What if my uncle had been tempted by visions of enormous wealth to marry—a what? Before I had decided as to the sort of ugliness my aunt raised her veil, and I came back to everyday life.

She raised her veil, and we all looked at her. Nettie made some excuse and fled from the room, but I could hear her laughter at the end of the hall.

I think even my mother was startled by the swarthy, gaunt face revealed. It was a Scotch face evidently, for the salient points of Scotch physiognomy were almost caricatured, they were so strongly pronounced. The high cheek-bones might have belonged to a Tartar.

"Are you warm enough to go up stairs?" my mother asked her, with a tinge of surprise in her gentle tones.

"You must speak out to her," said Uncle Jacob, with a curious quiver in the corner of his mouth. "Out?" my mother asked.

"Yes, loud," and again the quiver. "Janet!" and he moved closer to his wife, "Mary wants to know if you are ready to go up stairs!" He spoke in loudest tones.

"What?" she said, turning an ear as deaf as Dame Eleanor Sparring's. "Up stairs?"

"Yes. Will you go and take your things off?" "Yes, I am ready, quite ready, thank you," said she turned to my mother and rose from her seat.

"Ring for the negus," my mother bade me. "Janet, let me carry your cloak," she said, in a desperate voice, but Aunt Janet was evidently dubious of her meaning, till my mother had taken possession of that article.

"Uncle," said Tom, "I'll show you your dressing-room."

"What on earth can he have done it for?" whispered Tom as he passed me.

Jane and I were left together, and Nettie came back when she heard them pass up stairs.

"Oh, Nettie, why did you laugh in the hall?" I asked.

"She wouldn't hear it," said Nettie; "and you know Uncle Jacob's always a little deaf."

"You will be getting us into a scrape, indeed, if you don't take care."

"Not I. Oh, what a bride!" "She is an odd-looking creature," said Jane.

"Fifty at least."

"We shall be as hoarse as rooks with shouting to her, if they stay for a week," said Jane.

"What a sight the courtship must have been! Poor Uncle Jacob must have made love under difficulties indeed; the whole neighborhood must have been as wise as himself. How ever could he have managed it!" and Nettie burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, in which we both joined. In the height of our merriment Aunt Janet entered the room. It was well she was so deaf, or she might have heard what would have vexed her.

My father explained the cause of my uncle's marriage to us in the evening after our guests had retired.

"She was Samuel Marten's only child," he began.

"His partner's?" said my mother.

"Yes. When he told me that much I saw daylight at once. Old Marten died in India over a year ago, and she came home."

"That makes her so brown," said Nettie. "I thought she had an Indian sort of look."

Nettie took the ice first, and made some remarks as to Aunt Janet's personal appearance; but when I started, and looked at the poor lady's face, it was evident that all sounds fell silly alike on those deaf ears of hers. "Do you know I like her," said Nettie, abruptly, one morning, when my mother was urging us to be more attentive. "Of course she's the greatest old fright that ever was seen; but she is kindly and good-hearted, I am sure."

My mother looked pained. "Nettie, don't speak of your aunt so. Never mind her looks; she can not help them."

"I suppose she can not, mamma, and yet a sort of instinct makes me blame people for being ugly."

"It isn't her face I mind," said Jane, who had taken a strong dislike to our aunt; "but her voice is dreadful. Her voice is like the tearing of calico, and sets my very teeth on edge." Our aunt was sitting knitting quietly by the fire all this time.

"She can not help her voice," said my mother. "You should try and look at people's pleasant side, Jane."

"I don't think she has a pleasant side."

My mother made no answer, but turned and abated a little of the morning news from the paper to amuse our aunt. Presently Tom entered.

"Nettie, look here; there is a great hole in my pocket. Will you sew it up for me?"

"Yes, only come closer. Now stand still—do stand still, Tom, dear—I am pricking my finger."

"How long is she going to stay?" asked Tom.

"As long as she pleases," my mother replied.

"How on earth do you manage to amuse such a living statue? I would not be one of you girls, shut up in a room with her morning after morning, for something. She would mesmerize me."

"You pain me, Tom, when you speak so. There is nothing attractive about your aunt; but I am sure she is a very worthy person, and deserving of your respect," said my mother.

"What! for hooking the old gentleman?"

"Tom," said Nettie, "do you think that is Aunt Janet's hair, or a wig (in a confidential tone)?"

"A wig, to be sure," said Tom, determinedly.

"I can not bear it, Tom," said my mother; "you must really go out of the room. Come, Nettie, and show your aunt some of your water-colors. I dare say she likes looking at drawings."

"She looks like a judge," said sarcastic Jane.

Nettie went to the piano after a while and sang a ballad or two of Balfe's and Lindley's, sliding out of them into some Scotch air, which she sang uncommonly well. I was watching Aunt Janet's uninterested face as Nettie sang, and thinking, with some pity, how great a privation hers was, when Nettie struck the first bar of "Ye Banks and Braes," and a change swept across the immobile face for an instant, as if she heard—at least, I mean that for a second I fancied so, for as I looked the face was dull-deaf as ever.

"Poor thing!" said my mother, "how I wish she could hear those sweet Scotch airs!"

"I should not think it would make much difference to her," said Jane. "I don't suppose she is inclined to be romantic."

Two or three days afterward my father came into the morning-room just before lunch, and, seeing Aunt Janet, was about to withdraw. "I wanted to tell you—" he said to my mother.

"Tell me what, dear?"

"Nothing—but that Jacob told me they are going on Thursday. He is getting fidgety at being away from the office so long."

"Janet spoke about going to me this morning."

"Well, I hope you have kept her amused. She must be conciliated at any cost. We must have them again soon, though I hate the sight of her. I really can not enjoy my dinner in the least, shouting out as I must between every mouthful. But it can not be helped."

"I like her," said my mother, "she is quiet and sensible," as my father moved back out of the doorway.

Thursday morning came, and our guests were to leave us. Uncle Jacob was particularly kind in his manner to us all, telling Nettie and me that we must come and pay our aunt a visit in town after they moved into their new house.

"You shall see all that is to be seen, as your aunt means to keep a carriage," he said, kindly, and we thanked him, as in duty bound, but I don't think we either of us felt inclined to venture on our new aunt's hospitality.

We all went up stairs with Aunt Janet to help her to dress herself in her wraps and furs. When she was dressed she sent the maid out of the room, observing to my mother as she did so that she never gave a shiner's money to servants.

"Not to any body she can help," said Jane.

"There you mistake me," said our aunt, turning round sharply on the unlucky Jane in an instant. "I act from principle in not giving to servants, not from greed."

"How ever did she hear me?" gasped Jane, in a lower tone, to me.

"As I hear other people," said my aunt, quietly. "Good-by, dear Mary" (and she turned to kiss my mother). "You have been very kind to me. I never expected you to think me a beauty, you know; you gave me credit for being 'kind-hearted and sensible'—I think that was it—and that is all I want from you. Believe me, I think all the better of you for having lived with you for three weeks in the palace of Truth."

"knew, nor, indeed, guessed—for his face was a sealed book when he so pleased it—but no doubt his heart condemned him sufficiently."

"It was the meanest trick!" said Jane. "Impossible to defend ourselves against such low cunning."

"No, my dear, you might easily have been safe. I don't think it was quite fair of your aunt, though, and I shall write and tell her so."

A few days brought Aunt Janet's letter. "You must forgive me, Mary," she said. "I allow I was wrong—very wrong, if you will; but when you understand all, you will allow that my temptation was strong to see you all as you are. Some day I will tell you the story of my father's second wife, who happily died before him, and you will see that my dread of designing people is a natural one, after what I have suffered. Come up to town and see me, Mary, and let us talk it all over till you forgive me."

"You have saved us, mother, I do believe," said Tom. "She likes you well enough to smile on us all for your sake."

A letter came from Uncle Jacob next. "Being the girls with you when you come, Mary," he said. "Don't let them be vexed with their aunt for her whimsies—she has taken a fancy to your Nettie."

"Nettie's naughtiness serves her as well as most people's goodness," said Tom. "Mother, look at your letter again and see if there isn't an invitation for me."

"What do you think of that?" said he, handing it across.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

New York enjoyed a sprinkling of fine days during the Christmas holidays. But there was an unwelcome episode of "misty, murky weather, drizzling wind and rain together." Broadway became nearly impassable. Between the muddy, slippery pavements and the thronging crowd it was almost as much as one's life was worth to attempt to cross the street. The poor horse had a fearful time in the constant effort to gain a footing on the slimy, glassy surface of our principal thoroughfare, and many nerves were shocked at the sight of a prosaic animal, struggling in his harness, bridled and muzzled. The recent "thaw," though not desirable for healthfulness, has certainly afforded one more favorable opportunity to remove from our streets the accumulated filth, which, again frozen up, will surely remain until next spring the seeds of malaria and death. Then the consequences of uncleaned thoroughfares will be apparent in the most obvious.

Genial reader, did ever you, with curious eye, watch the street-sweepers as they perform their work? Never had a chance? That is not strange, to be sure, chances are rare; but here is one—look! the sweepers with slow and measured steps are marching this way. One, two, three—fourteen in all, and every one armed with broom or hoe. Never mind that couple on the sidewalk, apparently in an angry discussion; nor those others standing with ill-judged weapons, but watch these four who are concentrating their energies upon a spot just in front of us. Two brooms and two hoes. Broom No. 1 makes an undulating sweep among the dirt. Broom No. 2 makes another in the opposite direction, whereby the dirt of No. 1, with all filth, is carried to its original resting-place. Broom No. 1 repeats the former flourish. Broom No. 2 ditto. Hoe No. 1 now comes in between the brooms and draws as much rubbish as it can back over the spot that is being swept. Hoe No. 2 next tosses a quantity of mud from the gutter, at random, toward the brooms. This process goes on. Sometimes the men look at what they are doing, but more often they don't. It makes little difference. At length three shoulder their implements and march on. The fourth succeeds in collecting a little pile of dirt, which a girl of ten years old, with one broom, could have got together in two minutes. As they go, the middle of the street is not touched, only a little strip, a few feet from the gutter, is slightly damaged. This is the way Forty-Seventh Street was swept not long ago. If street-sweepers don't know that a broom is not a sweep there should be a class in object teaching for their special benefit, and they informed that there is a distinction between the movements appropriate to these two implements.

It is a fact of practical utility that impure water is regarded as even more injurious to the health than impure air. If a pitcher of good water be placed in a room in a few hours it will have absorbed nearly all the impure and purrified gases of the room, the air of which will have become pure, but the water utterly filthy. This depends on the fact that water has the faculty of condensing, and thereby absorbing all the gases, which it does without increasing its own bulk. The colder the water is, the greater its capacity to contain these gases. Hence water kept in a room a while is always unfit for use, and should be often renewed whether it becomes warm or hot. That which has stood overnight is not fit for coffee water in the morning.

What next? A bold rogue in Barger, Maine, snatched a pair of gold spectacles from the nose of a citizen, and long since, and made off with them.

An exchange gives the following rules of Church Etiquette, for the special benefit of those who are so fashionable as to make their appearance long after the services have commenced:

Let the lady advance one pace beyond the door of the pew she wishes to enter, halt, and salute. The pew must then be vacated by each gentleman so as to allow for a free movement. The lady should rise simultaneously with the lady preceding her, and see by the right hand, then deploy into the aisle, the head man facing the lady, and the rest walking to his right and rear, the direction of the line being changed by a right counter-march, and forming again into line, up and down the aisle, still faced by the right hand. The lady, when she sees that the count is clear, completes her salute, and advances to her position in the pew. The gentlemen break off by filing from the rear and resume their places. Great care should be taken, of course, by other parties, not to enter the aisle when this evolution is in progress, until it is completed.

The sugar wedding—thirty days after marriage—is the newest thing.

Not long since a telegram was sent by a gentleman in Boston to a resident of this city. On the following morning the gentleman himself arrived here, having taken the night train. About three hours after his arrival the telegram, retid the previous day, was delivered. It proved on inquiry, that, through some mistake at the Boston office, the wrong street had been given in the address, though it was correct in other respects. The messenger—a young boy—ascertained that there was a mistake the evening previous—kept the telegram overnight, returned to the New York office next morning, and, after having it corrected, delivered it.

A gentleman of this city, not receiving a telegram one evening which he had expected, and which related to his

case of importance in Albany, left the city next morning on that account. About half an hour after his departure the telegram arrived. On investigation it was ascertained that the boy—a mere child—had come to the basement door of the house the evening before—rang once, but not receiving an answer, concluded it was rather late, and that he would keep the telegram safely until the next morning which he did.

A telegraphic message is ordinarily of so much importance, to say the least, as a letter. Great care is taken that the city postman should be careful, discreet, and capable man. Why, then, should the delivery of telegrams be entrusted to young boys, who have not the good sense or thoughtfulness to consult a Directory, or ring a door-bell a second time?

The London Star gives a pleasant anecdote of the late J. F. Herring, the animal painter:

Some years ago he painted a small picture and received a check in payment. The check was written on a slip of paper, "Pay Mr. J. F. Herring," and duly signed, but without the insertion of the words "bearer" or "order," and the clerk of the Union Bank looked very doubtfully, first at the bill and then at the person presenting it. The artist noticed this, and demanded what was wrong. The clerk explained:

"Don't you see it's payable to J. F. Herring?" "Well, I see that."

"How do I know that?" said the clerk. "Do you know what J. F. Herring is?"

"Herring," said the clerk. "I've got the 'Three Mummies of the Temperance Society' at home."

Herring was delighted. He wrote a post, and on a sheet of blotting-paper lying on the counter dashed off a sketch of some leaves of books.

"What do you think of that?" said he, handing it across.

Fodder seems to be scarce in some parts of the country. A Maine paper states that a cow in that vicinity recently undertook to eat a coat-of-armor skirt. She managed to swallow a piece of the steel spring, but not being able to digest it, it worked through her stomach and penetrated her heart, soon causing death. The ladies should be careful how they shed their skirts about so promiscuously.

In a recent lecture on "Ireland and the Irish" it was said, and with some truth, that the Irishman takes the world more easily than his neighbors; he thinks it is a very good world, for it is the best that ever he lived in! If you talk to him about the dilapidated condition of the house, and the pig in the corner, he says, "Sure I can't bother about it. As for the hole in the roof, when the sun shines it doesn't need to be mended, and when it rains sure I can't do it. And as for the pig, hasn't the house every convenience that a pig could require?"

In that wretched pen at Andersonville the Irish soldier turned the laugh against every recurring misery; and at Peterburg, when the big Russian-bells were howling about the men's heads, it was an Irishman who exclaimed, "And sure there's the fiddlers to collect the wax in a waxen ear!"

The Irish have always been noted for their original and characteristic way of saying things. Theackerly tells of an Irish woman begging alms of him, who when she saw him put his hand in his pocket, exclaimed, "May the blessings of God follow you all your life"—but when he only pulled out his snuff-box, immediately added—"and never overtake ye!"

A nobleman said to an Irish gentleman, "We have had a delightful rain; it will bring every thing out of the earth." "And forbid, your Lordship; I've these wheat under it," was the reply.

An American lady went to London a while ago, and applied to a certain renowned Madame Rachel to obliterate all the marks left on her face by the small-pox. She paid in advance some fifty pounds, and received in return a bottle of "whitewash" and some "Arabian" balms, which produced no effect. Not satisfied with the result she applied to the Palace Court for redress; but at the last accounts her trouble was not ended, since Madame Rachel refused to return the money, and had not succeeded in beautifying the lady.

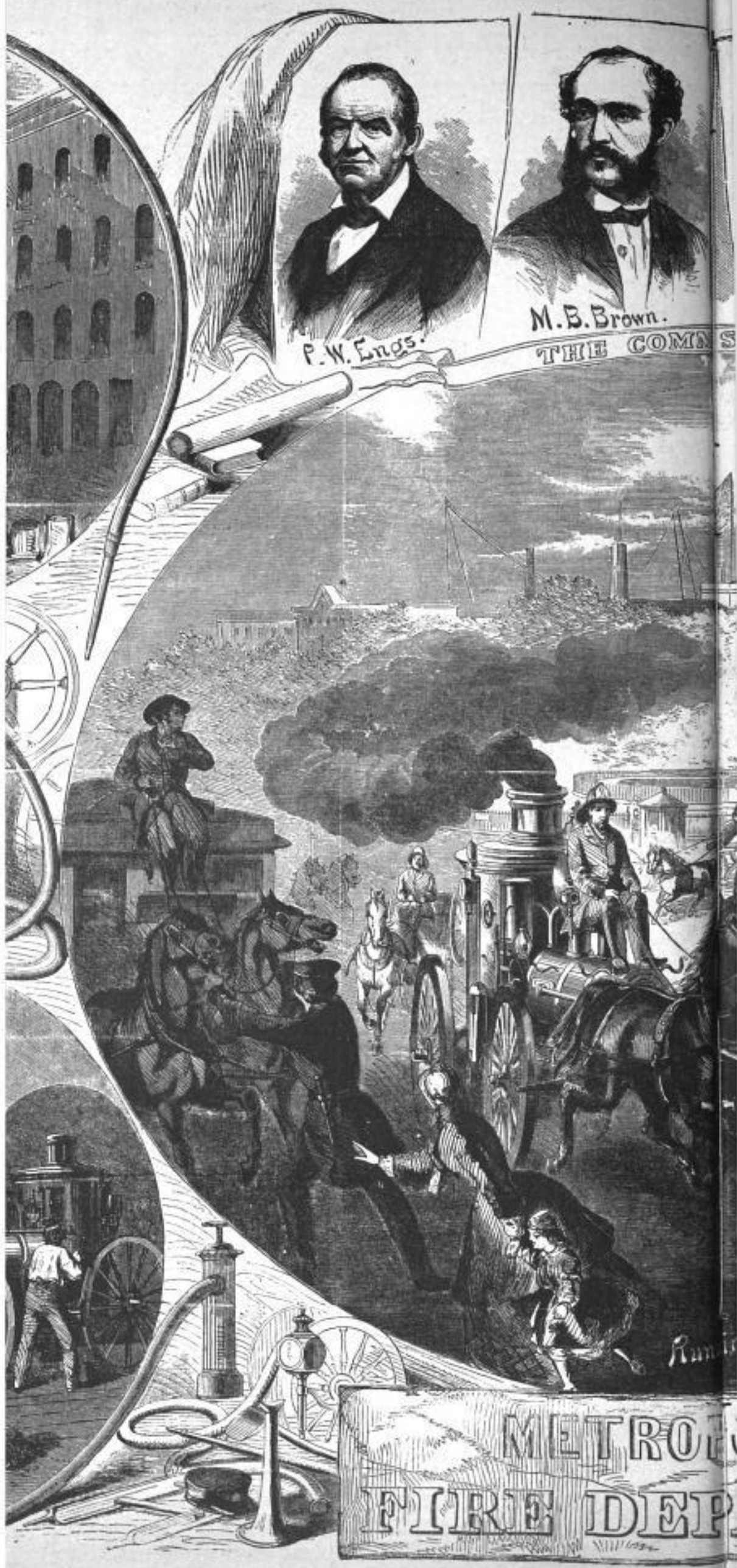
Every week appears to bring with it a new form of jacket, and so convenient are jackets found to be that many ladies adopt them in preference to bonnets to their dresses. This plan is found to be very successful, as a maid, with one good pattern, can make shirts; consequently, the more costly dress-maker can be dispensed with, and it is as easy to buy two or three ready-made jackets which fit admirably. The plush-cloth, already adopted in the summer, and the patent velvet are used for indoors, while wool-kin and other are fashionable out of doors. Very comfortable pajamas for indoor wear are made of scotch, blue, and violet cashmere, bordered with either blue fox or chinchilla. White jackets are always ornamented with black cord and jet tassels.

The newest Parisian open-cloaks are made either of striped plush, or of what are called the "Eastern silks"—fabrics which are ribbed and woven with the most dazzling of colors. Striped blue and white plush, striped purple and gold plush, green, violet, gold and white Eastern silks, all make up into the most magnificent of open-cloaks. They are cut in the form of talars, and easy have large square sleeves and hoods lined with plain silk of the color which predominates in the open-cloak; hand-kerchiefs and towels being added to the hood, and also to the shoulder-straps.

Brighton Young has had a new "revolution." He says it is "the will of God that the sisters should make their own bonnets and hats for themselves and their families from straw and other materials raised in the Utah Mountains." The next "revolution" will probably dictate the style in which they are to be made and worn. It is said that Brighton Young has a large lot of eye straw "for sale in lots to suit purchasers," which perhaps accounts for the straw-hat revolution.

The London Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, recently presented a watch for maliciously wounding a horse in a most horrible manner. The offender was sentenced to be kept in penal servitude for five years. It would be simply humane to have a society in New York of a similar nature, that the absence of poor dumb brutes might be brought to justice.

The marriage of the Princess Anna Maria is assuming quite the form of a public event. Newspapers and chronicles of every kind have for some time been engaged in recording the wonderful presents bestowed upon the pretty little bride. The numerous contents of the ecclesiastical marriage, offered by the wealthy and endowed, have presented such attractions to burglers that the greatest vigilance and activity on the part of the police have been necessary to protect them. The Empress gives the bride an Alençon lace dress, costing 30,000 francs, and a prayer-book worth 20,000 francs. It is, we believe, not widely known that the Empress gives her relatives a portion of two millions of francs, besides a necklace worth half a million, and a portion of 100,000 francs. Some of the Duke de Mouchy's aristocratic relatives, so far from being gratified at his obtaining a position on the fringe of a throne, complain that he is making a sad blunder.



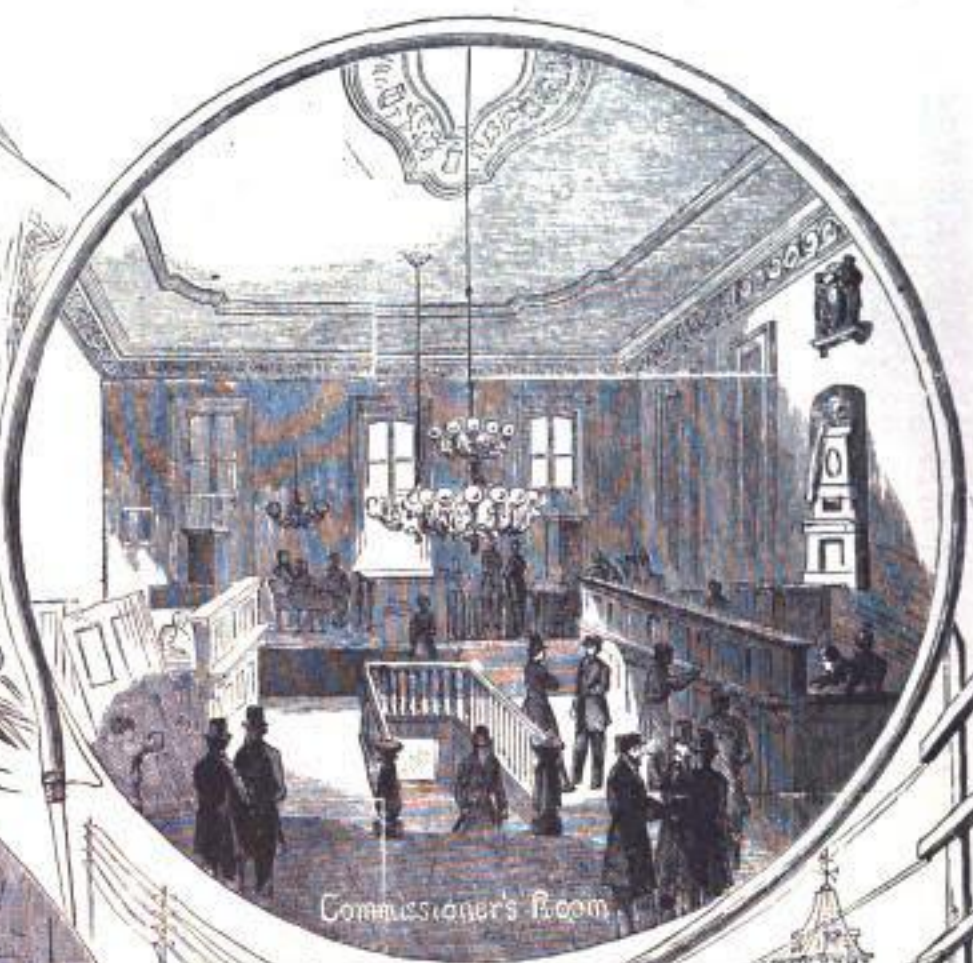


G. C. Pinckney.

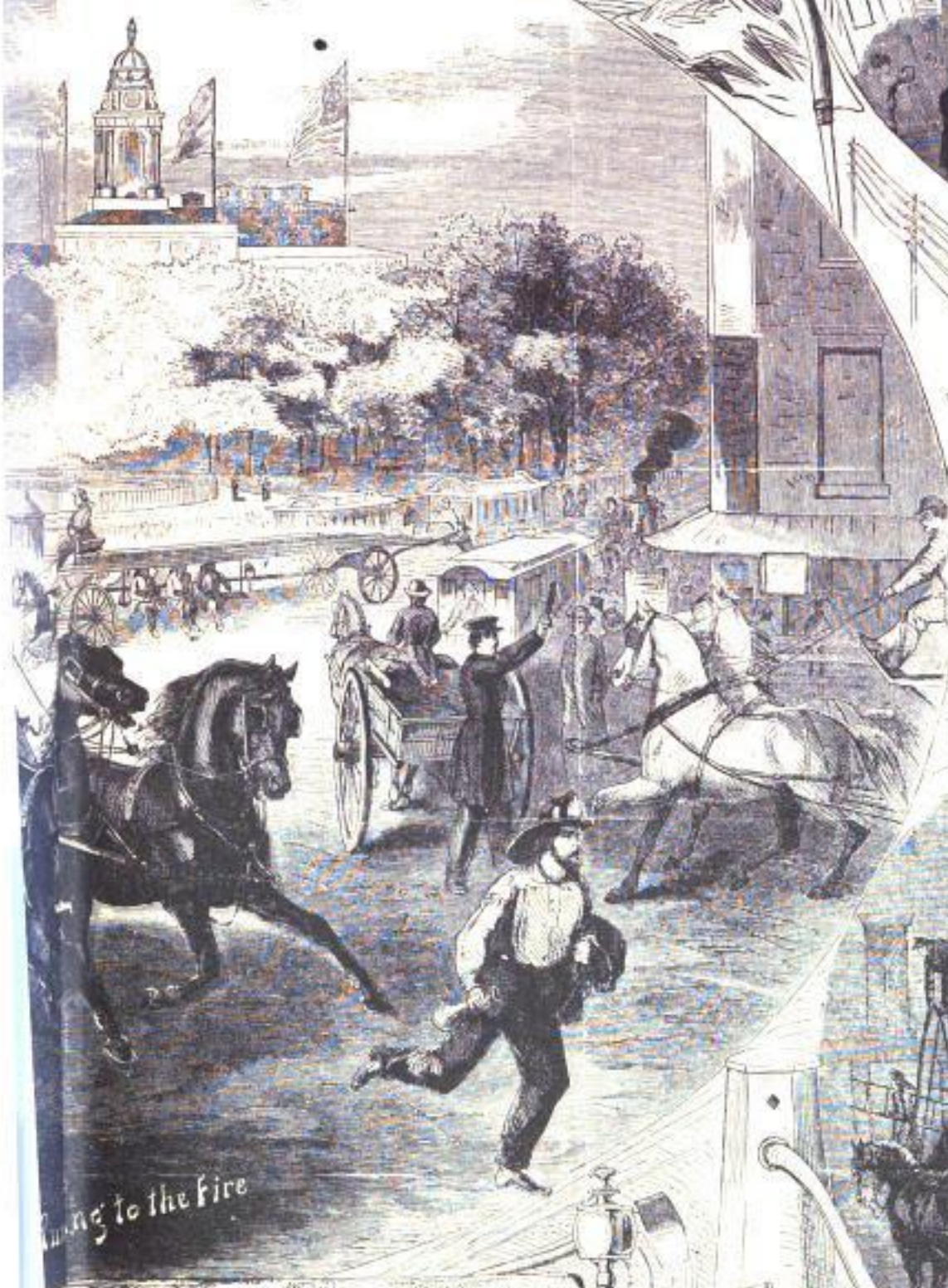


J. W. Abbe.

COMMISSIONERS



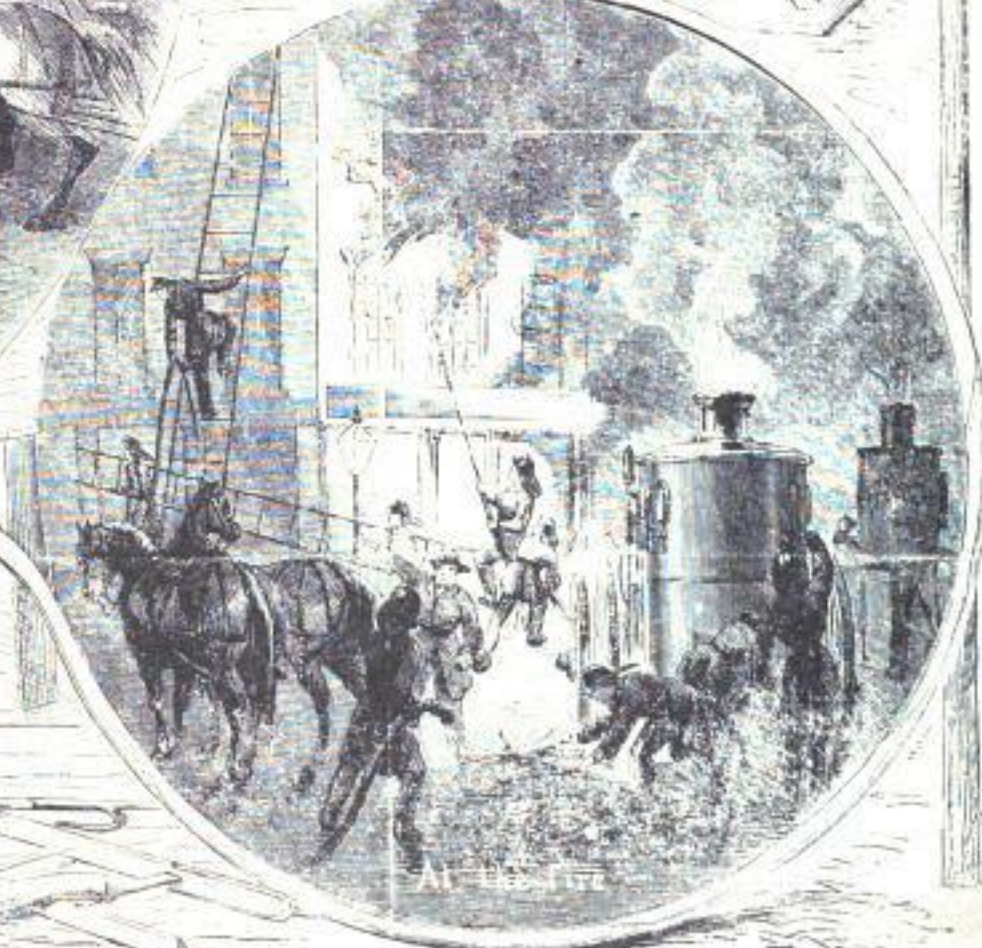
Commissioner's Room



Running to the fire



Chas. L. Chapin, Supr. Telegraph



At the fire

MILITARY DEPARTMENT

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longing that seized upon him at this thought! If he could but see her once again!—see her; speak to her; touch her hand; tell her how, though false to all the world besides, he had been true at least to her from first to last! He felt that he had never half told her how he loved her. He had never even kissed her—never once; for his respect had been as profound as his love, and he had not dared to claim the smallest privilege of a lover from one so young, so helpless, so be-reaved. He felt now that he would give his soul to clasp her in his arms and press his lips to hers. Good God! how he loved her! How his heart hungered for her!

He shook the gates with all his might—strove to clamber over them—flung himself against them; but in vain. Then he pressed his face against the bars, like a prisoner at the prison-gate, and, sobbing, called upon her name. But his voice was borne away by the wind, and the pitiless rain drove in his face and mingled with his tears.

While he was yet clinging there in the dark-ness with his eyes fixed upon the upper window the light suddenly vanished. He had made so certain that it was her light and her window that the disappearance of that little spark fell upon him like a blow. He felt as if the last link were now broken between them—the last hope gone!

Almost at the same moment he saw a lantern (carried apparently by an invisible hand) moving across the upper end of the court-yard. Again he shook the gates and shouted furiously. The lantern paused—moved on—paused again, and at last came quickly toward him. Then the bearer held it high above his head with one hand, shaded his eyes with the other, and asked roughly—“*Qui est là?*”

It was Jacques—the same Jacques who had let him out an hour or two before, and who, recog-nizing his voice, again unlocked the gates and admitted him.

“*Tiens!*” said he. “They are all in bed *à Las.*”

William Trefalden’s heart leaped with fierce exultation.

“No matter,” he replied. “My visit is to the gentleman. Tell me where he sleeps. That is enough.”

“What gentleman, M’sieur?”

“He who came to-day with the English curé. Quick! Time presses, and my business is urgent.”

“But the strange gentleman is no longer here. He went away about half an hour after Mon-sieur.”

“Went away!”

“Yes, M’sieur—in a cabriolet with four horses, taking Monsieur le Curé and the young lady with him.”

“Dug, it is a lie!—a lie, and you are paid to tell it! Give me the truth—the truth this in-stant, or I strangle you!”

And, half beside himself, the lawyer twisted his hands in the lad’s collar as if he meant what he said.

“Ah, Monsieur!—for the love of God, Mon-sieur!—it is indeed the truth—if you kill me for it, it is the truth!”

“Where is Madame Bouisse?”

“Gone to bed, M’sieur!”

“Then wake her—tell her I must see her. If she were dying, I must see her. Do you hear?”

“Yes, M’sieur.”

Trembling from head to foot, Jacques picked up the lantern which he had dropped in his ex-temity of terror, and led the way into the house. They went straight to the housekeeper’s cham-ber, where William Trefalden thundered at the door as if he would bring it down. Madame Bouisse made her appearance, well-nigh startled out of her wits, and wrapped in the counterpane of her bed.

It was quite true—undeniably true. The young Englishman was gone, and had taken man’selle with him. They left about twenty minutes or half an hour after Monsieur took his departure. Madame Bouisse believed they were gone to Bordeaux. Monsieur was free to search the house if he chose; but he would assuredly find that she, Madame Bouisse, was not deceiv-ing him. They were gone.

Gone!

Without waiting to hear or utter another word he snatched the lantern from the boy’s hand and rushed up stairs. From suit to suit, from floor to floor, through empty rooms yet full of the ev-idences of recent occupation, down again, out of the house, and across the court-yard, shivering the lantern to fragments on the wet stones as he reached the gates! Then he paused, turned, lifted up his hands in the darkness, heaped curses on the place, and raged against it impotently, like a madman.

Till now he had been comparatively calm. Basy with his scheme of vengeance, he had put restraint upon his words, and even to a certain degree upon his looks. But now—now he no longer attempted to curb the fire within—now the lava-tide of rage and hate welled up and overflowed, and bore him along, unresisting.

Gone!

Impelled by an instinct that seemed to take the place of sight, he ran down the lane and out upon the high-road. The “*Lion d’Or*” was now closed for the night; but he battered fiercely at the door till it was opened. The landlord, sleep-ily obsequious, ventured to remark that Monsieur was late, but William Trefalden interrupted him at the first word.

“I must have a cabriolet and post-horses,” he said. “At once—do you hear?”

The landlord shook his head.

“*Mes Dnes, Monsieur!*” he said, “the ‘*Lion d’Or*’ is not a posting-house.”

“But you have horses?”

“None, Monsieur.”

“Then where can I get them? Quick—quick, for your life!”

“Nowhere in Drouay, Monsieur.”

“But is there no farmer, no shop-keeper, no creature in the place who can be found to drive me to Bordeaux? I will pay any thing. Fool! do you understand?—*Any thing!*”

But the landlord only shrugged his shoulders and protested that not a soul in Drouay would be induced to undertake the job at such an hour, and in such weather.

The lawyer clenched his teeth, and stamped with rage.

“Then I must walk,” he said. “Give me some brandy before I go.”

The landlord held up his hands in feeble ex-positulation. Walk! Great Heaven! Walk three leagues and a half in this terrible storm! Let Monsieur only listen to the rain—listen to the wind—think how dark it was and how lone-ly! Besides, Monsieur was wet through already.

But Mr. Trefalden broke in with a fierce oath, and bade the man hold his peace and bring the brandy instantly.

Then he poured out half a tumblerful, drank it recklessly, flung a napoleon on the table, and rushed out again into the storm.

He was now utterly beside himself—his brain reeling, his blood on fire, his whole frame throbb-ing with fever and fury. The landlord of the “*Lion d’Or*,” thankful to be rid of him, shut and barred the door, and went straightway up to bed, resolved not to admit him again under any circumstances. In the mean while he seem-ed to have lost sight of his determination to walk to Bordeaux, and went raving and gesticulating up and down the village, where all, except him-self, were sleeping quietly.

Thus pacing to and fro like a caged beast, he suddenly became aware of the approach of a trav-eling carriage. On it came, thundering through the one straggling street of Drouay, with flaring lamps, steaming horses, splash and clatter of wheels, and the loud cracking of the postillion’s whip. He ran to meet it—he shouted—he im-plored to be taken up—he would pay any price only to stand upon the step, if they would let him! But the postillion took him for a beggar, and shook his whip at him; and the travelers inside, cut off from him by windows opaque with damp, and deafened by the rattle of their own wheels and the pelting of the rain upon the car-riage-roof, neither saw nor heard him. Still he ran beside it, panting and shouting—tried to clutch at the traces, but, receiving a savage lash across the hands, fell back and made a desperate effort to spring up behind. But all in vain. He missed his hold; the carriage swept on, and left him there despairing.

Still, still he ran, fated, irresponsible, head-long—now stumbling among the sharp flints in the road—now getting up with hands all cut and bleeding—now pausing to take breath—now fan-cying he could still hear the retreating wheels; and so, drenched, giddy, breathless, his hat gone, his face and clothes disfigured with mud and rain, rushing blindly on again!

Each moment the storm increased and the wind rose higher, till at last it culminated in a terrific hurricane. Then the thunder came up in heavy peals, and the lightning burst over the plain in rapid flashes, and the wind tore up the vines by the roots, and whirled them wildly away, with all their vintage promise, toward the sea. Yet still, urged forward by that fierce thirst which blood alone could slake, with murder in his heart and madness in his brain, William Tre-falden ran—fell—struggled to his feet—staggered on again—fell again—and so for miles and miles!

Next morning early, when the storm-clouds were drifting off raggedly toward the west with now and then a gleam of uncertain sunshine be-tween, a party of peasant folk coming up from the way of Medoc found the body of a man ly-ing face downward in a pool by the road-side. His clothes, face, and hands were torn and blood-stained. He had a watch upon his person, and in his waistcoat pocket a porte-monnaie full of bank-notes and napoleons. No letters, no cards, no token by which it might be possible to identi-fy him, could be discovered upon the body. His very linen was unmarked.

The honest country-folk laid this nameless corpse across one of their mules, and brought it charitably into the dead-house at Bordeaux. Hav-ing lain there unclaimed for forty-eight hours, it was buried in the new cemetery beyond the walls, with a small black cross at the head of the grave, on which the only inscription was a row of num-erals. His watch, his money, and his clothes were awarded by the préfet to the poor of the parish in which the body was found.

EPILOGUE.

THE world knows the Italian story by heart. How Garibaldi entered Naples: how, at Della Catena, he saluted Victor-Emmanuel as King of Italy; how he sheathed his sword when the great work was so far done, and went back to his soli-tude at Capraia, are facts which need no reca-pitulation. Had one man lived but a few months—say, a few weeks—longer, the tale might per-chance have ended differently. Where we now read Florence we might have read Rome; for “*Regno d’Italia*” on printed stamp and minted coin, a word of broader significance and more antique gloey. But the ideal Republic died with Giallo Colonna, and was buried in his grave.

In the mean while Olympia’s life became a blank. Her father had been the very light of her inner world. Bred in his political faith, trained in his employ, accustomed to look up to him, to work with him, to share his most secret councils, his wildest hopes, his fears, his errors, and even his personal dangers, she seemed to lose the half of her own soul when he was snatched from her. Then came the sudden change of pro-gramme—a change to her so bewildering, so un-

worthy, so fatal! Mistrusting Sardinia and scorning the very name of a Constitutional Italy, Olympia conceived that her father's memory was insulted in this compromise; and so, in the bitterness of her resentment and grief, withdrew herself altogether from the work in which her life had been spent. Avoiding all with whom she had labored and acted in time past, and keeping up no more than the merest thread of intercourse with even those whom she was used to call her friends, she then made her home at Chiswick, in the quiet house to which Saxon had conducted her on the evening of their arrival in London. Here she lived solitary and apart, cherishing her sorrow, mourning the great scheme unachieved, and learning that hard lesson of patience which all enthusiasts have to learn in this world sooner or later.

Not thus Lord Castletowers. Too English, too unprejudiced, and it may be added too sensible, to attach paramount importance to the mere epithet of a party, he welcomed the settlement of Italian affairs with a heartiness that he would perhaps scarcely have ventured to express very loudly in the presence of Colonna's daughter. Where she refused to recognize any vital difference between a Constitutional government and a pure Despotism, he was far-sighted enough to look forward to that free and prosperous future which most thinking men now prophesy for the kingdom of Italy, nor was he slow to perceive that there might be hope for himself in the turn that matters had taken. The Italian question thus far solved, Italy would no longer need so much support from her well-wishers. With a liberal monarch at the head of the nation, a parliament to vote supplies, and an army to defend the national territory, the whole system of patriotic blackmail levying, and special pleading of every description, must necessarily collapse. Olympia would therefore no longer feel herself bound to sacrifice her hand to "one who could do more for Italy" than himself. So the Earl loved and hoped on, and wisely bided his time.

Wisely, too, he applied himself in the mean while to the improvement of his own worldly position. Occupying his friend Saxon's vacant chambers in St. James's Street, he devoted himself to his parliamentary duties with a zeal that drew upon him the attention of one or two very noble and influential personages. Having made a couple of really brilliant speeches during the spring session of 1861, and happening to be upon the spot when a man of ability and tact was needed at a moment's notice, he had the good fortune to be intrusted with a somewhat delicate and difficult mission to one of those petty German potentates who make up for very small territories by gigantic pretensions, and balance a vast amount of pride against a scanty revenue.

The Earl, as a matter of course, acquitted himself perfectly, and began thenceforth to be talked of among his elders as a "rising man." It was the Duke of Devonshire smiled graciously upon him, and several of the Cabinet Ministers fell into the way of asking him to their political dinners; and the end of it all was, that just before the setting in of the long vacation, Gertrude Leopold Wynnecliffe, Earl of Castletowers, found himself inducted one fine morning into a very neat little vacancy in the Perquisite Office, where the work was light and the salary heavy, and the chance of promotion considerable. Then, and not till then, he ventured to renew his suit to Olympia Colonna.

The moment was favorable. A year of mourning had passed over her head, and the intense solitude of heart which had been at first her only solace now began to weigh painfully upon her. She had had time to think of many things—time to live down some errors and outlive some hopes—time also to remember how long and well the Earl had loved her; how worthy he was of all the love that she could give him in return; how he had shed his blood for her Italy; and with what devotion he had performed the last sad duties of a son toward her father's ashes. Besides all this, her occupation was gone. She could no longer isolate herself for Italy, for the simple reason that Italy was satisfied to rest a while upon her present gains, and preferred being left to settle her own affairs in a quiet Constitutional way. The disaster at Aspromonte convinced Miss Colonna of this truth, and of the stability of the new régime. And over and above all these considerations Olympia loved the Earl. She had loved him all along—even when she refused him; and now, after a whole year of sorrow, she loved him better than before. So she accepted him—accepted him very frankly and simply, as a true woman should, and promised to be his wife before the ending of the year.

Secure in the consciousness of her splendid birth, Olympia never dreamed for one moment that Lady Castletowers could be other than content and happy in this new alliance of their houses. That the proud Aethra Holme-Pierpoint would in this solitary instance have been prepared to sacrifice blood for gold—nay, would have actually welcomed a Miss Hathorn with her two hundred and fifty thousand pounds more gladly than a portionless Colonna—was a possibility that could by no chance enter within the sphere of her calculations. So when Lady Castletowers came over to see her the next day in her humble suburban home, and kissed her on both cheeks, and said all the pretty and gracious things that the mother of her betrothed husband was bound, under the circumstances, to say, Olympia accepted it all in perfect faith, nor guessed a bitter disappointment lay hidden beneath that varnish of smiles and embraces. The Earl, having himself borne the brunt of her Ladyship's displeasure, was, it need scarcely be said, careful to keep the secret very close indeed.

In the mean while Saxon Trefalden had gone back to Switzerland; and there, despite the urgent remonstrances of those dear friends who missed his little dinners and his inexhaustible

check-books, persistently remained. In vain did the Erechtium lift up its voice in despair; in vain did Blackwall lament and Richmond refuse to be comforted, and Italian prima donnas sigh for banquets and brocade gowns by. The boyish, laughing, lavish millonnaire was fairly gone, and declined to come back again. The sirens might sing; but Odysseus only stopped his ears and sailed by unheeding.

The Earl alone knew that he was married; but even the Earl knew no more. He felt it to be somewhat hard that his friend should neither have invited him to his wedding, nor have taken him in any way into his confidence upon so important a matter. He could not but be conscious, too, that there was something strange and secret about the whole proceeding. Who had he married? Was the bride pretty or plain? Rich or poor? Dark or fair? Gentle or stumpy? What was her age? her name? her rank? her nation?

In reply to the first announcement of his friend's marriage, the Earl had ventured delicately to hint at two or three of these inquiries; but as Saxon limited his rejoinder to the fact that his wife was "an angel," Lord Castletowers naturally felt that the statement was hardly so explicit as it might have been.

On all other points Saxon was frank and communicative as ever. He laid his every project before his friend as unreservedly in his letters as if they two had been sitting face to face over the fire in the smoking-room at Castletowers, or leaning side by side in the moonlight over the taffrail of the *Albatros*. They were delightful letters, filled to overflowing with all kinds of general detail; now telling of the new chateau, which was already in progress; now of the bridge just built at Ostensien, or the road to be made between Taminus and Thuisis; now describing a national fête at Chier, or an entertainment at the Châteaux Plaines; now relating all about the cotton-mills which Saxon was erecting in the valley, or the enormous pasture tracts lately purchased, and the herds of Scotch cattle imported to stock them; now giving a sketch of the design just received from the architect at Geneva for that church at Allfelden on which Pastor Martin's heart had been set for the last thirty years—keeping the Earl constantly as constant, in fact, of every particular of his friend's busy and benevolent life among the simple people of his native canton.

At length it was the Earl's turn to announce the happiness so shortly to be his; and then Saxon wrote to enquire that the newly-married pair would extend their wedding-journey as far as the Valley of Domleschg, and be his guests a while. "My wife," he said, "desires to know you, and my uncle loves you already for my sake. On your wedding-day you will receive a parcel of papers, which you must accept as a souvenir of your friend."

The "parcel of papers" proved to be the title-deeds of the two farms sold to Mr. Sloper, and the title-deeds of Mr. Behrens's "box" and grounds at Castletowers. The farms were worth from ten to twelve thousand pounds apiece, to say nothing of the "fancy price" which Saxon had paid for the wool-stapler's property. It was not a bad present, as presents go, and it made a rich man of the Earl of Castletowers; but he little thought as he wrung Saxon's hand when they next met at Reichenau, that to the man who had presented him with that princely wedding-gift he owed not those farms alone, but Castletowers itself—Castletowers itself, with the ancestral oaks of which he was so proud, and the rare old house in which his forefathers had lived and died for centuries before him. That was the one secret that Saxon never confided to him—not even when, walking together under the apple-trees at the foot of the church-hill, he related the story of his own marriage, of his cousin's perfidy, and of the fate from which he had interposed to save Helen Riviere.

"And that," he said, "was how I came first to know her—how I came to love her—how I won her. I brought her home at once to the little chateau yonder. My uncle adored her from the first moment, and she adored him. I was almost jealous—that is, I should have been jealous, if it hadn't made me so happy. When she had been living here for about a month or five weeks we came up one morning, all three together, to this little chapel upon the hill, and my uncle married us. There was no one present but Kottli and the organ-blower. After my uncle had blessed us and the ceremony was all over, we embraced and bade him adieu, and walked along the Thuisis road till the cabriolet overtook us; and so we were married and went away, and no soul in Reichenau knew it all we were gone. We were so happy!"

"It is a strange story," said the Earl, "and a pretty story; and the best part of it is that you and I are cousins, Saxon, after all!"

"Nay," replied Saxon, grasping his friend's hand in both his own, "it is not much to be only cousins when we have been brothers so long!"

A word remains to be added respecting the other moiety of the great Trefalden Legacy; that moiety which, according to the will of the testator, was to be bestowed in the endowment of a great charity, chiefly for the benefit of "decayed tradesmen, mercantile men, ship-brokers, stock-brokers, poor clergymen, and members of the legal and medical professions, and the widows and orphans of each of those classes respectively." For the accommodation of these widows and orphans, the will went on to direct that a plot of freehold ground should be purchased, and that "a suitable and substantial building" should be erected thereon under the superintendance of "some eminent architect;" and this building was to be called "THE LONDON BENEVOLENT TREFALDEN INSTITUTIONS."

It is delightful to know that all this will certainly be done—some day. The money fell due

on the twenty-second of March, 1860, and the sum then transferred to the credit of the trustees amounted to just four million seven hundred and seventy-six thousand two hundred and odd pounds. Since that time the exertions of the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor and Corporation have been beyond all praise. To say that they have either thought much, or done much, up to the present date, would perhaps be premature; but they have eaten an incalculable number of dinners on the subject, which to the civic mind means precisely the same thing. At these dinners they generally entertain a certain "eminent architect," which "eminent architect," being retained at a splendid salary for just so long as the works shall remain in progress, is naturally and laudably anxious to devote his life to the task. He therefore submits a plan now and then, or the modification of a plan, to the intelligent after-dinner criticisms of his honorable employers; and in that position the building-question now stands.

What site that "suitable and substantial building" is destined to occupy, how much it will cost, what it will be like, and at what remote period in the future history of the world it may probably be completed, are questions which the present generation is advised not to consider too curiously. No intelligent and unprejudiced person can doubt, of course, that when the ground is bought, and the building is built, and the bills are all paid, and the dinners are all eaten, and the resident curator, clergyman, physician, secretary, housekeeper, and servants of the establishment are salaried on a scale befitting the splendor of the foundation, there will yet remain something for the "DECAYED TRADESMEN, MERCANTILE MEN, SHIP-BROKERS, STOCK-BROKERS, POOR CLERGYMEN, AND MEMBERS OF THE LEGAL AND MEDICAL PROFESSIONS, AS WELL AS FOR THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF EACH OF THOSE CLASSES RESPECTIVELY." In any case, however, the claims of these insignificant persons will not have to be considered in our time; how, then, can we do better than eat, drink, and be merry, after the enlightened fashion of our honorable friends, the Trefalden Trustees, and so leave the future to the care of itself?

THE ENIG.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.



NO WOODEN MILK AND VICTUALS ARE SO DEAR.

THE CHILL QUESTION.—"How's your cold?"

A Sister of Charity in Paris has been eating children by taking hold of their noses with hot tongs.

Some Journal of undoubted authority states that several new performers are about to be added to the orchestra. What orchestra is referred to may be somewhat uncertain, but the movement undoubtedly originated in the great "strike" of the musicians. Among these new performers are mentioned:

- The man who fiddles with his watch-chain.
 - The man who hops on one string.
 - The man who blows his own trumpet.
 - The man who is up to the horns of a dilemma.
 - The man who knows the symbols of algebra and the triangles of Euclid.
 - The man who drags the change.
 - The man who rings on the table.
 - The man who is fond of his wife; and
 - Several grotesque (or spectacular) with their musical glasses.
- Some of applicants have been refused, because they all wanted to play the first fiddle; and a chorus could easily have been formed of those who sang their own praises.

N.B.—The lady violinist will appear in mourning.

It is rumored that a gentleman in fair and regular standing in one of our fashionable city churches entered one of our leading music stores some time since, and asked his wishes in this wise:

- "Have you Selznick's song? I want to get a copy."
- "N-no," said the salesman, not being able to recollect at the moment any lithographed sheet with that title—
- "No; I am afraid not."
- "Ah!" said the amateur, drawing on his kid; "perhaps it isn't out yet. Our pastor spoke of it last Sunday as a production of great genius and beauty, and I want my daughter to learn it."
- The shopman, with what gravity he could command, regretted that they had no copies in yet; and the customer left just in season to save the vest-buttons of the book-keeper, at the desk behind the green curtain.

The rain has one disreputable fault; it is an ever-dropper.

The man who "took a walk" the other day brought it back again; but the next day he took a ride and has not since been heard from.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL REMARKS.—While Noah was in the ark, for forty days and nights it was a little dark, and Mrs. Noah and the rest of them not being able to reach their hair, presented an unusual object in the boat-gear line, and she and the rest of the women were continually run by the rest of the crew. Mrs. Noah's smiling reply was, "Wah till the water falls," and as such the style was known. When the ark struck ground, she put her head out of the door and such a head it, and notwithstanding, at the top of her voice, "Is this America?" And the impression was, and is to this day, that it is very much like it.

A young widow, on being asked why she was going to get married so soon after the death of her first husband, replied, "I do it to prevent fasting myself to death on account of dear Tom."

What is the worst that a man can sit on?—Self-evident.

Babies resemble wheat in many respects. Firstly, neither are good for much till they arrive at maturity; secondly, both are bred in the house, and are also the flower of the family; thirdly, both have to be cradled; fourthly, both are generally well. Arrived before they are three years

FETTERED ON A PORTRAIT-PAINSTER.—Taken from life.

Why is an eruptive disease an advantage to a man in jail?—Because when he gets it he breaks out.

A widow, who had just lost her husband, was weeping bitterly for the departed. A friend tried to console her. "No, no," said the fair mourner, "let me have my cry out; after that I shan't think any thing about it."

Who was the first jockey?—Adam, for he was the Father of the Race.

A barometer and a young lady bought some tickets in partnership in a lottery at the recent Sanitary Fair at Milwaukee, agreeing to divide the proceeds equitably. They drew a double dividend, a baby-crib and a lunch-bucket, and the question is, how to divide them, or whether they shall not use them "justly."

There is a good deal of the brain in man. For example, he is generally dog-male, often puppyish, sometimes postulantish, and usually row-el; occasionally cat-gout, and is always ready to be made a "lion" of.

CONSO-LA-TION.—"Which of these roads leads to the village of W.?" Inquired a traveler, as he came to a place where the road he was traveling forked in different directions, of an archer who sat upon a log near by, and whose appearance indicated that he was evidently a sportsman. "Any one on 'em, Sir," answered the boy. "Which is the best, my lad?" inquired the traveler. "Ain't no one on 'em but the best." "Which is the nearest?" "Ain't no one on 'em but the best." "Which do you think I had better take?" "You may take any on 'em; and as for you get half-way that you'll wish you had took 't'other one."

HIS-GRAVE.—Designing mamma.

Some gentlemen were in a tavern, and at the height of their jollity in came a friend of theirs, whose name was Samson. "Ah," said one, "we may see he is severely merry, fearing neither serpent nor scorpion, for, though a thousand such Philistines should come, here is Samson, who is able to bray them all." "Sir," replied Samson, "I may truly venture on so many as you speak of, provided you lend me one of your fair horses."

Sir Walter Scott once had an Irishman working for him who was a great drunkard, and who often neglected his work. Sir Walter sent him to do. One morning, while engaged in his fatherly labor, word was brought him that his man had returned after a two days' absence. Sir Walter dashed his pen down on his desk, and in great anger ordered the son of Erin to be sent to him immediately. Pat entered, like his blindest personification, and Sir Walter poured out the vessel of wrath:

"You unthankful dog!" said he: "here I have been putting up with your misdoings, and forgiving you from time to time; yet no sooner are you in good grace than you take advantage of me. But this is the last time, Sir; we must part."

"Well," said the gentleman from Ireland, "if we must part, I am very sorry, and hope to ill will happen you, but, may I ask, where are you going to?" He got another trial.

A curious law case has been tried in France, to discover who was the rightful owner of a well. Sweating and complication were going on about the matter, to a lengthy extent, when the judge, astonished, exclaimed: "But this is all about a little water. What can it matter so very much, that you should both put yourselves to so much trouble and expense about it?" "Monseigneur," replied one of the advocates, "doubtless." "The value and significance were seen at once, and created a roar of laughter."

Why not, Druggist?—We have already a female doctor, why not have a female druggist? And if so, why not call her *Spencer-Druggist*?

A gentleman having occasion to call on a solicitor, found him in his office, which was very hot. He remarked the great heat of the apartment, and said "It was hot as an oven." "So it ought to be," replied the lawyer, "for I no here I make my bread."

GENERAL JOSE M. J. CARVAJAL.

GENERAL JOSE M. J. CARVAJAL, the Special Commissioner of the Republic of Mexico to the United States, was born at San Antonio, Texas, in the year 1800. He was educated in Western Virginia, under the tutelage of Bishop ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, President of Bethany College. Since his return from the United States to Mexico, at the age of twenty-two years, he has been actively engaged in the service of his country, holding many important military and civil positions, all of which have been in aid of republican institutions. In 1851, after having for a number of years filled many prominent and responsible offices, which had gained for him the esteem and confidence of his countrymen, he proclaimed himself as wholly in favor of republican institutions, as opposed to the system of military despotism then prevailing in Mexico—which movement in favor of republican institutions was subsequently endorsed by the people, and is now the ruling sentiment of the people in every Mexican State. He has always sacrificed himself, his property, and personal ease to the great idea of his life—the establishment of liberal institutions, civil and religious liberty, and a republican form of government in Mexico. In 1864 he was sent by the Republican (JUANITO) Government of Mexico, in recognition of his ability and long services in behalf of his country, as Special Commissioner to the United States, to seek aid for his oppressed and suffering countrymen. While here he has attached to himself hosts of warm personal friends, and he has succeeded in creating in the American people a great sympathy for his cause. As agent for his Government he has negotiated with an American banking house for the sale of the bonds of the Republic of Mexico, which meet with universal favor. His public and private efforts are such as to win the esteem and confidence of every one with whom he comes in contact; and it is hoped that he will return bearing in his Government the fruits of his long and faithful efforts, in material aid, such as may speedily enable the Republic of Mexico to rid herself of her enemies. Having received his early education in an American college he has become thoroughly conversant with American character; and as he speaks fluently the English language, is particularly qualified to discharge, with credit to himself and his Government, the arduous duties of his responsible position. General CARVAJAL is the Military Governor of the States of Tamaulipas and San Luis Potosi, and commander of the military forces within the limits of those States. It is gratifying to know that his efforts in behalf of his people are meeting with great success, and that a lively interest is being taken by the American people in behalf of his oppressed and struggling countrymen.

ALABAMA.

ALABAMA lies between latitude 31° 15' and 33° north, and 84° 33' and 88° 33' west longitude from Greenwich. Mean annual temperature ranges from 60° to 70° Fahr. Area 50,722 square miles, of which, in 1860, 6,385,724 acres were in improved farms, and 12,718,831 acres unimproved farms, together valued at \$175,821,822; value of farming implements, machinery, &c., \$7,433,178.

The population in 1860 amounted to 264,201, of which 121,431 were white, 2,200 free colored, and 140,570 slaves. The following table shows the white, free colored, slave (black and mulatto), and aggregate population of each county, and also the number of bales of cotton produced:

County.	White.	Free Col.	Slave.	Aggr. Pop.	Cotton Bales of 400 lbs. each.
Adams	2,118	14	5,271	7,403	3,722
Baldwin	2,670	148	9,400	12,118	2,172
Barbour	14,679	18	35,345	50,042	44,515
Bibb	8,877	25	2,747	11,649	8,200
Blocher	10,023	6	5,613	15,642	1,071
Butler	11,389	44	6,403	17,836	32,680
Calhoun	17,103	58	3,463	20,624	11,713
Cherokee	11,310	50	59,209	70,569	24,749
Chickasaw	15,321	21	2,097	17,439	16,572
Chilton	6,557	10	4,844	11,411	11,732
Clarke	7,597	14	6,825	14,436	54,220
Crawford	8,259	6	7,248	15,513	5,744
Cullman	6,479	16	4,182	10,677	6,779
De Kalb	14,803	11	4,873	19,687	12,701
Dawson	6,616	17	742	7,375	7,717
De Kalb	10,653	7	1,647	12,307	7,530
Dallas	7,751	98	23,845	31,694	63,499
De Kalb	6,803	4	67	6,874	3,434
Fayette	11,145	9	1,452	12,606	5,400
Franklin	10,129	10	7,583	17,722	15,002
Greene	7,251	10	22,268	29,529	14,826
Henry	10,431	91	2,224	12,746	19,931
Jackson	18,811	17	5,601	24,429	7,703
Jefferson	5,078	13	5,748	10,839	4,744
Lauderdale	10,051	44	5,142	15,237	11,653
Lawrence	1,175	1	6,112	7,288	15,107
Linn	7,215	6	1,811	9,032	6,664
Louisiana	8,823	14	17,783	26,620	60,644
Macon	8,070	1	11,228	19,301	41,197
Madison	11,666	107	12,693	24,466	22,110
Marion	6,771	1	22,685	29,457	62,429
Marshall	9,874	0	1,211	11,085	4,389
Mathews	9,690	0	1,410	11,100	4,381
Monroe	25,526	194	5,139	30,859	440
Morgan	9,016	43	7,557	16,616	18,202
Murphy	15,174	70	22,442	37,686	5,589
Nash	7,778	31	8,279	16,088	6,333
Nettles	9,277	23	15,818	25,118	41,603
Newton	10,117	8	11,625	21,750	28,573
North	35,040	4	7,914	42,958	24,527
Randolph	18,132	23	1,571	19,726	6,417
Russell	10,502	15	14,346	24,863	28,725
Sartwell	9,290	9	1,203	10,492	4,180
Shelby	8,070	20	8,189	16,279	6,465
Sumner	9,919	20	17,178	27,117	26,564
Tallapoosa	14,034	21	8,815	22,870	18,243
Tallapoosa	17,161	1	6,154	23,316	17,337
Tombigbee	17,771	84	9,193	27,048	20,625
Walker	7,401	1	451	7,853	2,592
Washington	2,117	30	2,202	4,349	3,441
Wilcox	6,778	25	10,872	17,675	45,741
Winston	3,454	1	58	3,513	352
Total	564,112	2,200	1,405,700	2,000,012	1,000,000

Soil.—Bordering the Gulf shore, and for some distance in the interior, is a low sandy region, covered ordinarily with pines. The central portion has an undulating surface, with a deep fertile soil, especially the lands bordering the rivers and streams. The north-east portion of the State is traversed by the Alleghany range, which, in crossing the State, merges into a series of low hills, forming the watershed between the Tennessee River on the north and the Alabama and Tombigbee rivers on the south.

About two-thirds of the surface is drained by the Mobile River, which is formed by the junction of the Alabama and Tombigbee rivers. Both of these streams are navigable for steamboats far inland. The Chattahoochee flows along its eastern head for a distance of 130 miles, and is navigable from the Gulf of Mexico to Columbus, Georgia. The Chotawatchee, Escambia, and Perdido rivers are the only other streams of note flowing south. Tennessee River enters the State at its northeast corner, passes across the State, and returns into Tennessee at the northwest corner. This river is navigable (except a small portion at the Muscle Shoals) far to the northwest in Tennessee. Mobile Bay, 50 miles in extent, is one of the largest of the inlets of the Gulf of Mexico. This State has a coast line of about 60 miles along the Gulf of Mexico.

Alabama is eminently an agricultural State, and produces largely cotton, Indian corn, wheat, &c. The grain crop, according to the census of 1860, was, wheat, 1,218,444 bushels produced; rye, 72,637; Indian corn, 35,226,292; barley, 13,133; buckwheat, 1817; oats, 682,179; rice, 409,465 pounds. Other productions are: peas and beans, 1,482,086 bushels; Irish potatoes, 491,503; sweet potatoes, 5,439,917; tobacco, 232,514 pounds; wool, 770,117; cotton, 889,935 bales of 400 pounds each; and there were made, 18,267 gallons of wine; butter, 6,028,478 pounds; cheese, 15,923; sugar, 173 hogsheads of 1600 pounds each; molasses, 80,113 gallons; sorghum molasses, 55,633; honey, 1,180,073 pounds; hay, 62,211 tons. Value of home-made manufactures, \$3,817,623. The live-stock at the same period consisted of: horses, 127,623; asses and mules, 111,087; milch cows, 230,537; working oxen, 68,220; other cat. le. 434,545; sheep, 370,170; swine, 1,749,321. Value of live-stock, \$43,411,711. Value of animals slaughtered, \$19,237,131.

Manufactures, &c.—There were, in 1860 1430 establishments of industry, with a cap. of \$9,908,181 invested in real and personal estate in the business. Value of raw material used, \$6,480,933; 6792 males and 1007 females employed, and the value of annual product was \$10,668,595. The assessed value of real estate in 1860 was \$155,034,683, and of personal property \$277,164,678. The total length of railroads in operation in 1860 was 743 miles, the cost of construction of which amounted to \$17,591,188.

Common Schools.—A system of public instruction was established in 1834. The number of children, in 1858, between six and twenty-one years of age, was 178,665. The returns show in the summer of 1858 the existence of 2307 schools. This does not include Mobile County, which has a separate and independent school system. The amount paid for free public schools in 1859-'60 was \$271,583.

PRESIDENT JUAREZ.

BENITO JUAREZ, the President of Mexico, was born in the year 1809, in Ixtan, an Indian village in the State of Oaxaca. He received his education in the city of Oaxaca, studied law and began his practice with great success. He was a professor in the college of the State, and soon became the President of the Literary Institute, improving the instruction of the students, and establishing new classes of natural sciences.

He began his political career in the Legislature of his native State, and afterward was sent to the House of Representatives and to the Senate of the



MATIAS ROMERO, MEXICAN MINISTER TO WASHINGTON.—Paint. by Fessenden & Co.—[See Page 30.]

Republic of Mexico, where he always voted with the *parry*, or progressive party, being among the antagonists of the privileged classes and religious intolerance.

He was elected Governor of Oaxaca in 1845 and instituted great improvements, establishing schools in every village, opening new roads, and acquiring a great reputation for his administrative capacity. He was among the last who sustained the liberal institutions and who resisted the dictatorship of SANTA ANNA. When this man established his tyrannical government Juarez was exiled and resided in New Orleans and Brownsville with OLMEDA, MATA, ARRAGA, and other Mexican refugees. He returned to Mexico and vigorously aided Generals

COMONFORT and ALVAREZ in the revolution against SANTA ANNA.

When the Liberals vanquished SANTA ANNA, and ALVAREZ was elected President, JUAREZ was appointed Secretary of State for the Department of Justice, Ecclesiastic Affairs, and Public Instruction. He then issued the famous law called the *Law of Secularization*, which abolished the military and ecclesiastic privileges, and established for the first time in Mexico the perfect equality of citizens before the law. He was afterward elected Governor of the State of Oaxaca, and was the candidate of the progressive party in the Presidential election. COMONFORT was elected, and Juarez was appointed President of the Supreme Court of Justice, an



BENITO JUAREZ, PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.—Photogravure by Haas & Co.



GENERAL JUAN N. ALVAREZ.—Photogravure by Haas & Co.—[See Page 30.]

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THE REISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY



Vol. X.—No. 473.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1866.

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JAN 23 1866

GENERALS BURGEMINE AND WARD.

Our latest advices from China mention the capture of the Chief of the Tarjans, whose name has been given. BURGEMINE was a New Yorker and went to China several years since. It will be remembered that in 1861 a Bostonian named Ward, whose portrait we also give, organized a force of American and Chinese soldiers, under European and Chinese officers, to repel the invasion of the island of Formosa known as the Yunglo. The force was for the defense of Shanghai, and was commanded by WARD. BURGEMINE was WARD's second in command, and succeeded the latter when WARD was killed in October, 1862.

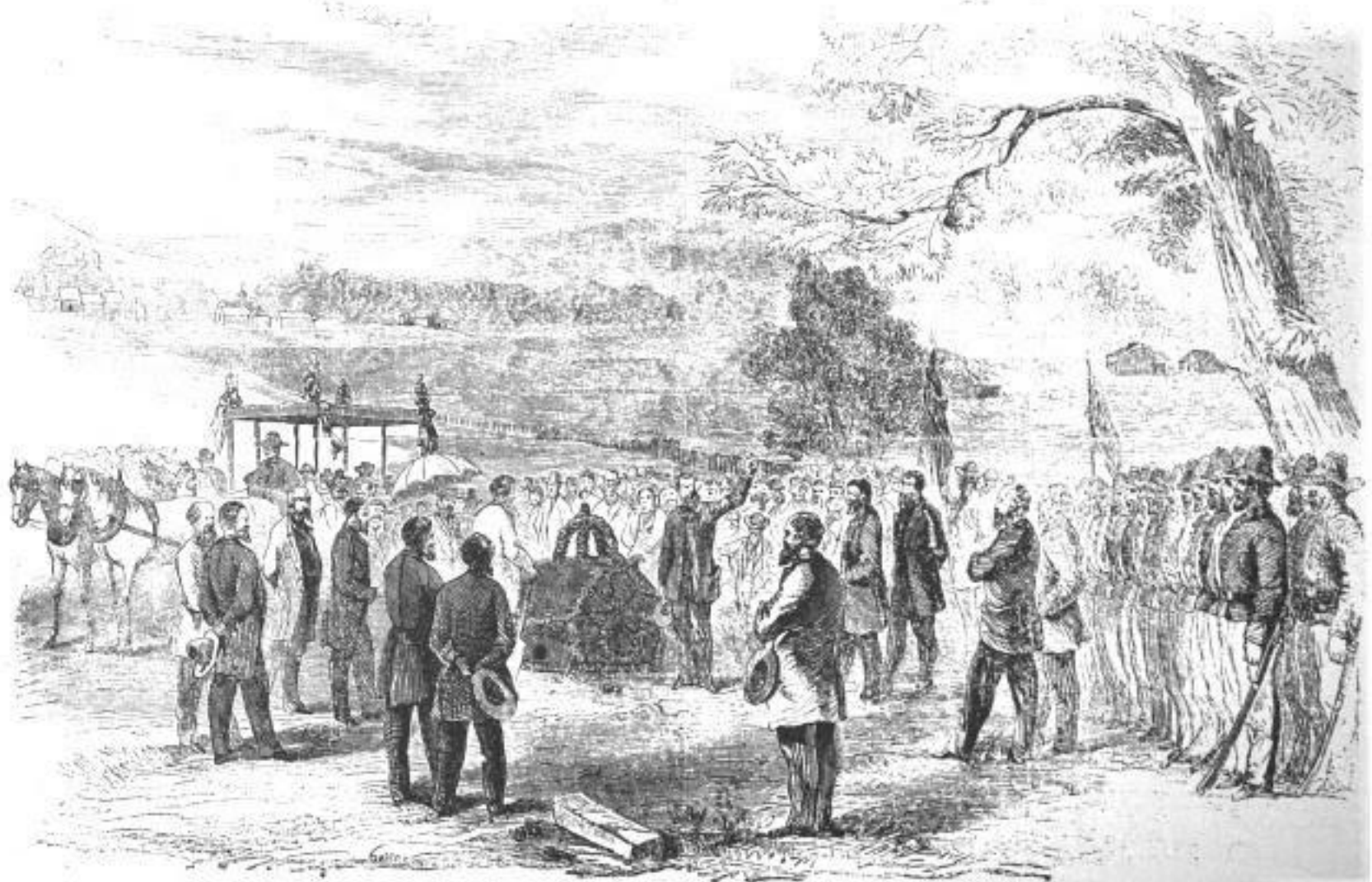
It was not long before the Chinese Governor of the province, by desiring to pay BURGEMINE's soldiers, excited a revolt among them, the General taking sides with his men. BURGEMINE took various measures to obtain the money to pay his men, and was ordered to resign his command, which he refused to do. The revolt of the soldiers was then directed with a view to his capture and death on the side of the Tarjans. He managed to escape, but quite a number of his men were killed. He found it difficult to get along with the Chinese, the Tarjans being as with the Governor of Shanghai, and he means to spend his increased fortune. One by one he will surrender to each and so many Europeans will be left to follow him, if it is not to be given of security to his life. He is now in the pocket. Accordingly BURGEMINE surrendered the pocket at first to the Chinese, but could not be taken, and BURGEMINE was captured and taken to the Chinese, and he thought no more of them until five



GENERAL WARD, OF MASSACHUSETTS, KILLED IN CHINA, October, 1862.



GENERAL BURGEMINE, OF NEW YORK, RECENTLY KILLED IN CHINA.



FUNERAL OF GERMAN PATRIOTS AT COMFORT, TEXAS, August 27, 1865.—[See Page 10.]

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\$3 50; iron which cost \$15 a ton now costs \$7 50; wood which cost \$2 75 per cord now costs \$1 50, etc., etc. It is no wonder that, notwithstanding a steady development of gross traffic, net receipts should fall off; and should the December decline in gross receipts continue in succeeding months, it will not be surprising if some of our railway companies become once more bankrupt.

This condition of affairs is the more interesting as Wall Street for a month or more has been engaged in speculating for the rise in the leading railway securities. Thus Erie and Pittsburg, which sold in April and May last @ 45 per cent., sold within a week at 97 per cent.; Fort Wayne, which sold at 87, touched 107 last week; Rock Island, which was down to 85, is up to 108; Michigan Southern, which was 46, is 74; New York Central, which was 81, is 97; Reading, which was 92, is 107; North Western preferred, which was 45, is 61, etc., etc. A notion prevailed some time ago that the first months of 1868 were destined to witness an active speculation in stocks, based on the ease of money; and the remarkable defeat of the Bears in Prairie du Chien encouraged other combinations to undertake similar "cornering" schemes in other stocks. Thus the veteran director of the Erie is understood to be the leading spirit in a combination which has accumulated all, or nearly all the floating Erie in the street, while other leading operators have bought all, or nearly all the Cleveland and Pittsburg, the Rock Island, the New York Central, etc.

Should the expected speculative fever break out, should the public, notwithstanding the decline in net, and, in some instances, in gross receipts, and in the face of the imminent prospect of currency contraction, undertake to buy stocks for the rise, these various combinations stand ready to supply the demand at a not exorbitant advance upon current prices. On the other hand, should the public continue, as heretofore, for at least sixty days, to stand aloof from stock speculations, and should real holders of railway stocks, alarmed by the increase of expenses and the reduction of dividends, determine to convert them into money, the various cliques which have secured such large quantities of floating stock would be placed in an embarrassing position. Forced realizations would probably involve a decline of 15 or 20 per cent.

There is one chance for the Bulls of Wall Street which is more promising than it may at first appear to outsiders. Such publicity has been given to the unpromising condition of the railway interests that a large number of professional speculators have already begun to sell stocks for the fall. In the event of a decline of 5 @ 10 per cent. this Bear party would receive large accessions of strength. On the scale on which speculation is now conducted in Wall Street, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the sales of the Bears would soon far exceed the capacity of the market, and they would, by the necessities of the case, corner themselves. In two days, on 5th and 6th inst., the whole capital stock of the Cleveland and Pittsburg changed hands in Wall Street. It is clear that when speculators operate on this scale, a shrewd manager only needs to buy a few thousand shares of an active stock, to borrow money on it, and lock it up, and a corner results inevitably. It stands to reason that this will occur in one stock after another, and that, in spite of declining traffic, tight money, and other adverse circumstances, stocks will be seen to advance from time to time, at a rate and in a way that will puzzle those who try to account for current quotations on theories of intrinsic values, and punish, if not ruin, the judicious operators who have sold short that which they have not got and may not be able to get.

In a word, there are times when the public will do well to let Wall Street bury its dead. The leading stocks of the day are selling for more than they are worth, and are more likely to fall than to rise. But speculators who sell them short are more likely to be cornered and to be ruined than to make money. Those who buy and those who sell, on speculation, have the chances equally against them. Bona fide holders will not risk much by selling their property and trusting to the events of the current year for an opportunity of replacing it at lower figures. But if Harlem could be put up to 280, and Prairie du Chien to 250, there will be no difficulty in putting Pittsburg to 500, or Rock Island to 1000, if the silly Bears of Wall Street undertake to sell it short.

GOVERNOR ANDREW'S VALEDICTORY.

GOVERNOR ANDREW, of Massachusetts, upon retiring from five years' service, which will be always memorable in the history of his State and of the country, has expressed his views upon the national situation in a valedictory message to the Legislature. It is a most admirable and sagacious paper. Moderate in tone and temperate in style, it discusses the question of reorganization with remarkable clearness, catholicity, and sagacity; and is plainly the work of a sound political thinker and wise statesman.

The Governor's view of the actual condition of the unorganized States is that of the great intelligent body of American citizens. They are not Territories, in the technical sense, nor have they committed suicide. Their attempt to destroy their relations with the Union has been unsuccessful, and they are now without government other than the military rule of the United States. It is the duty of the United States to supply that government. In the preliminary steps to that end the organic law of the State before rebellion may be wisely observed. The reorganization may be entrusted to the same body that disorganized, but requirements may be rightfully imposed upon it.

What these requirements should be is a consideration of statesmanship, of expediency. In the opinion of Governor ANDREW Congress should offer an amendment to the Constitution granting the right to vote for President, Vice-President, and Representatives in Congress to colored men in all the States, being citizens and able to read, who would by the laws of the State be competent to vote if they were white, and, without disfranchising existing voters, it should apply the qualification to white men also. The amendment should also leave the election of President and Vice-President directly in the hands of the people. Thus, with the Emancipation Amendment, would discharge the whole duty of the nation to its dependent wards.

The Governor opposes the proposed amendment apportioning representation to voters upon two grounds. First, it is repugnant to the true republican principle to base representation upon any class and not upon the whole body of the people; and, second, it would leave the freedmen entirely in the hands of their late masters, which can not be safely or honorably done.

There is a flaw in this last objection which can not be overlooked. The intention of the amendment is to do by an appeal to the love of political power what could not otherwise, it was thought, be effected except by a direct act of Congress, which it was supposed could not carry the country, and in which the unorganized States would not acquiesce. The assumption of the amendment is, that to retain or increase their political power the whites of the South would enfranchise the blacks. The question is, would they do so? In South Carolina, for instance, as Governor ANDREW asks, would the whites, for the sake of doubling the representation to six members, be willing to concede three to the blacks with the chance of their obtaining the whole six? Would they not rather have the three which they now elect than offset them by another three? This is a fair question. But we are inclined to believe it to be only a temporary question. With the lapse of time and the necessary political development of society in a free government the spirit of caste is weakened, and gradually disappears, while with the unusual basis of political power at hand in half the population, parties would inevitably arise, and the party of equal enfranchisement would finally prevail.

In this country the political disability which springs from the spirit of caste merely, is sure to be sooner or later removed, now that caste has no further legal recognition. But the industrial will precede the political surrender of caste, which is the final triumph of equal rights; and it is a question of paramount importance whether, while we defend every personal and industrial right of the freedmen, we ought not to make it appear to be the interest of the white class to grant them an equality of political rights? If the mere passage of the amendment were to be considered a sufficient security of the just treatment of the freedmen by the whites, and upon their enforced assent to it the keys of the unorganized States were to be delivered into the hands of the whites with the privilege of treating the freedmen as they chose, we should oppose it as warmly as any of its opponents. But our purpose is to avoid all unnecessary friction. As a matter of expediency it is desirable that the whites should assent to just political equality, and we would take every fair and honorable step that would promote that result.

THE LIMITS OF PUBLICITY.

WHAT are the proper limits of publicity in cases of infamous crime, is a question which has been lately discussed with some acerbity. Yet the answer does not seem to be very difficult. Starting from the axiom that every thing which happens is not in all its details a proper subject of public report as news, it is easy to see that all publication should be governed by moral common-sense.

To say, as has been lately gravely asserted, that, because a revolting crime has been committed in a city, all the citizens are therefore "compelled" to listen to the loathsome details, is as ridiculous as to assert that, because the police may have descended upon a nest of ill-houses in Mercer Street, the public are "compelled" to listen to a minute account of all that was discovered in those houses. The public will eagerly read such descriptions, and the more greedily in the degree of their prurient detail, is very possible. But it is not so much

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the reader as the purveyor of such details who is truly guilty.

Nor is the assertion that crime perishes more surely in the twilight than in the dark a sufficient excuse for publishing all the exciting incidents of crime. Is it necessary for the warning of you that, even if you faithfully show that MacLeish by his lawless courses came to the scaffold, you should describe with the most flagrant particularity every step in those lawless courses? Why is it that the newspapers which defend their recent detailed publication of a lamentable trial do not open their columns to an equal publicity of the details of other trials which they report? The answer to this question is the refutation of their own plea. It is simply that there is no exciting and prurient detail which promises a larger sale of the paper. It is as necessary to purge society of forgery, of larceny, of arson, as it is of adultery. Why do the papers not pour a full stream of withering daylight upon their accounts of those offenses?

This case, we will suppose a paper to say, has attracted great professional and social attention, and the press has been compelled to give it publicity. In other words, the notorious indecency of the circumstances has excited morbid curiosity, and the press has chosen to turn a penny by gratifying it. The duty of the press was to censure and withstand this kind of attention, not to foster it. It was not necessary to omit all mention of the case. But every thing necessary to the public moral improvement of the trial could have been mentioned without the circumstantial reports which were presented.

The immoral influence of the story of great scandals, we will suppose another paper to say, is in the fact that only the pleasant episodes and not the dreary and dreadful end are related. But is, then, an obscene book, the history of an outbreak, told with unshrinking detail, the full daylight turned on in faithful illustrations, if only the shameful and destitute death be likewise portrayed, a high moral influence upon young minds? It is not the thing done, only, it is the way in which the thing is done which determines the moral influence.

NO MORE AMERICAN BOOKS.

UNLESS the Commission which has the revision of the Revenue Law in charge should recommend a modification of the tax on printed books, and Congress should act upon the recommendation, we shall soon cease to print any books at all. A more careful study of the facts leads us to the conclusion that our recent estimate of the relative cost of books printed here and the same books printed in England was too liberal to the foreign printer; we now judge that a book can be printed and published in England for one-third the cost of the same book here. Of course, under such circumstances, the tariff proves no obstacle whatever to imports, and should the present state of things continue, it is clear that, in the course of a few months, the publication of American books will be reduced to those works which can not be produced abroad.

It is understood that the Revenue Commission is favorable to a reduction of the internal duties on books—fifteen in number, as they have been calculated. It should be hoped that they will lose no time in laying their views before Congress. In order to aid them in their deliberations, we present a single item, which is a fair sample of scores:

The Sunday Magazine is a periodical published in London, the price being sixpence a copy, exclusive of postage. Of this Magazine 10,000 copies are imported for sale in this country, the importers affirming that the market value in England is three farthings a copy. Upon this, by the present law, they pay a duty of 25 per cent.—that is, three-fourths of a farthing, making the whole cost here to them, duty included, just 31 farthings, a little less than two cents a copy, or \$200 for the whole 10,000. The importers, moreover, demand here twenty-five cents for this Magazine, the market value of which in England, and upon which only they pay duty, they declare to be only three farthings. We shall follow up this case by other instances, of which we have at hand more than a score.

Now let us see what the cost of the bare manufacture of these 10,000 copies would be in this country at present prices. After a careful calculation we find that the paper, composition, stereotyping, press-work, and folding of the Magazine would cost here, for 10,000 copies, 14 cents a copy, instead of three farthings, its alleged market value in England. This includes only the bare cost of manufacture, making no allowance for literary and artistic labor and the cost of the engravings.

Upon these 10,000 copies the importers pay a duty of only three-fourths of a farthing, while the 15 separate taxes imposed by law upon the American manufacturer amount to at least four cents. In other words, we "protect" the British manufacturer of books by imposing upon him by way of duty only one-fifth as much as is paid by the American manufacturer in direct taxes upon raw material and labor.

If this continues, one of two things is inevitable: The manufacture of books here will cease, and the great amount of labor involved in it, directly and indirectly, must find other channels; or the labor must be paid for at English "starvation rates." Practically, both results will ensue. Three-fourths of our printers will be out of employment, and the others will receive pay at British rates; and all for the benefit of our British friends.

THE HEALTH OF THE CITY.

THREE facts compel the attention of every citizen of the city of New York, and interest the whole country. The cholera is at hand, the city is in the condition most favorable to its ravages; and there is no hope of relief from the city itself. These three facts very impressively suggest a fourth—that if the State does not save us the city will not escape the worst form of the pestilence.

Governor FAYSON, in his admirable Message to the Legislature, reminds us that the sanitary care of the city is now confided to two separate Boards, one of which is composed of the Mayor and Common Council; the other of the Mayor and the Commissioners of Health. The powers of the former are almost unlimited; and, when convened, its duration is limited only by the official term of its members. Mayor HOFFMAN, in his Message, says that it has not met for a long time, and he sees no reason why it should be convened. The Board of Commissioners of Health is composed of the Mayor, the City Inspector, the President of each Board of the Common Council, Health Officer of the Port, Resident Physician, and Health Commissioner, and this Board, the Mayor thinks, will be able to accomplish all that may be required of it. His Honor is also of opinion that the sanitary care of the city should not be intrusted to a State Commission.

Governor FAYSON, on the contrary, thinks that the success of the Metropolitan Police Law and of the paid Fire Department "furnish a strong argument in favor of some similar provision for protecting the public health of the same populous territory." In conformity with this suggestion, Senator ANDREWS has introduced a Metropolitan Health Bill. It has been prepared with the utmost care, and includes the methods which the experience of the largest cities in the world has proved to be most effective and advantageous. It is the work of no party of politicians or speculators, but of the best citizens and of men of the highest practical science. Its aim is the security of the health of the city without intrigue or delay.

The circumstances require instant and radical action. There is really no hope whatever from purely municipal agencies, and without denying the abstract truth of Mayor HOFFMAN'S remark, that the city should take care of its own health, it is enough to say that no well-informed man believes that at this juncture it either can or will take the necessary care.

The bill was defeated last year; but the immensity of the cholera will, we believe, secure its present passage without serious delay. Should it fall again, the city of New York will be literally left to its own destruction.

SYCOPHANCY.

THERE are certain papers which have the very bad habit of assuming that those who do not altogether approve their projects of reorganization are ill-conditional malcontents and visionaries who are hostile to a speedy and secure reunion. If a citizen of the United States, who is quite as much interested in the just and permanent settlement of the question as any of the papers to which we refer can be, is persuaded, upon a thoughtful review of all the evidence, that still further consideration and delay are essential before the Government relinquishes its hold upon the lately insurgent States, he is denounced as an enemy of the President's policy, and as insisting upon foolish crochets, theories, and "isms."

Now, it is a very pertinent inquiry why the purely speculative views which the President or any other eminent citizen takes of the situation may not equally be derided as crochets, theories, and "isms." Upon a purely speculative point—such, for instance, as the precise status in the Union of the unorganized States—it is, we presume, permitted to the human mind to speculate. It may also be permitted the same mind to doubt whether the speculations of the President, or of any paper which echoes him upon this point as it would upon every other, are, for that reason, binding upon the American people. There is no folly more absurd than this kind of effort to "whip in" the intelligent mind of the country.

For ourselves, we have full faith in the purposes of the President, whose election we warmly supported. With some of his theories we have differed. His action, upon the whole, has seemed to the whole country sensible and sagacious. In common with the country we sincerely approve the spirit and intention of the conditions of reorganization which he has imposed upon the lately rebel States. But we know of no greater mischief which could be

done to American institutions, and of no greater insult to himself, than the obsequious adulation of the President which is lavished upon him by certain papers. It is the duty of the press to reveal to him the tendency and state of public opinion, not to attempt to bully opinion into more acquiescence with his supposed views, and we are very sure that no man can have a profunder contempt for the latter effort than ANDREW JOHNSON.

MEDICAL HISTORY OF THE WAR.

THE skill and diligence of the Surgeon and Medical Department of the army during the war are illustrated in the circulars lately issued by the Surgeon-General. The amount and value of statistics carefully collected are very great, and the mass of facts is reported as much exceeding the results of all previous similar observation.

The medical staff of the war was composed of a surgeon-general, an assistant surgeon-general, and medical inspector-general; 16 medical inspectors; 170 surgeons and assistant-surgeons of the regular army; 362 volunteer staff surgeons and assistant-surgeons; 3000 regimental surgeons and assistant-surgeons of volunteers; 2500 acting assistant-surgeons and physicians under contract, and 6 medical storekeepers. There were 202 general hospitals, with 130,894 beds for patients. More than a million of patients were treated in these hospitals, of whom but one in twelve died; and the general sanitary condition of such hospitals was never so high as in these.

The most fatal disease was camp fever; the most common was diarrhea or dysentery; and after these, inflammation of the respiratory organs. The number constantly sick was about ten per cent. of the strength of the army. The mortality from disease alone was forty-eight and seven-tenths per one thousand of mean strength in the first year of the war, and sixty-five and two-tenths in the second. The registries of the wounded are not completed.

Meanwhile the accumulation of information in regard to the extent and nature of the army sickness is enormous, and the collection of the results of microscopic observation is of the utmost interest and importance. The peculiar enthusiasm of the profession has amassed the most ample material for a medical history of the war; and it is not possible to contemplate without pride and gratitude the conduct of this indefatigable and accomplished branch of the service.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE following hand-fought game was contested between Captain McKENZIE and Mr. C. H. BRANTON, on Monday afternoon, the 18th instant—starting one in a series of matches now in progress at the New York Chess Club. In this case the first winner of three games will be declared the conqueror.

Table with columns: BLACK (Capt. McK.), WHITE (Mr. B.), and a list of moves numbered 1 through 22.

This move is pretty generally condemned by the authorities, "K. K1 to B2" being generally recommended.

This check, we are inclined to think, must have engaged the attention of Captain McKENZIE, as it enables his opponent to sacrifice at once the bishop.

"K1 to Q4" would certainly have enabled him to win the exchange of Rook for Bishop—but Black's counter moves would have become very dangerous.

White's aim here is to compel a drawn game by perpetual check with Queen.

It is obvious that White has now the option of enforcing a drawn game, and we think he would have shown good judgment had he done so.

The effects of a strong illumination resulting in an invisibility hat game.

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Should White now take P with Q giving check. Black intercepts Rook, winning Queen or giving checkmate at once. And White P to B3 Black replies B to B4 & C, in either case having an easy-won game.

THE NEW YORK STATE LEGISLATURE.

The eighty-ninth session of the New York Legislature began January 2. In the evening, Mr. Tilden gave an appointed Clerk, and the Governor's Message was read. In the Assembly, Hon. Lyman Thompson was elected speaker. Among the first bills proposed by the Senate was the Metropolitan Health Bill. This bill was introduced by a Metropolitan Board of Health. The board is to have authority to enforce cleanliness and to have the right of appointment of the Police Department. The board is to have a salary of \$1000 each, and a secretary with a salary of \$1000, and the members of an executive may be employed at an annual cost of not more than \$5000.

GOVERNOR ANDREWS ON RECONSTRUCTION.

Governor Andrews, of Massachusetts, is retiring from the gubernatorial chair, gave his views on the subject of reconstruction in an address to the State Legislature. He thinks the admission of the States lately in rebellion should depend upon the following five conditions: Their guaranteeing equal civil rights to the negroes and to the whites; making the elective franchise open to distinctions of race or color; annulling the secession ordinance; repudiating the rebel debt, and restoring the anti-slavery amendment to the Constitution.

Governor Fairchild, of Wisconsin, would probably go further than this. In his late Message he advocates negro suffrage and the hanging of Jeff Davis.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, Mr. Sumner presented petitions of colored people in Mississippi, Alabama, and Louisiana, asking Congress to secure their liberties, paying for education, etc. A memorial of the Union League of New York was also presented by Mr. Morgan, praying that Mrs. Lincoln may receive her late husband's salary for the full term. A resolution was adopted calling for information respecting the condition of Governors, their pay, appointments, &c.

In the House, a resolution was adopted, that the Committee on Commerce be instructed to inquire into the expediency of repealing the Statute of 1824, providing for registering foreign vessels, and also to inquire into the expediency of providing by law that no American vessel that carried her register and took foreign ports during the late war, shall, under any circumstances, again receive an American register.

In the Senate, a resolution from the House of Washington, transmitted the result of the recent election there, adverse to negro suffrage, was received and laid on the table, as were also the resolutions of Randall Hunt, Senator elect from Louisiana.—The memorial of the New York Chamber of Commerce, asking protection to Northern creditors against the operations of State statutes of limitation in the South, and several others' petitions, requesting equalization of pay and bounty, were presented and referred.—Resolutions were adopted calling on the President for information regarding the order issued by our military authorities in California forbidding the transportation of arms to Mexico, and for the reasons why they have not been so appointed, and authorities of a committee to investigate the claims of legal abolitionists for compensation for colored men giving their services who were enlisted in the military service.

In the House, a bill was introduced granting bounty and additional pay to soldiers and seamen who enlisted in 1864.—A bill was reported from the Ways and Means Committee, and ordered to be printed, authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue six per cent. gold certificates to fund all the floating debt of the Government.—A resolution was adopted striking the whole amount of the Government against impost.—A resolution was adopted striking upon the 27th instant for the reason therein stated the alleged kidnapping by William F. Johnson of one of our British consuls.—A bill was introduced, and ordered to be printed, authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue six per cent. gold certificates to fund all the floating debt of the Government.—A resolution was adopted striking the whole amount of the Government against impost.—A resolution was adopted striking upon the 27th instant for the reason therein stated the alleged kidnapping by William F. Johnson of one of our British consuls.—A bill was introduced, and ordered to be printed, authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue six per cent. gold certificates to fund all the floating debt of the Government.—A resolution was adopted striking the whole amount of the Government against impost.—A resolution was adopted striking upon the 27th instant for the reason therein stated the alleged kidnapping by William F. Johnson of one of our British consuls.

NEWS ITEMS.

Governor D. R. Walker, the outgoing chief of Florida, was inaugurated on Tuesday.

On the evening of Saturday, the 18th instant, a most exciting and successful robbery was committed on the express train from New York to Boston. An iron safe of the Adams Express Company was opened by force, probably before the train left New York, and a large amount of money, estimated at half a million of dollars, was stolen from the Company's vault.

Mr. Elijah P. Furdy, for nearly years identified with the political affairs of the metropolis, died in this city at 12 o'clock on the night of January 8.

On Monday, December 11, while a party of numerous boys were skating on the St. Lawrence river, near Ogdensburg, the whole field of ice separated from the shore and began to float down the river. A gentleman in attendance by the side of the boys procured a boat, and by making two or three trips succeeded in rescuing the whole party.

Decisions by the adjutant-general of the Colorado legislature nullified the Constitutional Amendment.

Advises from Arkansas state that Southern refugees were assembling in large numbers in order to migrate to Texas. The Agency continues their hostilities. It was reported that four Indian tribes were preparing an expedition against Texas.

A gentleman recently returned to New Orleans from Arkansas reports that there is an organized and well-organized revolution. Neither life nor property there appears to be secure.

The negroes in the South never had a more successful New Year's festival than that which they have just been enjoying. At Trenton, 30,000 the negroes of Hampton celebrated their anniversary with great enthusiasm.

A St. Louis Dispatch brings bad news from the Plains. The gold is almost as scarce as the Indians. In one locality a hundred soldiers had to be killed to make it necessary to leave them in the hospital. The road below Fort Kearney was blocked with snow.

Major-General Wilson, the master of Jeff Davis, was married at Wilmington, Delaware, January 2.

General William Hickey, Chief Clerk of the Senate, died at his residence, near Washington, January 6, aged sixty-five years. He was one of the oldest and best men of the most distinguished of political affairs, and he has been forty-two years in the service of the Senate.

There have been received by the Adjutant-General, at Washington, about 800 applications for a share in the rewards offered for the capture of the now-fugitive cowboys. The rewards now ready for distribution amount to about \$300,000. Arrangements are being made by the Adjutant-General to get possession of the rewards offered in the several States, amounting to over a million of dollars, as soon as it is announced by the Government who are entitled to a share of the money.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The President's Message met in France with the same respect it received in England. Its moderation was estimated, and many journals endeavored to explain away the "New Year's message" as being only temporary, and not intended to help the cause of the American people.

The trial of Evenden in New York was still pending. At Cork, on the 29th of December, James J. O'Connell and Thomas Dunne were found guilty of treason. O'Connell was sentenced to five years' and the latter a ten years' penal servitude.

The cattle disease in England was declining. Returns for the week ending December 16 show more than 14,000 head of cattle in the market of one day, the number of sales being 685, against 200,000 of 1875 in the week ending December 9. There is a decrease of 150 for the week, while in the week previous there was an increase of 600.

on men—claims no mercise? no exertion on his a sort of nature, as a ce- and as an oak-tree is f many a shortcoming in nothing to reproach him- it be for excess of love perhaps, the thins may

it from which these lines a tale of its own, apart vates, in confirmation of t the author was perfectly old have paid the forfeit on discovered. On more fe of the writer has been ick concealed about her ving it, like powder ex- s, at home. However, as as but a small specimen of duties, unprovided for ury, which wives had to hands during Secession. rner was obliged to bury ound, thereby damaging the painter whose misfor- se pages will tearfully de-

amidst rock and glacier, t of Alpine regions, there rily the gathering. Who n with this volume, which ly natured its leaves un- But suppose we permit the

PTER I.

er and a Pupper were shou to look to that!" that ain't the way; this

er little powder andos better holler!"

er you an' Amouse bote

er to the Yankee flag o stings that!"

er better not sing dat—omer blue flag—? one; hush, 'Bos." month, Bub. Hgrah for

er I'n what you said! Hol- dain't she, Amouse? If Yankee's Pupper now, tite. Oh, Pupper, here's if the moaning for Abe old Yankee?"

er Am a 'Bollitionist! Hate or Lincoln an' the Souf!" children; hush that, Ma- fastened the gate slowly im.

er bent as much about it all "said, but strictly to him- and Bob and the master profession, as he walks to- is no necessity of inform- a doctor you can see by ge which he carries hung - good, careful, conscien- tially to nurse a patient s. "That you can read in the luter of his very gait. ousness, and possess intu- seeing also that this Dr. can to make an eminent serve, following him with house, he has very light be man to scoop a tumor ne's screaming child—not a call in if your leg had out of its socket at the



er she an' the tute?"

thigh. When Nature has given a decided char- neter to a man or woman she is very apt to hang out some decided flag of it on the outer wall: eyes of some definite color; hair red, black, or very brown.

"But, Pupper," says Bub, calling after his father, "oh, Pupper, please make 'Ris stop hollering out here for Lincoln; she's all the time doing it. Joe Staples threw a rock at us yesterday; hit our Amouse; plum on the head."

"You hear, Maria. Mind what Bub says. Don't you let me hear of your hollering any more," says the father, turning half around. "Don't you know ladies never holler?"

"Oh, Pa, but yes they do!" exclaims his daughter. "Don't you know how Sally Smithers waved her towel an' hollered that day the soldiers marched?—all the ladies on the front porches—don't you 'member?"

"Hankerehief, child; but you are a little, little girl, not eight years old; you mustn't holler—"

"Yes I must, Pupper; have to holler. Amouse here, he hollers; Joe Staples hollers; Bub is always hollering; every body in Somerville is always hollering all the time."

"Well, Maria, if you must have something to holler—"

"Bliged to," put in the little girl. "Then holler for—Andrew Jackson;" and her prudent parent passed on into the house.

Ever mindful of the various poisons in his saddle-bags, Dr. Warner placed them on a small shelf made for the express purpose, in the hall beside the hat-stand, high out of reach of the children. Next he proceeded, with what might be styled a cautious step for a man in his own house, to the door leading into the breakfast-room.

"Ah, Sarah, breakfast over, I see," he said, first glancing in through the partly-opened door, and then venturing more boldly in, when he sees that no one is therein except the negro woman standing over the wrecks of the meal, waiting up the cups and saucers.

"Proy fairly in the trap, the trigger springs: "Over, Dr. Warner? Of course it was, one good hour ago, and you know it when you asked."

It was his wife who said it, following her voice into the breakfast-room as she spoke. She had been saying it over to herself ever since she heard the front gate click, and short and sharp enough were the tones in which she spoke.

"Gracious goodness! can't your patients fix it so we can have some little order about our meals? But it is all your fault, Dr. Warner. Why can't you just give them their physic, whatever it is, be done with it, and come home? Here's Sarah—why can't you get that coffee-pot, Sarah?—here's Sarah—and you haven't washed them plates up yet?—here's Sarah kept from her morning's work, and kept from and kept from it, and she a good six dozen washing to have done and hung out before the cock—come up to-night. If I was you, Dr. Warner, I'd give up my practice; go—dress knows you make be- lie enough at it; you would make plenty if you would only collect. Hat precious little you'd make at any thing else?"

"It doesn't matter, Helen," ventured her spouse, whose somewhat bald head had fallen into an indescribable droop, as of one under a shower-bath, the instant his wife began. So saying, he drew his chair to the table while the servant was placing his breakfast thereon. "I have been up near all night," he continued, as he stirred his coffee; "haven't any warm hominy? Never mind, I have no appetite, any thing will do."

"That Mrs. Bowles, I suppose. Bring me my work here off the sewing-machine, and mind you wipe your wet hands clean before you do it, you Sarah;" and Mrs. Warner takes a seat at the other end of the table. "I would like to know when she settled last—such a lady as you always call her. And why haven't you told me what is the matter with the woman? They might have given you at least a cup of coffee."

"And so they did, Alice saw to that," says Dr. Warner, who never fails to speak the best he can of any and every one.

"Coffee! Yes, Confederate coffee, I'll bet," interposes his wife, threading her needle.

"Yes, but you couldn't have told the difference—at least, hardly;" for the Doctor is very truthful too.

"Stuff! Never tell me," breaks in his wife. "There's old Mrs. Juggins, she uses barley. You know you couldn't stand that, even the smell. Came to find out we had gone and ground it, while she used it so—only toasted. Tried not grinding, but it wouldn't do. There's sweet-potatoes, too, cut thin and browned. Mrs. Bowles's notion; you know what a sickly sort of sweet it was. Coffee! Rye, too, that is Mr. Neeb's plan. Like a Yankee! Then there's Mr. Ferguson, okra seed's his Scotch scheme, as if one could get okra seed enough to last a week. Never tell me! A thing is either coffee or it ain't coffee. You are so polite you pretend you can't tell the difference—don't catch me."

"One dollar a pound," ventures her husband.

"What, gone up to a dollar? Oh, if I only was a man! If I didn't hang them. First thing you know it was fifty cents. Next time I went in to the stores it was: 'Not one pound on hand, ma'am, sorry to say; hope to get some soon.' Yes, and when they did have some next time it was eighty cents. And all the time they were pretending to be out they had sacks and sacks of it piled away down in the cellar, or hidden under carpets and things wex up in the loft. Oh, if I was only a man! Calicoes up to fifty cents; domestics, six bits; fifty cents for a tin cup; five pounds of sugar for a dollar; molasses, dollar and a quarter; shoes, eight dollars; flour, fifty dollars, or soon will be. I'd like to know what we are coming to. Mr. Barker was right—they are worse than Yankees! Our own goods

off to fight the battles of their country, bleeding and dying somewhere, and they at home making money out of the poor wives, and widows, and orphans. Barker was right. Their stores ought to be just taken, the goods sold for them at the old prices. Hang them!" ejaculated Mrs. Warner, her wrath rising, as it ever did, at the sound of her own voice. "Yes, as brother Barker says, 'I could string them up with my own hands!'"

"Rather strong language for a preacher," interposed her husband, who was quietly eating his breakfast.

"As much as to say, if Mr. Barker oughtn't to say it because he is a preacher, I oughtn't to say it because I'm a woman."

Dr. Warner continues to breakfast. A little more, perhaps, of the shower-bath droop about the head. There is a pause of surprise in the eyes of his wife. She sits with suspended needle, looking at her husband. And while she is still an instant let us seize that rare instant to catch her photographs—if we can.

When Dr. Warner first settled in Somerville, years ago this 1862, Mrs. Warner was a tall, spare, shrill spinster. Other than being an exceedingly industrious and neat housekeeper Miss Helen Morris had only fourteen recommendations to a marrying man; and those fourteen had legs and could wield hoes, scrubbing-brushes, and washing-boards. Somehow or other the Doctor married her. Was it that the poor and patientless young Doctor wanted a home? Mrs. Warner very often afterward herself suggested that solution of the case. It was a special weapon in her arsenal in the warriment of her husband, which warriment was a large part of her housekeeping. Nor did she conceal her painful impression to that effect from chance company either; for it was a peculiarity of Mrs. Warner to express herself upon matters, pleasant and unpleasant, relating to herself openly, fully, and upon every occasion. Or it may be—most were of that opinion—that it was not the Doctor who married the lady, but the lady who married him. Good, easy, indolent man, he was no match for Miss Helen Morris—as natural a prey to such a woman as a mouse is to a cat.

Not that the Doctor did not have warning fair and sufficient. When he applied that day in the dirty county court office to Bob Withers, county clerk, for the marriage license, that gentleman did his best. Years after Bob prided himself upon that.

"To Miss Helen Morris—not the widow Morris—to Miss Helen Morris, did you say, Doc?" he asked, with an emphasis not complimentary.

Even when Bob Withers brought himself fairly to the task of filling up the blanks of a license he spoiled one form, and then another, with blunders, his mind evidently being on something else. And when he had dipped his pen in the ink to begin at the third it was only to stick it behind his ear, unlock the drawer in the desk at which he wrote, take out a pistol and lay it thereupon, the handle convenient to his friend. A frank and wholesome face, Bob's.

"Doc," he solemnly said, with hand resting upon the weapon, "I like you as much, by George! as any man I know. I haven't forgot that typhoid-fever time. But look here, Doc. I know that Miss Helen Morris—gracious Heavens!" with considerable irritation, "who in Somerville don't know her?—and I just tell you as a friend, you see—no other possible interest in the thing—but before you marry them black eyes and that awful tongue—you see I boarded with her once—you'd better take this Derringer and kill yourself, by George! and be done with it."

But the Doctor married her.

Early in life Miss Helen may have been a brunette and all the rest. But Mrs. Warner was now sallow—only sallow. The lips were still red, but very thin. And then her eyes? Once on a time the Reverend Edward Arthur had made a pretty long trip on a canal boat, and on his introduction to Mrs. Warner, when he first took charge of the Somerville church, he had been struck with a foolish fancy that her blackly-defined eyebrows resembled the lock-gates on the canal when opening to let down the water. The fact is, the lady's eyes and eyebrows did have an oblique direction upward above the nose, giving her the appearance of being wide awake, becoming more and more oblique as she grew excited. Free as the air in the expression of herself; tough and elastic as guita perch; electric from head to foot, the electricity quivering, as its nature is on every projecting point of the body charged, at the tips of her fingers, the corners of her eyes and mouth, in focus on the end of her tongue.

But let us be charitable. Perhaps if you, or even if I myself, had dipped snuff as long and as incessantly as she had, we too would have been as nervous as she was. But very little Bub, 'Ris, Amos, Sarah, and the rest had to endure it in comparison with the Doctor. Sharp and perpetual as were her eyes and tongue in regard to all within and without her household, the Doctor had by far the larger share thereof.

Because for him it was she cared most. Indolent, sensible, getting-to-be-irascible, slovenly Dr. Warner! He has learned only to droop his head and take it. When it becomes too bad, and if Mrs. Warner pours her vial upon him when company—as she often does—is present, the Doctor, at the earliest possible moment, carries his drooped head out of the parlor and off the place. Yet, let us get at the eternal reason and meaning of things; for there is as solid a reason for the growth of a nestle as there is for the existence of a rose—as substantial a meaning in the existence of a mosquito as in the life of John Howard. As a needed spur—we will not call it thorn—in his side, this wife is a blessing to this husband. He married her, perhaps, with blind persistency—who knows?—



"I DO BELIEVE THAT YOU, DR. WARNER, ARE A—UNION MAN!"

from his physiological studies, because she was so unlike to himself. And she married him?—perhaps from some vague intuitions to the same effect.

If the stream of my story did not hurry me on so urgently I would like to turn out of its current for a moment and say just one word about that admirable provision of Nature, by which she preserves, in our species as in the planets, her own sacred balance. When it is not Parent, nor Pique, nor Mammon, nor any thing other than sweet Nature herself who weds you to your wife, you will find that she mates you two on the plan of a perfect compensation; that is, she makes up for the excess of any defect in one of you by an excess of the opposite virtue in the other. It was something other than Nature that made the match if you, a tall man, are wedded to any other than an undersized woman. Woe to you, Madam, if you, a blonde, are united to a fair-haired man! So of that inner nature of which the outer appearance is but the symbol. Alas for you, Sir, if you, a man of desponding temperament, are wedded to a wife of the same dismal hue of feeling! Though I believe, even in that case, Nature strives to make the best of a union in which she had no hand. I will not say how it will be if you are a man; but if you are a woman I am certain of this: however dependent you may yourself be, the instant you detect the slightest gloom in your husband's brow, or the least growl in his voice, you go instinctively to the other side of the tilting bark, and become as cheerful as possible. And the instant you give way to gloom notice how awkwardly, yet well meaningly, he, your fellow! attempts at least to trim the tilting vessel by putting on at least an aspect of cheerfulness. Woe, then, had it been to Mrs. Warner if she had been united to some black-eyed, black-haired, black-bearded husband! Notice the union of two sable clouds in mid-air, if you would understand the result. So that when Mrs. Warner passed from her sewing and said,

"As much as to say, if brother Barker oughtn't to say it because he is a preacher, I oughtn't to say it because I'm a woman." The Doctor only helped himself in a sidelong and deprecatory manner to the butter.

"I do believe," said Mrs. Warner—"Sarah, step out and tell those children to hush that noise—I do believe," she continued in low, sepulchral tones, "that you, Dr. Warner, are a—Union man!"

Language can not set forth the awfulness of epithet implied in the charge, the casual gates opening wider and wider. "Yes, and I know now why the bells didn't ring last night! I was wondering, I know now!" said Mrs. Warner swiftly, and with a new light breaking all over her face. "Yes, and why you couldn't leave Mrs. Bowles. Worse, is she? Ha! Yes, I see it all." Casual gates open their widest.

Dr. Warner glanced up from his plate at his wife with a flash of admiration. "What an amazingly sharp woman!" he said to himself.

"Bells?" he said, however, at last. "Bells? I should think, Helen, you would have had enough of bells night before last. Every bell in town! There was the big Methodist bell; I lay and counted no less than ten fresh hands in turn at that bell-ropes before day. The first hand began as if he would break the bell to pieces, pulled until it was broken down; then you could notice the rope taken by another till he gave up exhausted; then by another, through the whole ten. I am not nervous, but I couldn't get a wink of sleep."

"Dr. Warner!" said Mrs. W. solemnly, needle, eyes, breath suspended.

"And you know I said at the time—or was it you yourself made the remark—"

"Dr. Warner!—Sarah, dr—come here, stay in the kitchen till I call you."

"Well, it was one of us said it," continued the husband, very calmly sipping his coffee, look-

ing over the top of his cup with unusual hardness at his eager wife.

"You know I never said it!" broke in the wife. You know I never could have been such a traitor as to have said it. And if the paper that came last night says our soldiers have been whipped there in Tennessee, it's a lie! Didn't the papers night before last tell how our men had come out of Fort Donelson and driven the Hessians back through their camps, and killed six thousand, and taken all the rest prisoners, and—and—"

"Very well, my dear, you needn't be excited at me. Have it your own way. Suppose we talk of something else."

"What is the matter with Mrs. Bowles, Dr. Warner?" asked his wife, with sudden suspicion.

"Well," replied her helpmate, slowly, "the faculty have different names for it. There are febrile symptoms, too much excitement in the brain. Nervous, hysteria."

"Stuff; but what has made her worse? I know it can not be she has heard any bad news about that everlasting Rutledge Bowles of hers, for you would have told me so when you first came. What has she heard? Something bad, I know."

"Well, yes. But you know, my dear, Mrs. Bowles permits her mind to run too much, really too much, on the events of the day—"

"Dr. Warner," says his wife, in alarming tones though lower than before, "will you tell me the news that came last night?"

"If you wish it. Remember it may be false, you will be sure it is. In any case I didn't do anything to bring it about."

"What is it?"

"Fort Donelson has fallen, my dear. General Johnson has retreated into Alabama. Nashville has capitulated. A good many more items to the same effect. At least so the paper says. I dare say part of the news may be exaggerated, premature at least."

"It's a lie—it's a base, base, base lie! I'll bet a thousand dollars the man that prints that paper is a Yankee. He ought to be hung!"

Perhaps it was owing to her cheeks having become some shades paler than Mrs. Warner's lips seemed so much redder, her eyes and hair so much blacker than before. "Oh, if I was only a man!" she added.

Mean while her husband only arched his brows deprecatingly, and proceeded to eat his breakfast with a coolness, appetite, even cheerfulness, which contrasted greatly with the vehement, almost hysterical, wife at the other end of the table.

Not, oh the exquisite satisfaction of Dr. Warner in imparting the news, unspeakable satisfaction at the very core of his heart, though all the rest of his anatomy might disavow it!

How you up there at the North rang your bells and blazed in all manner of illumination, and invoked the entire hire to help utter your gratification, Heaven and History well know. Your joy? It was as nothing compared with the electric ecstasy thereof which flashed unexpressed through all loyal hearts at the South. Heaven only knew it then; History shall know it forever.

"And if it is true, though I don't believe a word of it, there's some base treachery in it, or the officers were all drunk, or they were all a pack of cowards! To give up to Yankees! I do wish the Yankees had managed to kill them. I hope Davis will have them tried and hung," says Mrs. Warner.

"Why, my dear, it would take a perfect factory to keep you in rope," dares her husband, playfully but injudiciously.

"And you are not weary a single bit!" responds his wife, turning the lightning of her rage zigzag in every direction that offers. "I do believe you are glad. I tell you, Dr. Warner, if I actually thought so, was satisfied of it, I would not care that, if we have been married so long."

"I'd—ha! no wonder you wouldn't get up that night the bells rung so. I had to lurch and lurch you ever so often before you woke even. And when you did wake, you said it must be fire, not even expecting a victory. Ought not to be too certain, you said, at the very time every bell in town was ringing as hard as could be. Dr. Warner, you are the worry of my life! And there you sit this moment just as cool—"

"But you know, Helen, I heard the news several hours ago. Besides, I've just drunk two cups of your excellent coffee. Then, my mind has been taken up with Mrs. Bowles's case. And, really, my dear," said the Doctor, eager to divert the conversation, "I'm getting uneasy about Mrs. Bowles. Such a sensitive, refined little body she is! perfect lady, too, in every respect; but she has given herself up to so much excitement for so long. Rutledge Bowles, too; the news night before last almost deranged her with joy. Then comes that news last night. The reaction was almost too much for her. I tell you what, my dear," continued the Doctor, with indolent hypocrisy, "I'm glad I have a wife who is stronger than her nerves. Glad, my dear, that you have such strong sense of your own to keep you steady these stormy times."

"No, Dr. Warner, you can't blind me. With all her aristocratic airs I know there are some things, at least, in which I can only pity. One can't help liking Alice. You never hear Rutledge Bowles from her lips—never opens her mouth about him, hardly. But, if you mean to say she loves the South more than I do—"

"But what is the use of worrying yourself? The armies are in the field, doing, I dare say, all they can. And you are doing all you can. You are out every day collecting for the soldiers, and you sing for them at all the concerts, net for them in all the tableaux, sew for them, knit, quilt. What more can you do? If one-half of the ladies of Somerville only did one-half of what you do—"

"Ah, Dr. Warner, I see what you are after!" said his wife, somewhat mollified; "but you are only from Tennessee, Eastern Tennessee at that, and you know where I'm from. What I want

is for you to be more interested, excited, more like a warm-hearted Southern man. But there you go day after day with your old saddle-bags over your arms, just as you used to do, feeling people's pulses, dosing children, pulling teeth—you don't talk enough. But this news—oh, it can't, can't—"

"In your acquaintance among the ladies those that talk most, fuss most, do most of the work do they, eh? Why you told me yourself, Helen—"

"Pshaw! Dr. Warner, you know perfectly well what I mean. You are not sore enough the South is going to succeed. And you visit among those Union people just as much—more, I believe—than you do among good Secessionists. Nobody can get any thing out of you. Look at Dr. Gimis."

"Which do you think the best doctor of the two? No, my dear, I'm a physician in large practice, I believe; all my time is taken up with my patients. Dr. Gimis is more politician than medical man—talks about the war at the top of his big voice at the bedside of the sick, and, no matter how sick they are, for the hour at a time. If he likes, and they like, let him. I prefer to do my way, physic them, and come home to my family. You know what a quiet sort of man I am. Besides, you have patriotism enough for us both, Helen. Take your way, my dear—let me take mine."

"Yes, Dr. Warner. Oh yes; I dare say. Very fine. But what worries my life out is nobody can tell. When you are with Secessionists you are as mum as a mouse, or open your lips only to dispute something. When you are with those Union people, oh I know you! Why don't you denounce them, tell me that? Every body in Somerville is talking about you. Mr. Neely told me only last Monday, when he was here to see about Bob drawing those pictures on his back-board, as if you can expect a child to respect a Yankee teacher!—told me, hump, much faith I have in him, hush as he talks—told me Lamont told him that Dr. Peel said he really believed you were nothing more'n less than a *Abolitionist*, if the truth was known!" But to describe Mrs. Warner's emphasis on the word is beyond the power of type.

"And this great Dr. Peel knows, of course, more about me—he has been here less than a year, I believe—than you do, or than any body who has known me here for ten years," says Dr. Warner, pushing away his plate to be free of him.

"I told Mr. Neely to tell Lamont to tell Dr. Peel from me that it was a lie, and he knew it," said Mrs. Warner, promptly enough. "If he hints such a thing to me, the big, disgraced old puppy, I'll slap those ears of his! But don't you go and say any thing to him," adds Mrs. Warner, who had got her husband into hot water more than once in their married life, as he rises from the table.

"Not the least fear of me. I would be a fool to mind anything that you say of me in these days," replies her helpmate.

"But this dreadful, dreadful news! Are you sure you are not mistaken? It can't, can't be true! I'd put on my sun-bonnet and run over to Mrs. Ret Roberts, she'll know all about it. Though, poor thing! how such a man as Colonel Ret Roberts ever came to marry her, well, say nothing sort of a thing— Oh, one thing, Dr. Warner, engage me ten pounds of coffee at Mr. Ellick's. If any body has any conscience left he'll— But, Dr. Warner—and his wife seizes upon him as he passes her—"do you really think, really now, there's any doubt about the South succeeding?"

Nature gives every living thing some mode of defense, or at least escape. People that have feeble hands generally are compensated with admirable legs. Master Fox does not pretend to the rear nor to the teeth and claws of the lion; but then Sir Reynard is not deficient in cunning. This Dr. Warner can no more stand before the eyes and the tongue of his wife than he can before Atropos. Thin-haired, florid, unamusing, fat, too, he does only what nature has left him to do—droops his head and takes it. It is a great



"WILL READ YOU ONE ITEM FOR MY NEXT PAPER YOU MAY LIKE."—[See Page 38.]

...this continent from the point on which the Almighty regards it all things, even the most un-
ing our millions by a process, or than the purpose of God, into
sublines than any thing and have hitherto expressed by the
You know this already? Well,

...of Somerville we are now in-
ok. And how shall it be de-
it contains some twelve hun-
as but a vague idea upon the
describe a river as meandering
as an engraving it, or mount-
place it, that would be some
dication to this is, that it would
a level, post oak, sandy plain
a mountain, no river, and but

...to say that Somerville is main-
principal street, with tributary
to a river, emptying into it on
an even-house, too, should be
an brick building in the centre
it why should one feel the strong
or that gloomy building with its
r below, its well-worn and ex-
stairway, its breezy court-room
walls spangled a yard up from
across joints, its bevelled benches
ed chairs, its doses and posts be-
net Sheriff's notices half print
with notices of cattle lost, writ-
varieties of spelling and gram-

...re of the four churches yields
never to describe its regard to
of worship they were—nothing
ance—having in many respects
duce to the dreary court-house,
and, practical sermons were often
and all. Sincere worship, too,
ed in stately cathedral and tow-
ave those uninviting houses wit-
here ever was lack of fervor in
d night services at which the
attended, it was more than
warmth of the worship, on Sun-
when the black people took their
urkes. And you may talk as
lease of the advantages of race
all respects, I defy any resident
deny the assertion, that the prac-
of the colored professions of so-
level at least with that of the
ests of the various churches in
us not mind—excessively much
and condition in this present
regard; if religion had had us
there will be infinite divisions
and in its state, with an equality
in it.

...ry any thing of the kind there,
on the principal hotel. If it will
e that Smithers is post-master in
plies, Joe, host in the other, let
ed; nor of the dry-goods stores,
drens hanging at their doors; nor
stones, sticky with sugar and mus-
sue with great piles of bacon.
d it before attempting the task;
to describe Somerville. In a
the State you pass through a
-like Somerville; you bear away
by which you can remember it
-eleven; just the same sort of
hich the stage stopped with you
l to take in the mule, just the
ing in front of the groceries, just
tavern at which you stretch your
ve heads on the thread of your
seem duplicates of each other.
Somerville a focus, a point hav-
lation to Somerville, and to the
h Somerville is the county seat,
re in which Somerville is located,
has to the body. I refer to the
nerville Star.

...o story frame-house, not very far
fice. True, the huge sign-board
vitten Somerville Star is blown
the largest half of what remains
up against the side of the house
can easily be deciphered by those
not what is inscribed thereon;
g is done up stairs. The editor's
from the street, on the first floor,
snock; the door is never locked,
se to do is to push it open, if it
and walk in. You have only to
self, and you will be waved by the
it and to the last paper. If you
importance, from any where out-
ony, a Judge say, or a candidate
ms as Mr. Lamum, or a Colonel
rent present or prospective, you
make yourself agreeable, and in
er of the Somerville Star you will
ruly gratified we were by a visit
ent friend," Colonel this or Gen-
Ve are extremely gratified to learn

...We are much pained to be in-
s," and then you will read the in-
may have incidentally communi-
litor; but it will seem to you when
r more important and decided in
you had ever dreamed it to be at
mentioned it.
moment Dr. Warner and his wife
g upon the news of the night be-
breakfast-table, Lamum and Dr.
of it in the editorial sanctum.
say, however, as there is not an
Somerville—in the whole land, in
not at the same time conversing
e theme.

...them, between us, you know, what
of this news?" It is Dr. Peel

who asks the question. He has read the bit of
brown paper upon which it is printed some six
times over, and holds it to read several times
over yet before he is done.

"I think, Sir, that one half is false and the
other half is exaggeration," replies Mr. Lamum,
promptly. He has printed a paper too long not
to know all about such things. We call him
Mr. Lamum. The fact is, he is called Colonel
Lamum and General Lamum and Major Lamum
indifferently. Mr. Lamum by very few.
Indulge me in the weakness of dropping all his
titles and calling him simply Lamum. People
never called him any thing else except in speak-
ing to him.

An undersized man is Lamum. He may be
thirty, and he may be fifty years old—you can
form no conclusion on the matter merely by
looking at him. Excessively lean; very much
stooped in the shoulders; face very pale, and
never changing color under any possible cir-
cumstance; nose long and sharp; thin black
hair; of a swift gait in walking; prompt and
sharp speech; very shabby in clothing—that is
the man.

Although continually associated with people
that do, Lamum never smokes, never drinks,
never plays a game—at least of cards. You
never catch him in a billiard-room or doggery,
unless it is in search of some politician to be
found nowhere else. Lamum rarely enters a
church—never, in fact, save for some political
reason, such as to hear a political prayer or ser-
mon. Yet Lamum swears only when very great-
ly provoked. No one has ever breathed a syl-
lable against him as a husband. In regard to
his various pecuniary transactions his enemies
violently assail him; but then his friends as re-
hemently defend him. As these transactions
are entwined in lawsuits without number, it is
impossible to decide upon them in advance of
the jury.

One word expresses Lamum from his earliest
manhood upward, heart and soul, body, mind,
and spirit, conversation and conduct—in every
respect from head to foot. He is a politician.
Above politics, beneath politics—if it had any
beneath—besides politics he has not a thought or
emotion. All his reading is political papers; he
holds no conversation, when he can help it, ex-
cept upon political topics. He knows no ties to
any living creature except political ties. As to
his wife he sees her only across the table at
meals, or, perchance, asleep in bed when he
comes in late at night. His printer's devils
have a joke that all his courting consisted of
political conversation with his beloved—though
why she married him Venus would have to ask
of all the gods of Olympus to ascertain; perhaps
Plutus could inform her. Certain it is, all of
his street fights have been with political foes.
There is nobody in the world—perhaps his wife
excepted; he has no children, he has no pro-
per for such nonsense—loves this pale, cold, eager
man.

There are many who fear him throughout
his State; but oh, how unanimously throughout
the State, which he rules with his pen, is he
hated! Robespierre—yes, there must be a re-
semblance between the very appearance of the
two men. Like Robespierre he loves politics
not for the office or profit it brings him so much
as for the dry sake of politics itself. Some-
thing like the intense fondness—not so much of
a gambler for his cards as of a chess-player for
his mystic game. He has a cold yet infinite zeal
in the intrigue, the twisting of facts, the magni-
fying of useful nothing, the diminishing of dis-
agreeable somethings—the downright lying, the
flattering, the bullying, the rewarding, the pun-
ishing—the wielding of Power, that is it! Robes-
pierre had his guillotine, had he? Every Nat-
ionalist's Star falls like an axe across some man's
nape if not his neck! Talk about the unscrup-
ulous devotion of a Jesuit to his order!

Let it suffice to be said, Lamum was, in the
most exclusive and intense sense possible to the
word, a Politician, not in the sense of a stump-
speaker. Lamum had a thin, feeble voice—he
could not make speeches, never tried. But his
pen! Ah, how powerfully he spoke through
that! And how he ruled with it hundreds in
every county in the State who did mount the
stump.

"Look here, General," says his companion
yet again, "you are going to print this ridicu-
lous dispatch, are you? I say, you will fix it
up in your paper? You know, between us, it
won't do exactly."

"Hold on a moment," says Lamum, who has
been writing rapidly ever since he entered the
office. Dr. Peel resumes his brown dispatch.
A large, dark man is Dr. Peel. What you
might call a bulbous forehead, with very black
hair and whiskers, singularly black. Dr. Peel
possesses deep black eyes as singularly restless
and eager in their motions. The Doctor has
been in Somerville but a few months; shortly
before the blockade was established over the
Southern ports he arrived. Dr. Peel has long
given up his practice, he says—has means enough
to live.

And the Doctor *has* means, plenty it would
seem—gold. No man can be more prompt in
paying his board bill; nor does he make a single
debit at a store, though he is continually in them,
one and all, and purchases freely. The Doctor
is partial to buggy-riding, and makes it a point
to take some one of his acquaintances with him
whenever he drives out. Though he has been in
Somerville for so short a time he knows every
body. Especially is he hand and glove with Dr.
Ginnis, Mr. Neely, Colonel Bolkeris, old Mr. Jug-
gins, the Rev. Mr. Barker, Lamum, and the rest
of the genuine, from-the-start, out-and-out, non-
mistake Secessionists. Of those who are sus-
pected of being Union people he has the most
unmitigated horror.

"Thank you, Sir; I wish to have nothing to

say to such traitors"—he remarks—"I'd just as
lief hang them as eat my dinner." He has fre-
quently observed, "I'd put an ounce of lead
through them, or six inches of cold steel into
their white livers and black hearts as quick as
take a drink, Sir, and a—sight quicker!"
as were his hands would clench, his eyes roll,
as he would curse the individuals in question
with a species of frenzy that left any other man
far behind.

Not a war-meeting of any sort but he was the
first to be present and the last to leave, the loud-
est to applaud and the largest to contribute. On
one occasion, at least, he publicly offers from his
own pocket twenty dollars in gold, in addition
to the fifty-dollar bounty, to every man that will
enlist in the new company being raised. From
the earliest hour of the day till the latest mo-
ment at which he can find any one to converse
with him, he has but one topic—Secession and
the War. He can not cease from the theme
even at table. It is confessed that he is stron-
ger and louder and more violent in the matter
than any other man in or around Somerville.
There is a ferocity of manner, a recklessness of
assertion, an insanity of feeling about him, which
rather cools than otherwise the most violent of
his associates.

Considering all the circumstances of his ad-
vent in Somerville; that he is so "flush of
money—not paper-money, but gold, Sir, round
twenty-dollar pieces—I'd be hanged, Sir, if I
don't believe—why, the man has no occupa-
tion here at all but talk Secession and the War
—I'd be —, Sir, if I don't firmly believe that
Dr. Peel is a—" And here the voice of the
speaker is sunk into a whisper, and is received
with a start and an oath by the hearer; such
had often been the remark made in Somerville.

"There is my trunk, gentlemen," Dr. Peel
remarked when a committee visited his room at
Staples's Hotel to investigate matters. "Don't
forget the lid part of it, please. My extra coats,
waistcoats, and breeches are hanging on the
hooks behind my door. I will take off the
clothes I now have on also. Don't forget those
extra boots under the bed—might have papers
in the linings or between the soles. There you
see my revolvers too; pair of bowie-knives also
—examine the scabbards, gentlemen. My En-
field rifle stands in the corner. The mattress,
too, and the books on the table. Make a thor-
ough search, please."

No man could be more unembarrassed than
Dr. Peel by the visit and the suspicion which
led to it. One would have supposed that he
would have been astonished at it, resented it,
killed some one. Not a bit of it. Dr. Peel was
not ruffled a feather by any thing of the sort.

There had been some singular discrepancies
in the Doctor's statements in regard to the place
of his birth, in regard to his having correspond-
ence with his "old and intimate friend Beau-
gard," which a "had got confoundedly mis-
laid" when desired to produce; but no evidence
could be found against the Doctor of a positive
nature, and so he resumed his course louder
than ever.

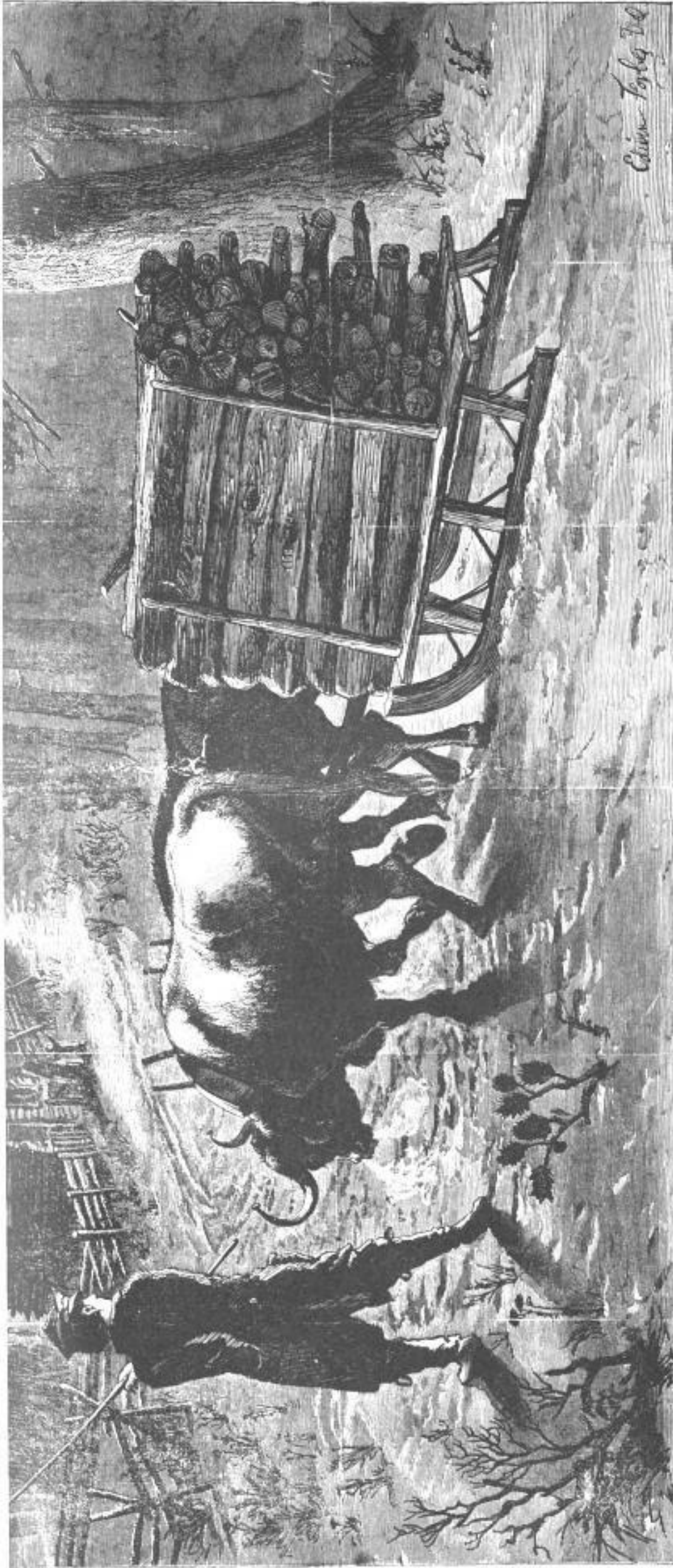
It was a little singular, however, the conduct
of Dr. Peel, after having politely escorted to the
door of his chamber the committee above re-
ferred to—Bob Withers, Simmons, and windy
Dr. Ginnis the committee were. Seating him-
self, having called out after them as they de-
parted down the steps the last friendly, even
cordial good-morning, with his hands in his lap,
forefinger and thumb arched to meet forefinger
and thumb, he first thought it over, then began
to smile, at last rolled himself upon his bed, fair-
ly convulsed with laughter, genuine, unfeigned
laughter, sparkling from every white tooth,
streaming in tears from his eyes, possessing him
and shaking his brawny frame from head to foot.

"Going to the war? I am going," the Doc-
tor had often remarked, in answer to questions
to that effect. "Do you think I'd stay away
when there are Yankees to be killed? No, Sir,
I am going; and if I was to see my own brother
or father among them I'd send a bullet from my
rifle here through their hearts first ones. Do
you think money could pay me to stay behind?"
And the Doctor would proceed to curse out the
rest of the feelings of his soul on the subject in
a way which left nothing to be desired.

And yet Dr. Peel's brawny form was still to be
seen in every store, at every street corner, be-
fore every bar. It was singular. "In constant
correspondence with the military authorities,
Sir. They are anxious to place me where I can
do most for the glorious cause." Yet months
rolled by; the Doctor left Somerville often
enough, but he always came back again for a
fresh start. It was singular.

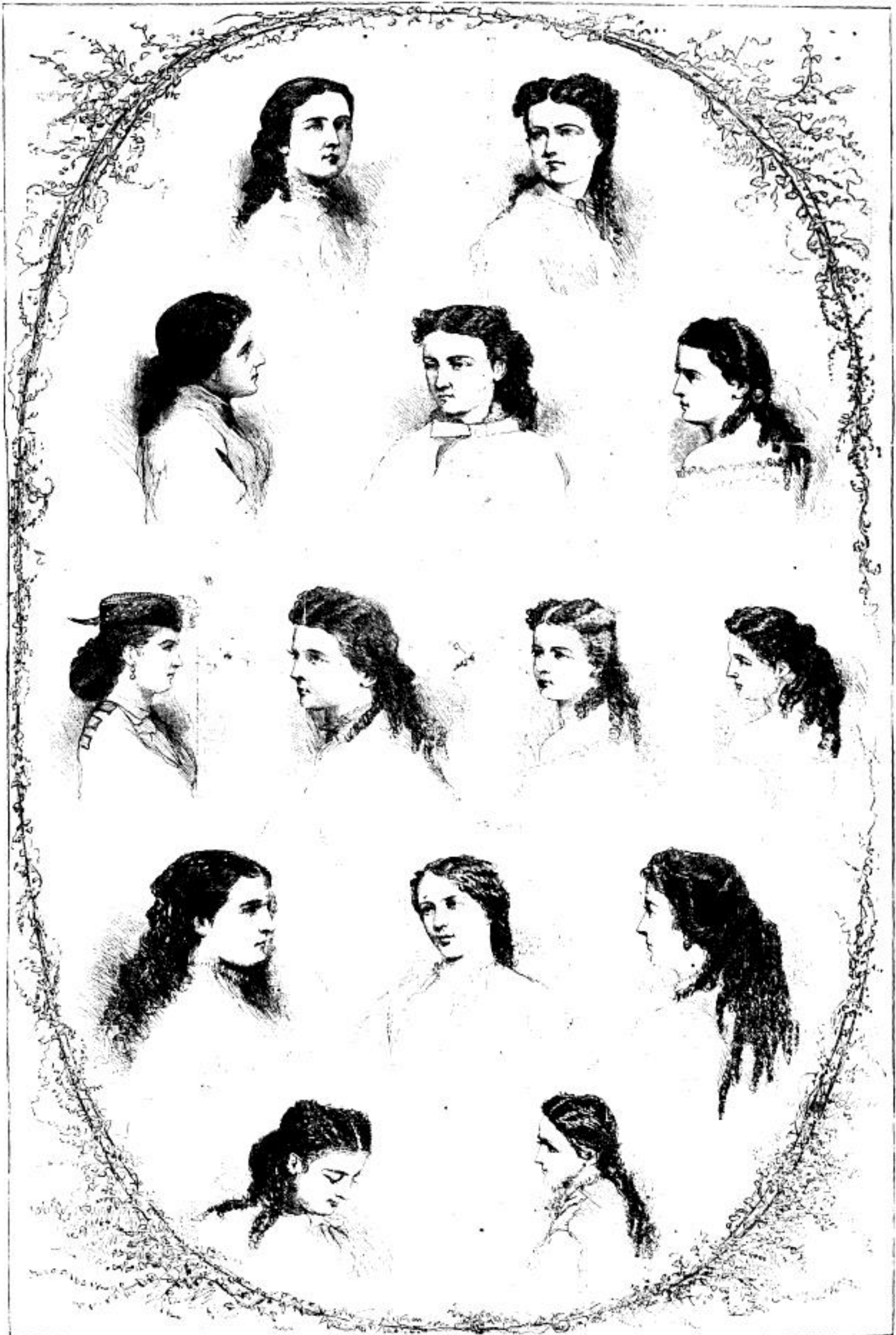
But Lamum has finished writing. "See if
this will do," he says to Dr. Peel; and he pro-
ceeds to read:

—THE NEWS OF TUESDAY NIGHT.
"Thank Heaven! we know our readers well enough to
know the manner in which they received the news of
Tuesday night, of which much, and a vast deal too much,
has been said. In the first place, we take for certain that
a large part, if not every syllable, of the news is utterly
false. Months ago the North was taught, and the entire
world was taught, for time and for all eternity, a fact
which we of the South have always known as well as we
know our alphabet—that Northern soldiers fly like sheep
at the very appearance of our brave boys.
"Is it reasonable to suppose that this has been other
than the case at Fort Donelson? Did not the last dis-
patch distinctly declare the utter rout of the Federal
forces assaulting that fort? But yesterday we were re-
joicing in what we expected as a matter of course—that
we pay the least attention to-day to the gipsy-rout lies
which have come to our ears? We feel confident our in-
telligent readers will treat such trash with the contempt
it deserves.
"Even supposing the Federals have met with some
slight success in Tennessee, it is but for a moment. At
the news all the South will gear forth its legions by mil-
lions, and in less than one month from this day not only
will the Federal armies be driven back, but our invinc-
ible hosts will be thundering at the gates of Charleston
and Chicago! Looking at the news as we will, in any
case we find in it ground only for rejoicing. Doubtless be-
fore this our Government has been recognized by every



Clara Taylor Del.

WINTER.—[Drawn by Edwin Foxman.]



TYPES OF AMERICAN BEAUTY.—[FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. H. WILLIAMS, BROOKLYN, L. I.]

in country place "courting" was performed in a fashion. The gentleman was paired off with a lady on all festive occasions. They sat and whispered in public. They made no secret of kisses, and the usual manner of sitting, even in broad daylight, was with the legs and arms about the feminine waist. Consequently no mortal guessed the state of my feelings, but my own never suggested the possibility of a match between Lawrence Lorne and Miss Abby Dill "keep-squay."

"I think she know how I loved her. I thought I liked to know it. She had a look she kept a tone in her voice, I believe, I alone heard. all the world as she did, I could not help that she loved me best of all. Yet I was not to find out for myself without asking—all in all I resolved to tell her how I felt. That at school, I wandered away into the woods, there thinking. I knew I was not rich: I was as poor as I: were we really too poor? Should youth wait for gold and lands to look love to its heart? Were gray-beards and the beardless boys who disobeyed them it seemed to me not so. We were young, very, hope, and strength. She had all that and, with the sweetness and beauty that had a love her. Why, if she loved me, should I begin the world together? I was sighing through the branches while 'Why not?' The birds sang it. The sun it in the golden blotches of light dropped the leafy shadow. My heart said, 'Why not?' I rose and went to her across the fragrant clover-field, where the blue bees seemed once more to hum to me, not, if she loves you?" I found her sitting perch, sewing. In the cozy parlor her old sister sat asleep over her Bible. The summer day was nearly over, but it was bright, and the windows of the houses and those little church were turned to molten gold by it. All along the road tinkling bells told of ward-driven cows; swart laborers trudged by fields into the high-road, whistling as they went. Now and then a fitting flock of birds passing shadow to the earth, and far away a red bell was ringing. It was only a fancy; I knew that, yet it minded me of the al of the curfew. And still the sweetness and loveliness of Nature, the look in Abby's eyes, the throbbing of my own heart seemed to me, "Why not, for she loves you?" could not speak then and there. If I had my would never have been told. She must alone with me before the words I must utter. So I asked her to walk with me.

"I must have tea first," said she. "I am real enough to despise that ceremony, and other is ready for hers, no doubt. Come in!" she folded up the needle she was working by and blossoms, and led the way to where she was spread with a snowy cloth, and the home-like tea-time sights and odors asked for old question.

"Number she had just poured out a cup of tea and that in taking it my hand had, by touched hers, thrilling me through with its closeness, when some one came to the door asked. Abby said, 'Come in!' and in a great hulking lad, a scholar of mine, then kept the Post-office.

"Nin, Miss Abby," he said. "I was comin' I father said I'd as well fetch this. It come in afternoon, and looks important."

"I took the letter," said she. "Won't you up of tea?" But Tom, scarlet with con- the request, "hadn't time, couldn't stay," rided out.

"The letter remained upon the table, a large en- with a great red wax seal, four or five post- and as many scrawls, indicating the exist- the Winston. Miss Abby Dill had wait- ally weeks for her letter, whatever it was, ally "looked important."

"It is not," she answered, with a laugh. "ould an important letter come to me?" "y on us! you are going to read it, ain't y?" asked the old lady.

"By-and-by, when I have had my tea and y grandma."

"I have you no curiosity whatever on the sub- nked."

"I will own the honest truth. was so silly before; I'm actually afraid of r. I know of no one who would write to y subject of importance. I can think of de event which, in any great degree, could joy or pain of which I should bear by let- I am afraid of it, nevertheless. That seal y ominous red eye staring at me."

"You do talk, Abby!" cried the grandmo- I couldn't rest until I read it, if I felt that

Abby left the letter on the table, and we our meal, and she arose to put on her bon- still never touched it.

"I doze the old lady called her back. y, you never believed so before; I've cut- that letter, if you are not."

"I pose there should be something terrible in mother," said Abby, with a laugh. "I walk first."

"I really frighten me," said the old lady. "all my nonsense, grandmother; you may r me while I'm gone."

"Right!—with these spectacles that never e?"

"I looked at me. 'Well,' she said, 'must I try,'" said I, and took a penny from my "To s up for it. Heads, Miss Abby Dill letter now—the reverse, she waits a wee," y the coin in the air—Fate brought the worst.

"I sat down at my table by this time, and with a

ground, and four new class-rooms. It was vaca- tion-time, and it was quite empty, so I was free to visit the rooms and admire the improvements if I chose. All I did was to sit down at my old desk and fancy Abby Dill among her girls in the light of the long south window.

Opposite the school arose another edifice, beam- new and exceedingly pretentious—the Winston Bank, an institution of which the Winstons were wondrously proud. But it shut out the prospect of distant hills, and the pond with its water-lilies and drooping flags and rushes was quite hidden, and I did not like the alteration.

On the way home I passed Abby's little cottage. Some one lived there now who cared more for beans and cabbages than for flowers, and I gave one look over the pullings and walked away.

Yes, Winston was altered, but I heard pleasant news that day. Miss Abby Dill had returned thither and lived with her old grandmother in a beautiful cottage on what was called The Hill.

She had suitors and offers enough, they said, but she was single still, and "kept company" with no body.

On Sunday I saw her at church. She had not altered. She was even lovelier than ever, and I felt that the path lay clear before me, and that I was free to woo and win her.

But I put a restraint on myself and never went near her. I wanted her to learn that I was there, and that I had become wealthy enough to woo her without being accused of mercenary motives. A monomaniac for the time being, I withdrew all that I possessed from sundry excellent investments and deposited every cent in the Winston Bank, that gossip, nimble-tongued enough in Winston, might carry the news to her. On Wednesday I intended to call upon Abby Dill and begin my wooing. Alas! the most positive intentions fail to be carried out at times. On Tuesday evening, entering my room in the dark, I struck my eyebrow against the door. Next morning I had a terrible black eye. To present myself for the first time in such a plight was simply impossible. I fumed and fretted in vain. I was not presentable for a week despite the apothecary's lotions. Then going to church once more with the intention of offering Abby my escort home I found her seat empty. She had gone away on a visit with her grandmother, and she remained away a fortnight. When they returned there came with them a lady and gentleman, brother and sister. The gentleman, a splendid fellow of twenty-six or thereabouts, who devoted himself to Miss Abby Dill in the most noticeable manner. Walked with her, talked with her, sang to and at her (for how often I listened, miserably enough, under the cottage win- dows in the secrecy of the evening shadows), and was said to be favored by her as no one had been favored before.

I would not see her while this rival must be seen also. Yet I felt conscious that I was leaving the field free to him, and that, by acting as I did, I might cast my last bright hope away.

One day, desperately bitter, I set off for a long tramp through the woods on a damp, foggy sort of day. Lost my way, caught a cold, and an inter- mittent fever, and was on my back a month. When I grew better there was news in store for me. My landlady undertook it. She came and sat beside me as I rested, weak and worn, on a garden bench and began.

"This is a world of trials, Mr. Lorne."

I acquiesced.

"And trouble comes when we least expect it, and heaviest when we are feeling safest," said the dame. "Now are you prepared for bad news, Sir?"

My thoughts flew at once to Abby Dill. The words, "Is she married?" passed my lips unawares, and my landlady cried,

"Who? Marcy me! It's nothing about mar- riage. I wish it was. There's a deal of trouble here just now, and you have a big share in it. They said I must tell you. The Winston Bank is broke, Mr. Lorne, and nobody that has had money there will ever get a cent of it as long as they live."

I heard her through without a word, and then arose and walked away. For the next few hours no mortal eye saw me, and I can only desire to for- get them as though they had never been.

In the evening I went out into the village. The stores were full of people talking over the event; some curious spectators of the woes of others; some truly sympathetic; some crushed into a sort of stupor by their losses; and others eager for revenge, uttering threats against the bankers, and cursing them and their own folly. I heard my own name once or twice, but I spoke to no one. At last I went home and locked myself in my room, but not to sleep. Long after every light was out in Win- ston I paced the floor.

Midnight had passed and the moon had set, when against the dark sky I saw, as I gazed from my window, a reddish sort of smoke or mist, which puzzled and attracted me. As I gazed forked tongues of blue flame burst through the lurid mass, and I knew some building was on fire. In a few moments the sky grew crimson, and I could see the flying sparks and cinders plainly. The fire was on The Hill, and Abby Dill's new house stood there, with other of the best houses of the place.

At the thought I started from my post beside the window and dashed down the stairs and out into the street.

A bell was ringing by this time, every door open, and people, half clad, running in the direction of the fire. Two bank directors occupied dwellings there, and some mad wretch, ruined by the failure of the Winston Bank, had become an incendiary, forget- ful in his wrath that between the two stood the shade of one innocent of all wrong-doing—Abby Dill's home, which was in one broad blaze from roof to cellar when I reached the spot.

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They had the old grandmother safely out by that time. A servant had lifted her from her bed and carried her to the street through flame and smoke; and now she stood wringing her hands and calling for help for Abby.

"My child!" she screamed; "my sweet, good girl! Save her! save her!"

But all stood helpless, gazing on the roaring flames helplessly. I pushed my way through the crowd and dashed toward the doorway. Some one cried, "Stop him! It's certain death!" And then I was in the midst of a suffocating smoke, in a furnace of horrible heat.

But the worst was past in a moment, and I was on the stairs calling wildly for Abby to answer me, and a faint voice replied, and, springing forward, I clasped a white figure in my arms and turned—not one moment too soon; but Heaven's mercy brought us safe in life and limb through the greedy flames to the sweet outer air.

I was weakened by illness, though excitement had sustained me to perform my task; but when all was over a death-like swoon crept over me, and I lost consciousness for many moments. I thought myself dying, and was happy; for, as slight and hearing left me, I knew my head reposed on Abby's arm. It lay there still when I awoke to life again. It was gray dawn when I stood with her and looked upon the ruins of her pretty home. A tear was in her eye, and a sad look on her face.

"Poor old house!" she said; "I loved it; but I should not grieve so were it not for grandmother. She will feel the privations of narrow circumstances more than I."

I looked at her curiously. "Surely one house will make but little difference to your circumstances," I said. "Others are to be bought or built."

"With money," she answered. "I have none. A month ago I was a rich woman; but every cent I had was in the Winston Bank, and you have reason enough to know what that implies. I'm as poor now as when I first began to teach in the old school-house yonder."

I acted on the impulse of the moment, and caught both Abby's little hands in mine. Standing thus, I told her all I have told you, and then I said:

"I must begin life over again, Abby, will you begin it with me?"

And she let me draw her to me, and kiss her on brow and cheek and lip, and hold her to my heart—my promised wife, my best beloved, who loved me.

"The path may be stony, but your feet shall not be bruised," I said. "The thorns of life shall never pierce you, my treasure!"

But she answered, "Nay, if there are ills I must share them, and I have little fear; love can compensate for poverty. Then with a change of look and a merry smile in her cheek she cried, 'Do you know if vacation is almost over, and they have asked the teachers in the old school. You have said I must begin the world again together. Shall it be so, Lawrence?'"

"If you like, darling," I said, and kissed her. So one day at morning found me at my desk, with the old array of broad red faces looking at me; but beyond among her girls, my golden-haired wife—nine white hills lasted; and so life could be weary, no toil hard, no lot humble, that was shared with her.

We are richer now; and there is more silver than gold in her bright hair; for we are old people together, and have grandchildren about us; but we are not rich enough, or old enough yet to despise that dear old school or the life we began together there.

THE RUINS OF CAPE HAYTIEN.

By JAMES REDPATH.

The rebellion in Hayti has been unfortunately extinguished. While I regarded it (from my personal knowledge of the character of FRANCOIS-JEAN JOSEPH) as an uprising of the barbarous element, and hoped for the success of the existing government, I deeply regret that the suppression of the revolt is due neither to the amnesty nor to the arms of the President, but wholly to the unwarrantable, bullying, and cowardly intervention of the English navy. This fact will embitter not the unenlightened classes only against GERFARD's triumph, but probably it will unto the entire negro population in opposition to his Government. An attempt, or rather a supposed inclination on the part of his Administration to extend certain privileges to the whites, was the cause of an attempted insurrection at Gonaives a few years ago, the rallying cry of which was—

"Vive le supreme article de la Constitution!"

The seventh article referred to is in these words:

"No white man, whatever be his nationality, shall ever be permitted to land on the Haytian Territory, nor shall he be able, in future, to acquire there either real estate or the rights of a Haytian."

As it would have been unfortunate for us if England or France had aided us in suppressing the slaveholders' insurrection—because such a triumph would have engendered a bitterness in the Southern mind, and a just contempt for our power which no effort on our part would ever have been able wholly to remove—so the fact that the rebellion in Hayti was still as strong as ever, still defiant, still able to repel every attack of GERFARD's troops when the British navy wantonly undertook to interfere and thereby made the President "master of the situation," as the official account phrased it, will, in all probability, cause a sullen submission to his power which is more to be dreaded than open revolt.

The reports of events in Hayti are always so unreliable and contradictory that I have waited until I could learn from trust-worthy sources how the rebellion was suppressed before I completed my record of its civil war.

It appears that an uprising of the blacks, in sympathy with the movement of SALNAVE at the North, was attempted at Jernel or Jernie, but that it was promptly put down by the upholders of the Government. It is charged that GERFARD by his personal conduct has in a measure exceeded obligations to many of the first families of the capital; and that, instead of prosecuting the reforms which he advocated on his advent to power, he has been selfishly seeking to perpetuate his authority at any price. It is further alleged that his unpopularity

with the masses is sufficiently indicated by the fact that there have been eighteen attempts at revolution.

Whether these are the capricious complaints of the Outs merely, or just indictments, will presently appear; for if GERFARD increases his efforts to educate all the people, and preserves peace and order combined with freedom of the press and liberty of speech, we will not be unfavorably affected by these the evils of his opponents. I am not at all convinced that the President is unpopular because so many efforts have been made to depose him, nor am I sure that the prompt extinguishment of these attempts was not due as much to his popularity as to his alacrity. I do not speak with confidence on either side, because no person, unless his correspondence with the island is continuous and large, can justly judge of her political combinations. For there are no parties here, but only political campaigns. The Haytian method of deposing a ruler is by inciting a revolt, printing dozens of proclamations, appeals, and strifes; and then with a hip! hip! hurrah! and "Vive la Republique d'Hayti," or "Vive l'Empereur!" as the case may be, entering Port-au-Prince to find the old ruler out of town—generally on board a vessel bound for Kingston, Jamaica. Speeches, new proclamations, eloquent denunciations of the "average despotism" that has been deposed, and an election of a Chief Magistrate for life follow. Thus, whether the ruler of Hayti be called President or Emperor he is in fact the head of a limited military monarchy—limited, if he is a mulatto, by a fear of the blacks; and, if he is a negro, by the apprehensions of another rebellion. In these revolutions no lives are lost and no damage done to property. The troops on both sides understand it perfectly, and are too good-natured to hurt each other. It is only when the parties are of equal strength, or when the rebellion is powerful enough to maintain its foothold, but not able to capture the capital, that bloodshed ever ensues.

The recent rebellion was evidently more formidable than the organs of the Government represent. It held the North with stubborn tenacity. Every assault on the rebel capital was successfully met and promptly repelled. SALNAVE, the leader, was not killed. The port was not blockaded. On the contrary, the Government lost its largest steamer by capture. The best-informed writers state that the rebellion would have been successful if the English war-vessels had not interfered. Whether this predicted success would have led to the establishment of a Northern "Empire," and left the South "out in the cold," a separate and independent republic, as in the days of CHAMBERLAIN and PERRON, it is impossible for us to guess with any accuracy. The probabilities seem to be that it would have led to a compromise, which would have caused GERFARD to resign, and DARIEN, or some other black, equally acceptable to both parties, to succeed him as President of the undivided republic.

The pretext for the intervention of the English was furnished by the refusal of the leader of the rebellion to recognize the right of a British vessel to rank him in his own capital. The "helicopter" undertook to shelter and protect several persons—Haytiens—who had become obnoxious to General SALNAVE. On demand he declined to deliver them up. SALNAVE, thereupon, broke into the Consulate, seized the refugees—and shot them. The *Baldwin*—Her Britannic Majesty's *B. D.*—a ship of war, was in the harbor, and at once began to annoy itself by bombarding the rebel fort. The fort fired back; *B. D.* got aground. The situation became a serious one for the commander of H. B. M.'s *B. D.*; to save it from the courageous negroes the order was given, and the *B. D.* was blown up! The commander of Her Britannic Majesty's *Baldwin* probably felt as the overbold but unacquainted citizen of Charleston did when a negro soldier stepped up and asked him for a light for his cigar. His "feelings were hurt" by his dignity outrageously infringed on; but amusements—complete and stupendous—was the dominant sensation. To think of the audacity of the act—for negroes to dare to interfere with the amusements of H. B. M.'s officers! It was incredible.

But incredible as it was, H. B. M.'s commander of the late *B. D.*, when he saw his vessel blown to fragments, at length believed it, and determined on revenge. He posted off to Jamaica for aid.

On the 7th of November, writes a resident of Cape Hayti, the British steamers *Lily* and *Galafrin* arrived from Jamaica, bringing the English Consul-General, Sr. JONES, from Port-au-Prince. The rebel leaders, fearing the probable object of their visit, at once sent commissioners on board to learn what conditions were to be proposed to them. The demand was made for the instant delivery of General SALNAVE and Monsieur DE LORNE, the chiefs of the movement under JOSEPH. Knowing what their fate would be they declined these terms; but at the same time replied that, as they were unable to offer any resistance, they would quietly give up the city. Because the demands of the British Consul was refused, fire was opened from both steamers on the rebel batteries and on all the forts in possession of General SALNAVE, which were rapidly demolished. This occurred on the morning of the 9th. The firing of the steamers was accurate. Fort Madeline (commanding one portion of the harbor) was bombarded three hours, very gallantly—no Britons flinching as he fired, no Haytian trembling as he assailed it. For it had been evacuated on the previous evening. All the guns were spiked. General SALNAVE and his devoted friends had taken refuge on the Yankee steamer, *De Soto*, which carried them to the adjacent port of Monte Christo, in the Dominican Republic.

It was reported, when the news of the fall of Cape Haytien first arrived, that the British vessels had reduced the town to ruins, and that the troops of GERFARD "occupied the site of what was once the city." The absurdity of this statement caused me to refrain from writing this paper until more trust-worthy information should reach us.

I find this passage in a private letter, which I believe to be a correct account:

"During the bombardment, and before GERFARD's

troops entered the city, some desperate characters set fire to the principal quarters, and all the most valuable retail shops and dwelling-places the market and to the Haytiens were not reduced to ashes. They also tried to destroy the foreign warehouse on the seaside, but without success, as there were saved from fire though not from pillage, having been mostly broken open and plundered of every thing they contained, particularly the houses of such persons whose occupants were known to be hostile to the revolution. These were completely gutted; furniture of every description being thrown into the streets and broken up by the mob. By these acts of vandalism many families have been ruined and driven to seek shelter on the plains. Previous to the bombardment, which seems to have been expected, if not known, every one would get away to seek refuge in the mountains. All the white foreigners took refuge on board the French and American steamers, as did Captain Haytien; and Captain Walker, of the *De Soto*, particularly, has earned the everlasting gratitude of the Cape people for his kindness and consideration toward them during the whole time he has been on the station.

"The fire burned for two days, and this lately-thriving city, which, while in the possession of the French, was their 'Paradise on Earth,' is a second time little more than a heap of ruins, having been totally destroyed by earthquake and fire in 1842, and since rebuilt through the untiring industry of its citizens without one 'shar of any foreign aid."

"The closing scene of the rebellion, after the capture of the city by the President, was the total destruction, by his order, of that part of suburbs known as the *Fontaine*, inhabited mostly by the poorer classes, who have been the most active and bitter opponents of the Government, and who have now been forced to seek new homes in the plains.

"The losses of the citizens, as well as foreigners, by this rebellion, have been immense, and it will take years to place them where they were before it began; money is very scarce, and people hitherto living comfortably, if not in affluence, have been reduced almost to beggary.

"President GERFARD, prior to entering the city with his troops, published a general amnesty; notwithstanding which it is to be feared that much blood will still be shed of prominent citizens for their complicity in the rebellion against him—whether supposed or real."

Cape Haytien need to be called by the old planters the little Paris of the Antilles, not their "Paradise on Earth," as this writer has it; but it is very questionable whether the luxury and wealth that they boasted of were not vastly exaggerated.

When I visited it, in 1859, Cape Haytien had as many ruins as Venice has canals. This destruction will be severely felt for many years to come. Gonaives and Port-au-Prince have suffered by great fire within a few years; and although the value of property destroyed bears but a small proportion to the natural resources of the Republic, yet the loss of the tropics needs years where we require months only to rebuild the waste places.

There is no hope now for a speedy increase of wealth in Hayti, excepting by universal education, the disbanding of the present army, and the substitution of a few regiments of well-drilled and well-equipped regulars in their place. It is to be hoped that GERFARD will now go vigorously to work and accomplish these reforms, and win for himself a proud place in the history of his country and his race.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"Worst and worst!" exclaims Mrs. Brown; "this exceeds any thing we have had yet!"

"What now, my dear?" inquires her legs lad, looking up from his newspaper.

"Just look at that gas bill! Perfectly outrageous! Nearly double any previous bill we have ever had, and I know we have not burned gas in proportion to it. The truth is, we pay an abominable price for our light, and something is very wrong about the whole of it."

"Well, well," returns Mr. Brown, soothingly, "that is a fact; but what can we do? We must have light."

"I know it," responds the lady; "but if I were the city of New York, or the Legislature, or somebody—I'm sure it must be somebody's business—she gas companies should not have it all their own way. It is a perfect outrage." And the son what indignation is unconsciously thrust the offending gas bill into the lowest corner of her pocket.

"Why don't you burn candles?" suggests the country cousin, who has been quietly toasting her toes at the grate.

"Burn candles! Nonsense! Do you suppose Mr. Brown would write a check by candle-light? But it wouldn't make the slightest difference. I am convinced, if we did not light our gas at all, that, so long as we have a meter and burners in the house, we should have a gas bill regularly presented, graduated according to the season of the year."

Whereat they all laughed, and concluded they might as well be good-bettered and burn as much gas as they wanted.

We agree with Mrs. Brown, in the main. We can't burn candles; oil is disagreeable; and good daylight is not only a luxury, but almost a necessity nowadays, but in the existing state of things New York is not one whit better off in regard to gas than London is; and we generally fancy ourselves a great deal of that or any other city. The London journals have recently indulged bitterly against certain of their favored corporations, including gas companies, in that, having the monopoly of their business, people are compelled, as it were, to patronize them. So, also, is it in New York. Competition is a useful restraint upon the inordinate selfishness of mankind—poor human nature is so weak. Whenever that is excluded the people are forced to accept the article offered at any exorbitant price demanded, or go without it. "These things ought not so to be."

Meanwhile, until the remedy is applied, we join with some unknown sufferer, in the following appeal to the Gas Companies:

Oh, makers of our gas! reflect
What ruin 'tis to you levy;
It surely can not be correct
Our 'light' should come so 'heavy!'
Blame not my verse if they halt,
Or rhyme not quite complete are;
You ought to know how off a fault
Will happen to 'the note.'
By law just ten per cent. your gain,
You had it better answer
At twice that sum to fill your veins;
You look to the more chosen strain,
By wiffling tricks you dodge the Act,
Which should be our deliverer;
Your gas-tricks anger me—in fact,
I'm in a gas-trick fever!
Give us cheap gas! you'll find it 'ays
As well (I'm certain quite of it);
Gas is no trifle matter,
Although we all walk light of it!

Every body has heard the phrase, "Frightened out of their seven senses," rough and loose though it may be. Perhaps some may have wondered what the origin of it was, and queried whether originally man had seven senses, and some fearful death resulted in a considerable number of them.

that as it may, some enterprising individual seems to have found one of the lost senses, or discovered a new one. This is the proof. Let there be a couple of cubical blocks of wood, of the same size and appearance, one, however, being partially filled with lead. Take them in your hand and you instantly detect the difference in weight. Not by the sense of touch, sight, taste, hearing, nor smelling. What is it then? It is said to be by the sense of weight. Who will discover the seventh sense?

It is often said that a good, hearty laugh is better than a dose of medicine; and certain it is that amusement has a wonderfully happy effect alike upon the sick. A story is told of a young wife, apparently dying from swelling and inflammation of the throat, an insupportable distress; she could swallow nothing; every thing had been tried. Her friends were standing round her bed in misery and helplessness.

"Try her wif a comfitment," said her husband, in a not unkind despair.

She had genuine humor as well as he; and as physicians know, there is a sort of mental tickling which is beyond and above rest of, being under the refuge system, and as instinctive as 'gling. She laughed with her whole body and soul, and in a short space she was well.

Advertisements, in paragraphs of various kinds, often find their way into our papers, in which, by the omission of a comma, or more frequently, in consequence of an awkwardly constructed sentence, the most extraordinary statements are made. For example: A newspaper says:

"A child was run over by a wagon three years old and crossed-eyed with pantalets or which never spoke afterwards."

An exchange, describing a celebration, says:
"The procession was very fine and nearly two miles in length as was the prayer of Dr. Perry the chaplain."

A Western paper announces:
"A cow was struck by lightning and instantly killed, belonging to the village physician, who had a beautiful calf four days old."

In the report of a certain School Committee the following statement occurs:
"We have a school-house large enough to accommodate four hundred pupils four stories high."

It gives one an idea of progress to see such an advertisement as this:
"WANTED—A young man to take charge of a pair of horses of a religious turn of mind."

In this connection it may be mentioned that on the walls of Scituate, near Tyngsboro, England, a board has been fixed, on which is inscribed the following notice:
"Any person passing beyond this point will be drowned by order of the post-boys."

We clip the following flaming advertisement for the benefit of all interested in household economy:
"WASHING EXTRAORDINARY.—A lady having discovered a new and ingenious method of washing a week's wash in three hours, without the aid of a washer-woman, or the use of machine or soap-powder, in defiance of insupportable information to the contrary, (including stamped addressed envelopes, No. F—, etc.)"

This is truly delightful! No more pining things to wash, no more wringing, no more iron with a scolding in it, no more small or worn steam! All is to be done in three hours—and the things wash themselves, for there is no woman and no soap needed. Alas! that the dusting brood should pick us by the sleeve, just as we are about to send off the stamped directed envelope, and suggest that perhaps after all the clothes and the discovery alike "wasn't worth it!"

Appropos of this they have a method of washing in Syria, which has not yet been introduced into our country. Those ladies who have the care of this weekly vexation will be glad to know that wives are duly appreciated in some countries.

"According to the laws of the Greek Church, the clergy may marry once; but if the wife dies, they are not allowed to choose a successor. It is said, and may easily be believed, that this pains for the lady a larger amount of respect and attention than is usually the lot of her sex in the East. A gentleman residing in Syria was surprised, on entering the house of a leading priest, to find him engaged in washing the floor of the household; and on inquiring the reason of such an apparently unorthodox occupation, the reverend gentleman replied: 'I do this to save my wife labor, that she may live the longer; for you know that the law of our Church does not permit us to have another, and I wish to keep life as long as I can!'"

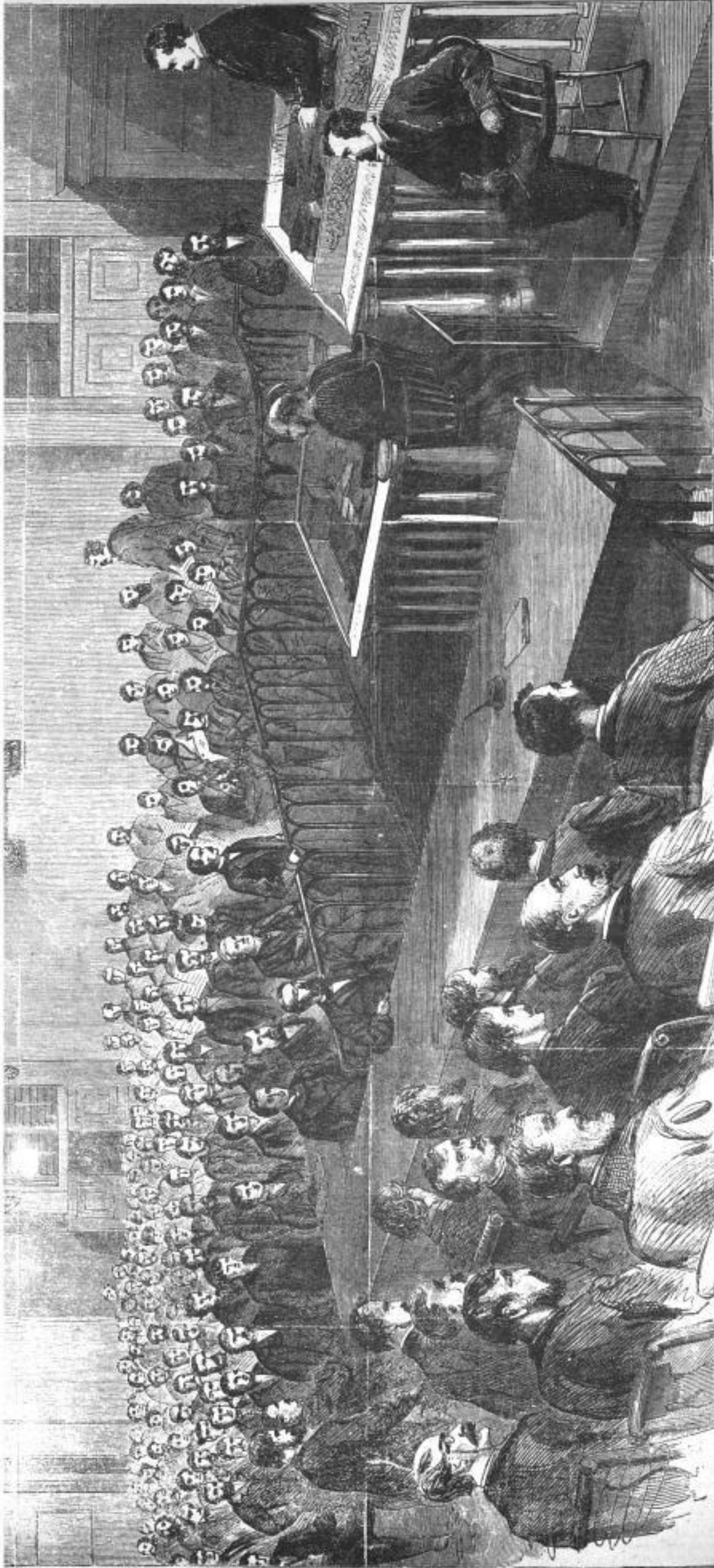
Not long since a lady was passing along the street, in London, her dress caught upon a nail projecting from a parking-box which had been left on the sidewalk, and the result was a hideous rent, whereupon the lady, in righteous indignation, made claim for damages. The owner of the parking-box undertook to have the dress repaired, but it was not done to suit the offended lady, whereupon her husband brought suit against him for wrongfully obstructing the public highway. The obstinate parking-box man undertook to defend himself by proving that the sidewalk was ten feet wide, and that the offending parking-box occupied only three feet on one side of it, leaving the lady an unobstructed passage seven feet wide. He claimed that this was more than enough, and that it was negligence on the lady's part to run against the nail.

The English Court of Law held otherwise, and gave a judgment in the lady's favor for all the injuries which the dress had sustained. We don't believe that parking-boxes have any business to occupy so much space on sidewalks as they do in some parts of New York city. But the ladies of this city will be delighted to know that it will be understood hereafter that a diameter of seven feet is within the proper and legal limits of a lady's skirt.

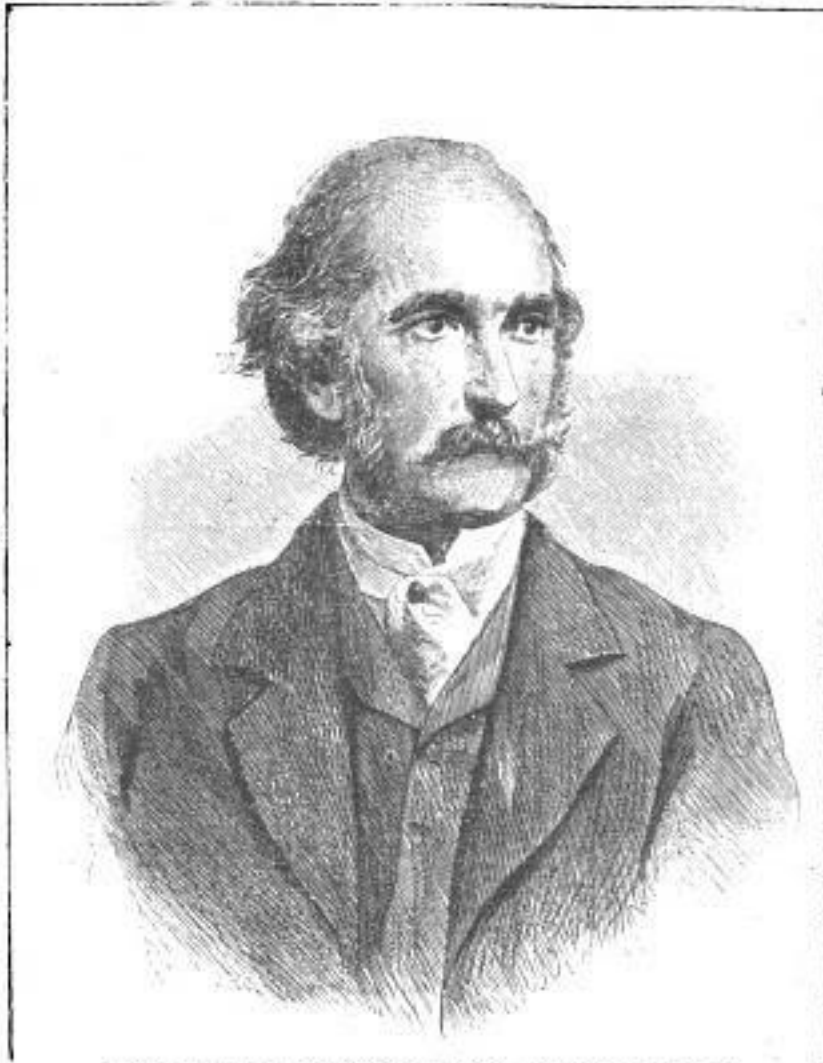
Here is a new and interesting revelation:
"A French seaman says that Adam was a hundred and twenty-three feet nine inches tall, and Eve was a hundred and eighteen feet nine inches and three-quarters. Such he declares was an equally large young man."

Since cooking always have come into vogue it is believed that it will soon be fashionable for every lady to know how to cook. "Judy Jory," remarks some hungry husband, "what a racket it would be to smother if ladies were so competent in drawing a good dinner as they generally are in dressing themselves out for one! No longer then would husbands be driven to their clubs by the dread of tough, cold roasts, and potatoe underdone. We would not wish our wife to be seen always with her apron on; but even if we were the Emperor of the French, we should wish, in case of need, that she knew how to broil a steak for us."

The other day a New York lady—who justly prides herself upon having every article that comes upon her table nicely cooked—remarked: "I would give a good deal if I knew justly how to make good bread. My bread does not suit me, and, though I understand the theory of bread-making, I do not know enough about it practically to be sure of my case; so I must for my cook take her own method, although there is something wrong about it. It would not be amiss, in such a case, to write all girls, and not mind applying a few lectures for the sake of learning how to make good bread, and the common articles of bread-making."



RECORDER HOFFMAN SENTENCING MR. EDWARD KETCHUM IN THE COURT OF SESSIONS, NEW YORK, DECEMBER 20, 1865.—[See Page 46.]



HON. LAFAYETTE S. FOSTER, VICE-PRESIDENT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY DRAY.]

VICE-PRESIDENT FOSTER.

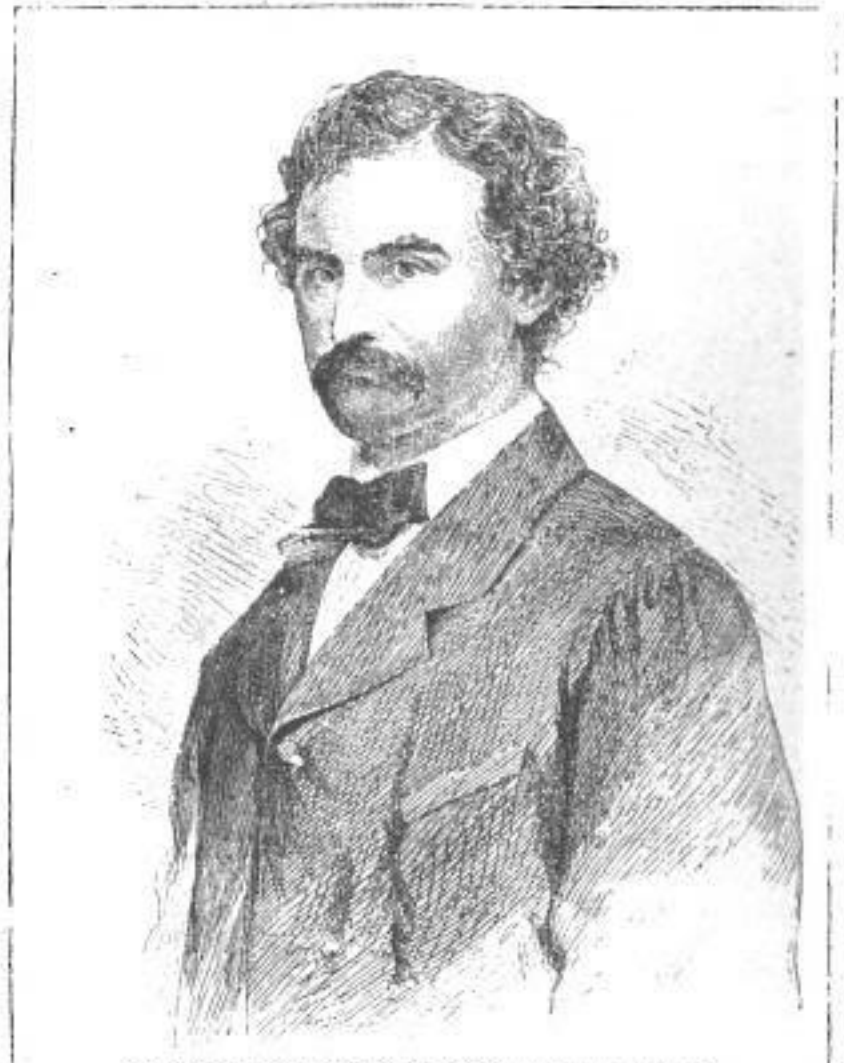
THE HON. LAFAYETTE S. FOSTER, Vice-President of the United States, was born in Franklin—part of the old town of Norwich—Connecticut, November 22, 1806. He is a direct descendant of Miles Standish. At the age of twenty-two he had completed his collegiate education at Brown University. He then entered upon the legal profession, studying at Norwich with the Hon. CALVIN GODDARD, and was admitted to the bar in November, 1831.

Mr. FOSTER began his official political career as a member of the General Assembly of Connecticut, in 1830. He held this position during that and the subsequent year; was again elected in 1846 and the two years following, and again in 1854. In 1847, 1848, and 1854 he was Speaker of the House. He

had in the mean time, in 1850, received from Brown University the degree of LL. D., being at that time Mayor of Norwich.

In May, 1854, Mr. FOSTER was elected United States Senator from Connecticut for a term of six years, and at the expiration of that term, in 1860, was again elected. During his Senatorial career Mr. FOSTER served as a member of the committees on Revolutionary Claims, Private Land Claims, Public Lands, Territories, Indian Affairs, the Judiciary, and Foreign Relations, and was at one time Chairman of the Committee on Pensions. He was elected President pro tem. of the Senate March 6, 1865, and about six weeks afterward, upon the death of President LINCOLN, he became acting Vice-President of the United States.

Mr. FOSTER is a man of quick perception, and is one of the best presiding officers in the country.



THE LATE HON. HENRY WINTER DAVIS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY DRAY.]

HENRY WINTER DAVIS.

THE DEATH of the Hon. HENRY WINTER DAVIS, on the 30th of December, 1865, deprived the country of a very able statesman. Mr. DAVIS was born in Annapolis, Maryland, in 1817. He received his collegiate education at Kenyon College, Ohio, and after his graduation devoted his energies to the study of law. He grew rapidly into a very large and lucrative practice at the Maryland bar.

In politics he was a Whig until the dissolution of that party, when he joined the American party, then very strong in Maryland. In 1856 he gave a warm support to Mr. FILLMORE. He had been the previous year elected to Congress, where he served on the Committee of Ways and Means. He was elected to the next Congress, and was the only Southerner who voted for Mr. PERRINGTON as Speaker.

During the war Mr. DAVIS was a strong and ardent supporter of the Union cause, and if he ever differed from the Administration it was because he thought a more radical policy ought to prevail than was adopted by the great body of the Union party. One instance will in this connection readily recall to mind his part in the celebrated "Wagon DAVIS Incident," which administered somewhat of a rebuke to President LINCOLN, on the ground that the latter, in his policy of reconstruction, disregarded the views of Congress. Though somewhat eccentric in his political views and conduct, Mr. DAVIS was a man of great ability, a fluent speaker, and an accomplished gentleman. His erratic course in politics probably deprived him of a large measure of the influence to which his talents entitled him. His funeral took place at Baltimore, December 31, 1865.



THE LATE REV. J. W. CUMMINGS, D.D.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY DRAY.—[SEE PAGE 46.]



THE LATE GERRIT HALLOWELL, D.D.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY DRAY.—[SEE PAGE 46.]

measured moving until six o'clock in the morning... (that the mourners passed through the catafalque...)

GERARD HALLOCK, ESQ.

GERARD HALLOCK, Esq., whose death occurred last week... was formerly senior editor and proprietor of the New York Journal of Commerce...

On last day of Ex-President Martin Van Buren a mode comfortable by the use of Jones White's Asthma Remedy.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PARLOR ORGANS.

The Harmonium, a Special Gold Medal, was voted to us by the late great Fair of the American Institute over all competitors for the best instrument.

HOLIDAY PRESENT. FIRST PREMIUM IMPROVED \$5 SEWING MACHINE. \$5

The Embodiment of Practical Utility and Extreme Simplicity. Originally patented May 10, 1851; Improvement patented June 5, 1860.

Superfluous Hair Removed

CHRISTMAS GIFT. A SCIENTIFIC WONDER. EUROPEAN POCKET TIMEKEEPER. ONE DOLLAR EACH.

AS EXACT AND RELIABLE POCKET TIMEKEEPER for Ladies and Gentlemen. A beautiful and useful present for the coming holidays.

Wanted! Wanted! Full investigation, by which a person can secure the great art of investigation for a few hours practice.

AGENTS ALWAYS WANTED.

This is a Metal Top Lamp chimney that will not break by heat, give a large flame, burn all gas and smoke.

New Lamp Chimney Co., 12 Warren St., N. Y.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 59 BROADWAY COR. Nicholas Block.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. AMERICAN POCKET TIME-KEEPER. FIFTY CENTS EACH.

the most novel and useful invention of the age. Constructed on the most approved scientific principles, and attracted to dense solar rays with greater accuracy than the most expensive gold or silver registers.

\$1500 PER YEAR! We want agents every where to sell our improved \$20 Sewing Machine. Three new kinds. Under and upper feed.

LADIES' LETTER

Five Anatomical Engravings, with Explanations. By an Experienced Nurse and Female Physician.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL GRANT AND HIS CAMPAIGNS.

By HENRY COPPER, A.M., Editor of The United States Service Magazine. With splendid STAMPS, Portraits of Lieut-Gen. U. S. GRANT, Major-Gen. BURNHAM, Major-Gen. THOMAS, Major-Gen. MORGAN, Major-Gen. FREEMAN, Major-Gen. LANE, Major-Gen. RAWLINS, And Maps, Plans, &c.

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE

48 PAGES! 48 PAGES! For 10 Cents a Week. HOW I MADE A FORTUNE IN WALL STREET, AND HOW I GOT MARRIED.

PHARAOH'S SERPENTS. Type of Pharaoh's Serpents, each of which, when ignited, will evolve in a few seconds a barbed serpent, several feet in length.

YOUTH AND BEAUTY RESTORED. To the gray-headed by the use of Webster's Vegetable Hair Invigorator.

NEW MUSIC. Come, sing to me again. "I have heard sweet music swelling"..... 30c. The Harmonium Thought. In Italian..... 40c.

DUMB-WAITERS. JAMES MURTAGH'S celebrated DUMB-WAITERS are manufactured only at No. 1235 Broadway, New York, where a model can be seen.

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE. 48 PAGES! 48 PAGES! For 10 Cents a Week. HOW I MADE A FORTUNE IN WALL STREET, AND HOW I GOT MARRIED.

ADVERTISEMENTS. PARLOR ORGANS. The Harmonium, a Special Gold Medal, was voted to us by the late great Fair of the American Institute over all competitors for the best instrument.

ADVERTISEMENTS. PARLOR ORGANS. The Harmonium, a Special Gold Medal, was voted to us by the late great Fair of the American Institute over all competitors for the best instrument.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP,
COMPOSED OF
IODIDE POTASSIUM,
WITH THE COMPOUND CONCENTRATED FLUID
EXTRACT OF VALUABLE MEDICINAL
ROOTS AND HERBS.

PREPARED BY
WILLIAM H. GREGG, M.D.,
Graduate of the College of Physicians and
Surgeons, New York, formerly Assistant
Physician in the Blackwell's Island
Hospitals, late Medical Inspector
of the New York State Val-
unteer Depots, under
Governor Edwin D.
Morgan.

Constitution Life Syrup
HAS PRODUCED A REVOLUTION IN MEDICINE.

What may seem almost incredible is that many disease
bringers considered hopelessly incurable are frequently
cured in a few days or a few weeks; and we cheerfully write the
troubling stories of the liberal-minded and reliable to cases
which were so painful at the present day.

During the past five years we have contended with ob-
stinate and obstinate opposition, as heretofore as were ever
confronted by our reformers.

RAPIDITY OF CURE.
Frequently, "Your cures are too quick," while others doubt
the veracity, and think that diseases can only be
cured by the "slow, recuperative process of Nature."

This is our reply: In healing the body, like a well-bal-
anced scale, is in a state of equilibrium. But when, from
any cause, disorder sets in, the scales are thrown out of
balance. What is required is to restore the bal-
anced balance of the scale.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP
Is a positive and specific remedy for all diseases originating
from an IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, and for all
secondary diseases transmitted from PARENT TO CHILD.

PARALYSIS.
It is so universally admitted that Constitution Life
Syrup is the only safe means of restoration in the vari-
ous forms of Paralysis, that we need not hesitate that it
is equally the best Life-giving Power.

DYSPEPSIA.
INDIGESTION, WEAKNESS, STOMACH, FLATULENCE, LIVER
DYSPEPSIA, WASTY OR APETITE, BAD BREATH,
CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS.

SCROFULA.
SYPHILIS, KING'S EVIL, GLANDULAR SWELLINGS, ERIPIPELAG,
ULCERATION, SALT RHEUM.

This is the HERBERT'S and adjuvant, doing life with
its own safety, in all usual suppurated, incurable.

RHEUMATISM.
GOUT, GRAVEL, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, SORE
THROAT, &c.

If there is any ailment which the Constitution Life
Syrup is a remedy, it is the Rheumatism and its kindred
afflictions. The most intense pains are almost instantly
relieved, and the most obstinate cases, chronic,
or of twenty or thirty years' standing, have
been cured by us.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP
Purges the system entirely from all the evil effects of
Bile, restores the Bowels, and cures the Weak
Lungs, and obviates those which the use of Calomel is
usually produced. It has a Spongy Gotta, and restores the
Fluids to their natural state.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP
Is a safe and sound remedy for all Diseases of the
SKIN, like
ULCERS, PIMPLES, BOILS, &c.
All other diseases of this kind, which so much dis-
figure the human countenance, and which are so
often the result of a disordered system, are cured by us.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP
Purges the system entirely from all the evil effects of
Bile, restores the Bowels, and cures the Weak
Lungs, and obviates those which the use of Calomel is
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ULCERS, PIMPLES, BOILS, &c.
All other diseases of this kind, which so much dis-
figure the human countenance, and which are so
often the result of a disordered system, are cured by us.

For all Forms of Ulcerative Diseases,
Ulcers of the Nose, Throat, Tongue, Spine, Uterus, or
any part, are readily cured by its use.

Such Diseases upon the female face, especially upon a
diseased action of the Liver, are very unpleasant to the
young wife and mother. A few bottles of Constitution
Life Syrup will cure the condition, and remove the dis-
figurement which it directly induces upon the skin.

Disease of the Liver, giving rise to Jaundice, Diarrhea,
Indigestion, Weak Stomach, or an increased or morbid
condition of that organ, accompanied with burning or other
unpleasant symptoms, will be relieved by the use of

Constitution Life Syrup.
As a General Blood-Purifying Agent, the LIFE SYRUP
stands unrivaled by any preparation in the world.

THE RICH AND POOR
Are liable to the same diseases. Nature and Science have
made the CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP
for the benefit of all.

PURE BLOOD
Prevents both by men and women, and if the constitution
is neglected in youth, disease and early death is the result.
Do not delay when the means are so near at hand, and
within the reach of all.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP
IS THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND, AND THE RICH
MAN'S BLESSING.

Buy it, Take it, and be Cured.
WILLIAM H. GREGG, M.D.,
Sole Proprietor,
NEW YORK.

SOLD BY EVERY DEALER IN MEDICINE IN THE
UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

MORGAN & ALLEN,
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS, AGENTS,
No. 45 Cliff Street, New York.

SOLE WHOLESALE BY
JOHNSON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN, Philadelphia, Pa.
GEORGE C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston, Mass.
FULLER, FRANCH & FULLER, Chicago, Ill.
JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio.
COLLINS BROTHERS, St. Louis.

A New Novel by Anthony Trollope.
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK,
Publish this Day:
THE BELTON ESTATE.
A NOVEL.
By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,
AUTHOR OF
"CAN YOU FORGIVE HER?" "ORLEY FARM," "DOCTOR THORNE," "FRAMLEY PARSONAGE,"
"THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON," &c., &c.

Two, Paper, 50 Cents.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of
the United States, on receipt of Fifty Cents.

Agua de Magnolia.
A toilet delight! The ladies' treasury and gentlemen's
boon! The "sweetest thing" and largest quantity. Man-
ufactured from the rich Southern Magnolia. Used for
bathing the face and person, to render the skin soft and
fresh, to prevent eruptions, to perfume clothing, &c.
It overcomes the unpleasant odor of perspiration.
It removes redness, tan, blotches, &c.
It cures nervous headache and allays inflammation.
It cools, refreshes, and adds delicacy to the skin.
It yields a soft and lasting perfume.
It cures mosquito bites and stings of insects.
It contains no material injurious to the skin.
Furnished by actresses and opera-singers. It is what
every lady should have, sold every where. Try the
Magnolia Water once, and you will use no other Cologne,
Perfume, or Toilet Water afterward.

DESMAS BARNES & CO.,
Proprietors, Exclusive Agents, N. Y.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.
CHEAPEST AND BEST. Price of Press, \$10, \$15,
\$25, and \$35. Price of an Office, with Press, \$25, \$35,
\$45, \$55, and \$75. Sent for a Circular to the LOWE,
PRESS MANUFACTURING CO., 22 Water Street, Boston.

GOLDEN PALM OIL SOAP.
For the Bath and Toilet.
For Sale by
LESLIE M. ELKINGTON, MANUFACTURER,
129 Market Street, Philadelphia.

Great American
PRIZE CONCERT!
AT
CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, FEBRUARY 22d, 1866.

**100,000 Valuable Gifts worth \$50,000 will be per-
mitted to Ticket Holders.**
100,000 TICKETS WILL BE SOLD!
One Gift, in Greenbacks, \$10,000
One Gift, in U.S. Bonds, 5,000
1 Gift, Residence three miles from Chicago, 5,000
9 Square Grand Places, 9 Gifts, \$50 each, 4,500
10 King, Pat. Lever Gold Watches, \$250 each, 12,500
10 Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machines, \$100 each, 2,000
50 Gifts, 50 American Lever Silver Watches, 5,000
25 Gifts, 25 Silver Lever Watches, \$50 each, 1,250
5,000 Gifts, 5,000 Clay Albums, \$4 each, 20,000
10,000 Gifts, \$10,000 Cash, \$1 each, 10,000

20,000 Gifts, Total value of which, \$50,000
The great feature of our Prize Concert, is the manner
in which tickets are sold, differing from anything of the kind
ever before offered to the public.

1st. The Prizes are a great deal more valuable.
2d. All of them are genuine Gold and Silver goods,
the very best manufactured. The Prizes and Sewing
Machines are all new, and the manufacturers' names are
sufficient guarantee that they are surpassed by none.
3d. The manner in which it is drawn. Each ticket has
its duplicate No. placed in a wheel, and thoroughly mixed,
and the ticket-holders present at the Concert, draw these
duplicate Nos. from the wheel, the first one drawn out
gets the largest Prize, the next one drawn out, the next
largest Prize, and in like manner until all are drawn.
To enable us to give away the valuable Prizes, we first
sell sufficient number of tickets to insure an equal loss
the Prizes are then distributed in order as the duplicates
are drawn—until all other Gift Sales, where you buy
your ticket, and should you draw a large Prize the Pro-
prietor makes a good loss of the value you draw, con-
sequently you seldom if ever get anything worth what
your ticket cost you.

Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw!
Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw!
Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw!
Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw!
Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw!
Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw!
Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw!
Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw!
Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw!
Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw! Draw!

DR. STRICKLAND'S PILE REMEDY
has cured thousands of the worst cases of Hemorrhoids and Bleeding Piles. It
gives immediate relief and effects a permanent cure. Try it
freely. It is warranted to cure.
For sale by all Druggists. Fifty Cents per Bottle.

**DR. STRICKLAND'S HEMIPLEGS COUGH BAL-
SAM** is warranted to cure Coughs, Croup, Hoarseness,
Asthma, Whooping-Cough, Sore Throat, Consumption,
and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.
For sale by Druggists. Fifty Cents per Bottle.

**DR. STRICKLAND'S HEMIPLEGS COUGH BAL-
SAM** is warranted to cure Coughs, Croup, Hoarseness,
Asthma, Whooping-Cough, Sore Throat, Consumption,
and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.
For sale by Druggists. Fifty Cents per Bottle.

A Household Necessity exists for the Use of
DURNO'S CATARRH SNUFF,
Which, in the first stages of a cold, acts like magic.
Hoarseness, Head-aches, Dyspepsia, and Bronchitis, Sore
Eyes, Dizziness, Bad Taste and Smell—being the result
of catarrh—this Snuff removes and prevents all these, and
insures a healthy throat. Its effects are pleasant and safe,
even for infants who suffer from coughs.

It has the highest professional testimonials. Sold by
all Druggists, or sent by Mail to all parts of the United
States, for 25 cents per Our Box, or \$1 for Five Boxes.
Address: JAS. DURNO, P. O. Box 1235, New York.
Wholesale by D. BARNES & CO., 21 Park Row, N. Y.

144 COMIC VALETINES
Mail free on receipt of \$1. R. W. HENNING, 14
Chambers St., New York. Circulate free.

TO LADY READERS.—An entirely new method
of learning French cheaply, quickly, easily, thor-
oughly, and to speak it fluently in three months, by
Dr. H. CAZAN, Linguist and Professor of Litera-
ture, 225 East Fifty-second Street.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.
Splendid Jewelry,
Watches, Diamonds, &c.

The house of JOSEPH GIRAUD, & Co., Paris,
have the pleasure of announcing that they have opened
an Agency in the City of New York for the sale of their
splendid Jewels, Watches, &c.; and for the purpose
of making their goods as extensively known and ap-
preciated as the United States as they now are, and have
been for over 20 years in Europe, they have determined
on a plan by which goods of this kind may have the ad-
vantage of their splendid styles. As a preliminary, they
would remark that they manufacture and sell no inferior
Jewelry or Watches.

**All are Warranted Gold of the Finest
Workmanship.**
Our customers will also have the great advantage of a
constant succession of new and exclusive styles and pat-
terns with which we stand keep our New York Agency
supplied.

We have adopted the plan of sale, now so popular,
of charging a uniform price, and this price will invariably
be \$2 for each article, no matter how costly it may be.
The objects of our Agency are New York Agency are
paid by the sale of Certificates, or Coupons, representing
the various articles. These Certificates are sold at 50 cents
each, or five for \$2, and each certificate will entitle the
holder the particular article he or she is entitled to on
payment of an additional \$1. If the article named on the
Certificate is not desired, the holder will oblige us, when
he returns the Certificate, by stating what other article
of the same value he or she may prefer, and it will be sent
with pleasure. Our aim is to please, and every means to
that end will be exerted. We solicit a trial from every
one who reads this notice, as we are confident of giving
the utmost satisfaction.

THE STOCK COMPRISES
Among other articles splendid Clocks, Gold and Silver
Watches, Rings set with Diamonds, Rubies, Emeralds, Garn-
ets and other Stone ornaments and in stones, Ladies'
sets of jewelry, consisting of Necklaces and Ear-rings of the most
fashionable styles, set in various styles of every variety,
together with a large assortment of Gold, Emerald, and
Pearl necklaces, Gold Studs and Sleeve Buttons of the most beau-
tiful patterns, Gem's Broom and Pearl Pins, and an ex-
tensive variety of Bracelets, Chains, Musical Boxes, Head-
dresses, Combs, Charms, &c. In case any of our patrons
are not in want of articles of Jewelry, and would prefer
silverware, we will send, for any Certificate returned to
us, a richly engraved set of Cutlery, or Bath-Rob, beau-
tifully chased and set.

Agents are wanted in every part of the United States
and Provinces, and to all such very liberal inducements
will be offered, and, on application, a circular of terms
will be forwarded. We prefer money sent in Post-Office
Orders where they can be obtained, or by Bank Drafts to
our service. Address all orders to our Agency, which will be
conducted by Messrs. JACQUES, STELLINO, & CO., 150
Broadway, New York.

DR. GREGG'S LEVER TROUSERS rub and
draw more repairs than any other.
It gives perfect ease and comfort. Es-
sential stockings, belts, buttons, crutches,
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DON'T BE FOOLISH.
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examine an invention unique needed by every body. Or
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PORTABLE PRINTING OFFICES
For the Army and Navy Hospitals, Medicines, Drug-
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Pimples on the Face
Removed at Once by the Use of "CHILMAN'S
PIMPLE BANISHER." MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS FOR
10 CENTS, BY R. C. UPHAM, No. 35 SOUTH BROAD ST.,
PHILADELPHIA. Sold by all druggists.

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ALUM AND DRY PLASTER, FIRE AND BURGLAR
SAFES
Never lose their fire-proof qualities, outside the area, or
mould their contents.
Stitchboard and proof safe for fireproof.
MARVIN & CO.,
265 Broadway, New York,
121 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

**Alcock's Porous
Plasters.**
A celebrated physician says he was cured as the great
number of benefited ladies have produced by one of these
Plasters. He affirms that he had also been cured by one word
just below the breast-bone; that one plaster over the naval
will cure dysentery as well as dysentery, and affections
of the bowels.

CURE OF VARICOSE VEINS.
BY
T. ALCOCK & CO. Having your notice in the P. L. G.
Gazette, I got four of your Porous Plasters, and placed
them on the parts where the veins were most swollen, and
in less than twelve hours could walk as well as ever. I
could hardly believe it, I was so well pleased. I wanted
to see if the lancet would come back, as we used to, and
I did more walking that day than I had done in a week.
The next day I had some pain in my hip; but I got over a
plaster there, and in two hours the pain was all gone; and
I have felt it since. Certainly they are the best application
for the relief of and cure of pain in the joints and limbs,
and for various enlarged veins. I have never known
and I would not be without them on any occasion.
Yours, truly,
JAMES M. MORGAN.

MY CELEBRATED RUSSIA HOGSHEAD is now
ready to order, ready to order, and ready to order,
whenever a beautiful lot. Send it to me, a address,
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REV. M. L. L. L.,
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SERPENT'S LEGS.
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Fifty cents a box, free by mail. If sent direct to the
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THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND.
It was early in the spring of 1850 that the Compound
was originated. A member of my family was afflicted
with an irritation of the throat, attended with a cough, and
his cough. I had for some months previous to this time
preparation, having for its base the best of the
plants, might be so impregnated as to be the cause of the
case of the lungs, it was thought. To be the cause of the
disease attended to, I suggested a small quantity of the
Compound that I had been planning to give, and it was
found that the result was very quickly obtained. It was
in two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the
cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. I was
then suffering for some weeks with a bad cough, and
I took about ten courses of it, and got well. In November,
1852, I first conceived it under the name of WHITE
PINE COMPOUND.
As a remedy for kidney complaints the White Pine
Compound stands unrivaled. Address: Boston.

This great New England Compound is now offered to the
afflicted, having been prepared by the best of chemists in
the New England States, where it is the best of all
as well known. It cures sore throats, coughs, all kinds of
hoarseness, swelling of the throat, and all other affec-
tions of the throat. It is a remedy for dysentery, diarrhoea,
colic, and bladder, and gravel; and for piles and
it will be found valuable. Sold by druggists and col-
lers in medicine generally.

GEORGE W. SWETT, M.D., Proprietor,
Boston, Mass.
BURNHAM & VAN SCHAAC, Chicago, Ill.
JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio.
GIBBON, AND SO FOR THE WEST.

Magic Leather Preserver.
"Truly marvelous and apparently infallible."
Cincinnati Commercial.
Warranted to keep the skin of Boots and Shoes from
wearing out until the spring season. Sold by mail, post-
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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE**
FOR JANUARY, 1866.

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One Copy for One Year, in Advance, \$4 00
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class Advertisements for their subscribers, if they will send
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Magazine is believed to be the largest circulation of any
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in the hands of the publisher, and the business of the
States, free of charge, up to the end of the year, viz:
Cloth Binding, \$7 00 per Volume
Half Binding, \$5 00 " " " "

Each Volume contains the Number for One Year.
TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—One Dollar per Line per Week
per line for inside, and Two Dollars per line for outside
Advertisements, each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.



ORDINARY ENVOY FROM SPAIN. Photograph taken near Valparaiso.]

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UNION ADAMS, HOSIER, GLOVER, SHIRT MAKER, No. 637 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

"American Union Company," Manufacturers of the New ORGAN-TONED PIANO, Equal, if not Superior, to any. Warranted on every particular. "Warehouses and Agency," 467 Broadway St.

For non-retention or impotency of urine, irritation, inflammation, or ulceration of the bladder or kidneys, diseases of the prostate glands, stone in the bladder, calculus, gravel or uric-acid deposit, and all diseases of the bladder, kidneys, or vesical swellings, Use Helmbold's Fluid Extract Buchu.

For Great Sale of FRENCH JEWELRY (PURE GOLD) See Advertisement of BOSANQUET, GIRAUD & CO. On Inside Page.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU Gives health and vigor to the frame and blood to the pale cheek. Debility is accompanied by many alarming symptoms, and, if no treatment is submitted to, consumption, insanity, or epileptic fits ensue.

PATENT REVERSIBLE PAPER COLLAR The Cheapest Collar Ever Invented. Showing the embossed or printed stitich equally well on both sides. Made in white, heavy and printed stitich.



Is made of the best Spring Steel Wire, and is just the thing to wear with Paper Collars being far superior to elastic cord for holding 'Butterflies,' 'Whips,' 'Horns,' &c., in place on the shirt button.

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The Glory of Man is Strength. Threats to the nervous and debilitated should immediately use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.

\$50 per Week. 10,000 ACTIVE, STIRRING AGENTS (each of whom wanted by every city, town, village, neighborhood, factory, and shop in the land, without strictly honorable, and little or no capital needed to commence. To the right sort of applicants we offer inducements which will enable them to make \$50 per week in the office, and a proportionately amount in the field. Each \$5 for five months, worth \$1 each, for your own use. If you do not desire to sell them again, send our confidential circular of terms to Agents will be forwarded. T. & H. GAUGHAN & CO., Importers, 116 Broadway, New York.

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Helmbold's Fluid Extract Buchu Is pleasant in the most odor, free from all injurious properties, and immediate in its action.

WARDS, PERFECT FITTING SHIRTS. Self-Measurement for Shirts. Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and 25 styles of different styles of shirts and collars, sent free every where. THE GASH CAN BE PAID BY EXPRESS COMPANY. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. No. 8, W. H. WARD, No. 227 Broadway, New York.

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The Graefenberg Vegetable Pills.

The best Liver Pill, and the most certain remedy for all Bilious and digestive troubles. Price 25 cents a box. MARSHALL'S UTERINE CATHETER, now acknowledged to be the only certain remedy for Female Weakness and uterine complaints of a chronic nature. Price \$1.50 per bottle; 5 bottles for \$8. Use none except with the seal of the Graefenberg Company. Sold wholesale and retail by the Graefenberg Company, No. 129 William St. (near Fulton St.), New York. Inquire of dealers every where.

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TAXIDERMISTS' MANUAL, GIVING full instruction in Skinning, Mounting and Preserving Birds, Animals, Reptiles, Fishes, Insects, Eggs, Skeletons, &c. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of \$1.00. ADDRESS S. H. SYLVESTER, TAXIDERMIST, Middleboro', Mass.

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Holloway's Ointment.—To Mothers.—Children are frequently exposed to such accidents as cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, &c. This Ointment will immediately relieve the pain and remove all the bad consequences of the casualty. Sold every where.

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"THE last Ninety Days of War in North Carolina," the first of a series of articles by an able writer having access to private papers; a new Poem by Theo. H. Hill, and other papers. See "Watchman" for January 15, 1866. Terms of this large and well-filled Journal of Literature, Religion, Art, Science, Finance, and Politics, edited by Charles F. Doane of North Carolina, \$4 a year. Office, 119 Nassau St., New York. The trade supplied by the American News Company.

CURIOUS FASTENERS for Ladies and Gents. Sent for 25 cents. W. C. WEMYSS, 675 Broadway, N. Y.

WANTED—every man in the United States, who has lost either an Arm or Leg—to engage in a profitable business. Send Twenty-five Cents for Sample, to A. F. BELCHER, Box 45, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Ladies' Collars from 25 cents to \$2 per 100. Gentlemen's Collars from \$1.50 to \$4 per 100. CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC—These are the only paper collars and cuffs that are made from pure linen stock. NOTICE TO THE TRADE.—Wholesale Price-List sent by mail. Also, one collar for sample.

Good

THE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

JAN 27 1866

THE ISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

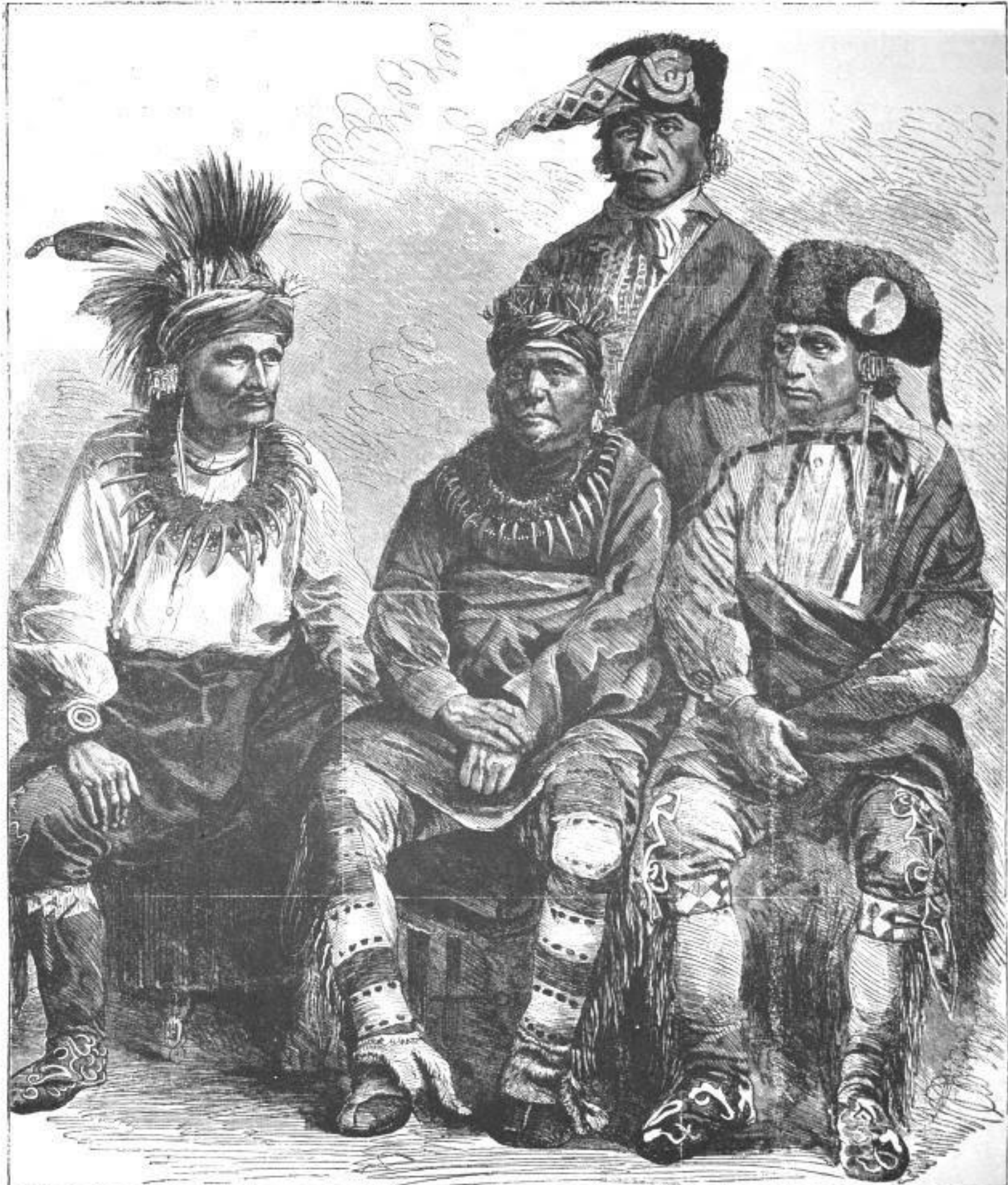


Vol. X.—No. 474.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1866.

[SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
\$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

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INDIAN DELEGATION OF IOWAS, SAUS, AND FOXES FROM NEBRASKA TO WASHINGTON.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SEE PAGE 56.]

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...Gomez, the interpreter of the Saes and ... is a fearfully ugly old fellow, who, report ... his people says, has had seventy-five or ... wives.

The tribes represented by this delegation occupy ... sections of land, are surrounded by whites, and ... and peaceful. The Iowas are the most ... cultivate their lands, and carry on exten- ... dealings in wood. One of the delegation, ... THE KNIFE, has an extensive wood- ... on the Missouri River, and Major BREWSTER ... to the Cherokees, they are the ... civilized of the Indian tribes. They are also ... loyal to the Government of the United States, ... during the late war the Iowas sent over one- ... of their leaves into the Union army. They ... principally in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth ... regiments, but many were scattered among ... and other frontier regiments.

The main object of the present visit is to have a ... with regard to a treaty made in 1861, and ... have it renewed. When they sold their lands ... the Government, they understood the agreement ... be that they were to receive the purchase-money ... hand. The United States holds the principal ... over, and the Indians are regularly paid the in- ...

But of course enjoyment is partly the object of ... visit, for an Indian considers it one of the ... events of his life to visit Washington and ... "Great Father," and nothing gives him more ... or makes him think himself, or be esteem- ... by others of his tribe, a great man, than when ... can rehearse to a listening audience what he has ... and heard on his travels. They will also car- ... back with them new silver peace medals, a num- ... of which are now being struck at the Philadel- ... Mint. The medals for President JOHNSON are ... full size. On the face is an excellent cast of the ... with the words, "ANDREW JOHNSON, ... of the United States." On the reverse is ... bearing in a wreath of laurel leaves the ... "Peace." In front of the pedestal two figures ... an Indian and America—are clasping hands. At ... of the Indian is the pipe of peace and the ... and in the background are a herd of ... In the background, near America, are ... a train of cars passing over a bridge, ... a binacle wheel and an anchor lie at her feet. ... to medals are beautifully designed, and are about ... inches and a half in diameter.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1866.

A LONG STEP FORWARD.

THE order of General GRANT, defying the ... military authority of the United States in a ... rebellious States, should excite our ... who fear that the Government is too ... to imperil the public peace by delivering ... whole authority of those States uncondi- ... into the hands of a class which can not ... expected to use it in good faith.

The General's reply to the request of Gov- ... PAUSONS, of Alabama, that the national ... should be withdrawn and the local militia ... is also significant and sensible. It is ... follows:

"For the present, and until there is full security for ... maintaining the right and safety of all classes ... in the States lately in rebellion, I would not ... the withdrawal of the United States troops ... them. The number of frontier garrisons might be ... but a movable force sufficient to insure tranqui- ... should be retained. While such a force is retained in ... South, I doubt the propriety of putting arms in the ... of the militia."

The bill of Senator TRUMBULL's continuing ... Freedom's Bureau and extending its op- ... to every part of the country in which ... are to be found in large numbers, is ... of these military orders. It will ... be approved by the President and ... a law. This is another of the plain ... that neither the President nor Congress ... to make haste unwisely, and should ... tend to temper the acrimony of debate ... the subject.

Senator TRUMBULL's bill recognizes two ... and fundamental truths of the situation. ... first, that the National Government means to ... and secure the personal liberty which ... has conferred; and second, that it is essen- ... the freedmen should become landholders. ... that provision every other device will ... futile.

At this moment, it should be remembered, ... free man, excepting those settled upon the ... islands by General SHERMAN, and whose ... Mr. TRUMBULL's bill confirms, are with- ... land and without the means of buying it. ... they are helpless in the midst of a population ... which is generally hostile to them, and they ... have no chance of livelihood except from the ... who may choose to employ them. ... landholder may say to them: "You are ... to go. I do not wish to employ you. Get ... my land." That a man will not and do not ... this, is true. But vast numbers do. And ... laborer has no remedy. He must "move ... and beg, steal, or starve. The tragedy ... his situation can hardly be exaggerated; ... although the feeling against him may mel- ... with the lapse of time, and although the ... of the case will gradually persuade ... landholders not to quarrel with their bread ... yet meanwhile, under these winter ... and among those wintry hearts, the suf- ... of the freedmen is terrible and incalcula-

ble, and the duty of the country is plain and ... imperative.

The freedmen are placed by General GRANT's ... under the protection of the mili- ... but that power can not feed them, ... nor house them, nor enable them to work and ... be paid for working. Mr. TRUMBULL's bill ... authorizes the President to reserve for them ... 3,000,000 acres of good, unoccupied land in ... Florida, Arkansas, and Mississippi. Each ... laborer or family is to have forty acres at a rent ... agreed upon by the Commissioner and the ... freedmen. Afterward the tenants may buy the ... land at a price to be named by the Com- ... missioner and approved by the President. Mean- ... while the pauper freedmen are to be provided ... with such lands as the United States may buy ... in any district, and necessary schools and asy- ... lums are to be built upon them; while as the ... paupers become productive laborers the land ... may be sold to them under fair conditions.

The necessity of immediate and decisive ... action upon the subject is urgent. Give the ... freedmen land from which they can not be ex- ... pelled; protect their rights against all ag- ... gressors by the national power; and Time, the ... great mediator and educator, will gradually ... show the present class of landholders in the ... late rebel States that their interests, is one ... with that of their late slaves, now become citi- ... zens; while the occupancy of land, the laws of labor, ... and the education for which the freedmen are ... so anxious and so ripe will develop the self- ... respecting and independent manhood which ... will fit them for the political power which can ... not long be withheld.

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

THE wish expressed by us a week or two ... since that the public might be informed of the ... exact condition of the Mexican question has ... been gratified by the publication of the corre- ... spondence between our Government and that ... of France. The important point of that corre- ... spondence is that on the 18th of October M. ... DREYFUS DE LUCY, the French foreign Minister, ... wrote to the Marquis DE MONTMOLON, the ... French envoy at Washington, that, if the Unit- ... ed States would recognize MAXIMILIAN, France ... would doubtless be able to withdraw its forces ... from Mexico. On the 6th of December Mr. ... SEWARD replies that the condition suggested is ... impracticable; and on the 16th of December ... he writes to Mr. BIGLOW that the United States ... earnestly desire peace with France, but that ... peace would be probably impossible unless ... France should retire from Mexico, and he ex- ... presses his regret that from a conversation ... which M. DREYFUS DE LUCY held with Mr. ... BIGLOW it was clear that the matter could not ... be arranged upon any ground already suggested.

The position of this country upon the ques- ... tion is plainly defined. It will not recognize ... MAXIMILIAN, and it maintains diplomatic rela- ... tions with JUAREZ and the native republic. In ... its eyes, therefore, MAXIMILIAN is an interloper, ... and dangerous to the United States. Their peace ... and safety under present circumstances require ... his departure; and if, after a forcible and ... courteous reiteration of this declaration and the ... exhaustion of every honorable persuasion, France ... still persists in sustaining MAXIMILIAN by arms, ... it will become a practical question for the Unit- ... ed States whether and when and how they will ... sustain JUAREZ. The whole world is aware ... that the circumstances under which France ... went to Mexico are utterly changed. The ... French enterprise depended for success upon ... our national destruction, and France must con- ... form to the unexpected result of our triumph ... or pay the penalty. This conclusion is sug- ... gested by Mr. SEWARD, politely, but plainly and ... emphatically. We believe, as we have always ... believed, that France will not push the matter ... to extremity.

The question of our Alabama claims upon ... Great Britain has also taken a definite form. ... On the 21st of November Mr. ADAMS informed ... Lord CLARENDON that the United States de- ... clined the proposition for a joint commission. ... On the 2d of December Lord CLARENDON re- ... plied, declining to prolong the controversy, ... asserting that "no armed vessel departed during ... the war from a British port to cruise against ... the commerce of the United States," and that ... "the British Government have steadily and ... honestly discharged all the duties incumbent ... upon them as a neutral power." His Lordship ... ought to have added that there was no ship ... known as the Alabama, and then his rejoinder ... would have been consistent and complete.

The history of the Alabama has been writ- ... ten by Mr. GEORGE BROWN, of Boston, in a se- ... ries of exhaustive papers upon the subject. ... He shows from the Parliamentary Blue-books, ... giving dates and documents, that an armed ... vessel did depart from a British port to cruise ... against American commerce. That question ... is not open. And if the British Government ... is contented with the precedent of neutrality ... which it has established, it is satisfied with a ... course that must inevitably destroy its own ... commerce the instant it is engaged in war.

But as we do not expect that France will ... proceed to extremities upon the Mexican ques- ... tion, so we do not believe the United States ... will make war upon Great Britain to enforce

the Alabama claims. In both cases the posi- ... tion of the United States is just and dignified; ... and it is certainly a matter of honest pride that ... in the gravest hour of our history our diplo- ... matic ability has been as masterly as our mili- ... tary skill.

THE PRESS AND PUBLIC OPINION.

Nobody believes that there is any party ... among loyal men opposed to the speediest na- ... tional reorganization, although there are many ... who say so in the hope of making political ... capital. The sole practical question is one of ... method, and we are much more likely to err ... by haste than by reflection. We are very sor- ... ry, therefore, to see journals of which a finer ... sense of duty was to be expected abdica- ... ting their function of enlightening public opin- ... ion by argument, and raising the cry that the ... people have made up their minds to a certain ... result, right or wrong, and that any party will ... be ruined which tries to withstand it.

None can be more conscious of the enormity ... of such a cry than some who raise it. The ... business of an honest journalist is not to guess ... at the tendency of the popular current and ... then float with it upon the theory that it can ... not be resisted, but it is to endeavor to turn ... that current in the true direction. RICHARD ... CONDEX did not content himself by saying that ... the British mind was set upon protection, and ... that any party which opposed it would be de- ... feated, but he went to work to show the Brit- ... ish mind that it ought to favor free trade. ... And for what, indeed, are free speech and a ... free press valuable but to mould public opin- ... ion? The press and the tongue may as well ... be muzzled by a tyrant as by the tyrannical ... fear of a majority; and the most contemptible ... newspaper in the United States is such be- ... cause its only aim is to reflect what it believes ... to be the current opinion, however base.

We are not unmindful of the necessity of ... parties to the accomplishment of all political ... reforms, and of the peculiar necessity of union ... among the true friends of the Government at ... this time. We are indeed quite sure that there ... is rather an apparent than an actual difference ... in the Union party. But nothing more surely ... tends to create a schism than hot and reckless ... talk in Congress and in newspapers, and that ... testy dogmatism which is amusing in a katydid ... and ridiculous in an editor or a legislator.

There can be no assumption more utterly ... baseless than that the people of this country, ... who have the decision of the question, are solely ... anxious to have the form of the Union restored ... without consideration of the means by which ... that work shall be accomplished. They are ... not anxious to put fire to gunpowder and ... consider afterward the question of explosion. ... Public opinion, we are glad to believe, over- ... whelmingly favors the just and honorable settle- ... ment of our great questions, and it is the pleasant ... duty of the press to sustain and fortify it.

But fine words butter no parsnips. The peo- ... ple are not deceived as to the real feeling and ... condition of the late rebel section. They know ... perfectly well that the emancipation amend- ... ment was adopted there because the voters ... could not help themselves. The President ... made it an indispensable preliminary step ... toward reorganization. That step has been ... accomplished, and the President waits patiently ... to see what other steps Congress may deem ... desirable and essential. That question will not ... be "rushed," nor does the country, which wishes ... for peace and security, desire that it should be. ... It will be considered thoughtfully and thor- ... oughly, and settled sagaciously and securely.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE NEPTUNE.

Whose duty is it to take care that a poor ... woman arriving in an emigrant ship at this ... port, and being confined after her arrival, shall ... not be left for two freezing nights and days in ... a berth with a little straw to lie on, "very cold ... and damp and wet," and there to remain "ex- ... posed and cold" until she is frozen to death?

This was the fate of MARY ANN GILROY, a ... passenger by the Liverpool ship Neptune, Cap- ... tain ENOCH W. PEABODY, belonging to Messrs. ... C. H. MARSHALL & Co. Captain PEABODY is ... of opinion, according to his testimony, that it ... is the ship's doctor's business to look after the ... sick passengers, and is satisfied that he has con- ... formed to the requirements of the British law ... under which he shipped his passengers. The ... Captain says that it is the business of the Com- ... missioners of Emigration to take charge of sick ... passengers arriving at port; and although he ... did not report to them that there was a woman ... on board prematurely confined, yet Mr. LAW- ... SOV, one of the owners, told him that the Com- ... missioners had been notified.

Mr. FARNSWORTH, inspector of Customs, tes- ... tifies that he boarded the Neptune on Tuesday ... afternoon, and at eight on Wednesday morn- ... ing the passengers were all removed by an agent ... of the Commissioners of Emigration, excepting ... MARY ANN GILROY, who had been confined on ... Tuesday night. All Wednesday the poor wo- ... man lay in the wet and cold straw. The in- ... spector thinks that there was a blanket over ... her, and can not say whether there was a bed

under her. At some time he saw the ship's doctor and a woman attending to her. On Thursday afternoon at five o'clock she was moved from the ship by the authority of the Commissioners of Emigration. On Friday morning she died. In her ante-mortem examination MARY ANN GILSON testified that four days before reaching port she told the doctor that her feet were "frosted," and he "wouldn't believe it;" paid no attention to her, and forced her to come upon deck for her medicine. Dr. BRACKS, who accompanied the Coroner, talked with the unhappy woman, found her sensible, and able to converse intelligently, and is of opinion that she died from want of proper care and attention.

A helpless woman has been frozen to death upon a ship in the harbor of New York. Somebody is responsible. Who is guilty of this murder? Is it the Captain, the Doctor, the Commission of Emigration, the owner of the ship? It is pitiful to think of the sorrow and suffering of these emigrant ships, and how easy it is for the guilty to screen themselves. But here is an offense that will not be hidden. Are our laws impotent to protect the defenseless? If not, we hope the press will keep this tragedy fresh in the public mind until the offender is brought to trial and to punishment.

YOUR DOXY AND MY DOXY.

In the time of the Inquisition it was frightful, it is now happily only very comical, to hear a man state his view of a religious question, and then, drawing out the full *ars et cetera* stop, and pressing with both hands, both feet, and both knees upon all the keys and pedals, exclaim: "To doubt or deny this rule is infidelity begun."

Of course it is. It is arrant infidelity of his assertion. But whether his assertion be the truth is quite another question.

Thus there is a familiar biblical phrase that the husband is the head of the wife. What its exact significance may be is a fair question. Does it merely state a fact, or imply a rule? Does it mean that as the intellect is generally more pronounced in men, and the feelings in women, therefore the guiding force will naturally be in the husband? Does it mean that a drunkard or an imbecile is the rightful arbitrary ruler of his wife, or that where the superiority is all with the woman she is to yield always to the inferiority of her spouse? Does it mean that if the husband be the head he may do what he chooses with his wife? and if not, is she to be the judge when he transcends the rights of headship? It is, in truth, a phrase which will be as variously interpreted as men's minds are different.

But that any man should now, and in this country, denounce a doubt of his interpretation of this or of any scriptural passage as infidelity, or doubt of the essential truths of religion, is so preposterous as to be incredible. Yet it is done; and the well-meaning gentleman who does it would doubtless be amazed if he in turn were convicted of infidelity by the same easy and absurd method. The Romish Church would inform him that his whole interpretation of Christianity is the beginning and end of irreligion and infidelity. To believe in the antipodes was once held to be infidelity of the plain teaching of the Bible. Yet the truth upon that subject has been tolerably demonstrated, and the Bible is not discarded. In the light of to-day it may be shrewdly suspected that to doubt or deny any individual interpretation of a passage in the Bible neither imperils good morals nor religious faith.

THINGS OF COURSE.

The New York *World*, a few months ago, spoke of ANDREW JOHNSON as an "insolent, drunken brute, in comparison with whom even Caligula's horse was respectable."

The same paper described an acrimonious assault upon Secretary SEWARD, the head of President Johnson's Cabinet, as "the scraping of the old saw SEWARD."

It need surprise no man that the same paper now denounces ABRAHAM LINCOLN as a thief and a swindler.

What could more happily illustrate the national sagacity than that the party of which this paper is the fit organ has been utterly spewed out by the American people?

ROBERT B. MINTURN.

THE true treasures of a nation are its good men, and neither Death nor Time can steal them. The man, indeed, dies, but the memory of his character and his survivors, and is a perpetual inspiration of the noblest action. This is so plain to all of us in the high and clear-sighted moments of life, that every honorable man would wish to build his monument, like that of ROBERT B. MINTURN, in the unobscured respect and tender love of his friends and neighbors.

Gen'l, just, and generous; modest, humane, and unobtrusive. Honored by the most successful and prosperous, beloved by the poorest and most forgotten; his sense of responsibility growing with increasing fortune, until his devoted life was that of an humble skinner of the Divine bounty—this was the New York merchant, the American gentleman, the

serene Christian, whose life was a public blessing, and whose death is a universal sorrow.

Wholly withdrawn from what is technically called public life, and declining every position of merely personal advantage, there was no citizen of New York whose name was better known, and known only for an ideal purity in all business relations, and for the most earnest and unweary practical humanity. He was one of the first Commissioners of emigration, because he knew what severe and often repulsive labor the sincere and faithful discharge of that duty demanded; and therefore he was not content to give his name and his money to the relief of the suffering emigrant but he gave his heart and hand also. Could the long train of the poor, who knew him as their friend, and who, when his sudden death was known, came weeping to ask permission to look upon his face once more—have known that, once when a poor emigrant woman lay ill of ship-fever and neither nurse nor doctor would risk their lives in lifting her for necessary removal from her bed to a carriage, he quietly took her in his arms and tenderly carried her, they would have known only one of the endless services of his practical charity, from which no fear of his own safety could deter him.

But his sensitive sympathy did not impair his sagacity. Too finely balanced for extravagance in thought or deed, his mind and heart were in the fullest harmony, and his discharge of every business relation was as wise, unobtrusive, and faithful as his charity. His practical counsel was as valuable as his impulses were generous, so that all who knew him well and those who but seldom met him equally bore from his presence an impression of manly symmetry and completeness.

The death of such a man to those who were nearest him is a personal loss not to be measured. But to the community his influence is so vital and enduring that it should rather be grateful that he lived so long than grieved that he died so soon. When RICHARD CORBEN died his political opponent, DUNKLELL, said of him that there were "some members of Parliament who, though they may not be present, are still members of this House, are independent of dissolutions, of the caprices of constitutions, and even of the course of time." It is true, also, in a corresponding sense, of some men in the larger sphere of society, and of none truer than of ROBERT B. MINTURN.

PORCELAIN PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE beautiful porcelain photographs of Messrs. HERRICK and KERRY, of No. 895 Broadway, fully justify the high praise which they have received. They are printed directly from the negative, so that the outline is exact, and they are then exquisitely colored until they are the most accurate of likenesses, with all the delicacy, softness, and tenderness of the most finished miniatures upon ivory. They are also as durable as the porcelain plate upon which they are painted, and may be wiped and washed and exposed to the sun without losing their brilliancy and completeness. Those that we have seen are colored with great skill; and this application of the art must be regarded as a very important step in the progress of photography.

"INSIDE."

THE second number of this interesting and striking story is published in this paper, with the illustrations of Mr. NASH, who delicately characterizes without caricaturing the figures of the tale. The spirit and dramatic skill of this "Chronicle of Secession" will surely commend it to the faithful attention of those who begin, as every body should, with the beginning.

WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

THESE are kindly hearts to cherish
While the days are going by;
There are weary souls who perish
While the days are going by;
If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue,
Oh! the good we all may do,
While the days are going by!

THERE is no time for idle scolding
While the days are going by;
Let our face be like the morning
While the days are going by;
Oh! the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes:
Help your fallen brother rise
While the days are going by.

ALL the loving links that bind us
While the days are going by,
One by one we leave behind us
While the days are going by;
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow
While the days are going by.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 9: In the Senate, Mr. Sumner presented a memorial asking for the donation of public lands for educational purposes in the States lately in rebellion.—Mr. Foot offered a resolution, which was adopted, appointing Wm. J. McDonald, Ch'k of the Senate, Mr. Hildreth deceased.—A resolution, offered by Mr. Sumner was adopted, providing that any legislation is needed to prevent the kidnapping of fugitives and their transportation as slaves to Brazil or Cuba.

In the House, Mr. Washburn of Illinois introduced a bill published in the Worcester Spy, by Mr. Baldwin, of Massachusetts, declaring that the real purpose of the New York and Washington Air Line Bill was not to operate against the Camden and Amboy company, but to oblige the Central Illinois Railroad Company to carry Illinois State mails and troops free of charge. A discussion of the subject followed, and the bill had been twice passed under a call for the previous question, thus suppressing debate, and that therefore many

members who voted for the bill had done so in misunderstanding its real purpose. It was finally agreed that the bill should be returned back to the Senate for discussion.—Mr. Brewster, of Pennsylvania, introduced a resolution, which was referred to the Committee of Fifteen, to the effect that, before Congress conferred the necessary power to punish the rebellious States to form State governments the rights of those among them, always free, in their allegiance should be guaranteed and protected.—Mr. Voorhees, of Indiana, then called up the resolution heretofore submitted by him, concerning the President's Message as an able, judicious, and patriotic state paper; resolving that State cannot under their relations to the Federal Union; and pledging Congress to support the President's policy. He made a long speech against the refusal by Congress to immediately admit the Southern representatives; and was followed by Mr. Stephens, of Ohio, who recalled him of his former attitude against Federal coercion. Mr. Stephens repelled every intimation that the Representatives here have manifested the slightest disposition to interfere with the just prerogatives of the President, or to make up a conflict with him. "If the day ever comes when he will find no supporters except among those who in 1854 were barred so deep that the hand of reconstruction can never draw them, then God help the President and save him from his friends." In conclusion he offered the following as a substitute for the resolution of the gentleman from Indiana: "Resolved—That this House have an adjournment in the President; that in the future as in the past he will keep pace with Congress in restoring to equal position and rights with the other States in the Union all the States lately in insurrection." Under the call for previous question Stephens was supported 137 to 22.

January 10: In the Senate, Mr. Wilson offered a petition of the colored citizens of Savannah, asking for relief from a bill pending in the Committee of Fifteen.—Mr. Forrester reported the House bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to appoint Assistant Assessors of Internal Revenue. Mr. Sumner said he would vote for the bill on the understanding that Mr. McCulloch would not on his own authority, as he had done heretofore, relieve the duties be appointed from taking the oath imposed by Congress. The bill was laid over.—Mr. Wilson introduced a bill to increase and fix the military peace establishment of the United States. It provides that the military peace establishment of the United States shall hereafter consist of seven regiments of a battery, and such other forces as shall be provided for by this act. Section 3 provides that, in addition to the five regiments of artillery now organized, there shall be added one regiment, to be composed of white persons, and one regiment to be composed of colored persons—the officers of which shall be selected from among the volunteer officers of artillery who have served not less than two years during the war, and who have been distinguished for capacity and good conduct in the field. Section 4 provides that in addition to the six regiments of cavalry now in the service, there shall be two regiments to be composed of white persons. Section 5 provides that the Chief of Cavalry, and the Major-General, five Major-Generals, and ten Brigadier-Generals, shall have the same pay and emoluments and be entitled to the same staff officers in number and grade as are now provided by law. Mr. Howe, of Wisconsin, introduced a joint resolution to institute provisional governments for the late rebellious States, and made a long speech in favor of the bill.

In the House, Mr. Hale offered a resolution declaring that the previous question was for the regulation of debate and not for its entire suppression. The resolution was referred to the Committee on Rules.—A resolution was adopted that the Committee on Ways and Means should inquire into the expediency of revising the system of income taxes and if desirable to dispense with the system; if not, that they provide that the tax on incomes shall be for amounts over \$200, and that the percentage on all incomes shall be reduced.—On motion of Mr. Cushing, of New York, it was resolved that the President of the United States be requested, if not incompatible with the public interests, to communicate any report made by the Judge-Advocate-General as to the grounds, facts, and accusations on which J. Jefferson Davis, General C. Clay, Stephen R. Mallory, and David R. Yates, or either of them, are held in confinement.

January 11: In the Senate, Mr. Sumner presented the petition of the Colored People's Convention, asking for colored suffrage.—The bill for the appointment of Assistant Assessors by the Secretary of the Treasury was passed without Mr. Sumner's amendatory amendment.—Mr. Trumbull, from the Judiciary Committee, reported the bill to enlarge the powers of the President's Executive; also the bill to protect the inhabitants of the United States in their civil rights.—The resolution in regard to the Industrial Exhibition at Paris was passed.—The resolution offered by Mr. Howe the day before to institute provisional governments over the rebellious States came up, and Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, opposed it, taking substantially the ground previously taken by Mr. Raymond in the House.

In the House, the credentials of James Farron and John D. Kennedy were referred to the Committee of Fifteen.—On motion of Mr. Ingersoll, of Illinois, the Committee on Territories was instructed to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill to repeal the act organizing the Territory of Utah, and to divide said Territory, attaching one portion thereof to Nevada and the other to the Territories contiguous.

January 12: In the Senate, Mr. Trumbull's bill to enlarge the powers of the President's Executive was taken up. It provides that the Executive, approved March 3, 1865, shall continue in force until otherwise provided by law, and shall extend to fugitives and freedmen in all parts of the United States; to organize the Bureau into districts and sub-districts; and authorize the Secretary of War to issue provisions, fuel, clothing, etc., to the freedmen and fugitives, and also authorize the President to set apart for the use of freedmen and legal refugees unoccupied lands in Florida, Mississippi, and Arkansas, not exceeding in all 5,000,000 acres of good land. No action was taken.

In the House, on motion of Mr. Raymond, it was resolved that the President of the United States be requested, if not deemed by him incompatible with the public interest, to communicate to this House copies of all orders, proclamations, and other documents issued by the Provisional Governors of any States that may have been declared at any time to be in rebellion, of all acts, ordinances, resolutions, and proceedings of conventions or legislatures held in said States under the authority of the call of said Provisional Governors; of all returns of elections for members of such conventions and legislatures, together with the qualifications required for voters in such elections, and for members when elected, together with such other information concerning the public action of such States tending to throw light upon their political condition as may be in his power to do, and to communicate further copies of all proclamations issued by the President or his executive power relating to this subject, whether issued by him directly or through the Secretary of State, and the papers accompanying the same.

January 13: In the Senate, Mr. Wilson's bill on the power military establishments was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs.—Mr. Sumner presented the petition of the colored Methodist Episcopal Church of Missouri, praying for colored suffrage.—Mr. Chandler, of Michigan, offered a resolution, which was laid over, that until Great Britain called our claims for damages done to our commerce by her privateers we should withdraw our Minister from the Court of St. James and prohibit national non-intercourse.

In the House, the credentials of Arkansas members were referred to the Committee of Fifteen.—Mr. Stevens offered a resolution, which was adopted, 62 to 27, that attorney-at-law be relieved from taking the oath, as a condition of carrying on his profession.

POLICE COMMISSIONERS' REPORT.

According to the Report of the Metropolitan Police Commissioners for 1865, the number of arrests for offenses of all grades amounted to the enormous number of sixty-eight thousand eight hundred and seventy-three, or about seven thousand more than the previous year. Crimes of violence toward the person have increased in a still greater ratio, the total number being nine hundred and ninety-five, against six hundred and twenty-four in 1864. The

report shows that there are twelve hundred "discharges on probation" in the courts alone, and that there are in this city and Brooklyn ten thousand places where intemperate drinks are sold, over eight thousand of which are unlicensed.

FOUNDING OF THE "MARY A. BOARDMAN." It is not pleasant to encounter a disaster at sea under the most favorable conditions. But when the thermometer stands 40° on a degree below zero, such an affair is not only a tragedy, but a tragedy of the first magnitude. It was in precisely this case that the poor vessel the *Mary A. Boardman* foundered on the night of the 20th instant. Her crew, having grounded on Homer Shoals, off Sandy Hook, were on board twenty-three men and two women, and all of them have perished but for the bravery of two French-Canadian pilots, Henry Seguin and Stephen A. Jones, Jr. The vessel seemed a perilous thing to undertake in its stern cold, in a rough sea, the wind blowing with a terrible force. The brave pilots succeeded, however, after repeated efforts in making the whole crew.

TROOPS FURNISHED BY THE SEVERAL STATES DURING THE WAR.

The Secretary of War, in compliance with a resolution of the House of Representatives, has furnished a statement of the number of volunteers called for by the President at various periods, as follows:

State.	Volunteers.	Approximate reduced to three years' service.
Alabama	21,743	26,525
Arkansas	11,696	13,927
California	25,125	30,154
Massachusetts	151,725	182,702
Rhode Island	25,711	31,014
Connecticut	15,759	19,014
New York	425,738	510,940
New Jersey	19,511	23,785
Pennsylvania	304,298	365,360
Delaware	5,751	6,939
Maryland	4,731	5,678
West Virginia	59,092	71,312
District of Columbia	16,572	19,888
Ohio	217,123	262,978
Indiana	195,147	235,382
Illinois	228,741	275,674
Michigan	49,119	59,348
Wisconsin	74,113	89,342
Minnesota	35,834	43,078
Iowa	71,560	85,794
Missouri	129,773	156,172
Kentucky	25,540	30,748
Kansas	29,207	35,454
Total	2,650,421	3,157,941

NEWS ITEMS.

One hundred and forty-three generals were mustered out of the United States service November 25, 1865. Among them are General Hunter, Rosecrans, Parks, Grierson, Sherman, Johnston, A. J. Smith, Johnston, Cook, Weitzel, Logan, Sherman, G. H. Rains, Canby, Emory, Foster, Wilcox, Torbert, Ewing, etc.

Gen. Leonard Bacon, of New Haven, who has lately returned from a tour through the Southern States, says, in a lecture on their condition, that all Southern States, the women and the clergy are the most intelligent, and that he would have been glad if President Johnson had added to the classes exempted from amnesty the possession of all disqualifications and the office of newspaper. Every one of them should have been obliged to file a statement of his antecedents with his application for pardon.

The total number of national banks now doing business throughout the country is one thousand six hundred and twenty-six. The Controller of the Currency is at present granting authority to say new national banks.

The population of Minnesota is estimated at 275,000. Accurate from localities represent a very magnificent condition of affairs on the frontier. They show a disposition to make contracts, and the planters are generally well-to-do. A number of the planters of the Arkansas Valley have been assigned to Missouri. These reports are quite in contrast with those from Mississippi, where the freedmen are going to work and making satisfactory engagements.

General Tolson, Superintendent of the Freedmen's Bureau in Georgia, has issued a circular, under date of December 22, instructing his agents generally to accept freedmen, who have not properly enough to get along without making contracts, to see that fair contracts which are offered to them. He makes it the duty of his agents to make contracts for those who fall to do so for themselves before the 15th of this month, where good wages and kind treatment are offered to them, and such contracts are to be binding upon the freedmen as if made by their own consent.

On the 13th instant General Terry, the Union President, received a letter from James K. Polk, the Head Clerk of the Southern Irish Republic, cordially following his session during the late troubles, and appointing him Representative and Financial Agent of the Irish Republic in this country.

On the 13th instant Edward P. Brooks, the Richmond correspondent of the New York *Times*, was attacked in the office of the Postoffice Hotel in that city by the notorious H. H. Hunt, of the *Enterprise*, who attempted to cow him. Mr. Brooks disarmed his assailant of the revolver and threw it away, and then, with such arms as Nature gave him, defended himself so vigorously that only the interference of the police of the hotel saved him from a vigorous chastisement. The cause of the attack is supposed to be the recent and entirely just denunciation of the disgraceful shooting affair in the Richmond capital.

It appears from an official statement that the total number of men who have received pay for \$200, \$300, or \$100 during the war was 1,723,400, amounting to the aggregate of nearly \$200,000,000. The total disbursements during the war were 2,460,000 men, of whom upward of 125,000 received no pay.

On the 16th instant the Hon. Marcellus L. Ward was inaugurated Governor of New Jersey.

When the war on the Government was begun the lands, houses, slaves, merchandise, stocks, and other possessions of the people of Georgia amounted to a value of over 100 million and forty million of dollars, while now the entire property of the State is not worth quite half that amount and is in the hands of the Government. The loss of the war in loss to the Georgia was in the amount of 50 million and four hundred and sixty six thousand dollars, which is about one hundred and sixty-four and a half million of dollars.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The French statement in Great Britain received a very important confirmation, when numerous dispatches were despatched from England to Ireland. In the streets of Dublin the police appeared in double force. Charles Underwood O'Connell has been found guilty of treason and felony. He has been sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

The official weekly returns in regard to the cattle disease shows that the progress of the disease has been checked, as the increase in the number of animals attacked exhibits a continued diminution.

Special services had been held in Westminster Abbey in celebration of the eight hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Abbey by Edward the Confessor. The London *Times*, in an editorial on Mexican affairs, argues that Napoleon will probably withdraw under restraints and upon America, for the interests of the country, to quit any attempt to re-visit, and obtain from its creditors a reprieve on the subject.

The Daily *Times* points out that the absorption of American stocks throughout Europe has lately been more extensive than ever before known, and says this is one source of the depression of English securities.

Mr. Charles Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy, is dead.

The Paris *Patricien* says France and England have not offered mediation to Spain in the Cuban question, but their good offices only, which have been accepted by Spain. In South America, the Peruvian army has retreated into Peru and assumed the offensive.



JACK FROST, among the RICH and the POOR



(Revised according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.)

INSIDE
A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATION FROM THE

CHAPTER III.

Colonel Juggins emerged from the office of the *Somerville Star* like an honest blue-bottle fly, only he carried away a good deal of the cobweb about him out of the den of a spider. And very much better the Colonel felt in leaving it than when he entered its door.

When he heard of the investment of Fort Donelson by the Federal forces, never had the Colonel been more certain of the rising of the sun to-morrow than he was of the repulse and destruction of the Yankees. When the news arrived that the fort had actually capitulated, that the Confederate forces had failed to make a stand even at Nashville, it fell upon his ears, and upon those of very many like him, more like the tidings of some great phenomenon, some unprecedented interruption of the laws of nature itself, than merely as the news of battle and defeat.

The instant and most painful impression was—Good Heavens! if we have been defeated—we of the South—defeated once, what may not happen hereafter? The truth is, the events of the war so far had settled the common mind in Somerville, and throughout the South, in the fixed conviction of that which had always been a decided opinion, that Northern troops could not stand before Southern. True, Bowling Green had been evacuated, but that was easily explained; it was a splendid stratagem to draw the Federal troops farther South, and so make a total finish of them!

Future historians will write Manassas as the Waterloo of the Confederacy. The cup of Southern victory there drunk was followed by a degree of intoxication to the South, of a greater than which history has no instance. As has been said before, the universal opinion at the South of Southern invincibility had hardly need of any thing to establish it, and Manassas petrified that opinion into granite certainty.

Nor did the events following Manassas fail to increase this certainty, had such increase been possible. So thoroughly settled was the Southern mind upon the whole subject that the vague fears of Northern preparation going on excited little or no interest. The same sentiment possessed alike the people, the press, and the officials—at least, from no quarter was heard a syllable but to the same note. Any one who had hinted otherwise would have been marked as but a poor creature, unskilled in his wits by an absurd attachment to the Union, which ought to be regarded as treasonous, if it were not so heartily despised as contemptible.

Even the most firm among the Union men were beginning to settle themselves down to what seemed the will of Heaven—craving about to make the best of an inevitable matter. Nor is all this to be wondered at, when it is remembered how successfully all intelligence from the North was excluded from the South. By a most mistaken policy, the Southern press copied from the Northern and European papers, as a general rule, only that which was favorable to the South. It was more than human to withstand an influence so unmingled and uninterred.

True, as to the inherent and unchangeable right and wrong of the matter, the minds of Union men were unshaken; but they had begun to lose to the thing as to a thing very too mysterious to be understood—a thing in which nothing remained but submission to the will of God—fate, destiny, whatever it was to be called. People in the Border States may have been less convinced, but so the people of the States farther South, thence from a cloudless sky is less startling than were the tidings that Federal gun-boats had actually run up the Tennessee to Florence, that Fort Henry was taken, that Fort Donelson had fallen, that Nashville had capitulated! The dominant feeling was—bewilderment.

"My dear Helen," Dr. Warner remarked to

his wife, in a calm which had followed one of his domestic tempests, "you may depend on it, and your own clear, strong sense will say yes to me in it, truth is much the best plan. Frankly and truthfully, from the first, with my patients is my plan." They have confidence in me then; they are sure to follow my prescriptions faithfully. There is a mutual understanding between us; no miserable dodging and deceiving on either side; and, whatever the result is, we at least know that all has been done from the start that could be done. The South has been grossly deceived by its doctors, I mean its leaders, from the first.

"Yes, you always hated Secession," broke in the partner of his bosom, the canal-gates opening.

"I was not speaking, just then, of Secession, but of the course pursued since then; but it is all of a piece. Either our political doctors were themselves all deceived, or they deliberately and systematically deluded the unfortunate people who had been cast into their hands," observed the mild physician.

"Went it blind, ma," said Bab, who was making a kite on the floor beside his parents, and who could not possibly have been the child of quick-witted Mrs. Warner and not have been himself smart.

"Hold your tongue, Bub!" broke in his mother. "Nice thing, Dr. Warner," she continued, "you are not satisfied not to be a whole-souled Southern man yourself; you are poisoning even the mind of your own child. I have no patience with you, Dr. Warner—cool, slow, patient submissionist you are! The very idea of giving up to those vile Yankees! Before I'd do it I'd die a thousand times over! You laugh at old Colonel Juggins, I know; but if he is a coarse, ignorant, old man I only wish to goodness you were as hearty in the war as he is! He was always wondering what Johnson was doing, starting there at Bowling Green, when he ought to have been across the river into Ohio. And Davis, and the rest of them, lying there not more than twenty miles from Washington, month after month, instead of marching right on, taking Washington, catching and hanging old Lincoln. Set of cowards! You men are all alike. Oh, if I was only a man!"

"What would you do if you were a man?" asked her impulsive husband.

"Do! I'd raise fifty thousand brave men, lead them right on into the North, burn every house, batter down every town, kill every man I could; I tell you," said then Mrs. Warner, her black eyes sparkling, "I'd kill and burn and cut their throats till they'd be glad enough to make peace with us. That's what Mrs. Bowles and Dr. Gunnis say. Instead of that, they are evacuating Bowling Green—running away, I tell it—and Davis there in twenty miles of Washington and not going right on! Next thing," continued Mrs. Warner, with bitter sarcasm, "we'll read some morning the precious news that they have evacuated Columbus—even Manassas!"

"My dear," said Dr. Warner, helping himself to another slice of ham—for they were at dinner on the same day as that in which we first introduced them to the reader—"my dear, I do firmly believe that if you were a man you would succeed vastly better than nine-tenths of our men. But we have to take them as we find them. However, if you were a man I would have missed the most active and excellent wife in the world, and Somerville the best house-keeper going!"

And it was only the fact; Mrs. Warner was the neatest housekeeper in Somerville; as to the other the Doctor lied, and he knew it.

But it was of Colonel Juggins we intended to speak in entering upon this chapter. Slowly rode the Colonel home meditating upon the news. Lamum and Lamum's pole of newspapers had relieved his mind somewhat, but not entirely. There is a certain mysterious assoc-

ation which a foot always carries with it wherever it flies; you may deny it loudly, you may hate it heartily, but when a fact comes to the ear, the mind receives it as such by some mystic affinity as a fact—recognizes it by spontaneous appetite as the palate recognizes its natural food. As well as he knew his name did Lamum know that the disastrous news from Fort Donelson was true. Dr. Peel knew it. Even Colonel Juggins knew it—acknowledge it? no—yet none the less every body knew it to be true. It was as if the sun had varied from his path. Gracious Heavens, what might not be the next news!

Somehow, before he alighted from his horse at home—some five miles from Somerville—all Lamum's consolation had been dissipated from his mind, and the ugly news remained in all its hideous reality. The Colonel belonged to one of the three classes into which all slave-owners at the South may be divided. As a representative man of this class let us say a word or two in regard to the Colonel.

Tom Juggins was the son of a rich Tennessee planter. There had been six or eight children in all, but what with being thrown from unbroken colts, and cholera morbus from eating green water-melons, and chills and fevers, one by one all the children had died except Tom. As to him, he doubtless owed his special strength of constitution to the fact that he had been suckled from his very birth by a negro "mammy." In that mammy's cabin passed the days of his infancy, his mother being a confirmed invalid, and his father having an unfortunate habit of spending in town and in intoxication pretty much all the time he could spare from field and cotton-houses. On the earth floor of his mammy's house Tom learned to walk, and around the chicken-coops in front of it were spent his first hours of play.

As her way never child had a more loving mother than Tom had in his mammy, preferring him, as she decidedly did, to all of her own dark brood. And a very paradise of childhood Tom had of it; permitted to get as dirty as he pleased, very little washing, and no swatching whatever. Nor was his childhood less auspicious as it advanced into older years. With a troop of little blacks at his heels he hunted the calf lot and stable-yard, worrying the calves, riding the horses to water "lure-back," hunting and eating all the eggs. With his allies to lock him did he stone the cats and the birds, clip the tails and ears of the puppies, kill the snakes, paddle in the spring, and climb the trees. Among his subtle associates, too, did he learn and practice many a vice peculiar to their semi-savage nature and easily ingrafted into his.

In due time Tom was sent to school; yet it was very little Tom learned. What with playing truant, and "barring out" the schoolmaster, and holidays occasionally, and idleness all the time, it was very little Tom learned beyond reading, writing, and the beginning of ciphering.

The rest of the story is soon told. After a youth of breaking horses, and assisting and hunting, and accompanying the cotton-wagons occasionally to the nearest city, and frolicking a little at weddings and corn-shuckings, Tom fell in love with and married a neighbor's daughter, and settled down. The death of his parents not very long after devolved the "Place," with all its negroes, on his hands, and Tom went to work ginning cotton and selling it as his fathers did before him. The old hog-houses in which his father lived did well enough for him. True, he did once take a notion to build, had vast quantities of stone and sand and lumber hauled for the purpose; but something or other turned up to postpone the matter, and three the heaps of materials continued to lie, an admirable lurking-place for snakes, laying place for hens, and playing-ground for the swarms of little negroes, till wind and rain and towering weeds had made a medieval ruin of the whole.

Year after year in a row of wretched cabins did Tom, now Colonel Juggins, continue to live,

as contented in his home as any hand in his little inferior hut hard by. He had become accustomed to bobbing his head in passing through the low doorways, to walking over the rolling puncheon planks which composed the floors. As to the roof, a clap-board or two could be nailed on in half a minute to keep out the worst of the rain, and a rock or so, with a handful of mud, could close up the worst of the cracks between the logs of the wall. Abundantly able to build a stately mansion, the Colonel saw little in his limited travels to awaken desire for any thing beyond what he already was so accustomed to. Besides, the Colonel was fat.

And so rolled the years by with Colonel Juggins. Hardly would he do as a specimen of the terrible-slaveholder of excited imaginations. Such there are, but not of that class was this Colonel. His dwelling was first cousin to the worst which any slave on the place occupied. His clothing was rather inferior than otherwise to the Sunday suits of his men. As to his daily food, it was about the same in house and in hut. Very often, in fact, was Mrs. Juggins glad enough, when company unexpectedly came, to borrow of some of their "people" the honey, poultry, eggs, or butter with which to clip out the dinner.

True, the Colonel voted and his hands were denied that inestimable happiness; but, then, the Colonel knew very little more at last about the principles voted for or against than they would have done. The Colonel, having all the responsibility and bother of the "Place," was, upon the whole, much the least happy man on it, and, as to his religious principles, if he was a church-member, so was almost every one of his grown hands, and they had the opportunity of receiving just as much and as good religious instruction from Sabbath to Sabbath as he.

There are two other classes of slave-owners, each as distinct from the other as his is from both. The Yankee owner of slaves, Mr. Neely for instance, and the aristocratic slaveholder, Colonel Red Roberts as a specimen. Of them we will speak hereafter. I am altogether unwilling to say that the Colonel's is the largest class, the base of the pyramid, because I am not entirely certain that it is so.

"What I've got to say is this: why can't they just stay at home where they are, mind their own matters, and let us alone." That was Mrs. Juggins's opinion in regard to the war. She always mentioned it at table when company was present and the war the topic. With her it was a plain, common-sense solution of the whole matter, embracing the whole thing entirely and conclusively. "We are not going where they live, and bothering them! Why can't they let us alone!"

But since the Yankees would come South "with their guns and things," Mrs. Juggins yielded to the necessity of sending Tom, their only son, to help drive them back. In her idea it was an operation precisely like having the chickens driven out of the garden—troublesome, but not very dangerous. Often had Mrs. Juggins heard the plan suggested of building a wall around the South, over which no Yankee was ever to intrude. It was intended as metaphor, but Mrs. Juggins misquoted it as highly feasible. The fact is, Mrs. Juggins was the duplicate of the Colonel. Had you been introduced to the Colonel, and an hour after met his wife in a steer, say for the first time, you would have said on the spot: "There is Mrs. Juggins, and I know it!" Both were in weight about the same relation to two hundred pounds, both had the same large, red, good-humored country face. It was little education Mrs. Juggins had when she married, and she certainly had seen time for nothing except the management of the negroes and of her fast coming, fast going too, as for that, children since that event. Except an almanac, a Bible, and a hymn-book or two, there was no reading in their house save the papers. Of those that he took the Colonel decidedly



"WHAT I SAY," ADDED MRS. JUGGINS, "IS JUST THIS."—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

preferred his religious paper, which, while it gave him all the news of his church, gave him also Secession in its moral and religious aspect. But, ye Heavens! why is it that the mere say so of a mortal has so much more weight and force when printed than it has when only spoken? No mistake about that paper!

Never in his life could the Colonel read a paper, or any thing else, except aloud and very slowly. In consequence of this his wife managed to get her news without much trouble on her part. Every syllable was believed by the Colonel as he read it, and by his wife with a double faith, because of the fact that it came to her from the lips and backed by the comments and assurances of her husband. If angels are permitted to hover over mortals, one would think the very tongues of such visitants would have struggled to speak out and apprise this poor Colonel Juggins and his wife of the enormous falsehoods which they feel upon thus from day to day with such a painful, implicit belief. But no; the Colonel and his wife then in their cabins were but representatives of millions at the South—millions willing to know and to do the right, yet so systematically, so unwillfully, so utterly blinded! To keep them apprised of the arts by which they were deluded would have withheld the heavenly guardians from all the enjoyments of bliss in unintermittent activity. Ah, how even angel beams must have heaved to smite with flaming swords the guilty authors of the gigantic delusion! How patient is God! And if the inhabitants of heaven know what goes on upon earth, how must they be partakers of this attribute of the divine nature—else would heaven cease to be heaven, at least so long as earth continues to sin and to suffer beneath it.

It was an immense relief to Colonel Juggins, as he entered the door of his house, to find Brother Barker there. Pete Sheehan had assisted him in regard to Fort Donelson for a time as he rode into town, Lamson had cheered him a little for the moment, but Brother Barker was worth more than all besides. Pete, Lamson, and the rest were all very well, but what Brother Barker said fell on the ears of the Colonel with all the weight of religious truth. From his earliest recollection the Colonel had been accustomed to receive as certainly true what his preacher said whether in the pulpit or out of it. Besides, Brother Barker peered all he advanced from Scripture itself. To doubt Brother Barker's conclusions was irreligious, and the Colonel hadn't been a "member" for thirty years now—class leader, steward, and all—to do that!

"And what do you think of this last Fort Donelson news?" asked the Colonel, immediately after sending his guest, and making himself comfortable by seating himself in a hide-bottomed chair and sitting himself back in it against the wall.

"As I see you do, Brother Juggins—painful, painful intelligence," replied the preacher.

"You believe in it, then?" asked the Colonel, slowly and with a sinking heart.

"Believe in it? Certainly I do. There isn't the least doubt, as I can see, but the Federals are in possession of Donelson and Nashville, Tusculum and Humsville, too, for what we know!"

"Well, you take it easier like than I can," said the planter, with a gloomy brow.

"Why not, Brother Juggins? It is of the Lord, isn't it? Besides, what do I care, and what ought you to care about Donelson, Nashville, and the like, when I know and when you know what the end of it all is certain to be? Why, Brother Juggins, whatever I expected of a worldlying I didn't expect it of you. A man out in the world, now, I wouldn't be surprised at, but you!" And the preacher was as cheerful as his host was gloomy.

"I was hopin' strong it wasn't true," said the planter, after some time. "To me it sounds mighty bad, no use tryin' to hide it."

"And that after all you know on the subject, after all the talk we've had! Well, Brother Juggins, you must pardon me saying it, but I am surprised and grieved," said the preacher.

"Surprised at what?" asked the planter.

"Bad news is bad news, I suppose."

"Strange, human nature; well; oh yes, of course; ought to expect it at least," mused the preacher, with his head down on his bosom as if in seclusion. "So many thousands of years ago it was those Jews talked the same way! At it the instant they heard Pharaoh's chariots rattling behind them. Very first sound of the wheels they forgot Moses, forgot God, forgot every thing except that Pharaoh was after them. Umph! Well, yes."

"I hadn't thought of it exactly that way," said the planter, accepting the reproach humbly, and seeking consolation in it.

"Did I ever say we would escape some fighting, some being defeated before we got through?" asked the preacher—"tell me now, Brother Juggins."

"Yes, I did at the first, as I mind," said the planter with a thoughtful brow. "Christian Israel you know are were. Baldwin, he made that plain in his book. Abraham driv out from his father's house, our forefathers drive of God over the ocean, God's special people in both cases. Thirteen tribes settled in Canaan, thirteen colonies settled in America. Some of our tribes split off from the rest, some of our States split off from the rest, too. And, you mind, when Secession first started, come to think of it, you proved from the Bible there would be no fight, not a bit. God wouldn't let that fool son of Solomon fight the tribes that split off even when he wanted to. There was got to be no fight, no fight at all! God himself would interpose to hinder, you said. And it did look mighty plain."

"But, Brother Juggins—" began the preacher.

"In one moment, Brother Barker, I've been studyin' over it, and I want to speak about that Christian Israel idea while I remember. I've been wantin' to ask you; it don't seem to me like. In the Bible the tribes that split off were all except two; in our case it's the fewer number has split off from the larger number. Then, and this hurts me worst, the tribes that split off were the ones that stood against God in the thing, that became worse and worse, that went to—what did ever become of them?—while the tribes that they split off from remained the favored people of God, had Jerusalem, and the Temple, and all. I tell you, Brother Barker, it was all very pretty when you first look at it, but the more you study into it—there was that about there being no fightin' permitted of God between the tribes when the break-up took place. I declare, for one man, I don't understand it!" concluded the old planter, somewhat testily.

"Brother Juggins," said the preacher, gravely, "do I understand you to say that you have studied Baldwin's book from end to end, deeply, thoroughly?"

"No, Sir," said the planter. "It's near three inches thick, that book. I only skimmed over it—a little here and a little there."

"I really do not think, Brother Juggins," said the preacher, in a tone of expostulation, "that you ought to decide so upon what you say yourself you never studied to the bottom."

"Well, perhaps so," said the planter, as he remembered how ponderous was the volume in question, and how very little he had mastered its contents. "But there was not one syllable about Secession in the whole book, I know that, any how. It was Monarchy and Democracy that was to fight the battle of Armageddon in the Mississippi Valley. Not one hint about Secession!"

And Colonel Juggins was not the only one who had puzzled over the book in question—"ARMAGEDDON, OR THE UNITED STATES IN PROPHET." You saw the thick and well-thumbed volume on every shelf during the two or three years before Secession.

"Brother Baldwin was mistaken about that," consented the preacher. "But he has found out his mistake, and, they say, is lecturing like wild-fire every where setting people right. I believe as certain as I do my own existence those prophecies in the Bible about the South and our Confederacy. I'll talk with you any day about them as long as you like. No man, at least no Christian man, can study those prophecies and say they don't have reference to the Confederacy. But we won't talk about that now. Brother Juggins, will you favor me with a Bible?"

The Bible was found, dusted, and brought. Mrs. Juggins drew still nearer with her knitting.

"Brother Juggins," said the preacher, after he had found the place in the large, well-thumbed Bible, and putting on his pulpit manner as an Episcopal clergyman would put on his gown, "you often say you are a plain man. Well, you can understand a plain passage in the Bible."

"That passage in Timothy?" inquired the Colonel.

"I know we've been over it often before," said the preacher, "but we can hardly have too much of the Bible, I suppose. This book was given to guide us. Brother Juggins? Sister Juggins?" Very solemnly. The persons in question nodded a hearty assent. "Now listen," continued the preacher, and he read, in a slow, solemn manner: "It's First Timothy, sixth chapter. 'Let as many servants as are under the yoke count their own masters worthy of all honor, that the name of God and his doctrine be not blasphemed.' Next verse isn't so much to the point. Next is: 'If any man teach otherwise, and consent not to wholesome words, even the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the doctrine which is according to godliness.' That is, any thing against slavery he's just been speaking about. 'He,' that is, every Abolitionist, 'is proud, knowing nothing, but doing about questions and strifes of words, whereof cometh envy, strife, railings, evil surmisings, perverse disputings of men of corrupt minds, and destitute of the truth, supposing that gain is godliness.'"

"Now let us hold on one moment," said the preacher, closing the book, with his finger in the place. "I just ask you, Brother Juggins, Sister Juggins, isn't all that a description of the Northern people—the Abolitionists?"

"I suppose it is," said the planter for self and wife.

"What I say," added Mrs. Juggins, "is just this. Why can't them people stay at their own home, mind their own business, let us alone? We ain't got up where they live to trouble them."

"Exactly, Sister Juggins. But here's what I want to get at," continued the preacher. "This is the Word of God we're reading. It says 'all that of the Northern people plain and clean. Next it tells us exactly our duty toward them—it's as plain as any part of the Bible.' Listen:—and the preacher opened the Bible again, and, running his finger under the passage, read, very slowly and with prodigious emphasis, the rest of the verse, "'From—such—withdrew—thyself!'"

"Yes, just so; that was your sermon about Secession. I can't see how any thing can be clearer from Scripture than that," said the planter.

"Wait a moment, Brother Juggins; I'm not through yet. I want to ask you one plain question. Do you suppose God ever commands a man or a people to do any thing and then punish them, or permits any body else to punish them, for doing it?"

"No, Sir," said the planter.

"Well, we are beginning to see our way out, then. As you well know, Brother Juggins, the

South was only obeying this direct command of God in withdrawing itself from the North and setting up for itself. A man is stone-blind who don't see that our Secession was the command of God. And here you are talking to me about Fort Donelson and Nashville," continued the preacher, becoming greatly excited, "frightened by the pursuing Egyptians, exactly like those Jews were, as if God did not command us to leave, as if God was not going with us in leaving! He lets Fort Donelson and Nashville be taken just to prove us and to try us, as he said to the Jews, and I'd like to know how we are standing the trial. He gave us that great victory at Manassas just to show us, in a way we couldn't help seeing if we was to try to, that God was with us. But what's the result? People forget God, say we did it all ourselves; we're waxing fat and kicking, and now He is letting us be whipped a little just to show who it is that raised up one and casteth down another."

"I liked mightyly what you said in your last sermon, Brother Barker," remarked the planter, after a pause of ramination; "all that about the hearts of the kings bein' in the hand of the Lord to turn about as he pleased. Only I wish England and France would make haste and show some of it. Them Powers have been just goin' to acknowledge the Confederacy every paper I've read since we set it up; somehow they hain't done it yet—"

"Brother Juggins," interrupted the preacher, in a sad tone, "it was hard to wean you from your old notions about that old Union in the first place; it was like drawing your eye-teeth, you know; and now that you are on the right track it is awful work to keep you to it. It's true, we have been acknowledged by England and the rest before now, if we only knew it, or soon will be; but, don't you see, it's wrong in us to look to them so much. Trusting in Assyria and going down into Egypt will be just our sin, as it was the sin of God's other peculiar people. I tell you now, we're going to get it worse and worse from the North till we learn to trust only in the Lord. I believe you know I've had some experiences in religion—real, warm experiences; you want to know what is my strongest experience now—the religious feeling which happens me most?"

The planter and his wife looked up expectantly.

"It is that we here at the South are God's chosen people. Promises of Scripture have come out to me plain before now; but I just tell you this, nothing in the lids of this book has ever stood out from the page so plain to me as that. The North has gone off into Free-Loving, Garrisonism, Mormonism, Spiritualism, and that worst and blackest of all kinds of infidelity—Abolitionism. There was some religion there once; but that makes it worse—it's apostasy the North has fallen into, deep-reaching, wide-spreading, universal apostasy—and God has just given them over to it. But he has rescued the South—he has called us out. If there's one single Jew here at the South I never saw it—not even Universalism. Talk to me! Can't you see that you may as well give up all the Bible if you give up what it says on our side? God on our side? The God I worship! He to help those people who have apostatized from him! I'm as certain this day he's on our side as I am there is any God. As a just Lord he can't help those people—can't do it! Look at the Jews! Don't you see how he punished their enemies with sword, fire, pestilence, famine, and the like. If those poor, miserable, blinded Yankees only knew it—the rain that is coming upon them from his hand! I never felt so gray for a revival in my life as I've felt to pray for their defeat and destruction. It's the Lord in me! Ever since they broke up our Church there in New York, in the General Conference of forty-four, the Church South has been praying and penning for this Confederacy. Glory to his name, he has heard our prayer! For one, I'll trust him for the rest!"

But it would be unreasonable to suppose we can record all that Brother Barker said. A small, pale man was Brother Barker, with thin, lank, black hair combed back off of his low and narrow forehead. Were you to see him in a crowd his small and stooped form promised little of the tremendous powers of speech possessed by him. There was a peculiar thickness and heaviness about his eyelids which gave an additional aspect of dullness to the man. Yet, let Brother Barker get fairly into the stand, and fully under way in a sermon, brighter and brighter grew his eyes, faster and faster flew his arms, and words rushed to his lips faster than he could deliver them. Like most of his denomination, the disruption of his Church in 1844 had begun in his bosom an alienation of feeling from the North which had steadily increased ever since disruption had followed in the other denominations; but Brother Barker's Church was decidedly in the lead, as it was the first in the agitation.

Perhaps not a member or minister of the Church itself dreamed how deeply and thoroughly it was leavened in the matter. The act of Secession revealed an earnestness and intensity of alienation in the denomination to the North which surprised the Southern politicians as much as it gratified them. Bishops, presiding elders, preachers, papers, it was a powerful organization ready to the work—in their eyes a religious work. As with every religious body the feeling was deeper and stronger than any merely political body of men ever know. Even the most heated politicians saw themselves utterly disunited by the almost frenzied zeal of such men as Brother Barker. It was not only heart, it was soul these threw into it. And no one can estimate the immense power exerted by such men in all the denominations at the South.

Accustomed to receive as religious truth every thing coming from such a source; impressed, and which is far from being the popular feeling in regard to the politicians, with the disinterested, heart-felt sincerity of their spiritual guides; aware of the moral purity, too, of these, no wonder the masses of the South were so moved by the unceasing efforts of their ministers. No one at all familiar with the South but knows that the Southern clergy accomplished more for Secession than all other instrumentalities combined. By far the ablest arguments and the most eloquent appeals for Secession were from ministers; and what the mass of inferior ministers lacked in ability and eloquence in the pulpit and by the press they more than made up by their universal, incessant, and eager influence during the week, and the power of, at least, their public prayers on the Sabbath.

Assuming as impregnable that theological foundation for slavery which the last thirty or forty years has seen evolved from Scripture, those among the Secessionists who were believers in the Bible planted themselves thereupon as upon rock—making thereupon and therefrom their confident appeal to God for success. And since the universe afforded no other conceivable ground to stand upon in the matter, the pious were not the only ones to avow this as their position. Multitudes who never opened the Bible had awful reverence for this one divine institution if for no other decreed therein. Avowed infidels, too, accepted eagerly so much of Sacred Writ as proved slavery right, even though they scouted all the remainder as fable. And it is a fact worth recording, that, as a universal thing, the right and the wrong of the whole movement settled down, amidst a thousand side considerations, unanimously into this. The abiding of the appeal made to God in battle upon this point, in case it was decided against the institution, was a contingency which never entered the mind—no anticipation of or provision for that. History furnishes no instance of men more absolutely confident of the aid of Heaven. The nearest parallel to their confidence in history is seen in the case of the Zealots in Jerusalem at its bloody fall. Ah, direct of all infatuation to count with such confidence that Almighty God is upon our side when He is—not!

THE BONE MAN OF HONSTONIC.

In a recess beside the great west door of the church of Honstonic, in Bohemia, stood for many generations a gaunt skeleton, its skull drooping on the breast, and the hands folded as though in prayer. Immediately before it was the tomb of a noble family once residing in the neighborhood, but now extinct.

The strange attitude of the skeleton fixed the idea in the popular mind that the Bone Man prayed without ceasing to a dead woman who lay in the vault before him. Several times was the skeleton gazed upon by the people, and under the great and in the church-yard, but on the following morning those who came to early mass saw the grave open and the turf fiddled back, and within the sacred building stood, as before, the white Bone Man with drooping head and folded hands, at the vault door. And well might he be condemned by the judgment of God to stand thus, year by year, before the tomb, for long ago he had been a lawless knight, a strong not God, nor regarding man, and he had come in his wanderings to Honstonic, where he had seen the Lily of Honstonic, the only daughter of the nobleman who then inhabited the castle whose ruins are now the haunt of the owl, and he had leapt the Lily to shame and to an early death. When the old lord in anger slew him his corpse would not rest in its grave, but rose, and stationed itself at the head of the tomb, with the dim eyes fixed on the sepulchral stone which hid the Lily, and there he awaited his release. The corpse became a skeleton, centuries rolled by, and still that release had not been effected. But one morning those who went to church found the niche empty, and the skeleton had crumbled into a little heap of gray dust. How this was effected I will relate, as the Bohemian peasantry tell the tale.

One night there was uproar in the tavern of Honstonic; three leechers, with their pockets full of money, had been drinking and gambling all day, and purposed continuing the same amusements all night. Their drunken shouts and laughter continued till long after every house in the village was closed and every light extinguished.

They were waited upon by a servant girl who had been deserted by her husband, and who had but lately, for the first time, become a mother. By her poverty she had been driven into service. Many a rude and ugly joke at her expense was made by the tipsy men, but she remained silent, modestly and patiently waiting on them without speaking more than was necessary.

As she came out of the cellar with full pitcher, one of the brothers said to her, laughing:

"Well, my girl! I suppose you are busy making clothes for the baby, eh?"

"Ah, Sir!" she replied; "I have not the material of which to make them; would that I had! The poor little lamb will need them, indeed!"

"I'll tell you what," said the second brother, shaking his head drunkenly; "you must earn the money to buy them, and the cradle, too."

"Only too willingly, Sir!"

"Well, I don't mind giving you the money," continued the thoughtless fellow; "if you will do something for it."

"Any thing which is not beyond my strength," said the girl, eagerly, as her cheek flushed with hope; "tell me what I am to do, and I will do it."

"Nothing very difficult, my girl, no-thing ve-ry dif-f-icult," quoth the intoxicated man; and then, with a burst of laughter, he said, looking round to his brothers for applause, "you shall fetch me the skeleton which stands at the church door! Eh, lady, she shall do that, shan't she; and we will pay her?"

The maid recoiled in horror, and her cheek blanched.

"Oh, Sir!" she said, faintly, "do not make a mock of me in my misery, and tempt God with such profanities!"

But the other brothers praised him who had made the offer, and drawing their purses from their pockets they poured out thalers and groschens, and made of them a small pile in the middle of the table.

"There!" shouted they, "fetch us the Bone Man, and you shall have this as a baptismal gift for your fat."

The poor girl trembled in every limb; she looked at the money and then at the red, heated faces of the drunken men, and she knew not what to say. That little pile of silver would, indeed, be a god-send to her—but at what a cost was it to be won? She thought of the gloomy church-yard, and the solemn church, shrouded in darkness, and of the skeleton standing in the wall niche before the tomb.

"Come, you must not be long making up your mind," said the eldest of the brothers; "we do not make such offers more than once."

"Let me have two minutes to decide," she begged, looking once more at the money, and then, flying to her chamber, she bent over her little one and kissed it. "Any thing for thee, my poor one!" she sighed; "and if it be a sin, may God in His mercy pardon me." Then, after having crossed herself, she returned to the parlor and agreed to do what the three men required.

As she left the tavern all was dark, a keen wind blew over the country, beneath a still, star-spangled, cloudless sky; it wafted among the eaves of the houses, and tossed the autumn leaves about in the square of the little town. The church stood on a rise; as the young woman approached it her heart beat faster.

She opened the church-yard gate as the evening bell tinkled; she stood still, and recited her "Ave Maria" with fervor, then stepped out of sight, to allow the sexton to return without observing her. The old man, bent double with age, went coughing from the grave-yard to his bed, and she remained alone among the dead. For some moments a struggle raged within her; she shuddered at the prospect of what she had to do, and felt disposed to return to the inn, but love for her babe prevailed, and she walked up the path leading to the church door.

And now there was a feeble glimmer in the east, and the new moon peeped above the horizon; and she shuddered as she stepped into the shadow of a mulberry-tree which grew in the church-yard.

She turned the handle of the door, and the latch flew up with a noise which was echoed through the vaults and aisles of the church. A feeble, rosy glow from the lamp burning before the Blessed Sacrament gleamed on the altar, but a white moonbeam through a low window fell along the west wall, bringing out the skull and folded hands as frosted silver, in strong relief against the ebon gloom of the recess in which stood the Bone Man of Hostonic. As the frightened girl looked on the skeleton it seemed to her as though the fleshless mouth moved in prayer, and as though a blue flame flickered in the eye-sockets.

The girl summoned up all her courage, grasped the skeleton, flung it upon her back, and ran through the church-yard, passed the gate, flew with her rattling load across the market-place, dashed into the tavern, cast the Bone Man on the table, and, sinking on to a bench, burst into a flood of tears.

A silence fell upon those in the room; all looked with a shudder at the heap of bones, and then with astonishment at the girl. Even the three brothers recoiled from the skeleton as it was flung before them; the courage of the maid amazed them; they had reckoned on her turning back at the church-yard gate, and had calculated on jolting her on the failure of her courage.

But the eldest, staggering to his feet, said: "I tell you all, the lass has well earned her money. She shall have it, and sit down by us and have a drop of something to warm her too."

In the mean while the girl had somewhat recovered herself, and she was called to the table to give an account of her expedition. But she, still pale with fear, only replied to their questions with: "God saved me from any thing very terrible; but, as I carried the skeleton, it seemed to me as though some one were following. Not for any money would I do it again."

"But what is to be done with the Bone Man?" asked one of the brothers; "he can not remain here, and I daren't take him back."

"Nor I," said the second.

"And I am quite sure," hiccupped the third, "that I couldn't walk as far."

"The skeleton must go back, that is positive," said the first; "we shall get into trouble if it is found here."

"Then let her who brought it take it back," thundered out the second with an oath.

The maid, shuddering at the thought of having to make the horrible expedition again, exclaimed, "That was not part of our agreement. I have kept my portion of the contract, and you have said yourself that I have earned the money."

"So you have, my girl, so you have, undoubtedly," said the fellow, "but here—here we don't want to have a skeleton lying about our glasses, and under our very noses, while we are making merry. It takes it itself to its proper place, were my legs steady enough, and my conscience clear. We will give you more money, if you will replace the Bone Man in his old position in Hostonic Church."

"Oh, Sir!" gasped the maid, "I can not, indeed! I swore that I never would tempt God like this again for the love of gold."

"Now shall you," quoth the toper; "not a groshen shall you get from any of us, if you do as we bid you; but this will I promise—I have no children of my own, and I will pay for the education of your little babe when it is old enough to go to school, and I will call these comrades here to witness that the lad shall not be wronged in my will."

The maid looked with trembling at the hideous

object which speared across the table. Her breast heaved, she folded her hands in prayer and closed her eyes. The agitation of her feelings, and the battle of conflicting passions, were clearly traceable on her countenance. Suddenly her face became calm.

"As you wish," she said, resolutely, "it is God's will. Yours be the sin, and you will have to answer for it."

As she spoke she lifted the clattering frame of bones, and slung it on her back. Firstly grasping her load, she wrapt forth into the night, and none ventured to follow her.

Would you know the cause of the girl's courage? As she had prayed, an idea shot into her brain as an inspiration from God, that she should dedicate her child to the church; she took the thought as a revelation of Divine will, and vowed there and then to offer her little one to God, if He would protect her on her expedition.

She traversed the market-place with her clattering burden, and began to ascend the hill, scarcely hearing the rattle made by the bones, for she had become used to the sound.

But as she neared the grave-yard the weight of her load became greater and greater, and the burden bowed her down. This she did not observe at first, as her senses were in a whirl of confusion, but, at the lych gate, it became so evident that she was filled with overwhelming horror. In crossing the church-yard she sank repeatedly to her knees, all but prostrated beneath the load which seemed to weigh a hundred-weight. It was with a desperate effort that she ascended into the church, reached the niche, and tried to shake off her awful burden. With unspeakable horror she found that this was now beyond her power, for the fingers had interlaced upon her bosom, and the arms held her as in a vice.

A voice like the moaning of wind through distant trees rushed into her ear, and a chill breath stirred over her cheek.

"I will not let thee go till thou swearest to obtain pardon for me from her below. Descend into the vault and pray for me."

Every hair on the poor girl's head stiffened, and a cold sweat broke out upon her brow. She shivered as a leaf in the wind, and was unable to articulate a word in reply.

"Wilt thou do my will?" asked the voice, and the maid felt the hands tightening their grasp, and heard the creaking of the bone fingers against each other.

"I will!" gasped she in her deadly fear. The fingers fell apart with a click, and the burden slipped from her shoulders. She turned and looked at the skeleton. A dim and phantom life seemed to animate its countenance; there was an expression of wondrous eagerness in the fleshless face, and a shiver of anxiety vibrating through the bony limbs. The jaws stirred, and the same strange voice rushed into the girl's ear.

"Lift the stone from the vault door, and go down the steps. You will find at the bottom a woman in black, sitting in her coffin, by lamplight reading a book. Plead with her for pardon. Till she pardons me I can find no forgiveness with God."

The maid obeyed. She lifted the slab from its place by the iron ring which was riveted into it, it rose at her touch, and disclosed a steep flight of stone steps.

With swimming brain the girl descended into the vault. At the further end burned a dim flame. A soft cool air leaved over her cheek. As she reached the lowest step she looked round. The vault was capacious, with groined roof supported by huge drums of Romanesque pillars. A feeble glimmer irradiated it. On all sides were stone coffins with armorial bearings sculptured upon them. On some lay withered wreaths of flowers, on other corroded swords or helmets. The light by which all this was rendered visible proceeded from the small saffron flame of a lamp suspended in the centre of the vault over an open sarcophagus. There, draped in black, in her stone coffin, with her pale face supported on her hand, her head surrounded with a garland of faded roses, sat a woman reading out of a large book which lay open on her lap. The maid approached her with vacillating steps, and bent the knee before her. Not a motion in the solemn reading figure. The white face was not raised, nor the shadowed eyes lifted from the pages of the book.

With faltering voice the girl besought forgiveness for the Bone Man. No answer. The woman in the coffin seemed to be unconscious of the presence of a living being before her. More earnestly pleaded the maid, her heart beating, and a deep anxiety to obtain the knight's release, filling her compassionate bosom. She called to the woman's remembrance her old love for the knight, the deep sorrow which he had endured for so many ages, and finding deprived of rest b'fore her tomb.

The reading woman shook her head without raising her eyes.

With heavy heart the girl retraced her steps, despairing of obtaining any thing from the lady in the vault. At the top of the stair stood the Bone Man bathed in pure moonlight, an expression of agonized expectation on his face, every bone clattering with emotion.

"Am I forgiven?"

"She has not forgiven you," answered the maid, in a scarcely audible voice.

"Back, back into the vault, and plead till you have obtained my pardon."

I would have spoken, but the skeleton raised its hand and pointed peremptorily toward the vault, and the girl felt constrained to obey. Fear now disappeared, and she felt the warm blood flow into her cheek as evenly as though she were at home rocking her babe.

Again she knelt to the woman in black, and prayed with fervor for the Bone Man. She pleaded by the hopes of salvation, the mercy of God, the Redeemer's wounds; her tears fell on the sepulchral floor; she wrung her hands, and sobbed broke the thread of her prayer. Still the pale woman remained unmoved; still did she read in the great

book without raising her eyes to the weeping petitioner before her, and only at intervals shook her head. An hour passed thus; the girl clasped the rim of the sarcophagus, and writhed in the vehemence of her supplication on the pavement. There was no change in the pallid woman, save that the wreath about her temples had shed its withered leaves, and had broken into tiny fresh buds.

Faint and weary, despairing of success, the poor girl again retraced her steps to the upper world. The skeleton was at the top, leaning forward in breathless eagerness, and gray hair spread over its ghastly face.

"Has she forgiven me?"

The maid sadly shook her head.

"Back again," moaned the strange voice; "without you I can not obtain pardon. If you can not procure my release I am accursed forever. Quick! midnight is long past, and all must be decided before cock-crow."

The trembling bony hands were wrung in bitterness of distress.

Once more the maid descended. The same scene was re-enacted. Again she supplicated, and again for all answer she obtained was the shake of the pale woman's head. The girl had pleaded by the name of every thing sacred, and had failed, she seemed to have nothing left by which to plead, but, with her head on the cold floor in the exhaustion of her hope, she asked for pardon for the knight in the name of her own little new-born babe.

At the word the great book was closed, the pale woman looked up, and a flush ran over her face, the wreath of roses around her head burst into a glorious white flower, filling the vault with exquisite fragrance.

"For the sake of thy little babe he is pardoned," said the woman. Then she sank back in her coffin, the great book fell closed on her breast, the lid shut down with a clash, and the lamp went out.

The maid hurried above with joyous heart, guided by the patch of silver which the moon cast on the topmost step.

"She has pardoned you!" she cried, as she saw the white face glancing down to her.

The voice which replied was soft as the murmur of a summer breeze among the ferns.

"You have done well in asking in behalf of an innocent child. In my life spared not innocence, and God sentenced me to find no rest till in the name of an innocent child I could obtain release."

The skeleton knelt toward the Blessed Sacrament, before which burned the sanctuary lamp.

"Glorify be to God!" he said, and extended his fleshless arms, and his jaws moved in prayer and thanksgiving.

The girl looked at him, kneeling in the glory of the moon, and a sweetness and calm settled over the face, directing it of all that was dreadful. Softly and almost imperceptibly he seemed to melt away, with the peaceful and beautiful expression on the uplifted countenance steadily brightening, and when the crowing of the cock rang out sharply through the night air the Bone Man of Hostonic was a little heap of dust.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

DARKNESS VISITING.—You individuals were investigating against the bad lighting of Brooklyn. "It's infamous!" exclaimed one. "Why, look at that gas. I declare it's quite black." "Yes, you may say, lamp-black," rejoined his companion. "And jet-black, too," he quickly added in the next denunciation. And the witty pair disappeared in the gloomy distance laughing. It was evident that with them, at least, the brightness of their humor made some atonement for the darkness of the streets.

A young lady who was asked by her friends whether it was true that she was engaged to a certain gentleman, replied to each one, innocently, "Not as yet."

THE BILL-STICKER'S PARADISE.—The Great Wall of China.

LIGHT LITERATURE.—The books of a gas company.

What proof is there in the Bible that Satan was a carpenter?—He made Joseph a ruler.

EXCLUSIVELY TO PAPER MANUFACTURERS.—What should be the size of a Spiritual Magazine?—Not over, of course.

SIGNS OF WINTER.

When you think that you don't know whether the Fall has been rung or not.

When it strikes you that your watch is at least ten minutes fast; and so if you get up when the minute-hand is "at a quarter to," you'll be in rapid time.

That if you could only be taken out to be washed and dressed in a second by machinery, you wouldn't mind getting up.

That another five minutes' sleep will make you all right for the day.

That it's three minutes to the half-hour, and you'll get up exactly at the half-hour.

That it's just one minute past the half-hour, so you'll get up exactly at the thirty-five minutes.

That as the minutes won't make much difference, say, get up at the quarter past.

The following resolutions will also lead you to the conclusion that the winter has come at last:

That you can't get up without hot water.

That you don't think that water is quite hot.

That he had better bring a little more water, please, and take care it's quite hot.

That you can't get up until your clothes are all ready for you.

That a little snow while James is bringing the clothes and such, it is said by those who know them, are most desirable persons, and indeed we must allow that every one looks up to them.

SIGNS.

When a cat prepares to wash its face, it is a sign that one in the house will shortly receive a licking.

If a woman visits her mother every Monday it is lucky for her husband.

To strike a green-eyed cat with a white spot on her nose is lucky, and heavy purs will be the consequence.

To have sixteen warts on the left hand is a sign that you are unfortunate.

To take the grinders down from the rack where it is hanging, with the left hand, is a sign that there will be a trial in the kitchen.

If you are in a house and hear a baby cry it is a sign of marriage—or if it isn't, it ought to be.

The Scientific American has an article on "Water" as a direct agent in the production of silk. We believe the evidence in this case is irrefragable.

"What would you take, my man, to carry a newspaper for me from here (the Fulton Ferry) down to the Grand River?" asked a gentleman of a laborer the other morning, at the same time putting out his purse. "Faith, sir," replied the man, "if I'd do it for 25¢ for you, I'd take the 10¢ from the Grand River."

The following is a revelation of a letter report of the evidence given in a magistrates' court by a second man named Doctor Jones, who accused another man named Washington of stealing his watch:

"The name Doctor Jones—now so 'caring old teacher named Doctor. I was sitting in the shop; my watch is hanging on the wall. But I was going to Washington's house, and down, get my watch out, and do watch was discovered. That's all I know about it."

LOOK UP A CANTON.—Why should every bright light be named William?—Because this run up so quickly.

LOOKS.

What look frequently represents talent without utility?—Haddock.

What look is most in request among physicians?—Look-just.

What look must be looked for out of doors and on the ground?—The look.

What look is generally lost in the decline of life?—Look of hair.

A QUESTION FOR SCIENTISTS.—When a star shoots how many points does it make?

DOWNWARD ASCENT.—How are run up in a few weeks by landlords, and run down by tenants over after.

THE CASTLE CHANGE IN ISLAND.—The plague, we are glad to inform our readers, has broken out among the left half—of which, driven hither by the current, a large number of the disease the Lord Mayor of Dublin has a dread that "The turn the old one did of" shall not played in any public thoroughfare.

A gallant captain of a whaler took for his motto, "By her service." "She'd'n't," said his widow, remarrying.



WATERFALL VERSUS FALL ON THE ICE. WARY OLD GENT.—"Fall on your back, did you?—Well, do as I do—borrow a wate:ll from one of the girl—makes a capital fender!"



BUTTERFIELD'S OVERLAND MAIL-COACH STARTING OUT FROM ATCHISON, KANSAS.—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM M. MERRICK.]



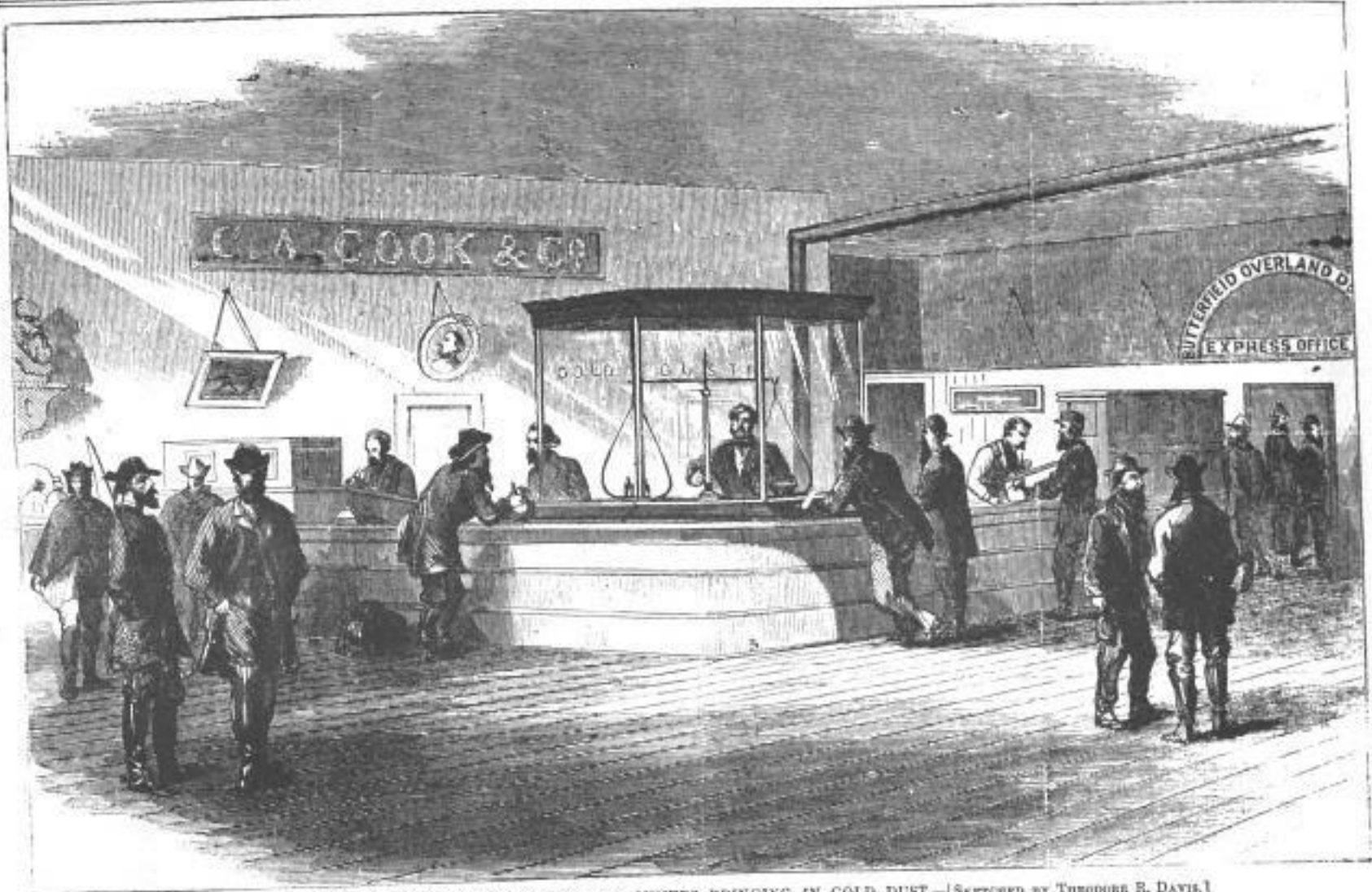
DRIVING THE FIRST SPIKE ON THE ATCHISON AND PIKE'S PEAK RAILROAD.—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM M. MERRICK.]



EASTERN TERMINUS OF BUTTERFIELD'S OVERLAND ROUTE, ATCHISON, KANSAS.—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM M. MERRICK.]



OUR ARTIST'S TRIP ON THE OVERLAND ROUTE—"COUNCIL OF WAR" ON THE PLAINS.—[SKETCHED BY THOMAS R. DAVIS.]



BANKING-HOUSE, DENVER CITY, COLORADO—MINERS BRINGING IN GOLD DUST.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

JOURNEYING ON THE PLAINS.

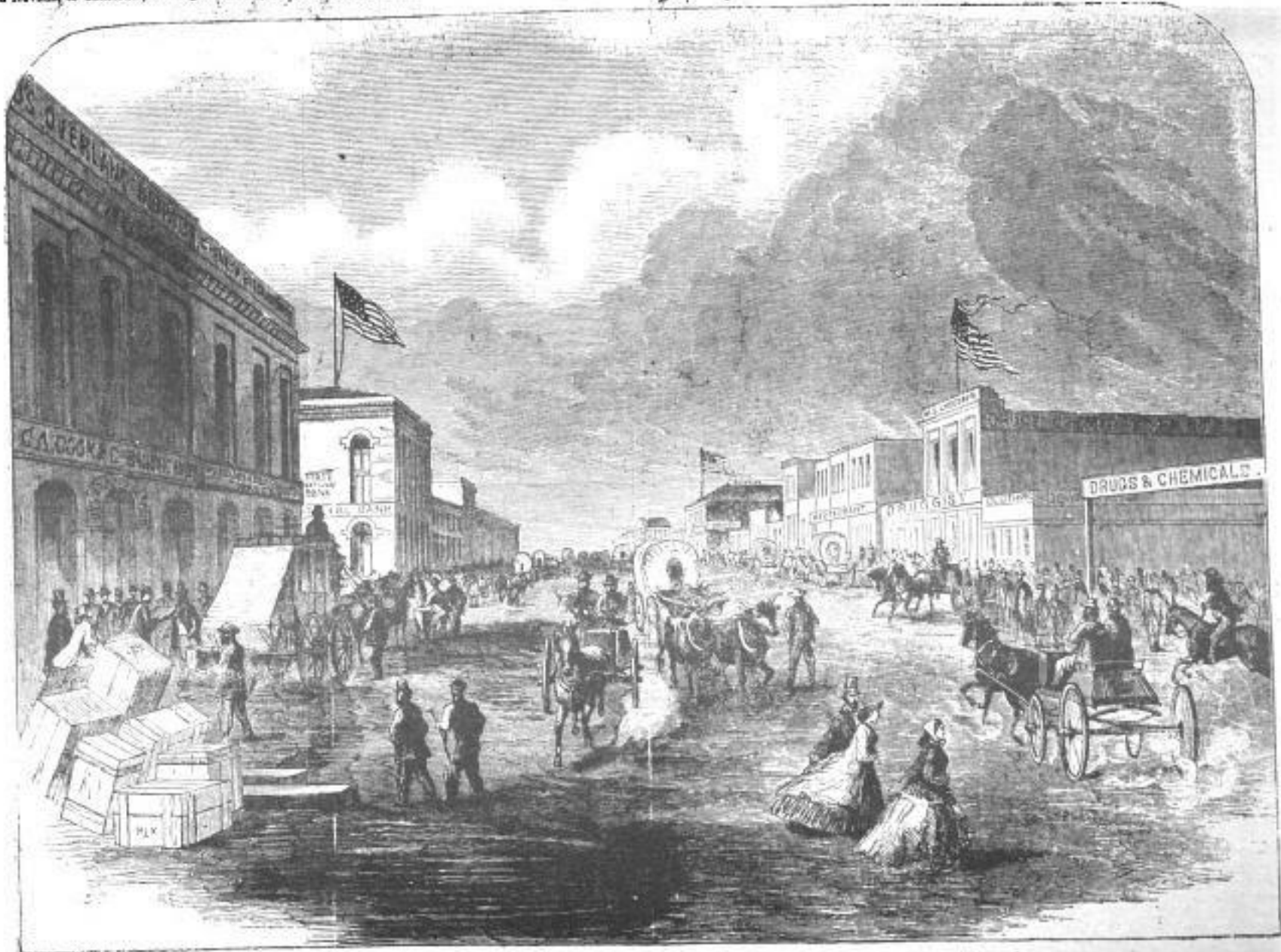
There are many things which at this time draw our attention toward the GRAND OVERLAND STAGE ROUTE across the plains of Kansas, Colorado, Utah, and Nevada, to California, making it a subject of

intense popular interest. One of these things is the Pacific Railroad project, in which there is now so lively an interest—the route proposed for that road being very nearly identical with the Overland Route. The recent trip of Speaker COLMAN and his party "across the continent" by the Overland

Route is also attracting attention to the route itself. And, finally, the raids of the Indians upon parties journeying by this route across the plains have added a tragic interest to the subject. We publish on this page and on page 56 several illustrations relating both to the rail route and to the proposed

railway line from Atchison to Pike's Peak. This proposed railway line, together with that from Aspinwall to Panama, which we illustrate on page 61, are characteristic of the energy and enterprise of the American people.

THE EASTERN TRAVELER OF BUTTERFIELD'S



THE OVERLAND COACH OFFICE, DENVER CITY, COLORADO.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

Overland Stage Route (of which BEN HOLLIDAY is sole proprietor) was removed in 1861 from St. Joseph to Atchison. This latter place, the eastern post of our Eastern railway system, is situated in the northern corner of Kansas, along some broken bluffs on the west bank of the Missouri River, 300 miles from St. Louis, and 20 miles below St. Joseph, the metropolis of Northern Missouri. It coincides with St. Joseph and Leavenworth by railway, is the headquarters of the Overland Stage Company, and is also one of the chief points on the border for the transportation, from cars and steamboats to wagons, of all sorts of stores bound to the mines of Colorado, Idaho, Montana, and Utah. Atchison is pre-eminently the border town of the West, and is memorable for its connection with the dark days of Kansas history. It was first settled by a band of ruffians of the worst type with STANFORD at their head. New England proved too much for the ruffians, however, and one morning Atchison awoke a Puritanic town, having gone to bed the night before with strong Southern proclivities. The town has prospered ever since.

The daily line of the Overland Mail Route leaves Atchison at 8 o'clock a.m. This line employs over one hundred coaches, about one thousand horses, five hundred mules, and seven hundred and fifty men. The distance of the entire route, before it meets the projecting arms of the California railways at Placerville, is about two thousand miles. To Denver City the distance is six hundred miles, and is accomplished in fifty-nine stages of about ten miles each. It takes five days to reach Denver, twice that time to make the journey to Salt Lake, and seventeen days to reach Placerville, California.

The Indians have made such havoc on the Plains during the past year that food for man or beast has been very scarce, and the Overland Company has been very much crippled on this account, making the grain with which it feeds its horses some eight dollars per bushel. The Company has also lost about half a million in buildings, grain, and stock by the Indians, and another half a million, probably, from the similar loss in consequence of raids by "the noble red men of the forest." Upon General CROMBIE devolves the important duty of taking care of the Indians on the Plains. Among the limited number of troops of his command are two regiments of infantry, all from the rebel army. They cheerfully re-enlisted into the national army, calling themselves "galvanized Yankees." It was only last spring that General CROMBIE'S protection was extended to the Overland Route.

The Butterfield Overland Dispatch coaches are frequently exposed to an encounter with the Indians. An event of this kind took place in November on the route between Chalky Bluff Station and Denver. Information had just been received of depredations and murders committed on the Smoky Hill route by a band of Indians supposed to be Cheyennes, under the lead of "FAIR BEAN," when, on the 23d of November, the Overland Dispatch coach left Chalky Bluff Station with a small escort of cavalry. Among the passengers were General BENTLEY and our special artist, Mr. THOMPSON R. DAVIS.

The coach reached Monument without any adventure, and left that station on the morning of the 24th, accompanied by an ambulance under the charge of Sergeant N. C. WHIFFLE. So little danger was apprehended that only an escort of eight men was considered necessary, three of whom were in the ambulance with WHIFFLE, while five mounted as a ride in advance of the coach. The coach had nearly reached the next station when the ambulance driver took a short cut, which did not pass the station but which joined the main road a mile further on. The encounter which followed is thus described by the *Times* correspondent:

"When within fifteen hundred yards of the station, Mr. DAVIS, of *Harper's Weekly*, discovered that a squad of fifteen Indians were charging down on us. Having seen give the alarm and opened on the red skins with his full rifle, which performance was immediately imitated by General BENTLEY, Mr. HAYSTACK, and Year Gen. Mr. PERKINS doing duty with his revolver from the outside of the coach. As we were all armed with Ballard guns, we have the party of quite as fast as they came, two of them bearing witness of our rapidity in the shape of a *bullet-shaped* hole in their side. The driver of our coach was not waiting in shock, but quickly drove his team to the station. We left the coach at once, and discovered that another party of Indians had rushed in among the horses and made them start, galloping down the hill. One of the stockmen had started at the first alarm to call the mules that were grazing near the station; one of the Indians discovered him and gave chase just as we got out of the coach. Mr. DAVIS showed his aim and started with his rifle to kill the stockman. The Indian drew an arrow from the bundle, especially relating him, when a bullet from Mr. DAVIS's rifle ended the Indian's performance and the Indian at the same moment. The stockman was shot but the stock safe, and with it five horses belonging to the cavalry stationed at this point. The party consisted of ten men of the Thirtieth Missouri Cavalry. Five of the men were away on a Buffalo hunt, so saved their skins."

In the mean time the ambulance was pursued by some fifteen or twenty Indians, and the four cavalymen were dispatched to its assistance. The party in the ambulance, after a leave-taking, left their wagon and retreated toward the cavalry sent to their aid, and thus escaped with safety. The whole party now brought together numbered twenty-one men, all well armed, but they were surrounded by Indians on all sides. In this critical situation they resorted to a bomb-proof which the garrison at Smoky Hill Station had dug in the hillside, where they determined to await the arrival of the Government train with its strong infantry escort, due the next day. No serious attempt was made by the Indians upon this bomb-proof, and the next day the Government train arrived, and after a slight skirmish with the red men the whole party proceeded on to Denver.

Denver is the leading town of Colorado, and lies under the very shadow of the Rocky Mountains, a few miles north of Pike's Peak. The vast tracts of "prairie schooners," as the tented wagons seen in our sketches are called, give the place an appearance of activity. And indeed, the amount of business transacted in Denver is wonderful, when the small number of inhabitants is considered. The *Exposition* now on is crowded with miners in all sorts of costumes, bringing their bags of "dust" to

exchange for greenbacks, the dust being sold at so much per ounce. It is not an uncommon thing for barrels of gold dust to accumulate in the safes of the principal bankers.

"PEACE ON EARTH."

By THOMAS HOOPER, M.P. FOR LAMBETH.

THE last time that the season of "peace on earth and good will to men" came round, the great struggle between the free and slave powers in America had not yet come to death-grips. Here, at least, many people still believed that the Southern States could not be subdued, and were sure sooner or later to establish their independence, and a new polity which would set for the rest of time as a health corrective to the dangerously popular institutions and ideas of New England. The year has passed, and the great revolutionary epic of our time has closed. Perhaps some of us may still stop short of Mr. Sewall's triumphant summing up: "Death," he says in his yearly address to his fellow-citizens of Auburn, "death has removed his victims. Liberty has crowned her heroes; humanity has crowned her martyrs; the sick and the stricken are cured; the inveterate combatants are fraternizing; and the country—the object of our just pride and lawful affection—once more stands collected and composed, firmer, stronger, and more majestic than ever before, without one cause of dangerous discontent at home, and without an enemy in the world." We may think him somewhat too hopeful in the breadth of his assertions, and may have our fears that it may take a generation yet to weld again into one brotherhood all the States of the Union. But, when he predicts so fearlessly that "under next October's sun he shall be alive, with his fellow-townsmen in Auburn, to rejoice in the restoration of peace, harmony, and union throughout the land," we can not but own that earlier prophecies of his, which seemed at least as rash, have been fulfilled almost to the letter. In any case, we do all willingly now admit, and honor, the marvelous energy and constancy with which the great cause has been played out by the American people. As soon of the many Englishmen whose faith in that people never faltered during the contest, I do most heartily rejoice to see that all classes of my countrymen are at last not only ready to appreciate, but hearty in their appreciation of, what has been done for freedom in America in this revolutionary war. I am sure that we now only want further knowledge of facts to honor our kith and kin across the Atlantic as they deserve to be honored, for the glorious sacrifices which they made of all that was most precious and dearest to them in a struggle upon which not only their own life as a nation, but the future of at least one-third of the world, was at stake.

In this belief, I think that Christmas is the right time for bringing out into somewhat clearer light a side of the drama which has not been as yet fairly presented to us here. I mean, first, the aims on the resources of the Northern States while the war lasted, and, secondly, the bearing of the men of gentle birth and nurture, who, so far from shrinking from the work, and fighting by substitute (as was asserted by some of our leading journals), took at least their fair share of all the dangers and miseries and toils of those dark years.

First, then, as to the people's work: and, highly as we may value the men who have come to the front, and whose names as soldiers and statesmen are now known over the whole world, we must acknowledge that the true hero of the war is, after all, the American people. In proof of this I will take one or two of the Northern States, and look for a moment at what the call was which was made on them, and how they answered to it. Let us look, as a first instance, at the smallest in area of all the States, and the smallest in population of all the free States. Little Rhode Island, at the census of 1860, just before the breaking out of the war, contained a population of 174,026. As usual in the Eastern States, the females considerably exceeded the males, and of the latter there were 82,361 altogether. Up to December 1, 1862, — that is to say, in less than two years from the first call of the President for troops—Rhode Island furnished 11,626 men to the army and 1400 to the navy, or almost 1 in 5 of her total male population, and, of course, far more than that proportion of her men of fighting age, between 18 and 45. In the first enthusiasm, when the call for 500,000 men came in the summer of 1861, the quota of Rhode Island was 4067, and she furnished 5124. I do not give the later returns, because there appears to have been a large number of substitutes among her recruits after 1862, and I have no means of knowing whether these were or were not natives of the State. There is no need to overstate the case, and I should, on every account, shrink from doing so. Rhode Island, though the smallest, is tenth in rank of all the States as a producer, and her people are consequently rich and prosperous. If, in the later years of the war, they found substitutes in large numbers, it must be, at the same time, remembered that they contributed more largely than any other State, in proportion to numbers, to that noblest of all charities—the Sanitary Commission.

But Englishmen will very likely say, "Give us an instance of any but a New England State: they are exceptional." Let us take Indiana, then, one of the mighty young Western States, a community scarcely half a century old. A strong contrast to Rhode Island could scarcely have been found. Indiana, in 1860, possessed 8,161,717 acres of improved farming land; Rhode Island but 829,864. Indiana was fifth of all the States in agricultural production, and thirteenth in manufacturing—Rhode Island standing tenth, or three higher than her gigantic younger sister. Yet we find the same readiness of response to the President's call to arms among Western farmers as among New England mechanics and merchants. The population of Indiana is reckoned in the census of 1860 at 1,826,428, and her males at 880,460. On the 31st of December, 1862, she had furnished 102,686 soldiers, besides a militia home-guard when her frontiers were

threatened. When Morgan made his raid into the State 60,000 tendered their services within twenty-four hours, and nearly 20,000 were on his track within three days. I do not happen, in this case, to have the later returns, and so must turn back to New England, to the old Puritan Bay State, to give one perfect example of what the American people did in the great struggle.

Massachusetts, at the outbreak of the war, had a population of 1,200,000 or thereabouts, out of which there were 257,835 males between the ages of 15 and 40. The first blood shed in the war against the slave power, as in the Revolutionary war against England, was Massachusetts blood. The 6th Massachusetts was fired on in the streets of Baltimore on April 19, 1861, and had to fight its way through the town, losing 4 killed and 20 wounded in the operation. Well, the number of men demanded of Massachusetts during the war was 117,624. The number furnished by her (reducing all to the three years' standard) was 125,487, being a surplus over all calls of 7813. Besides these 6750 were mustered in answer to a call for three months' men in 1864, which were never credited to her by the Government. Look at the meaning now of this other fact, that she has actually sent more men to the war than are now to be found in the State liable to do military duty. How does this tell as to war and to the human material in those Southern campaigns? The last assessors' return gave 138,767; while the total number who served (including three and nine months' men, and not adhering to the three years' standard) was 155,486. Out of these how many does the reader (who has probably heard more or less of "stopping the war by prohibiting emigration from Ireland," and of "New England hiring foreign mercenaries to do the fighting") think were foreign recruits? Just 907. This does not include men born out of the States, but resident or naturalized there before the war broke out. These latter, however, I suppose, could not come within the definition of foreign mercenaries; and of foreigners arriving in America during the war, Massachusetts enlisted, as I have said, 907 out of 150,000. While on this point, I may add that the most reliable statistics as to the whole forces of the North show that of native-born Americans there were nearly 80 per cent., of naturalized Americans 15, and of foreigners 5 per cent. only, in the ranks.

I can honestly say that I have chosen these States at hazard, and that a scrutiny of the remaining free States would give a very similar result. And now let us consider what that result is. Rhode Island, Indiana, and Massachusetts may perhaps equal in population this metropolis with its immediate suburbs; while one of them alone actually sent to active service, in the four years of the war, an army equal in numbers to the total volunteer force now under arms in Great Britain. Rhode Island is not so populous as Sheffield, and in eighteen months she armed and sent South 15,000 of her citizens. I know that England in like need would be equal to a like effort. Let us honor, then, all they deserve the people of our own lineage to whom the call has come, and who have met it.

I need scarcely pause to note how the Northern people have paid in purse as well as in person. Let one instance suffice. In 1864 the assessment of Massachusetts for taxes to support the general government amounted to fourteen millions, every fraction of which was collected without impediment or delay. Add to this the State taxation, and the amounts contributed to the Senate and Commission and other organizations for distributing voluntary contributions in support of the war, and we should reach a figure almost exceeding belief. I have no means of stating it accurately, but am quite safe in putting it as high as 25,000,000 dollars, actually raised and paid, by a State with a population less than half of that of our metropolis, in one twelvemonth.

And now for my second point—the example set by the men of birth, wealth, and high position. Here too I feel sure that a few simple facts, taken at hazard from the mass which I have under my hand, will be more than enough to satisfy every just and generous man among my countrymen, and I am proud to believe that, whatever our prejudices may be, there are few indeed among us to whom such an appeal will be made in vain.

I have said above that the mass of materials is large, I might have said unmanageable. It is, indeed, impossible to take more than an example here and there, and to bring these out as clearly as one can in the limits of an article. Let me take as mine a family or two, with some one or more of whose members I have the honor of friendship or acquaintance. And, first, that of J. Russell Lowell, the man to whose works I owe more, personally than to those of any other American. It would be hard to find a nobler record. The young men of this stock seem to have been all of high mark, distinguished specially for intellectual power and attainments. Surely the saddle of war has never been put more unsporingly into any field. First in order comes Wilbur Putnam, age 21, the sole surviving son of Lowell's sister, a boy of the highest culture and promise, mortally wounded at Ball's Bluff in October, 1861, in the first months of the war while in the act of going to the help of a wounded comrade. At the same bitter fight his cousin, James Jackson Lowell, aged 24, was badly hurt, but, after a short absence to recruit, joined his regiment again and fell on June 30, 1862. "Tell my father I was dressing the line of my company when I was hit," was his last message home. He had been first in his year at Harvard, and was taking private pupils in the law school when the war broke out. Warren Russell fell at Ball's Bluff, in August, 1862. Many of us here may remember the account, which was reprinted in the *Times* and a bar paper, of the presentation of colors to the 2d Massachusetts Infantry, by Mr. May, at Boston, in the summer of 1861. It attracted special notice from the fact that the author of the "History of the Dutch Republic" had been so lately living among us, and was so well known and liked here. The group of officers who

received those colors were the very *jeunesse d'ore* of Massachusetts—Quincy, Dwight, Albee, Robinson, Russel, Shaw, Gordon, Savage, Perkins. Such a roll will speak volumes to all who have any acquaintance with New England history. These colors have come home riddled, tattered, blackened, but five-sixths of the young officers have given their lives for them, and of the 1000 rank and file who then surrounded them scarcely 150 survive. This by-the-way. I refer to the matter, because Robert Shaw was among those officers—a name already honored in these pages, and another nephew of Lowell's. Shaw's sister married Charles Lowell, of whom more presently. We all know how Robert Shaw, after two years' gallant service, accepted the command of the first black regiment raised in Massachusetts (the 54th), how he led them in the operations before Charleston, and was buried with his "niggers" in the pit under Fort Wagner—the grandest sepulture earned by any soldier of this century. By his side fought and died Cabot Russell, the third of Lowell's nephews, then a captain of a black company. Stephen George Perkins, another nephew, was killed at Cedar Creek; and Francis Dutton Russell at one of the innumerable Virginia battles.

I pass to the last on the list, and the most remarkable. Charles Russell Lowell, the only teacher of the James who died "dressing his line," was also the first scholar of his year (1834) at Harvard. He had visited Europe for health, and made long rifting-tours in Spain and Algeria, where he became a consummate horseman. On the day after the 6th Massachusetts were fired on in Baltimore streets, Charles Lowell heard of it, and started by the next train to Washington, passing through Baltimore. All communication between the two cities was suspended, but he arrived on foot at Washington in forty-eight hours. In the first days of confusion he became agent for Massachusetts at Washington, and brought order out of chaos for his own State before joining the army. His powers of command and organization gained him rapid promotion. He served with distinction in the Peninsula campaigns of McClellan, and, after Antietam, was selected to carry the captured standards to Washington. He raised a second cavalry regiment at home in the winter of 1862. He was placed in command of the cavalry force which protected Washington during the dark days of 1863. In Sheridan's brilliant campaign of 1864 he commanded the cavalry brigade of four regular regiments, and the 2d Massachusetts volunteer cavalry. He had thirteen horses shot under him before the battle of Cedar Creek, on October 19; was badly wounded early in that day, and lifted on to his fourteenth horse to lead the final charge, so faint, that he had to give his orders in a whisper. Urged by those round him to leave the field, he pressed on to the critical point of attack; and himself led the last charge which ended one of the most obstinate battles of the war. It is the death of this nephew which wrung from his uncle the lines which occur in one of the last "Biglow Papers," published in one of last winter's numbers of the *Athletic Magazine*—

"What's needs to them where faith and truth
On War's red sections ring true youth;
Who ventured life and love, and youth
For the great prize of death in battle!
To him who, deadly hurt, again
Flashed on after the charge's thunder,
Tiptoe with fire in his look of man
That rived the rebel line's shoulder!"

"'Tis right to let the young go first,
All the while full of the red and green,
Leaving life's papers dry as dust—
To try and make 'em fill their places;
Noting but tells us what we miss:
There's a good son lives can't never say in,
As that world seems so far from this,
Let for us leaders to grow gray in."

He died next day of his wounds, leaving a widow of twenty, himself not thirty. The *Good-Bye*, in which his commission as general was published, did not reach the army till after his death. Sheridan, with the generosity which most of the great Northern captains have shown, declared that the country could better have spared himself, and that there was no one quality of a soldier which he could have wished added to Charles Lowell.

My first example, then, gives us one family, in which there was no soldier in 1860, losing eight young men under thirty in little more than three years' fighting.

I have mentioned the name of Motley above. Let us see how it fared with his circle. He has assured me more than once that of his own immediate family there were fewer than the average in the ranks; but he had at least five near relatives serving—three Lothrop, one of whom was killed in Louisiana, Major Motley, badly wounded in Virginia early in 1864; and Major Stackpole, another highly distinguished graduate of Harvard who served through the whole war, and has now resumed his practice as a barrister. Miss Motley married Captain Ives, a gentleman of fortune in Rhode Island, who was traveling in Europe when the war broke out. He volunteered into the navy, commanded the Potomac flotilla, and accompanied Burnside's expedition to North Carolina, where he contracted the illness of which he has since died. His cousin Robert Ives, also a man of large fortune, volunteered into the army, and was killed at Antietam. I believe they were the two last names to bore the name of Ives in their State.

The name of Wadsworth is better known here than most American names in consequence of its English connection. The head of the family was a country gentleman living on his estates at Gorseco, in New York State, up to 1860, with a family of three sons and three daughters. At the news of the attack on the Union troops in Baltimore he instantly chartered a steamer, loaded her with provisions, and sent her up the Potomac—a most timely and brave capital. He acted as aid-de-camp to McDowell, and was his right hand man in the Bull Run campaign, his "youngest as well as his oldest aid" was made a general soon afterwards; and, after several campaigns, was placed in command at Washington. His reputation as an officer had now become such that at the beginning of the last campaign every corps commander of the Army of the

KING LEOPOLD AND HIS SUCCESSOR.

No event in European history has been the subject of greater comment, or the occasion of more profound speculation, than the death of King LEOPOLD of Belgium, which occurred December 10, 1865. We give on this page a portrait of King LEOPOLD, and also one of his son and successor.

The death of President LINCOLN, of PALMERSTON, and of King LEOPOLD were the three great obituaries of the year lately ended. LINCOLN died by an act of violence, but both Lord PALMERSTON and King LEOPOLD lived to a ripe old age, and their deaths, though of so great significance, had been long expected. — LEOPOLD was a Prince of Saxe-Coburg, and uncle to Prince ALBERT, consort of the British Queen. He was born December 16, 1796, and had thus nearly completed his seventy-fifth year. He was the husband of Princess CHARLOTTE, and was, moreover, connected by marriage with the principal thrones of Europe. He had latterly been the confidential adviser of the whole family of sovereigns. His second wife was a daughter of LOUIS PHILIPPE, but that circumstance did not prevent him from being a friend and confidant of the Emperor NAPOLEON. He was related to the Russian, Prussian, Austrian, Italian, and Portuguese royal families, and the Empress of Mexico is his daughter. His ancestors were the famous Electors FREDERICK and JOHN, who had protected LUTHER from the wrath of the priesthood in the time of the Reformation. Princess CHARLOTTE, his first wife, was heir-presumptive to the throne of Great Britain, and at one time it seemed not unlikely that LEOPOLD would hold the same position in relation to the English throne which at a later day was so admirably filled by his nephew, Prince ALBERT. The Princess CHARLOTTE died in childbirth in 1817. The event cast a deep gloom over the nation. Queen VICTORIA was born



MOTHER'S DARLING.

two years later, and was the daughter of Princess LOUISA VICTORIA, of Saxe-Coburg, sister of LEOPOLD, her father being the Duke of Kent. — On the occasion of LEOPOLD'S marriage with the Princess CHARLOTTE the British Parliament voted a large sum as an outfit for himself and the Princess, and £50,000 for their joint lives, and for the life of the survivor.

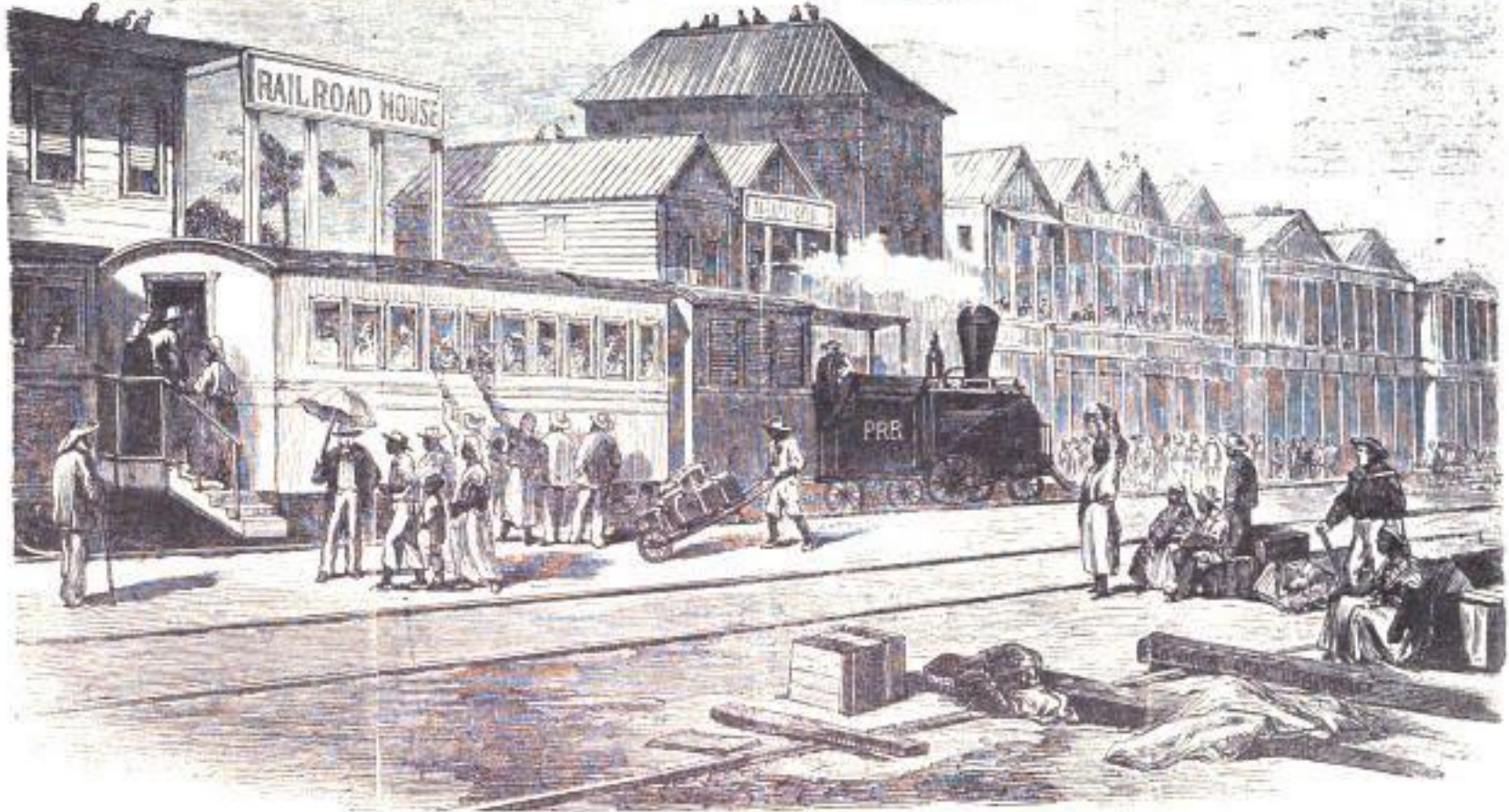
The French Revolution of 1830 brought to an end the ill-assorted union between Holland and Belgium. The conflict in Paris by which Louis PHILIPPE succeeded CHARLES X. powerfully affected all the kingdoms of Europe. The Provisional Government of Belgium declared that kingdom independent, and ordered Belgian troops to drive out the Dutch from the country. The great Powers united in disavowing Belgium from Holland, and appointed LEOPOLD king of the Belgians. In the establishment of the independence of Belgium Lord PALMERSTON, then Foreign Minister of England, took a prominent part. The Belgian Congress, out of gratitude to the French nation, as the only power giving material aid in freeing the country from the Dutch, had elected the Duke de Nemours, son of LOUIS PHILIPPE, to the throne. The great Powers generally, and England in particular, objected to this arrangement, and hence the appointment of LEOPOLD. The latter was elected June 4, 1831. A war followed between Holland and Belgium, but France sent 50,000 men to the aid of the latter, and a treaty was signed in October, in which Holland recognized the independence of Belgium. In the following year LEOPOLD married LOUISA, daughter of the French king. When, in 1848, LOUIS PHILIPPE was driven from the French throne, there was great excitement in Belgium, and a cry was raised for a republic. LEOPOLD met this crisis with dignity, disarming his opponents by an appeal to the people. Subsequently his reign was a tranquil one, the chief difficulties of his position arising from



THE LATE KING LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM.



LEOPOLD II., KING OF BELGIUM.



ASPINWALL, CENTRAL AMERICA—THE PANAMA RAILROAD TRAIN STARTING FOR PANAMA.—[SEE PAGE 62.]

the conflict between the Church party and the Liberals. And this leads us directly to the prospect open to his successor, LEOPOLD II. This latter prince is somewhat inexperienced, he having had no participation with public affairs heretofore, on account of his well-known leaning to the side of the Church

party. What future complications there may be growing out of the succession of LEOPOLD II. to the throne we know not. We only know that the new king has entered upon his reign in the midst of a popular applause apparently sincere, and with the expression toward him of the good-will of the principal reigning heads of Europe—expressions apparent-

ly equally sincere with those made by his own people. But in either case these expressions have been made while yet the late king had not been buried, and are in great measure a tribute to the wise and temperate reign of the latter. Certain it is, however, that the chief difficulties which are likely hereafter to disturb Belgium will arise, if they should

exist at all, from internal dissensions rather than from external aggression on the part of other powers. There is now a lull in the affairs of Belgium—but at any instant the storm may open, and the affairs of that country become again the subject of foreign concern—it may be of foreign intervention, and perchance of another European war.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 62.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION



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BIRDS IN WINTER.

THE birds have been called God's Messengers ever since that old and holy time when the prophet Elijah, waiting for his evening meal, saw the broad-winged ravens painted black upon the golden sunset, which flooded with glory the brook Cherith, by which he knelt. Our Saxon ancestors called these birds that built about the churches God's Birds, and held them in as great reverence as those which reared their nests against the temples erected by David and Solomon.

We read of winters in England so severe, even within the last century, that nearly all the small birds perished. There were very few robins, wrens, linnets, or larks seen the following spring, and it was the end of summer before any young birds appeared. During those hard winters thousands of birds were picked up frozen to death, for all the rivers were ice-bound, and it was so cold that the oil was frozen in the street-lamps, and they could not be lighted, so that the towns were left in darkness. Freezing showers often fell during these hard old winters, coating every thing they touched with clear bright ice, even the plumage of the birds; while the crimson holly-berries showed as if they were under glass, and the moss and lichen looked like jewels included in crystal cases. How do the small birds live during our severe winters? Where do they find their food?

Even in the severest weather there are millions of leaves in our forests amidst which insects are to be found. Then, too, the birds find berries in con-

siderable quantities. There are also myriads of insect-eggs glued on tree, bush, or hedge, to foliage that never falls, and these the birds find out and devour; and well would it be if our gardeners looked a little more closely to the few leaves which remain on the fruit trees at the end of winter, for they will be found covered with squares of insect eggs, all glued so close together that it is difficult to force the point of a fine needle between the rows. Amidst mosses, among withered grass, in the open hollows of so end of weeds and reeds, in decayed wood, in the thatch of stacks, dwellings, and outhouses, insects are concealed, and seeds are to be found which are only visible to the sharp sight of birds. We see them searching every hole and cranny in old walls, holding on by their claws and the pressure of their tails, and can fancy that the light of their sharp, flashing eyes must be as startling to the poor insects they fasten upon as the bull's-eye of a policeman's lantern is when turned upon a concealed felon. In farm-yards, in places where flocks and herds are foddered, amidst every variety of foliage and herbage, the birds find food that we know nothing of. Watch some bird busy pecking, then kneel down and examine the ground closely, and all you find will be grit, sand, and loam—to your eye nothing else is visible: what else might be revealed can only be discovered through the aid of a microscope. The sight of birds is marvelous. They will drop down like a stone upon an insect from such a height as in our eye would render it as indistinct as a grain of sand on a gravel walk.

The birds pass two-thirds of their time in mid-

winter in sleep, during which they require no food. The same Providence which causes so many created things to hibernate during the period they would perish for want of food if awake, also provides rest and sleep for the birds, during which they feel no hunger, and renders the few brief hours of winter daylight long enough to gather a sufficiency of food before retiring to roost.

Chief favorites of all our winter birds is the little robin. He never leaves us, but still sings the old year out and the new year in, as his forefathers did, centuries before a Christmas carol was heard. His beautiful red breast and the crimson holly-berries are generally the only bits of warm coloring we see out of doors, where all the landscape is whitened with winter. He hops on the window-sill, leaving the print of his long claws in the snow, while he peeps through the pane with his bold black eyes, asking, in his way, for food, and will enter the room, after a few visits, if he is treated kindly. He has such winning ways that all the children love him, and would not harm him for the world, were he caught and placed in their hands. How delighted the children are to stand at the door and feed the birds in winter, to watch their shy habits, as they draw nearer and nearer until they reach the furthest crumb; then they open their wings and are off in the twinkling of an eye! Throw up a few shovelfuls of earth in the garden, and there the robin is rummaging among it to see what he can find, almost before our back is turned; or else we find him perched, impudently, on the handle of the spade we had left sticking in the mould, and singing

away, with all his might, as if trying how much space he could fill with his song, since all the other birds are silent. Neither does he forsake us for long together, either in spring or summer, except at breeding-time, but comes every now and then, as if just to look on and say he has not forgot us. Then he comes again, with his little family about him in their juvenile suits; and you must look very close at them to see a likeness, for they are too young to wear the red waistcoat—the proud crest of the house of the Robins: but they will put it on in autumn, and be able to take a part in the Christmas carols.

In England, where the climate is less severe than in this country, the scene which we illustrate on this page is a very common one in the winter. There the wrens, robins, and finches are frequent visitors at the window. And as for the sparrow, it is never absent. They are the plague of the English farmer. They eat up the early seeds which he sows in February. They are born thieves, and are even said to fight each other in the winter for no other reason than to keep warm.

There are thousands of secluded homesteads scattered over England, where tender-hearted children may be seen administering "out-door relief" to the birds in winter, such as our artist has so beautifully pictured. The speckled fieldfare and the lark-picking bullfinches gaze timidly from the branches of the holly-tree; while the shy, wild blackbirds seem afraid to draw nearer, and the thrush crouches low, as if he feared the noisy sparrows, who make themselves quite at home any where. The third gr. etc.



BIRDS IN WINTER—OUT-DOOR RELIEF.

forth, the graceful chaffinch, and the merry wagtail
swam shy, though the chaffinch has approached so
near to the noisy sparrows; while bold Robin Red-
breast has ventured on the window-sill, and we see
a sweet face turned toward him from behind the
diamond-shaped lattice.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1866.

UNION.

IT is a matter of sincere congratulation that
the vote upon the Suffrage in the District
of Columbia shows that the great Union party
does not mean to serve the purposes of its ene-
mies by fatally breaking its ranks. There is
an honest difference of opinion as to the wis-
dom of unqualified suffrage. The party in Con-
gress seems to have been about equally divided.
When, therefore, Mr. HALE proposed to re-
commit the bill with instructions to the Com-
mittee to report certain qualifications, the Dem-
ocrats hoped by joining the radicals—to use a
convenient distinction—against the motion, to
compel the Conservatives to vote against the
bill as it stood; in which case the Democrats
hoped that their vote united with that of the
Conservatives would finally defeat the bill.

These fond hopes of a foolish faction were
utterly baffled. The Conservatives voted for
the recommitment. The Radicals and Democrats
defeated it. The question recurred upon the
bill as reported. The Democrats voted solidly
against it. But the Conservatives, with in-
significant exceptions, voted solidly with the
Radicals for it, and carried dismay to the ene-
mies of a sound and peaceful reunion. When
the Senate has passed upon the bill and the
President has signed it, the union of the Union
party will be closer than ever.

This result just at this time is of the highest
importance, for there were beginning to be very
serious doubts not of the intention but of the
sincerity of the Union party. A few days since
a gentleman writing in a circle of persons un-
friendly to the Government read aloud Mr.
RAYMOND'S naturalization bill. After some
sarcastic comments by the company, an ex-
rebel officer said: "No matter. Don't trouble
yourselves. The dominant party is going to
pierce fast enough, and then we and the Dem-
ocrats will just have things our own way."

It was a very plain statement of a very plain
peril. The consequences of a serious division
among Union men at this time would be in-
calculably disastrous, and whoever posses-
sion, whoever does not labor strenuously to pre-
vent it, hastens a catastrophe which should ap-
pell every honest man in the country. It would
be infinitely worse than a mere party defeat; it
would involve the honor and peace of the na-
tion. Every object for which the Union party
is now contending, with whatever differences
of view as to method, would be wholly lost.
The Union policy of reorganization would be
scornfully repudiated, and the President, whom
the ex-rebels and their abettors now obscuro-
usly flatter, refusing, as he would refuse to
submit to their dictation, would be contemptu-
ously set aside.

Why should men sincerely devoted to the
wise reorganization of the Union and to secur-
ing the evident results of the war tolerate the
mere possibility of such a peril? Surely we
are all agreed upon certain substantial, funda-
mental points. Upon the abstract definitions
of the exact status of the unorganized State
we differ. But that is a purely theoretical
question. The essential practical point is, that
they are not to resume their full powers in the
Union except upon certain conditions, and
upon that point there is no difference. Thus
we all agree that the constitutional right of se-
cession must be plainly disavowed; that the
rebel debt must not be recognized; and that the
Emancipation amendment must be supported
in good faith. But still further we are agreed,
and the President and the Lieutenant-General
assent, that there must still be military occupa-
tion of those States for the security of their own
inhabitants as well as for that of the country;
and that the Freedmen's Bureau must be main-
tained to make the radical change of the in-
dustrial system as smooth and easy as practi-
cable. And more than this there is no serious
disagreement among Union men as to the fact
that the Freedmen, becoming by the act of
emancipation free men, must sooner or later
share every guarantee of individual rights that
any free man enjoys, including, of course, the
suffrage.

Upon these great vital points there is sub-
stantial unanimity of opinion. For these ends
we are all laboring. But if we suffer our dif-
ferences of method to drive us to the fatal ex-
tremity of party dissolution, we shall see a
path essentially hostile to the Government
of Union triumph through our folly. We
shall see the military removed, the Freedmen's
Bureau abolished, the rebel State debts ap-
proved, the national debt repudiated, the faith
of the nation to the freedmen broken, and
those who for four years by arms or by sym-
pathy sought the overthrow of the Govern-
ment, controlling it to its destruction, and we

shall have our own criminal conduct to thank
for it all. The late vote happily reveals the
clear conviction among our friends that the
defeat of any particular method of action can
not be so hazardous to the country as a party
schism. And however deeply the superior
wisdom of any particular policy may be felt,
and however earnestly defended, we are very
sure that the good sense which saved the coun-
try in the present instance will continue to in-
spire Congressional action.

THE TAX ON EDUCATION.

THE report of the Commissioners upon the
revenue system is awaited with the utmost im-
portance by all who feel that the recommendations
of gentlemen so wisely selected, and who have
so faithfully devoted themselves to their ardu-
ous work, must necessarily have great weight
with Congress. We trust that two facts will
not have escaped their attention; that English
publishing houses are rapidly establishing agen-
cies in this country, and that school committees
and teachers in all parts of the land are busily
devising means to avoid the expense of school-
books, the prices of which are necessarily so
high.

Cheap school-books are surely a cardinal ne-
cessity of the United States. The one thing
that should escape taxation is education. We
certainly do not say that any trade should be
favored at the expense of any other, but we do
ask whether taxes which materially lessen the
circulation of school-books do not harm the
country more than they help it?

Paper, which is the principal material of
books, after the chemicals used in its manufac-
ture have paid a heavy duty, is taxed as a whole
under the Internal Revenue act. The printing-
ink and all the materials used in bookbinding
also pay separate taxes. Finally, the finished
book is taxed as a whole. In England, where,
as in this country, foreign rags are imported
free, books, paper, etc., are especially exempted
from taxation, and the English manufac-
turer is able to pay his duties and land books
in New York or Boston at about half the price
at which we can make them here.

The inevitable tendency of this state of
things is to send our book-publishing to En-
gland, to stop our paper-mills, and force our
skilled workmen into other channels of labor.
Yet three-quarters of the works now published
in this country are books of education. Do
we wish that England should write and make
them for us? Newspapers are justly exempted
from taxation. But are the spelling-book
and geography less valuable? No honest trader
wishes to shirk his share of the
common burden. But ought those who man-
ufacture articles of such prime necessity to bear
very much more than their share? If the Com-
mission should recommend that books, as such,
be exempted from taxation, they will recom-
mend only that a disproportionate tax be re-
duced; while the increased circulation caused
by the reduction will partly compensate the
Government for the apparent loss.

We earnestly trust that the Commission will
simplify the whole system of taxation, which is
now an exasperating snarl of perplexities; and,
while they throw the chief weight upon the
great luxuries, will emancipate popular educa-
tion from the chains which are forging for it;
at the very moment in our history when cheap
school-books universally diffused are a nation-
al necessity.

ABSTRACTIONS.

We have elsewhere repented what we have
said more than once, that the question of the
present exact status of the unorganized States
is practically unimportant, or, as Mr. LINCOLN
expressed it, it is "a pernicious abstraction."
But Senator DOOLITTLE in his speech, a few
days since, warmly denied that it was unim-
portant, and declared it to be a vital question.

So it would be if the Senator held strictly to
his view of the question and agreed to abide by
the inevitable consequences of that view. But
he does not. Like every statesman, he is wisely
illogical upon occasion. Indeed, the only
truly logical advocates of his theory are the
ex-rebels and Copperheads. They assert that
"once a State always a State," and rebellion
having ceased, arms being laid down, Alabama
and South Carolina are as much States as Wis-
consin or Maine, and are, therefore, entitled to
unconditional representation. They hold, and
upon their promises justly, that the whole pro-
ceeding of the President, in the matter of re-
organization, has been absolutely arbitrary and
unconstitutional.

We say that the Senator is wisely illogical,
for while he roundly asserts that a State can by
no possibility lose its status as a State in the
Union, he declares in the same breath that
some States shall not recover their status as
States in the Union unless they will submit to
certain conditions imposed by the National Gov-
ernment. Yet does he suppose that the State
of South Carolina adopted the Constitutional
Amendment as freely as the State of Massachu-
setts? Of course he does not. But if so, is it
not clear that whether a State can go out of the

Union or not it can so derange its relations to
the Union that they can be restored only as a
new State is admitted, namely, by the consent
of the Government?

The Senator seems to forget that the war is
not over because the rebels have laid down their
arms. The war continues until the Govern-
ment declares it is ended. Every thing that
the President has authorized in the lately bel-
ligerent States he has authorized as Command-
er-in-Chief. The existing civil Governments in
all the Southern States are, as Senator TRUM-
BULL truly says, merely tolerated by the Gov-
ernment of the United States. Governor ORR,
of South Carolina, frankly recognizes this fact.
The President continues the suspension of the
writ of *habeas corpus* in those States. General
GRANT continues active military occupation.
The supreme controlling authority in all those
States is that of the nation.

Now nothing can be plainer than the duty
of the nation not to relax that authority except
upon perfectly satisfactory terms. In the ac-
tual situation the plea of State rights is pure
folly. State rights are not to be resumed ex-
cept upon conditions prescribed by the United
States, and the United States are the sole
judges of those conditions. Suppose the
Government knew of a conspiracy extending
throughout the late league of rebel States to
rise in arms as soon as the national hand was
withdrawn. Would it be the duty of the Gov-
ernment to withdraw that hand because there
was no present armed rebellion, and because
the white inhabitants declared that they acqui-
esced in the situation? But if the Govern-
ment has the right to impose any condition
whatever to satisfy itself that no rising could be
successful even if attempted, it has the right to
impose every condition necessary to the same
satisfaction.

That is our situation now. Of course the
choice of those conditions must be sagacious
if it would achieve the end in view. Senator
DOOLITTLE asks whether we would seriously
undertake to govern the people of the unor-
ganized States without representation. The
Senator must first explain on what ground he
proposes a system of State government, by
which a third of the population are to be ruled
entirely without representation. He is willing
to admit Senator MARVIN from Florida. But
will he explain on what ground he favors the
resumption of power in the Union by States
which have a proportionally superior repre-
sentation?

However, the question must be settled ac-
cording to the Constitution, says some one.
Certainly it must. The war was waged under
the Constitution, and it must be ended under
it. But the Constitution did not prescribe the
methods in which the war should be carried
on; and it does not specify the conditions upon
which its results are to be secured.

THE FINANCE BILL.

THE financial measure before Congress, which
contemplates the reduction of the currency by
funding, is of so alarming a nature that it can not
be passed over in silence. Not only have the
Committee of Ways and Means implicitly obeyed
the behests of the Secretary of the Treasury;
they have gone farther, and invested that func-
tionary with powers which he never even thought
of soliciting—powers greater than any organized
Government in the world ever conferred upon
any executive officer.

It was explained a few weeks since in these
columns that the aggregate volume of debt to be
funded or paid off within the next thirty months
does not vary much from \$1,800,000,000. Mr.
M'CULLOCH in his report asked for power to
fund this debt, and seemed to intimate that
from one to two hundred millions a year might
be funded. On this the Committee of Ways
and Means, through the MORRILL sub-commis-
tee, prepared a bill which empowers the Secre-
tary to sell United States bonds, bearing any
rate of interest not over 6 per cent., running for
any number of years not over forty, at any
price whatsoever, at any time or times, and in
any amounts he chooses; and further permits
him to receive in payment not only the lawful
current money of the country, but any of the
short bonds or Treasury notes which the Gov-
ernment has been issuing. It is hardly neces-
sary to say that, if such a measure became a law,
Mr. M'CULLOCH would be created as omnipotent
a dictator of the money market of the
country as Congress and the Supreme Court
are of our political concerns. By offering
bonds for sale in large amounts, he could at
any time produce a stringency in the market
which would involve a general fall in prices;
by accepting all, or nearly all, the bids, he could
cause a general panic; while on the other hand,
by rejecting bids below a certain figure, or by
accepting in payment of his bonds securities
not used as currency, he could relieve the mon-
ey market at once, and cause prices to react as
quickly as they had risen. Under this bill he
might offer \$250,000,000 of bonds for sale for
lawful money. Such an offer would cause an
active recall of loans, a decline of 5 @ 10 per
cent. in all securities, and a general turmoil in
commercial circles. When the fall had taken

place he might announce that no bid under par
would be considered, and that Seven-Thirty
notes would be received at par and interest in
payment of his bonds. Such an announcement
would cause an instantaneous "let up" in mon-
ey, a rebound of 5 @ 10 per cent. in all securi-
ties, and a sudden recovery in merchandise.
All this he might do without violating his duty
or exposing himself to the slightest blame or
censure. Is it safe to intrust such power to
any one man? Is it fair to any man to expose
him to such temptation?

How M'CULLOCH enjoys the perfect confi-
dence of the American people. For many
months he has had opportunities, by means of
the secret sales of gold made by the Depart-
ment, of realizing fortunes for himself and oth-
ers. Yet no responsible person, even among
his bitterest political enemies, has ever even
hinted that either he or any one else has made
money by an early knowledge of the intentions
of the Department with regard to sales of gold.
The practice of selling gold secretly has been
generally condemned on grounds of principle.
But by common consent all admit that HOW
M'CULLOCH is an honest man, and that he will
not himself speculate, or permit others to specu-
late, on what he does as Finance Minister of
the country.

If it were mathematically certain, therefore,
that the extraordinary powers conferred on the
Secretary of the Treasury by this bill would
never be exercised by any one but Mr. M'CUL-
LOCH, the country might view its passage with-
out much alarm. But what if Mr. M'CULLOCH
resigned, or were removed, or died? Such
things have happened before. And though
there is good reason to believe that Mr. JOR-
NISON would be careful in selecting his successor,
it must not be forgotten that we have had,
heretofore, Secretaries of the Treasury and oth-
er Cabinet Ministers who were also carefully
selected and yet who proved to be not above
suspicion. HOWELL COSS was Secretary of
the Treasury, and, as we all thought, a most
respectable man; yet he did his best to ruin
the public credit. THOMAS, of Maryland, a most
respectable man, was Secretary of the Treasury,
and equally unfaithful to his trust. The post
of Secretary of the Treasury has generally been
filled by an able and an honest man; but how
would the public view the placing of such enor-
mous and irresponsible power in the hands of
such persons as the late THOMAS CORWIN or
ROBERT J. WALKER—both of them in their
time Secretaries of the Treasury? How if such
men as JACOB THOMPSON or JOHN B. FLOYD—
both of them United States Cabinet Ministers
in their day—chanced to be appointed to the
Treasury Department?

The war is over, and the necessity for dicta-
torships may fairly be assumed to have passed
away. It is about time not only that all pub-
lic officials should scrupulously avoid assum-
ing needless responsibility, but that Congress
should, as heretofore, hedge its grants of pow-
er with proper restrictions and limitations. A
curtailment of the currency being deemed re-
quisite, the Secretary of the Treasury may pro-
perly be invested with the power of selling bonds
to retire short securities or legal tenders. But
the amount to be sold, the kind of money to be
received in payment, the periods at which such
sales may take place, the price at which the
bonds may be awarded, and the character and
interest payable on the bonds, should all be
fixed beforehand and openly by Congress, and
not left to be determined privately by an ex-
ecutive officer. The public have a right to
know what is going to be done in the vital
matter of the currency.

There are two other points—we pass over
the objections raised to the issue of Sterling
Bonds as trifling and immaterial—upon which
exception may fairly be taken to the financial
measure now before Congress.

The first of these is the repeal of the section
of the old law which establishes a Sinking Fund.
That section had been flagrantly disobeyed by
Mr. CHASE, and has been disobeyed by his suc-
cessor. Finding it a dead letter Congress repeals
it. This is repudiation. Men of means
abroad and at home subscribed for our bonds
on the faith that a sinking fund would be es-
tablished which would gradually pay them off.
Congress has no more right to abolish the
Sinking Fund than it has to alter the rate of
interest payable on the bonds, or the date at
which they shall become payable. The Sink-
ing Fund was one of the essential conditions
of the contract between the United States and
their creditors. It may have been an unwise
condition. But it was voluntarily and delib-
erately established by the United States, and
to abolish it now is to break faith with the pub-
lic creditor, and to enter upon the broad high-
way of repudiation.

The second objection has reference to the
payment of the currency interest on Seven-
Thirty notes, debt certificates, and the like.
By Mr. MORRILL'S measure it is proposed to
absorb a large proportion of the legal-tender
notes now afloat. Assuming that the bill will
pass and will be a success, in this respect, it is
clear that the Treasury Department will not be
able to pay its currency interest in legal-tender
notes, but will be compelled to pay it in the
currency received for taxes—national-bank

notes. This also will be repudiation. When the Government put forth the compound-interest notes, the Seven-Thirty notes, and the debt certificates, it covenanted to pay to the holder so much per annum as interest. The covenant necessarily implied, as all covenants do, that such interest should be paid in lawful money. If Jones agrees to pay Browns \$5000 on a given day he must pay in legal tenders or gold, or he can not claim a discharge. Now if Government, before the maturity of the Seven-Thirty notes and compound-interest notes, so contrives to reduce the volume of the legal tenders that all its taxes are paid in national-bank notes, it will have no means of paying the currency interest due on its securities in any other medium than in national-bank notes, which may, and probably will, at the time be worth much less than legal tender money. Sound banking authority predicts that, if \$200,000,000 of our legal tender currency be withdrawn from circulation, the remainder will be worth from 2 to 5 per cent. more than national-bank notes. In such an event, to pay the interest on the Seven-Thirty notes, compound notes, and debt certificates in a currency worth considerably less than the money in which Government agreed to pay when it borrowed the money of its creditors, will be a very shabby form of repudiation.

It is not very likely that the Committee of Ways and Means or Congress will pay much attention to the warnings of the press. State-party discipline appears to have quenched individual freedom of opinion, and there is so little financial ability in Congress that both the committee and the body of which it forms a part are generally content to obey the orders of the Treasury Department. Were it otherwise, some effort might be made to induce Congress to let the currency alone for the present, and to take advantage of the large revenues of Government to reduce the public debt by selling the surplus gold in the Treasury, and by paying off each short date obligation as it matures. This would be the way to diminish our burdens without producing a commercial crisis, and in the end, it would probably prove as efficacious as Mr. Morrill's method for bringing down the price of gold. But there is no chance that any recommendation of the kind would be heeded.

COMMUTATION ON RAILROADS.

The principle of commutation is simply this, that a low rate of fares to permanent residents along the line of a railroad stimulates settlements and improvements resulting in profit. It supposes that the growth of such a population may be encouraged with advantage, and that there is no maximum attainable too great for the solid advantage of the road. The policy applies whenever a crowded city is located at either terminus capable of throwing out a large suburban population. In England all the numerous railroads leading out of London and other principal cities have practiced it from the outset with entire confidence in its being a remunerative system. The two great lines leading northward from New York (the Hudson River and Harlem roads) pursued the policy until they both passed into the hands of their present owners, who manage them so as to discourage further settlements, greatly to the injury of those doing business in the city who were induced by moderate fares to establish homes in the country. Rates to commuters who use the road daily were increased last season in some instances over three hundred per cent. A step so decisive warrants the conclusion that the policy of commutation is regarded by the proprietors with disfavor, and that further encouragement to settlements will not be afforded except other and different views prevail.

The subject is one of sufficient importance to justify public discussion, and particularly as the true interests of the roads and of the large number of property owners along their lines concur in the establishment of rates such as commuters can afford to pay, and such as will encourage improvements. The population along both lines is yet sparse compared with that along the English roads, but may be increased by a wise and permanent policy to an extent certain to reward the stockholders with ample returns. The policy which exacts the largest possible compensation from each commuter treats the present population as having attained its maximum, and strips them of all means to influence others to build up adjacent homes. These residents, instead of being the earnest and constant friends of the road, as they were at the outset for mutual advantage, are forced to make the complaints which prevent additional settlements. On both lines the great body of commuters, living at points not influenced by active competition, are much dissatisfied, and could not be relied upon for any friendly service to either company. In the matter of taxation, trials before those not influenced by free tickets, coroners' juries, the sufficiency of fences, and applications to the Legislature, these roads will constantly be met by opposition from those commuters who regard the late sudden increase of fares as wholly unjustifiable.

This state of feeling could easily be changed by adopting the policy in use on all the English lines, of discriminating in favor of commuters owning or occupying houses along the line, which can be done with equal advantage to both stockholders and the public.

The London and North Western Railway adopted in 1862, and have since continued the following mileage scale of rates for season tickets for one year for ordinary commuters who use first-class carriages, although authorized by Parliament to charge three pence per mile. Certain resident commuters pay half these rates. From one to five miles, inclusive, £7 10s. per annum, or say \$36 gold. For each additional mile up to fifteen £1 per mile, or say \$5 for fifteen miles. For each additional mile above fifteen 15s., or say for forty-eight miles \$213. This distance, forty-eight miles, is the greatest on the Harlem road for which commutation is allowed. The Harlem road charges for commutation to Croton Falls (forty-eight and a half miles) \$112 per annum. The rate between White Plains and Croton Falls is in very nearly the same proportion. Tickets one hundred at a time, are issued, the use of which may be deferred for any period within four months.

The English rates are reduced 50 per cent. in perpetuity in favor of owners of houses erected within certain limits and of a certain value, and are continued to any successor or other occupant. Students or apprentices living with their parents at any of these suburban residences pay also one-half the established rates. The Great Western line has adopted very nearly the rates specified above. Other lines charge much less. For instance, the Chester and Holyhead Railway has established the following rates per annum: for seven miles £7, for fifteen £15, for fifty £28, for sixty £30, for eighty-five £40.

The extravagance of the Harlem rates is the more conspicuous if the amount of accommodation is considered. For instance, above White Plains there is but one morning train to New York, which is the only one a business man going daily to the city can be expected to take; there are but two afternoon trains up, and four in the whole each way per day. It is unnecessary to say that this is very, very far short of the accommodation furnished by the English roads. We understand that their commutation tickets are good for three hundred and sixty-five days, while here they are good for only the week days of the year. A commuter there is not restricted in the number of times he may travel back and forth, but here he must pay for more than one journey each way per day. Abroad, a general ticket is issued which is exhibited only when called for, here a ticket must be surrendered on each excursion and another exhibited for punching.

But the important difference between the two systems is the assurance of a permanent policy in the English roads looking to the substantial interests of those who erect improvements along their lines, tending strongly to mutual benefit and the entire failure of the managers of these two roads to exhibit any such policy. This may be due to the fact that these lines have recently come into the hands of those who, although of great experience in other affairs, are without experience on this subject, and hence they have adopted a rate of commutation which must diminish the population, repress industry, and seriously damage property along these great lines of travel.

THE EIGHT-HOUR SYSTEM.

J. T., who is sanguine of the success of the eight-hour system, is aggrieved by our saying that the British laborer drudges fourteen hours a day for a pittance, and would deny the truth of the statement, but that he understands us to have asserted it merely as an illustration of the law of supply and demand. He thinks we should have said ten hours a day. But if drudging for ten hours a day gives only a pittance to the British laborer, what would drudging eight hours give him? That we did not misrepresent the substantial fact of the condition of the British laborer we are persuaded by what Mr. Bancroft said in his late speech at Birmingham.

"Have you read," says Mr. BRICHT, "a paragraph which lately appeared in the newspapers about J. Cross, a Dorsetshire laborer? He worked six days in the week. He had an excellent character from his employer, for whom he worked 24 years at the rate of 5s. per week. . . . I tell you that many thousands of cases like that of JONES CROSS are to be found throughout the country, and especially in the south, and that their condition is such that hitherto the most anxious investigation has been unable to solve the mystery as to how they keep body and soul together." It is truly, as he calls it, "a desperate condition." Does J. T. think that if the British Parliament were to reduce the daily hours of labor to six that JONES CROSS could keep body and soul together any better?

J. T. is a stone-cutter. He says that as yet there are no mechanical inventions to lighten his labor, and that competition is so intense that when a stone-cutter's day's labor is done he is too utterly exhausted for any mental ap-

plication, or even enjoyment, whatever. He adds, that the trade in New York, Brooklyn, and the neighborhood, have given only nine hours for a day's work since November 10, 1863, and that no more has been required. This was undoubtedly in pursuance of the law that we mentioned in the "Saturday Sermon" of the natural limitation of effective labor. Nine hours' work at stone-cutting is doubtless, upon the whole, as valuable as twelve, and it is worth, therefore, the wages of twelve. If eight hours' work is equally valuable, it is worth the same. But the question is, whether a law can make eight hours' good labor worth the wages of ten hours' good labor. If it can not, the inevitable effect of the law would be to drive capital where it could get the best return for investment.

J. T. thinks that if the Legislature will pass the eight-hour law "they will check the selfishness of both labor and capital." But how? Can you compel capital in a particular direction? If you try it you will merely paralyze both capital and labor. Suppose the Legislature of New York were to pass a law that nobody should work more than five hours a day, nor be worth more than twenty thousand dollars. Might they not just as wisely and successfully enact that every body should be comfortable and happy? There are some things that laws can not effect, and laws about labor are wise and effective only so far as they curb the natural facts and conditions of labor. Thus it is found that in the work of computation for the census and other statistics six hours a day is quite enough. It would be a very foolish law that would make it sixteen.

It seems to us that the friends of the eight-hour movement are of opinion that it needs only an act of the Legislature to secure eight hours' work, eight hours' sleep, and eight hours' recreation. J. T., however, while apparently urging this kind of legislation, expresses his opinion that "it is too much to expect that our social evils can be removed by legislative acts." What arguments, then, and to what end, shall be addressed to the Legislature?

ONE QUESTION SETTLED.

One of the perplexing questions has been virtually settled. The petition of the earliest veterans of the war who enlisted from the noblest impulses, and who after long service have been discharged, often from illness and wounds, for bounties in proportion to that paid the later enlisted troops, was so plainly natural that it could not be set aside.

But the Paymaster-General reports that it would take \$500,000,000 to equalize the bounties. In view of such a sum and the present condition of the finances, do the patriotic positions themselves press their honorable claim? Some kind of provision might be possible, but who would advocate such an addition to the burden of the country?

We must be just before we are generous, and the necessity of absolute economy is imperative. It is not only the duty of the nation but of individuals. It would be a fit crown to the conduct of the people during the war if they universally and individually economized to help pay the debt as they nobly supported its necessary creation.

FIFTH AVENUE SKATING POND.

Now that the skating season has fairly commenced, we take pleasure in reminding our readers of the advantages connected with Major OATMAN'S Skating Pond, on Fifth Avenue. It is the favorite resort of all lovers of the sport, both male and female. This pond is always open to visitors when the skating is good, except on Sundays.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 25: In the Senate, Mr. Chandler's resolution to withdraw our Minions from Great Britain, etc., was laid upon the table, 25 to 12.—Speaking on the Negro Suffrage Bill for the District of Columbia, Mr. Davis indulged in the usual abuse of the negro. "Carrion," he said, "had descended from his skin, and his head makes a hole in the ground."

In the House, Mr. Crockett, one of the Committee of Fifteen, offered a resolution, which was objected to, providing for the following conditions for the restoration of the Southern States: First, restoration of civil liberties; second, repudiation of rebel debt; third, the assurance of human rights to all peoples of color; fourth, the impartial distribution of political power among all sections of the country, so that four millions of people shall not be represented in the interests of aggression while at the same time they are excluded from political rights and privileges; and fifth, the election of truly loyal members to Congress.—Mr. Denney, from the Committee on Military Affairs, reported back the bill revising the grade of General in the army, which was recommended.—The House concurred in the Senate resolution authorizing the Committee of Fifteen to send for papers or papers, 125 to 25.—The bill on Negro Suffrage in the District of Columbia was debated through the remainder of the session. The black population of the District is about 25,000, or about one-fourth the entire population of the District. The provision made by the bill is simply that there shall be no restriction to suffrage based on distinction of color. Mr. Allen claimed that suffrage was the sacred right of the negro. Mr. Rowell, of Kentucky, would give with his State in refusing suffrage. Mr. John T. Thomas, of Maryland, claimed to have a number of the Republican party, but thought that the negro question should come with reconstruction.

January 27: In the Senate, a resolution of Mr. Sumner against amending the militia of Alabama was referred to the Com-

mittee of Fifteen.—Mr. Hildes' resolution to provide for national Governors for the rebel States was taken up. Mr. Hildes addressed the Senate at length, claiming that President Johnson had in his policy of restoration largely followed in the footsteps of his predecessor. He supported the President's policy, and claimed that to issue the very Union for which we have been fighting we must have a rapid restoration of all the States to their normal relations in Congress as it is possible.

In the House, Mr. Hildes presented the credentials of John N. Goodwin, delegate from Arizona, who was appointed and took his seat.—The bill to incorporate the National Protective Mountaineering Company, the object of which is to encourage emigration to the North, was taken up. Mr. Baker, of Illinois, objected to the bill as creating what he supposed to be a charitable institution. The bill provided an immense and exclusive privilege on a small number of persons, who might enjoy lands without limitation. The bill was laid on the table, 120 to 27.—The Negro Suffrage Bill for the District of Columbia was taken up and debated. Mr. Denney, of New York, favored qualified suffrage, the qualification to be one of station. He thought it better not to disregard the value of the law. He moved a postponement of the bill to the first Tuesday in April. Mr. Hildes advocated a restriction of suffrage to all who could read the Constitution of the United States. Mr. Thayer, of Pennsylvania, advocated the bill on the ground of equal and impartial justice. Mr. Van Horn, of New York, opposed the measure, claiming that this was exclusively a white man's Government.

January 18: In the Senate, a bill was passed to distribute 500 copies of Mr. Morrill's analysis among the different State Libraries, Departments, etc.—Mr. Wade, from the Committee on Territories, reported a bill for the admission of Utah, which would give the State government proposed by the people.—Mr. Sumner's report upon Mr. Hildes' motion, after they supported the President's policy. He did not think any act of Congress necessary for the admission of the Southern States. This was a white man's Government, etc. Mr. Wade followed in a reply to Mr. Hildes' speech of the day before. He claimed that we were not to support a policy simply because Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Johnson adopted it. Mr. Johnson had gone further than Mr. Lincoln, and had extended the Southern States to adopt the Constitutional amendments and the 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th, as an equal footing. He thought it had been, after scrapping the negro into the military service, to abandon them to their enemies now that the field is over.—A bill was passed giving Mrs. Lincoln the following privilege.

In the House, the bill for negro suffrage in the District of Columbia was taken up. Mr. Johnson, of Pennsylvania, spoke against it. Mr. Rowell, of Massachusetts, was opposed to postponement. He thought the right of suffrage should follow emancipation. He thought the negroes should have a share in the Government as well as in fighting for it. A motion by Mr. Sumner to lay the bill on the table was insisted, 45 yeas against 23 nays.—Mr. Denney's motion to postpone was disagreed to, 24 to 124. A motion to rescind the bill with Mr. Hildes' amendment was lost, 55 to 117. The bill was then passed, 126 to 54. It reads as follows:

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That from all laws and parts of laws, and providing the qualifications of electors for any office in the District of Columbia, the word 'white' be and the same hereby be stricken out; and that from and after the passage of this Act no person shall be disqualified from voting at any election held in the said District on account of color. And be it further enacted, That all Acts of Congress and all laws of the State of Maryland in force in said District, and all resolutions of Washington and Georgetown inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, are hereby repealed and annulled."

January 12: In the Senate, Mr. Hildes presented the credentials of William Morris, of Florida, which were ordered to be laid on the table.

In the House, \$200,000 were appropriated for the purchase of Lewis's Island, Portsmouth Navy-yard.—Mr. Denney spoke on reconstruction, advocating that negroes have every political right necessary to their liberty, and that the public debt should be incurred, and rebel States organized, and there should be a Constitutional Amendment giving Congress power to make all laws necessary and proper to secure to all persons of every State equal protection in life, liberty, and property. We might demand more, but not a job less can we receive.

January 20: In the Senate, the bill for the enlargement of the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau was debated, but no action was taken.

January 21: In the Senate, Mr. Fessenden, from the Committee of Fifteen, reported a joint resolution that representatives and direct taxes should be apportioned among the States according to their respective numbers, excluding from the basis of representation all persons to whom the elective franchise is denied.—The resolution to refer all papers and documents relating to the reconstruction of the rebel States was adopted.—It was voted, 23 to 11, that Fremont's bill to enlarge the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau should not be restricted to the rebel States.

In the House, Mr. Stevens offered the same resolution from the Committee of Fifteen which Mr. Fessenden offered in the Senate. This was debated at some length, and was finally made the special order for the next day.

NEWS ITEMS.

Rufus Choate, Jun., the only son of the late celebrated Boston lawyer of that name, died on January 25, at Manchester, Massachusetts, from the effects of wounds received in the late war.

The President has relieved Provisional Governor McLean of Florida, and recognized Mr. Walker as the regular Governor. Texas is now the only State which has a Provisional Governor.

The Message of Governor Worth was received in the North Carolina Legislature January 23. He recommends the reformation of proceedings under provisional rule in the State, the repeal of all laws in conflict with perfect allegiance to the National Government, and the adoption of a judicial system. He thinks that there will be no necessity of organizing the Freedmen's Bureau after the restoration of the State courts, from which he says the negroes can get full justice.

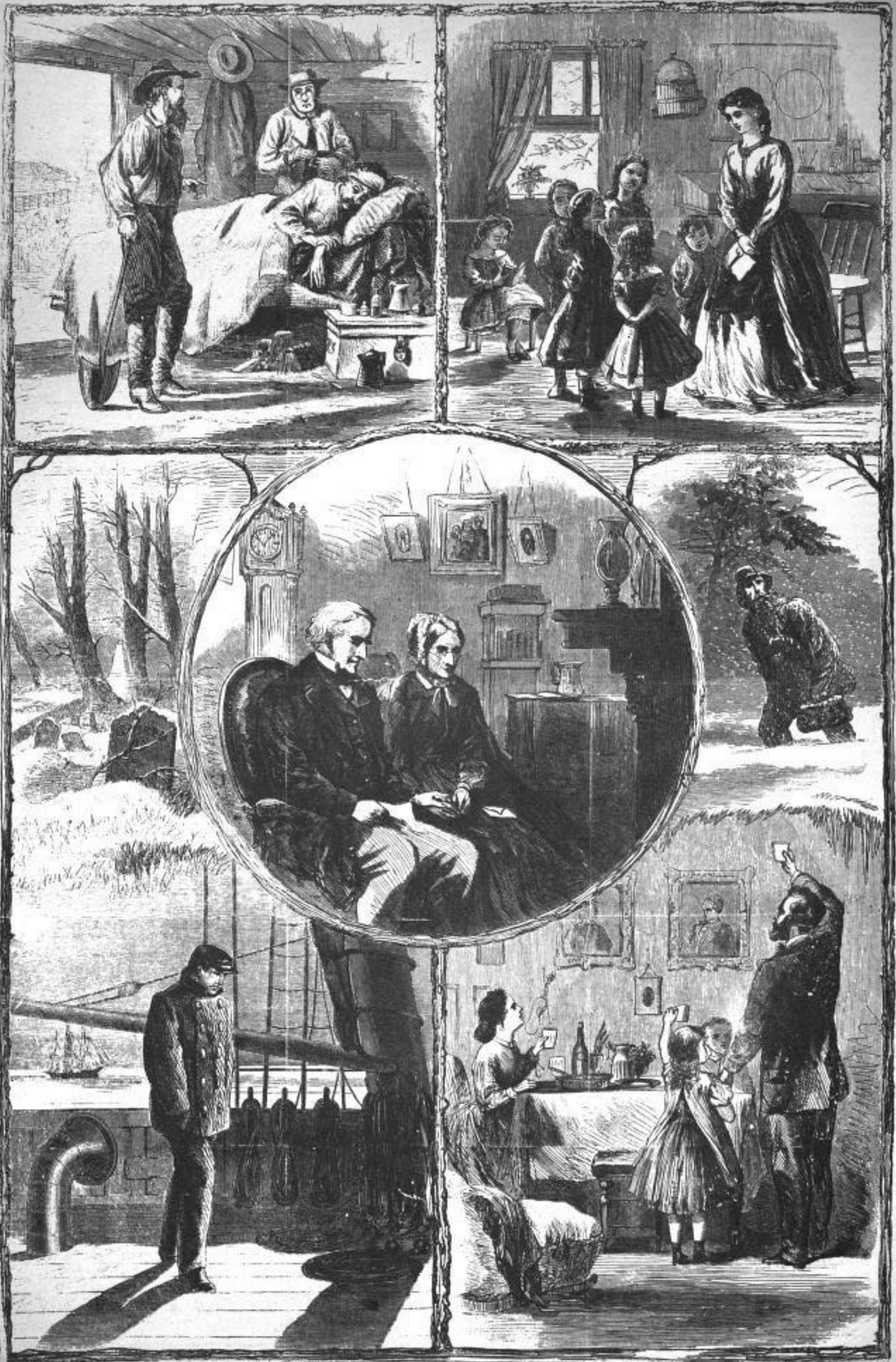
The national debt at the close of December was lost by forty-one million than at the close of last August. Secretary Sherman has declined to make funds. There are the deposit of the month's interest to others all charged for disabilities incurred in the service, or who have died in battle, in hospital, or in rebel prisons.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Chaff disturbance appears to have been in death of Admiral Pender. It is stated that this officer was killed during the war of his wounds had been captured by the Russians, became ill, and finally died on board his ship, November 19, by shooting himself with a pistol.

It has been announced that the town of Bagdad, in Mesopotamia, was captured from the Imperialists, on January 5, by an American force, consisting of the 10th, 12th and 15th United States Cavalry, under General Davis. The American General Crockett was in command of it, and General Freshfield was on his way thither. The accounts indicate that the French was about starting on another expedition. General Weitzel, at the request of Lebedev, sent two hundred men from Brownsville, Texas, to Bagdad to preserve order.

The French army at Orléans have been concluded. The French army of Orléans, one of the most powerful organs of public opinion in France, has an article showing the course of the intervention, and asking that it be recalled for the Mexican banditti. He only offers it in the way of the withdrawal of the French army from the Gulf of Mexico, which would be an important step, and that for that purpose. It is said that the French Opposition have determined to maintain it in the event of the coming session of the Corps Legislatif, and to bring the intervention in Mexico to an end.



OLD FOLKS AT HOME AND YOUNG FOLKS ABROAD.

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INSIDE
A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



MRS. SOREL.

CHAPTER IV.

BROTHER BARKER was in the full tide of the most confident and convincing assertions upon the state of the country when he experienced a sudden and singular interruption. This was none other than the entrance of a somewhat tall and slim but very neat lady, who was hailed by Mrs. Juggins with a cordial,

"Why, if here ain't Mrs. Sorel now! Walk in, Mrs. Sorel; glad to see you; don't take that chair, this here is an easier one; take off your bonnet; come to spend the day, I do hope; how are all at home?"

There was nothing specially wonderful in the lady, at least to look at. You could see that she must have been beautiful in her youth; the clear gray eye, regular features, and still graceful form, showed that plainly enough. Yet, being only a lady, clothed in some gray stuff, with a calico sun-bonnet, it was hard to account for the interruption caused by her simple entrance. The preacher stopped in his conversation, singularly abashed and confused. Even the old planter received her more like an overgrown boy caught by the owner thereof in the midst of a water-melon patch than the master of a household. And Mrs. Juggins, too, seemed endeavoring to hide something beneath the bustle of her welcome.

A close observer might have detected a peculiarly arch smile which passed over the face of the visitor at the sudden silence and evident embarrassment which attended her arrival, but it was gone in an instant as she saluted the company with quiet ease and took a seat beside Mrs. Juggins. It was evidently with an effort that conversation was resumed; and the burden thereof was thrown upon the visitor, who had herself to mention the facts in regard to the weather, which, in the section of which we are speaking, and probably all over the world besides, form the invariable introduction to conversation.

It is strange; yet if ever countenances expressed the sense of being caught at something wrong, the countenances of the persons thus interrupted expressed that guilty emotion. Certain it is, there was in the bosoms of the persons interrupted a sharp, sudden sense of guilt which surprised even themselves, but which their outward bearing was too true to their inward self not to manifest. Of all of them the preacher had the deepest, strongest sense of this; and a sense of it which, a moment after, he resented more than the others, being more violent and positive in his after-conversation from this very cause. Meanwhile, if any one could have known it from her composed and natural manner or not, Mrs. Sorel was saying to herself, as she took out her sewing—"Dear me, I wish I had known; but, as it is, I can not help it!"

With the rest, she felt that it was in vain to sit there five minutes and not get into the one, grand, only, all-absorbing, everlasting topic. That it should not, at least, be her fault, Mrs. Sorel immediately engaged Mrs. Juggins, who was her near neighbor, in conversation about the making of butter and the raising of chickens and turkeys. The scarcity of this was evidently leading into the topic of the war, so that it was necessary to avoid that theme also. The gentlemen had from her entrance ceased conversation; the preacher apparently engaged in reading the *Advocate*—the religious paper of the Church to which Colonel Juggins and himself belonged—and the Colonel engaged in smoking his cob pipe and solemnly thinking over Fort Donelson and Nashville.

Now there was no better soul in the world than Mrs. Juggins, but conversation formed no part of her excellences, so that it devolved upon Mrs. Sorel either to say something or to sit in silence. To avoid this and, at the same time, keep the thread of conversation in her own hands, Mrs. Sorel began in a lowered tone to

tell her neighbor of her various devices in the economy of her household; how much a little alum had improved the candles she was making at home; how easy she found it at last to plait straw into hats for her household; how she had succeeded in making starch—a large sample of which she had brought over for Mrs. Juggins—from wheat bran.

"Yes; and just as good as any I ever bought of the store—Yankee made," remarked Mrs. Juggins, as she examined the article carefully. "That is what I say," continued the old lady; "we can do without them, we don't want them here; why can't they just stay at home and—"

"But I must tell you how I managed about making shoes," interrupted her visitor; and she proceeded to tell how many soles of old shoes she had made the children collect from about the place; how she had soaked them well in water, and so made them again into shoes. Mrs. Sorel also informed her neighbor how keenly she had suffered under the dearth of bluing, then desolating all the wash-tubs of the country, and how she had found out that common blue ink, largely diluted, answered just as well.

"Yes, and ink went right up from two bits to fifty cents a bottle, soon's you found it out," moaned Mrs. Juggins.

Much more did Mrs. Sorel have to tell her neighbor, talking rapidly and in her most cheerful manner. Not, if she could help it, should the conversation glide off into the war.

"By-the-by, when did you hear from Frank last?" asked the Colonel, suddenly, in the midst of a description his wife was giving Mrs. Sorel of a loun she was having made.

Colonel Juggins had no such intentions, but his sudden question ruined every thing. He was an ignorant man, somewhat dull too, yet he had his intuitions the moment after that it would have been as well not to have asked the question. But it was too late. Even Mrs. Juggins saw that they were, as she afterward expressed it, "in for it now."

"Not for several weeks, Colonel," replied Mrs. Sorel.

"Your son is in Virginia, I believe, ma'am?" said the preacher, in his usual tone at the beginning of a sermon. Brother Barker always began his sermon in a low and scarcely audible voice; he got loud enough, however, long before he got through.

"With our Tom," said the Colonel, promptly. "And now, Heuther Barker, suppose we take a look at that three-year-old I told you about; you circuit riders know a good animal when you see it if any body does; takes a Methodist preacher to judge horse-flesh!"

"In a moment, Heuther Juggins," said the preacher, who was not to be interrupted in that way either. "I congratulate you, ma'am," continued he, "that you have a son to fight the battles of his country; it must be a great satisfaction to you."

Now, "Brother Barker was built for fight," had been a highly complimentary remark often made in regard to him by his friends. No knight ever went into tourney with greater zest than did this man into any theological controversy, whenever and wherever the lists were opened. But controversy upon the well-worn themes of Church Government, Election, Baptism, and the like, had ceased entirely, had utterly passed from the minds of men. The one great controversy of the day, raging not only upon battle-field but in every village, in every knot of talkers, in every separate heart and mind, this controversy had swallowed up every other. To it men gave all the zeal they had hitherto squandered in dozens of different directions; certainly with Brother Barker this was the case.

"You are perfectly aware, Mr. Barker, that Frank's course does not give me satisfaction," said Mrs. Sorel, calmly.

"Ah, is it so?" said the preacher, raising his brows in wonder. Like every man who stakes every thing on a cause, falsehood favorable to that cause was a totally different thing from the old, abstract, abominable falsehood.

"You must pardon me, Mr. Barker," said Mrs. Sorel; "but I have observed from the outset that equivocation, departure from strict truth, has been a leading feature of Secession. You know perfectly well what my sentiments are to-day and always have been. Frank would not have gone to the war if he could have staid at home. He no more wanted to go himself than I wanted to send him. He was taught to love his country from his cradle, and from his earliest recollection he was trained to regard Secession as the greatest of crimes."

"You must permit me, ma'am," began the preacher.

"Only let me finish, if you please," said Mrs. Sorel, in a manner as cool as it was decided. "At the opening of the war Frank never dreamed of enlisting, at least not under *that* flag, but his case became more unpleasant every day. Hardly a day but he would say when he came home, 'I hate the thing as much as you do, mother, but what can I do?' Not a day, not an hour of the day, but his old companions were after him to enlist. So many of them were gone that he began to feel as if left alone in the world. The hints, too, about his being tied to his mother's apron strings, about his being afraid to go, and a hundred things of the kind, were upon him till he could stand it no longer. One bitter, bitter day he enlisted! He did as tens of thousands of others have done—swept away against every prompting of reason, religion, and conscience—swept away in the wild tide that sweeps the land—and woe to the wicked men that set that tide going! I tell you, Mr. Barker, if to no others, to thousands of desolated mothers they will have to answer for it at the bar of God!"

If Mrs. Sorel had only spoken this in an excited manner and with raised voice it would have been a much easier thing for Mr. Barker

to reply; but there was a calmness, a conviction, a sense of being unquestionably right, in her manner which embarrassed the preacher. Or, rather, there was a sense—struggle against it as he might—of being wrong in the matter in the bosom of this latter individual which he could not overcome. Loudly as he talked, abundant as were his arguments from Scripture, fierce as were his denunciations of the Yankees—all the time there was under it all that sense of being in the wrong which the preacher could not get rid of to save his life. However it may be with other men, the really pious man has a sense of right and wrong in his bosom which nothing can quench—it is the unquenchable spark within him of an eternal life.

"I would think, Mrs. Sorel—you are a professor, I believe?" asked the preacher.

"Mr. Barker," said Mrs. Sorel, with a steady and surprised look at him, "why do you ask such a question? You know that I am."

"Then I would ask, ma'am, why you do not have faith in God to leave your son in his hands? You should not grieve over your son, as I am told you do. Thousands of us—Sister Juggins here, for instance—have sons in the war—"

"And that is just the difference in my case," said Mrs. Sorel, breaking quietly in upon the preacher. "I do not grieve over Frank because he is away from me, or because he may be lying at this moment in some crowded hospital without a mother's hand to tend him. No. Nor if Frank was dying there of some disease or some dreadful wound, would that be what would break my heart. For all that I could and would trust him in the hands of the Lord—it is the case he is engaged in that cuts me to the soul."

"Really, Mrs. Sorel," said the preacher, greatly excited, "your views are very singular, and they may be such as may injure you."

"Such have always been my views, Sir," said the lady, quietly and gravely, "and always will be. If I speak at all on the subject I have none others to express. And what I now think and feel was, a year ago, the sentiment of every individual in our then happy land, with the exception of a few desperate politicians who were even then plotting our ruin. Then they were regarded as bad men; to-day they are the rulers of a deluded people."

If Mrs. Sorel had only got angry as she spoke! But she was so entirely calm, spoke with such force of moral conviction, in such a tone as if of burglars or murderers whose guilt no one could deny, that, in spite of himself, the preacher was confounded. A mere politician would not have been; but Mr. Barker, on the other hand, had a conscience.

"Were you not born at the North?" he asked, at length.

"Mr. Barker," said the lady, after a grave pause, "why do you ask such a question? You know perfectly well that I am a South Carolinian."

an. Mrs. Juggins has told you that repeatedly—so have I."

"You are a strange sort of South Carolinian," said the preacher, with a sarcastic smile.

"Perhaps so," said the lady, quietly. "My father was a plain, sensible planter, living in South Carolina, as his people and his wife's people had lived from the settlement of the country. In the days of Nullification he was a Union man—not without some influence—the unpretending influence of plain, sober, Christian sense—in his neighborhood. He was murdered by a Nullifier, a leading politician then, and I never can forget the lesson I learned then—the calm, solid conviction of the one set of principles, and the heat and violence, the jangling, bullying, cursing, threatening spirit of the other. When I look over the country now I see the same difference between the two parties—only the noblest and best among us here, in many cases, been poisoned and borne away with the wicked spirit which was at one time confined to the bosoms of the desperate few."

"And is it possible, ma'am, that you, a Southern woman, can have any regard for Yankees?" said the preacher, with a strong emphasis, as of naught, upon the first syllable of the word.

"Not for want of learning what a dreadful people they are," said Mrs. Sorel, with a smile. "Only last week Mrs. Juggins was telling me that marriage has been altogether abolished among them."

"Law me, yes!" broke in Mrs. Juggins; "so I'm told. Up there the women all wear pants like men, make speeches, vote, and, I do suppose, carry their revolvers, curse and swear, drink and gamble, just like the men! When any man and woman happen to meet any where and take a likin' to each other they just consider themselves married—free love, they call it!"

"And you remember, Mrs. Juggins," said Mrs. Sorel, "what you told me about Lincoln's having contracted with people to go through the South burning up people's houses by night, so much a house?"

"And Mrs. Juggins could have told you, too," said the preacher, "that the North has apostatized into a universal infidelity."

"Mr. Barker," asked Mrs. Sorel, pausing from her work and looking steadily at the preacher, "do you believe yourself that the Christians of the North have thus apostatized?"

"I asked Lamun the last time I saw him," said the preacher; "he is a Northern man, too; he ought to know, and he said he didn't know that any one doubted it. Though," put in the preacher, with candor, "there may be—I say way he—some Lots in the midst of Sedom; for what I know there may be even seven thousand there that have not bowed the knee to Baal."

"Don't mention that man Lamun, Brother Barker, if you please," broke in Sister Juggins. "Pardner! get! He's head, he said, that's all."



COLONEL JUGGINS READING THE "SOMERVILLE STAR" TO HIS WIFE.

...with us—a Yankee, a regular Yankee, ...

...Sister Juggins," said the preacher, "you ...

...And therefore Brother Barker lunched out ...

...This position he confirmed by numerous refer- ...

...As the preacher proceeded he waxed warmer ...

...It took Brother Barker little time to get his ...

...And now, ma'am, knowing all this, is it ...

...Mr Barker," said Mrs. Sorel, very quietly, ...

...What was it, ma'am?" asked the preacher, ...

...I was told that Dr. Peck made a speech in ...

...It is impossible for me, ma'am," replied the ...

...I am free to say," observed Mrs. Sorel, after ...

...Ah! ma'am, I believed you were open to ...

...I think it is extremely probable," said Mrs. ...

...I had hoped, ma'am—" began the preacher.

...Pardon me, Sir," continued Mrs. Sorel. ...

...I don't care," persisted Mrs. Juggins. "I ...

...subject? why such incessant argument and ...

...Mrs. Sorel," said the minister, more excited ...

...And what has Mr. Arthur done?" asked ...

...He voted against Secession, ma'am, and," ...

...I always wished I could have seen him that ...

...A close observer might have detected a slight ...

...Never you mind," interposed Mrs. Juggins, ...

...And who is that?" asked the Colonel. ...

...There is a true Southern woman for you!" ...

...A Yankee!" interrupted Mrs. Juggins. ...

...Gnaot?" may come very strong from the ...

...To lie like a Yankee" expressed a proficiency ...

...To run like a Yankee" left the old stables ...

...A Yankee!" barked by one boy on the play-ground at ...

...Abolitionist" used to be considered ...

...You no one is a more ardent Secessionist," ...

...Fine looking fellow, too?" put in the Col- ...

...I don't care," persisted Mrs. Juggins. "I ...

...I don't care how much they make-believe ...

...I don't care," persisted Mrs. Juggins. "I ...

...I don't care," persisted Mrs. Juggins. "I ...

...I don't care," persisted Mrs. Juggins. "I ...

...I don't care," persisted Mrs. Juggins. "I ...

...I don't care," persisted Mrs. Juggins. "I ...

...I don't care," persisted Mrs. Juggins. "I ...

...let them let us alone; we don't want to go ...

...Why, you are as pert as a tree-frog, old ...

...In a few moments Mr. Barker had left, care- ...

...But it was in vain, a day or two after, that ...

...It was a satisfaction, however, to learn, as he ...

...Never had the Somerville Star shone more ...

A NEW DISEASE; OR, PROPRIA QUÆ MARIBUS.

...Said Mr. Jonas Barcarole, looking about him ...

...Every body looked at Clara.

...He has not been here in a month, Sir," an- ...

...Have!" said Mr. Barcarole; "ha! the young ...

...Now John Miding was a wholly inappropriate, ...

...Noisy when he should be silent, stum when he ...

...Mrs. Sorel knows who I mean," said Mrs. ...

...There is a true Southern woman for you!" ...

...A Yankee!" interrupted Mrs. Juggins. ...

...Gnaot?" may come very strong from the ...

...To lie like a Yankee" expressed a proficiency ...

...To run like a Yankee" left the old stables ...

...A Yankee!" barked by one boy on the play-ground at ...

...Abolitionist" used to be considered ...

...You no one is a more ardent Secessionist," ...

...Fine looking fellow, too?" put in the Col- ...

...I don't care," persisted Mrs. Juggins. "I ...

...Metal, old Umbrellas, Musical Instruments, for all of which ...

...Missing had no old umbrellas or musical instru- ...

...It was then, of all days in the year, that Clara ...

...Missing heard them coming, the shrill voice of ...

...This way, ladies. Take care—they steps at ...

...Missing heard and glanced wildly around him. ...

...Ah!" said Clara, looking about her compass- ...

...You are an angel," answered Miding, vaguely, ...

...Have you been long ill?" asked Mrs. Douglass, ...

...Yes—no—oh it is—a day or so," returned M- ...

...He has a fever," said Clara, growing more and ...

...She was going to say miserable den, and certain- ...

...What medicines have you taken?" asked Mrs. ...

...I never take drugs," cut in Miding, hastily. ...

...Perfect quiet, light diet"—here he glanced at the ...

...You are accustomed to it then. You are often ...

...Yes; my attacks may be said to be periodical," ...

...Periodical attacks!" echoed the young lady, to ...

...Well, no—not exactly. I—I—" stammering, ...

...and covered; "the fact is," brightening—"I use ...

...No wonder you are ill; but you need not sup- ...

...Missing burst out in a cold perspiration, and, ...

...You must not think of such a thing! You are ...

...You hear," said Clara's conscience, housew- ...

...and then he calls you, who scolded him, every ...

...Your own cousin, Miss; and if he dies whose ...

...Missing burst out in a cold perspiration, and, ...

...We are not too good at all; and we are not ...

...If John will tell us something of his symp- ...

...What do you call your illness, John?"

...J. CASTELL. Dealer in all kinds of Ladies' and ...

...J. CASTELL. Dealer in all kinds of Ladies' and ...

...J. CASTELL. Dealer in all kinds of Ladies' and ...

...J. CASTELL. Dealer in all kinds of Ladies' and ...

...J. CASTELL. Dealer in all kinds of Ladies' and ...

...J. CASTELL. Dealer in all kinds of Ladies' and ...

"Yes, what is it, Cousin John? What is the matter?" echoed Clara, turning her face, all alive with compassionate interest, toward the unhappy Mieling, who experienced the agony of all requests when they see detection approaching. Whatever he pleaded he was sure to be tripped on the symptoms, or exposed by the first doctor called in to attend him. He grew pale and red, hot and cold, by turns, as he ransacked his brains for some unheard-of disease, when suddenly he remembered, apropos of the luckless trowers, Charles Read's novelette, "Propria que maribus;" and also that Clara not only knew no Latin but seldom opened a book.

"The disease is constitutional. In fact it may be called hereditary," said the little wretch, his mouth twitching. "I remember that my father often suffered from the same cause. There is nothing for it, as I said before, but time, quiet, and the water-cure. It is called *Propria que maribus*."

"How strange!" exclaimed Clara, with evident horror. "It must be dreadful. Is it very painful? I never heard of such a thing; did you, Aunt Miriam?" But Mrs. Douglas had walked hastily to the window, and stood there looking out, presenting to the company only a back view of her shoulders, which for some reason twitched unaccountably.

"Aunt Miriam!" exclaimed Clara, in surprise, and vaguely alarmed; "Cousin John! Aunt Mir! what is it? Is it incurable? Is it any thing like the edging around to peep under her aunt's bosom, when she saw, to her inexorable astonishment, that lady crimson, convulsive, and choking with suppressed laughter.

"I think we might go, Clara," said Mrs. Douglas, gurgling. "I do not believe that it is very dangerous. John will be likely to get on better without us," gasping hysterically.

"Aunt! Cousin John! what is it all about," asked the astonished girl, turning toward Mieling. Mieling made no answer. He was trying to die. Just at this juncture a heavy step shook the boards of the little entry, and, without knocking, entered Mrs. O'Flaherty, the "gray mix" dangling from her ears.

"An' here's yer pants, Mither Mieling," laying the articles in question on his bed, "though yez beether not be afther puttin' them on jist yet, I'm thinkin'; maybe they be'n't dirty intirely, I hurried them so." All the time staring hard at the lilac hat and Aunt Miriam; and coming to a dim notion that she might have been indiscreet, Mrs. O'Flaherty drew a long breath, and mended the matter thus.

"An' shure an' I'd have waited if I'd known yez had company, only yez said yez couldn't go out till I bring them, and charged me so petiklar, yez knows."

Mrs. Douglas rushed frantically out of the room, followed by Clara, and Mieling heard them on the landing.

"Aunt, what is it, and what is *Propria que maribus*?"

"His trowsers, child, his trowsers! It means, that which is proper for men! Did you never see the story? Oh! oh! oh!" Suppressed giggles, ruck and rattle of skirts on the stairs, and then the jar of the front-door below. They were gone. Mieling was a proper and a decorous little man, but he could not help saying, in strict confidence to the luckless "gray mix," still on the foot of his bed, "D—n it!"

Shortly after the President of the Princesse Bank gave Mieling a new suit and a situation at six hundred a year; but we fear Mieling could hardly have been sufficently grateful, for he never gave the President's daughter in return that opportunity of becoming Mrs. John Mieling.

WATCHING FOR THE NEXT THING.

THERE is reason to believe that some people never watch, so that their lives never contain any Next; things happen, and there is an end. It is doubtful if such persons could understand Cato's soliloquy, or Hamlet's. If they have any feeling about death, indeed, it must be that it is next-to nothing; but probably they have none. Such people, however, even if they ever read, can not be readers of any consequence; for the better part of the interest of reading lies in watching for the next idea. Let us, then, leave the consideration of pleasing these good folks till—next time. Their constitutional peculiarity will prevent their feeling the slight. But in the mean while we may, in passing, compassionate them; for theirs is in many ways a melancholy lot. They can never enter with zest into the higher mathematics. They can find no joy in thinking of the infinite divisibility of matter. They can take no proper interest in dissolving views or inexhaustible bottles. They could not possibly become absorbed in Fearnoe on Contingent Remainders, or astrology, or unfulfilled prophecy, or chess, or the kaleidoscope, or any thing that comes Next. They must stick to their Last; and, for my part, I would not stand in their shoes.

It is plain, among other things, that the persons of whom we now speak could never, in childhood, have snatched the fearful joy which you and I have tasted upon being authentically told that we should die after it. This demands an acute apprehension of the Next—and they have none at all. They can appreciate no argument founded upon succession. They never enjoyed the spectacle of a file of soldiers coming round a corner, or a flight of birds coming up from behind a clump of trees; or even a flight of stairs in a proper manner. What could a man of this kind make of Jacob's ladder? or of the paying out of the Atlantic telegraph, for that matter? It must surely have been a witness of this order who gave that ridiculous answer to the barrister's simple question, which way the stairs ran. "One way they ran up, and the other way they ran down." To a properly constituted mind there are few objects of greater interest than a cork-screw, but the class of whom we speak could make nothing of such an instrument.

To some lukewarm person who had never quite apprehended the subject we are, doubtless, inade-

quately for the popular proverb which informs us that the watched kettle never boils. Then, pray, what does it do? Are we to be told that a kettle is conscious, and has a will, or that the laws of matter are suspended? I will maintain, to my last cup of tea, that the singing of a kettle is unconscious, metaphysical; and that watching one communicates no disinclination to come up to 212° Fah. The proverb is either a parable or a *jeu d'esprit*—take your choice. If a parable, the Kettle is the Universe; which, to human eyes, is ever on the boil, never boiling; always growing, never full-grown. Or, again—and this will please people who like a good moral—the kettle is the work in watching which the watcher neglects some plain duty; and in that case the meaning is, Leave your Kettle to the fire underneath it, and go and do the next thing that lies handy. But there is a *sermon* about this view of the subject which throws doubt upon the kind of author to whom the proverb should be attributed. Taken as a metaphysical *jeu d'esprit*, the meaning is clear—we heard the same sort of thing from the Brazen Head in the Middle Ages, you know. If you scotch, the kettle never boils; it is either going to boil, or it has boiled. This is evidently the product of a mind like that which said the stairs ran up one way and down the other; and, unless it be taken as a pure jest, is a remarkable instance of human depravity. As a practical joke it may pass—it is like taking away a man's chair when he is waiting to sit down; but otherwise it is the emblem of Consciousness. It is rabeling out the processes of mind, and destroying the Eternal Now. And what is the next thing?

The nearest practical approach to this view of the case of the watched kettle is that of sleep that is watched for. Many of us know what it is to lie in bed counting the hours, and watching for unconsciousness. Now, this is manifestly absurd of us. We are as bad as the man who said he would go and see in the glass how he looked with his eyes shut; or as the man who, keeping his pigtail behind, fancied he could see it by turning his head. These errors are founded upon misconceptions of the eternal nature of things, which are so plain to the meaneast capacity as that you can not have your cake and eat it; and the melancholy fate of the two men is well known. The man with the pigtail grew so infatuated with the chase that the speed of agitation became unbearable, and he spun to death; the Irishman tried so persistently to look into his own shut eyes, reflected in a mirror, that he at last fancied he had become a camera obscura, or a catoptric cistula, I forget which, and alienated all his friends by charging to be looked at.

Well, you and I may, and let us hope, shall, escape the fate of these men; but we are quite as ridiculous when we watch for sleep. What we know is that we are not asleep, and that we want to be; but it is impossible to know the fact, when the essence of being asleep is to not know that you are awake. If Dr. Wigan was right—if the two hemispheres of the brain could carry on separate lives, and hold different opinions, and argue with each other, and convey different impulses to the motor nerves—then we might look forward to being asleep, and knowing it. But who would wish for a double-brain, unless, indeed, he contemplated making a fortune by going about in a show, like a spotted baby, and then subsiding, upon his retirement, into becoming uniformity? Doubtful consciousness might be agreeable at times, and under very complicated conditions, but it could never rank higher than throwing up two balls at a time for amusement. I would myself never trust a man who was Protestant with half his head, and Romanist with the other half; nor would the police, to say nothing of the street-boys, permit, in public thoroughfares, a man to stand in one spot all day long, with his right leg propelling him one way, and his left the other. Besides, if such a constitution were to be encouraged, what would become of Social Science? You would have double columns of averages directly; and how could you escape the return upon you, in a fresh form, of the insoluble problem of the three bodies?

It is quite certain that the clown, who said all he wished for in the world was to sit upon a gate and eat fat bacon forever, made a mistake. In time he would have found himself watching for the next thing, and so on, in endless repetition, till he discovered, if any one interpreted him to himself, that he wanted both ends of the rainbow. In the *Plaisir de la Ferme de Madame de Genlis* there is a fairy, who, in the revenge of her jealousy, sentences her husband's mistresses to all manner of fantastic punishments. One of them, a very virtuous girl, she condemns to an apparently endless stay in a country made on purpose, consisting entirely of level grass, smooth green sea, and cloudless sky bending over. Unless the poor creature had been rescued she would have gone mad, watching for something to be next. There are situations in life when the passion of watching has made the mind like a voice that has reached the sensitive note—it grazes the brink of the next, which seems as if it must come. One's feeling in such a case is almost one of madness if there be much suspense. A rapid, seemingly endless succession of nexts is capable of giving the same feeling, of maddening the mind; but, also, of soothing it. Who does not know what it is to look over the side of a vessel and watch the swift-following waves, or the swift-following bubbles of the foaming track with a feeling that, if the line were broken, if one single next were missed, it would be madness, despair, and infinite darkness, as if the world must at that moment end? I have done it myself till it seemed as if my heart would stop beating, and with it the great pendulum of God, which beats time for heaven and earth, if the pace of the current were broken. So, again, with a field of waving wheat, or blowing grass, or a mass of woodland bent by a great even wind. It has seemed to me as if no note of passion, no shriek of agony, or shout of joy—for either would do—could be strong enough to express sympathy with a meadow of butter-cups tossed and roused by the wind. If that should be the last undulation—if the golden flowers should wave so more! A feeling as of

drowning, as of sense half-submerged in a fall fatuous deep through silent water, comes over me—there is, already, a singing in my ears, and a mist before my eyes—the time is, in reality, only a part of a second, but it seems an age till the next wave comes. But it is a come—they move, they laugh, the golden billows—the peninsula of God has not stopped beating—it is not yet the day of nothingness and silence. It is at such a moment as this that the horizon strikes the eye afresh with a sense of infinity. Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I see away, and in the pulses of an endless flight there would be something to silence the beatings of my heart!

If there are readers who can remember nothing in their own moods, of which this is a very faint copy, there are, I must think, but few who will not be able to recall something like it in connection with music. Have you never felt as if the close of some exquisite strain of harmony must be followed by something, or that your heart must that moment cease to beat? No man can see God and live, might the rapt soul say; but what remains but that I should see Him and die? And then there is the beating sound in the ear, the half-moment of watching, scarcely conscious, with a feeling as if some monstrous bird, blacker than a thousand midnight, were sweeping up, up, up from the underworld behind to darken all, and end all, if nothing comes. And nothing comes. But these

Fallings from us, vanishing,
Dark misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized.

do not pass without being remembered; sometimes we can recall them at one bound of thought; and then—

Though inland far we be,
Our souls have wings—ah, what a bitter
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children spot upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waves rolling o'er us.

We have all heard of the "rustic"—a rustic capitalist—who is represented to be waiting till the river has run past him. But the human mind never did really conceive such a rustic. Wordsworth says, you know ("Essay on Epitaphs"), that "there never was a child who, standing by a stream, did not wonder where it came from, and where it would go to." If such a child there were, he would, of course, be father to the man (if such a man there really is, and I fear I have hinted as much) who never watches for the next thing. But there are, in truth, perhaps few children, perhaps none, who have not felt what we may call the transient madness, the hysterical passion, of watching for the next thing. Some have felt it, as adults weakened by fever have felt it, as adults looking at the dancing splashes of a chandelier; others in looking at a tree, the top of which just peeped over the gable of a house-roof; or at the swift-rising moon. The tree seems as if it must grow higher that instant; and what then? what will not happen? The moon, as if she must climb swiftly up to a given mark, and then up to another, and another—and what will be the consequence? what will be the consequence? A passage in a well-known poem of Wordsworth's, in which the dropping of the moon behind a cottage-roof is followed by a suggestion of the death of his Lucy, may help to reduce this kind of phantasy from contempt in the minds of my readers—if any—who feel that it is too trivial to be worthy of a thought. But, indeed, nearly all men, in highly-wrought moods, have sensations which are analogous. It was not a child, a weakling, or a fantastic person, like whose mouth the same poet put words such as these—in was only a man in love—

The clouds pass on; they fret the heavens depart;
I look—the sky is crazy open;
I know not what I trace;
But when I cease to look, my head is on my heart.

Thus Eglantine, whose arch so proudly towers
Gives like a rainbow spanning, but the vale,
Thou one fair arch, art stand thy bow
And stir not in the gale.

For thus to see thee nodding in the air,
To see thy arch thus stretch and bend,
Thus rise and thus descend—
Doubts in me till the sight is more than I can bear.

"The man," Wordsworth continues, "who makes this feverish complaint, is of giant stature, and could dance in heat itself." But this is what love has brought him to! Love, who "has been a villain since the days of Troy and Helen; who caused the fall of Paris, and a good many more."

There are times when a quick succession of nexts is found merely soothing; but they are times of necessary laze, when there is not left force enough to watch; when what we attend to is the rhythm only. Thus, we find the ticking of a clock soothing—indeed, to mention this is commonplace. But what a dreadful effect may be produced upon the mind by the sudden cessation of the ticking of a clock, when once a certain experience has been gone through! Who that has counted the beatings of a pulse, or listened to the flutterings of a breast, watching for the next, and the next, and the next, and coming at last to the one which has no next, can leave, without agony, to hear a watch or a clock stop ticking, or to hear any rhythmical sound cease suddenly? Reader, one of the most horrible moments of my life was a moment in which the rhythmic note of a common saw, heard over the parapet of a bridge in London, stopped suddenly when I was listening for it. In the distance I heard the saw softened; it had a wisp with it, which reminded me, not too painfully, of the sound of common breath; but when it ceased, I thought I could bear no more in this world, and longed to be that moment taken away. Of course the emotion of that moment was imported from my recollection of a moment of which it was the symbol; but I think the sudden cessation of any thing with a beat in it was always a terror to me.

The fact is, there are some of us who have too much nextness in our composition. "Can you draw an inference?" said Coleridge to the clown. "Yes, Sir," says the clown, "a cart-load of 'em!"

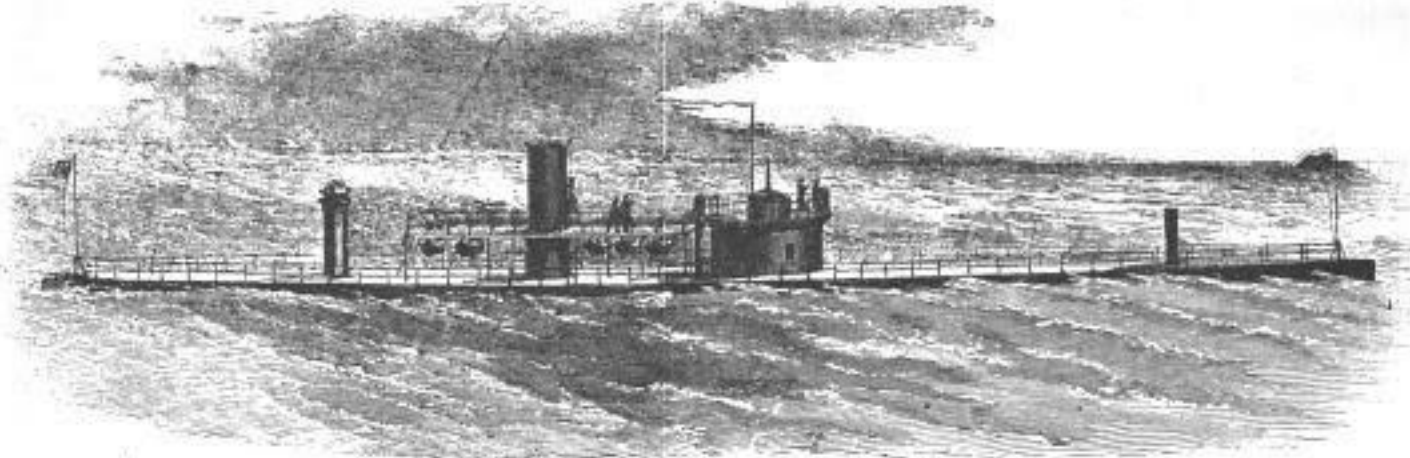
That is the way with you and me; we are too eager to draw our cart-load of inferences, and when we find the inferences will not be drawn we suffer. No man can live into the middle of next week. Respect the almanac. How can you possibly have a whole twelvemonth at once? There is this peculiarity about the Next Thing, remember—that it is sure to come, whether you watch or not. And what a blessing there is in certainty! What relief in the thought that something must happen! We know the difficulty, our own, of holding in check our tyrannical, habitual mood of *passivity*. Every second of time in our experience throws out a pentameter bridge to the next. We live by a clock that has two sets of hands on the same dial-plate; one is right, and the other is always too fast. Our twelve o'clock is twelve-and-something-short-of-one-o'clock. This depends upon congenital peculiarities, of course—we can not wholly help it, and why should we try to? Still it is painful to have to confess, for example, that the longest musical key-board ever made to a piano appears too short to us. It is so. Looking at a piano the other evening, in a dreamy mood, I was almost struck with a sense of the truncated or arrested appearance of the series of black and white keys—of more they stop than they count. "It is a nice one, isn't it?" said the lovely mistress of the instrument, bending her fair head over the cabinet of sweet sounds. "Imperfect," said I, loudly. "Dear me, where, Mr. Browne?" she inquired. "The key-board," I replied, "is not long enough." "Why," she resumed, "it's full compass—they do not sell them larger—how many octaves would you have?" How many? said I, "millions! When you get to the last, there ought to be one next to it; and one next to that." "Dear me!" said the lady, "it would be like the picture in the 'View of Wakefield'—you could not get it into the room!" "No," said I, "it couldn't be—you might burn it round. Music-stools are always made to turn on an axle; so it would be easy to play upon." "Oh, Mr. Browne!" said this beautiful girl, "you are joking—think how giddy I should be!" "Then," said I, "let it go straight on till it comes to a stop; let it shade off into Space! There is plenty of room in the universe. People talk about wanting room for this, that, and the other, when extension is unbounded! I lay it down as a first principle that nothing ought ever to leave off!" "Oh, Mr. Browne!" said my friend, "what next?"

We do not expect a lady to be logical, so I did not press the point. Nor did I recommend her to read that great Christian Father who believed that at the Resurrection of the dead all bodies would be of a round form, because that was the only perfect figure. His private character may have been, and indeed was, virtuous; but he resided in a vicious circle. If every thing is supposed globular, and the globe is all concentric, the intrinsically placed outside, seen to question of next. But *nextness* in a circle does not satisfy the mind which has never been fascinated with the charms of infinite nextness. I have often thought I should like to be fixed upon the wings of some huge, lowering bird, in such a height that, looking down, I could see the billows of the sea, dark-green curves fringed with white, chasing one another, on and on, in an everlasting round. But there is always an unsatisfactory feeling—once over you when I picture to myself the last wave reaching up to the same spot again, like the imaginary ship in the crevices of geography. It seems so foolish of it—as had as a comet, which has always appeared to me a singular form of being, for coming here again would not a billow of any spirit which its opportunity and go off into space, gradually changing the parallel direction of the start into a straight line? That is my feeling. Hence, I have better to think of the sea as a great plain, on which the white couriers run an endless race. It is high and their names in the blowing south, and on they go, multitudes in music. Never shall we, who stand on the shore, see one of them again. When this is gone, this in which dip the feet of the children, we shall see the next. And always, and always, the next. How long shall we watch?

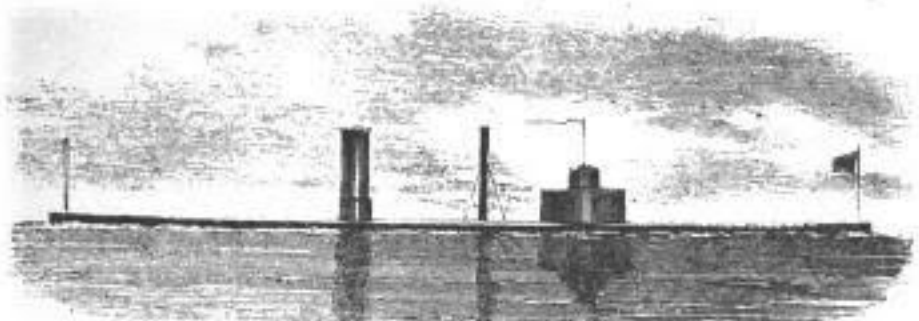
OUR IRON-CLAD NAVY.

We give this week on pages 72 and 73 engravings illustrating the iron-clad vessels of every class in the United States Navy. All together the number of these clad vessels constructed since the beginning of the rebellion amounts to 62. A very few of these have been lost; but in compensation for this loss several formidable ones, built by the rebels and captured by our forces, have become, with certain modifications, very efficient vessels in the United States Navy—sketches of three of which, the *Mississippi*, *Albatross*, and *Texas*, are also given. In combination with those constructed by our Navy Department, our iron-clad vessels are of the most various kinds, from the light-draught Monitor to the gigantic sailing ram *Texas*. All but six or seven of our iron-clads have the Ericsson turret. We have 12 double-turreted vessels. One—the *New York*—has three turrets.

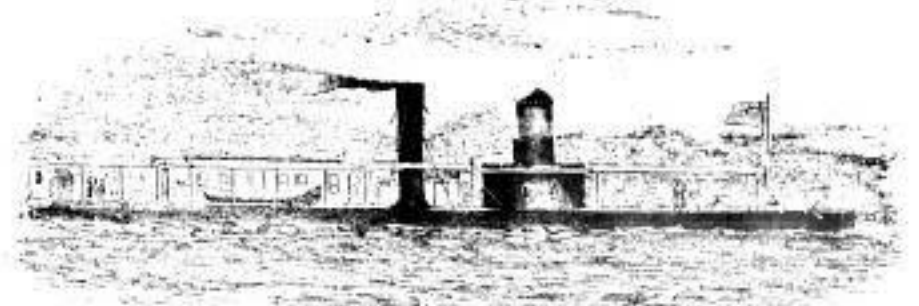
If we compare our navy with that of Great Britain two advantages, as it seems to us, are very apparent. In the first place, our navy greatly outnumbered the British in iron-clad vessels. According to the published estimate of the British navy in 1863, the whole number of armor-plated vessels of all kinds, even including floating-batteries, was 28. These, again, the very principle upon which our iron-clads are built renders them, no think, vastly superior to even the most formidable armor-plated vessels in the British navy. Instead of a large, movable vessel of the *Wasp* type, exposing a large surface to the shot and shell of an adversary, we have the compact, light, and easily-handled Monitor. In the latter but a small surface is exposed, and that is rendered almost impregnable. A rain the *Texas* is to take another specimen of our iron-clad fleet—is the most formidable vessel in the world. For our illustrations of iron-clad vessels we owe much to the admirable lithograph, published by ENGRAVERS & Co., of this city.



THE "DICTATOR"
Iron-clad Gun, 2 guns, 2033 tons, length 224 feet, breadth 33 feet, depth 22 feet. Built in New York by C. H. Delamater, from drawings and plans by John Ericsson. Launched December 26, 1862. Two vessels of this class—the "Dictator" and "Furber"—both sea-going.



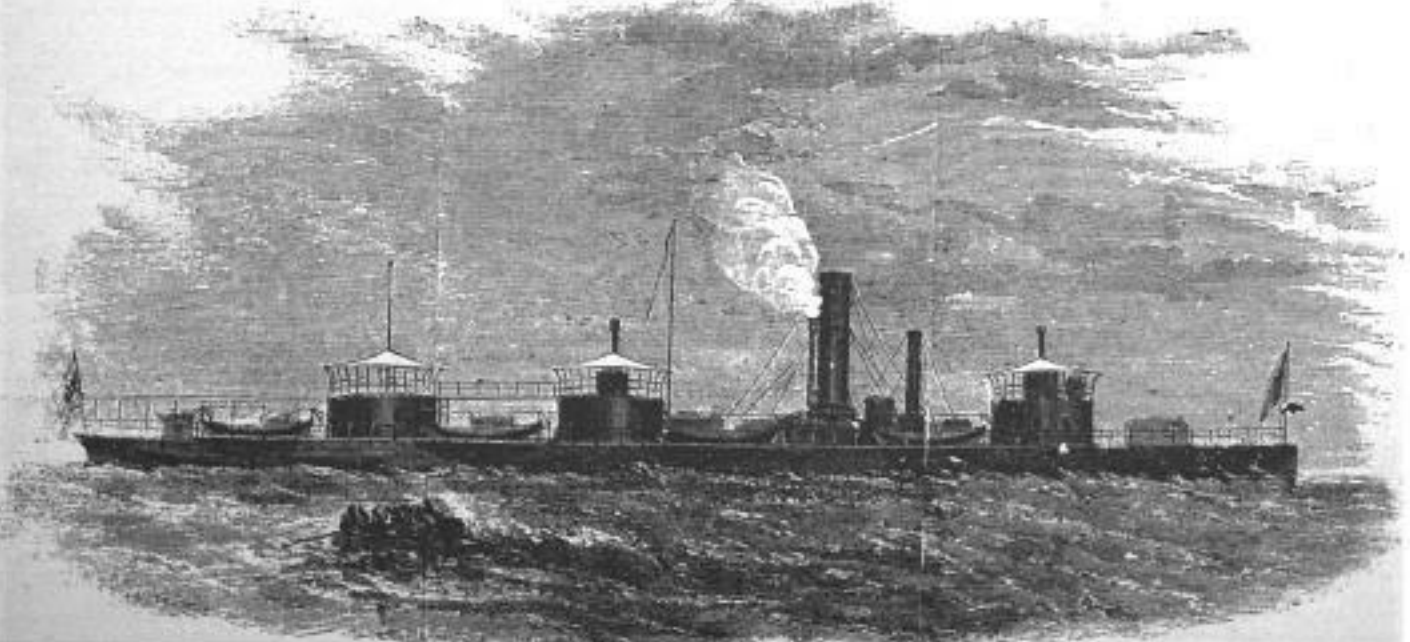
THE "MANAYUNK"
Iron-clad, 2 guns, 1654 tons, length 224 feet, breadth 43 feet. Built at Pittsburg by Sawdons & Mason. There are eight vessels of this class, of which the "Cincinnati" is one. Designed for harbors and rivers.



THE "OREGON"
Iron-clad, 2 guns, 375 tons. Built in Portland, Ore., by George C. Bentler, 1862. Three vessels of this class—the "Oregon," "Albatross," and "Albatross"—all 1 gun. Tonnage of the three, 1024.



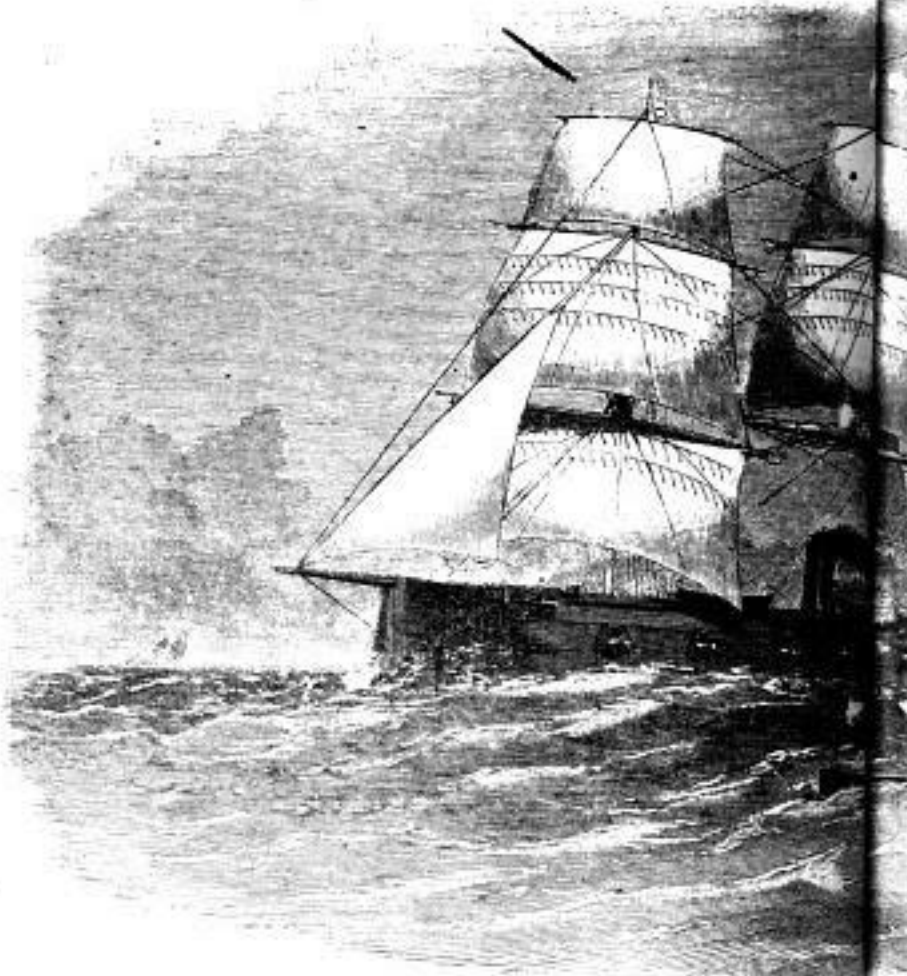
THE "ONONDAGA"
Iron-clad Battery, 4 guns, 1250 tons, length 225 feet, breadth 50 feet. Built by T. F. Rowland, Greenpoint, L. I. Launched July 17, 1863.



THE "ROANOKE"
Iron-clad, 6 guns. The United States Frigate "Roanoke" cut down to her gun-deck, plated. Received three Ericsson turbines at Stevens Iron Works, New York, 1863. Length 220 feet, breadth 65 1/2 feet. Sea-going.



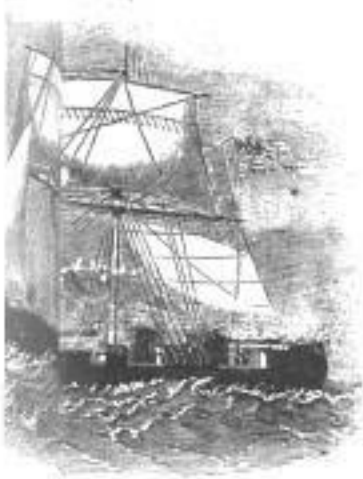
THE "HAM"
Steam Frigate, a rebel cruiser, surrendered at the close of the war—3 guns, 1300 tons. First built in 1862.



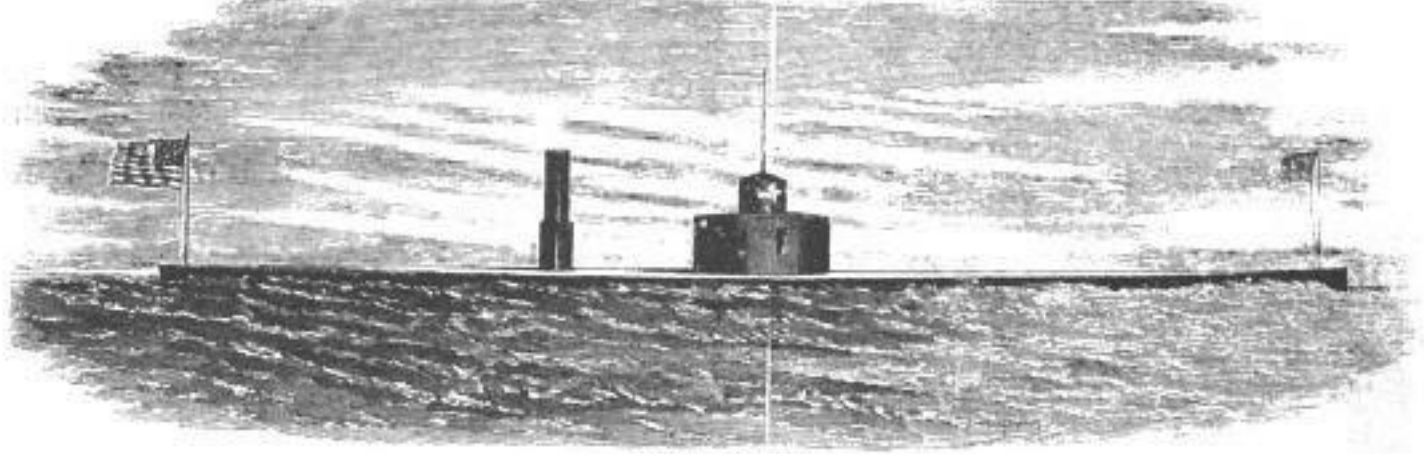
THE "NEW IRONSIDES"
Iron-clad, 20 guns, 3495 tons. Built by Merrick & Sons, at Philadelphia. Launched May 16, 1862. Sea-going.



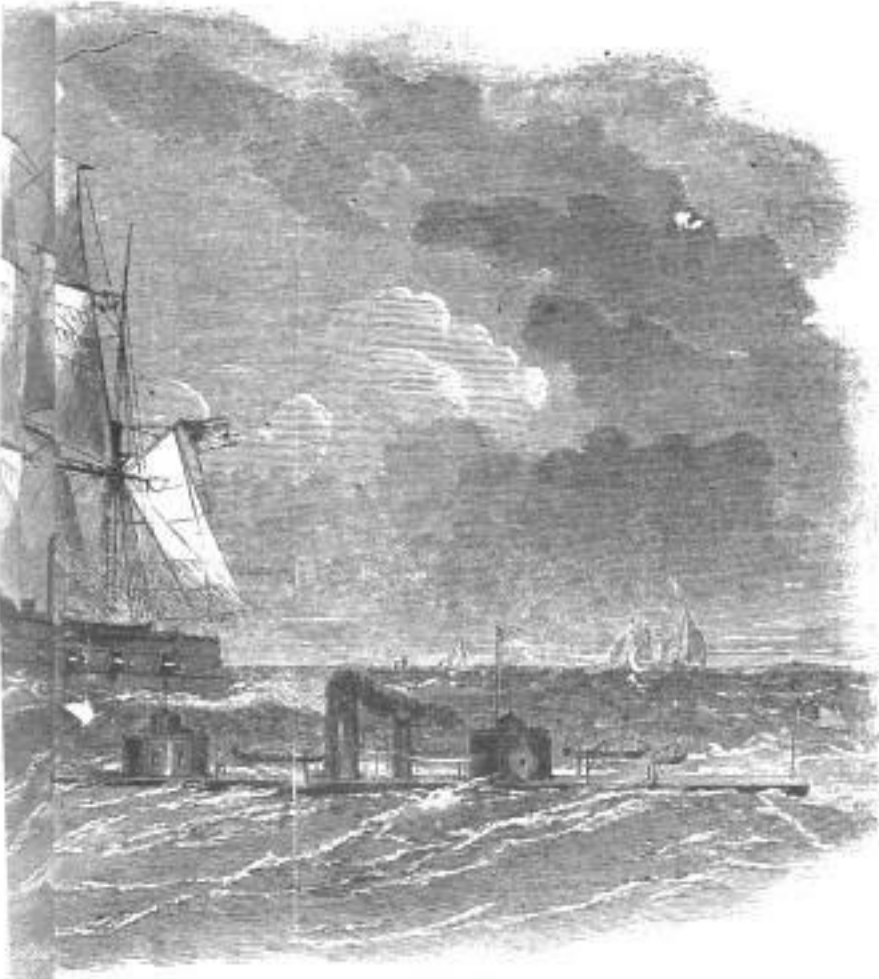
INTERIOR VIEW OF THE
THE IRON-CLAD NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES



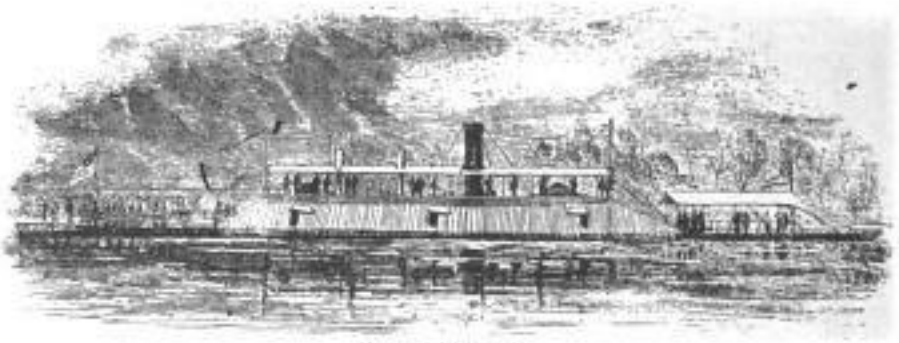
... States by the Spanish Government at the ... and 6 inch forward.



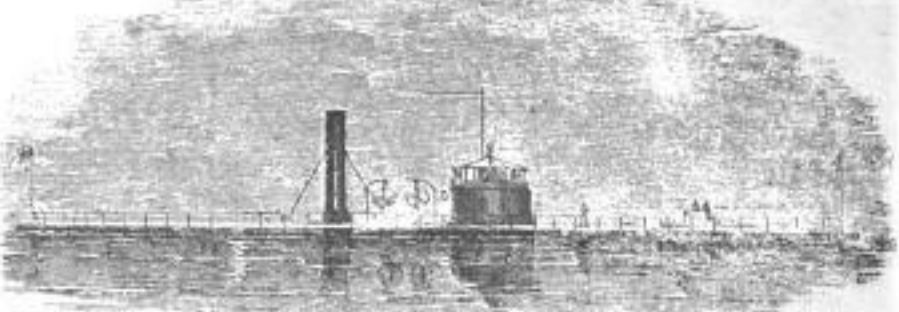
THE "WEEHAWKEN."
Iron-clad, 2 guns, 844 tons. Built by Secor & Co., Jersey City, 1862. Sunk in Charleston harbor, December 8, 1863. Nine vessels of this class, of which the "Farragut" is the ...



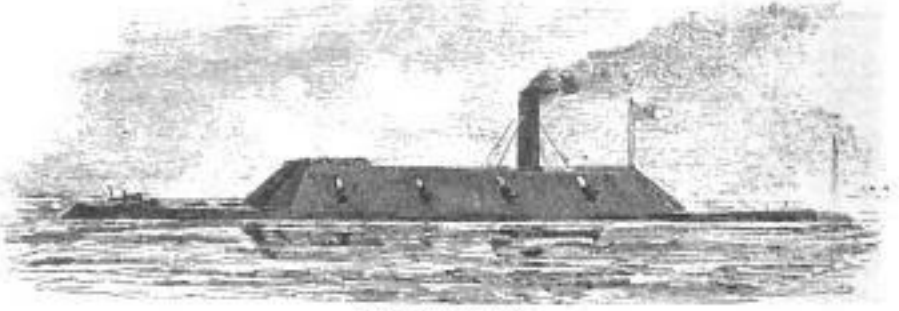
THE "MONADNOCK."
Iron-clad Battery, 4 guns, 1564 tons. Built at the Boston Navy-Yard. Length 250 1/2 feet, breadth 63 feet. Launched ... 1864. Four vessels of this class. Sea-going.



THE "ATLANTA."
Iron-clad Steamer, 6 guns, 1000 tons. Captured from the Rebels by the "Weehawken," June 17, 1862.



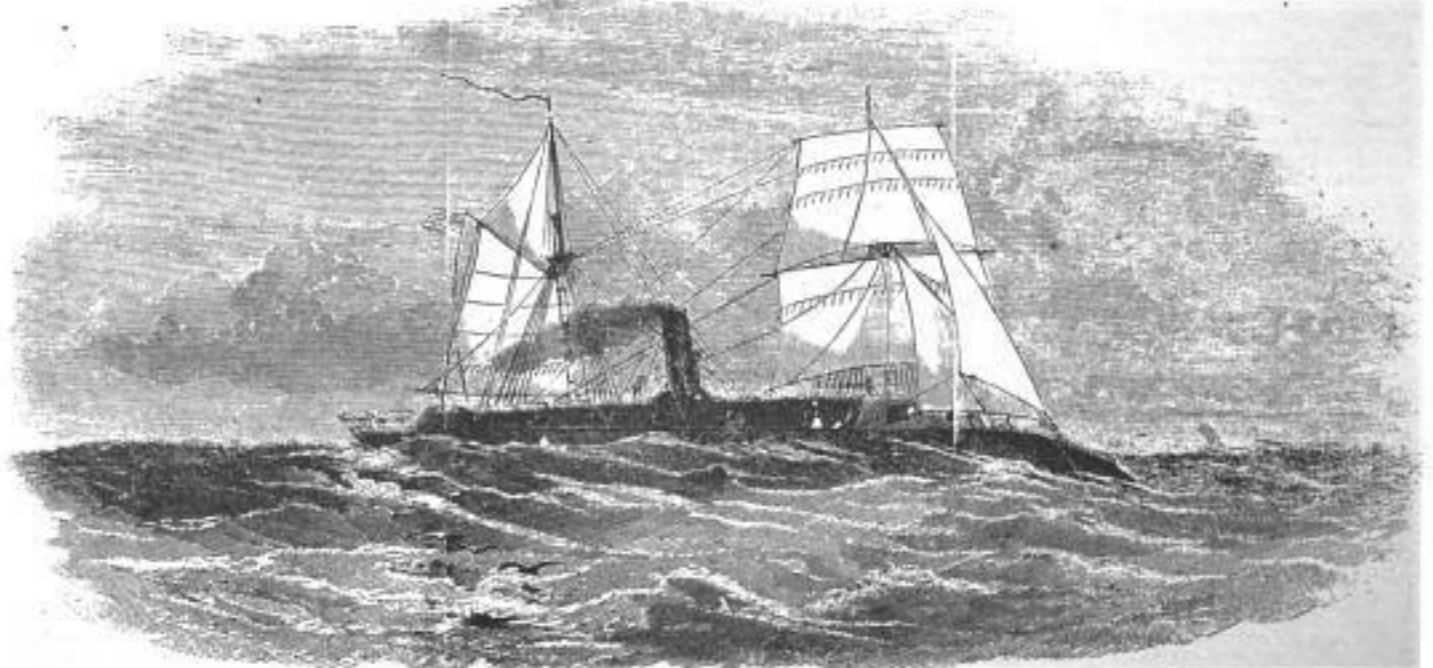
THE "YAZOO."
Iron-clad, 2 guns. Light draft. Built at Philadelphia. Twenty vessels of this class, ranging from one to two guns, 631 tons each.



THE "TENNESSEE."
Iron-clad ram captured from the rebels by Admiral Farragut, August 5, 1864. Length 290 feet, breadth 48 feet.



... TURRET.
... STATES.—[SEE PAGE 71.]



THE "DUNDERBERG."
Iron-clad ram, 16 guns, 5000 tons. Length 360 feet, breadth 68 feet. Built by W. H. Webb, at New York City. Sea-going vessel without turrets. Launched July 23, 1861.

GRANTED INTO THE ARMY.

In the list of wounded in the memorable battle of Antietam might have been found the name of Patrick Mahoney, private in the 14th Michigan, and a subsequent evaluation of loyalty at the Adjutant-General's Department would have disclosed the fact that the said Patrick Mahoney had been honorably discharged from the service, within a short time after his recovery, on the ground that he no longer represented the legitimate ally of his people. This notice of the Department was due to the Surgeon's report, wherein it was stated, in ambiguous technicalities, that the said private Patrick Mahoney was the author and perpetrator of three bullet wounds, one of which he carried in his right arm, and the other two in his left leg. The report, moreover, stated that the missile in question had been so skillfully lodged in the fleshy intermuscle of the Irish hero, that all attempts to dislodge them through the ordinary processes of digging, boring, cutting, gouging, and other attempts usually resorted upon the living subject under such circumstances, had totally failed.

With his discharge from the service in his pocket, together with a certificate signifying that the Government would at some future date settle his little bill for services rendered, a pig in his mouth, a thick stick (alias shillalah) under his arm, the ex-infantry hero, while walking down the main street of the town of K—, in the State of Michigan, arrested himself with perplexing speculation as to the means of getting back into the service again. That very morning he had called upon a celebrated physician of the place, in hopes of procuring a certificate of physical ability which would enable him to enlist again in his old regiment, but the doctor had assured him that it was quite impossible to pass him. Pat, bitterly disappointed, resorted to himself the injustice with which he had been treated, and mentally and heartily rebuked the old physician, whose conduct appeared to the disappointed candidate to be prompted entirely by a spirit of personal malevolence.

"Shure it's a sin and a shame," soliloquized Pat, "that the old sarkness should say I won't fit for the service. I wonder when was his conscience to cheat a poor boy out of an honest living, and the chance of fighting for the sold flag. I'll go hail, now, he is nothing but a rascal, surgeon, and phisic's bones. Shure I wouldn't trust him to physic a clothes-line. He's swallowed a whole shell of die beauty, and got the words down wrong and forsook. And just because I've got three bullets in my arm and legs. Shure I could carry a cart-load of bullets—I don't feel them. And didn't I hear Captain Matchlock say that once in the olden times a man had back his legs cut off in a scrimmage and fought it out on his stumps, like a red old Irish pesthouse as he was? And his name was O'Wildington, a relation of my own by my mother's side. Hillo! here's a pair of shoulder-scrapes coming down the street. By the powers, it's Captain Matchlock! Ah! isn't he the darling! He ought to have been born an Irishman, he takes so a shilly so nery."

The officer in question—a tall, dark-complexioned, handsome fellow—approached. As he drew near to Pat he was surprised to see the latter throw his cap into the air and dance an impromptu hornpipe.

"Long life to ye, Captain!" shouted the Irishman, "and here's the old Hundred and Forty-seventh, both! and when did you leave the Army of the Potomac? And how's Teddy Murphy, and Jennie Miller, and the old Billy Goat, and all the other boys? And sure ain't I glad to see you standing on your own pins, and not a scratch on your handsome face, my darling, after that little scrimmage of '63? The little scrimmage referred to the battle of the system.

The officer, who seemed to be quite as much pleased as Pat at meeting an old soldier of his regiment, shook hands with the private, and exclaimed:

"Why, Pat! from what part of the world did you spring?"

"O! Ireland!" answered Pat; "first flower of the earth and first gem of the say!"

"But how did you leave your regiment? You haven't deserted, I hope?"

"Deserted!" indignantly exclaimed Pat. "No, they discharged me."

"For what?" asked the Captain.

"For getting two bullets in my leg and one in my arm," said Pat, reverentially.

"They don't seem to trouble you much," said the Captain, laughing.

"Trouble!" returned the dejected Pat; "my heart's just broke with them."

"Why don't you get medical advice?"

"I'm just full of that same. The best surgeon I consulted wouldn't give me a certificate."

"What did he say?" asked the Captain.

"Oh," replied Pat, "he said a power of nonsense, and told me I had deranged duck in my cistern!"

"Nonsense!" said the Captain.

"There for you, Sir," replied the indignant Pat; "that's just what it was—the ignorant hatched list, Captain, I want you to do me a favor."

"What is it?" said the Captain. "If I can help you, you have only to show me the way. I've not forgotten that but for you I should have been left upon the field of Antietam."

"Ah!" said Pat, "that was the pleasantest scrimmage I ever got into; and on my conscience, that best of gentlemen from Arkansas was the dearest child of the whole lot. Do you mind that old piece of a myth he was laying about with? I've kept it ever since, and by the piper that played before Moses, I'm going to have it to be handed down to my ancestors."

"Yes," said the Captain. "I believe I should be able conscientiously negotiated with the Adjutant-General's Department if it had not been for your glibness. But you haven't told me what I can do for you."

"Why then, Captain, do let me," said Pat, "you are going back to the Potomac?"

"Certainly," replied the Captain. "The Government is about to send me to the Potomac."

"Oh, that's all right," said Pat, "I'll be glad to go with you."

"But you must be ready to go at once," said the Captain.

"Oh, that's all right," said Pat, "I'll be ready to go at once."

"Then," said Pat, "I want you to take me along with you."

"Why, Pat, how can I take you?" said the Captain. "You know they won't allow civilians in the camp."

"You and eggs!" cried Pat, with a howl, "I'm not a civilian. There's nothing civil about me! You know they allow you a servant; they'll see the buttons, shillalah no questions."

"I might struggle you in in that way, to be sure," said the Captain.

"Of course you might," returned Pat; "and when it comes to the shilly—"

Pat said no more, but went through an expressive bit of pantomime with the shillalah, commencing with the salute exercise, followed up with taking accurate aim at a visionary general officer in a gray coat, and ending by pulling an imaginary trigger on the leveled shillalah.

"Very well," said the Captain, much amused at Pat's exhibition. "Since you have set your heart upon camp life I'll see what can be done for you."

"Hurray!" exclaimed Pat, jumping up, and then executing a violent and rapid "pas seul" on the shillalah. "Hurray! I'm grafted into the army of the Potomac. Perhaps I'll get to be a general. Won't it read beautiful in the dispatches. On the 14th General Patrick Mahoney made a severe diversion, all alone by himself, into the ranks of the enemy, and returned with the loss of one killed and seventeen wounded. Won't I get into the newspapers! Perhaps I'll be lucky enough to lose a leg, and they'll send me to Congress. Whew! Long life to the Mahoneys!" Here Pat executed another violent flourish of an Irish jig.

"Now, Pat," said the Captain, as soon as the volatile Irishman had become a little subdued, "there is something you can do for me—that is, if I can rely on your discretion."

"Of course you can," eagerly exclaimed Pat. "I don't know what it is, but you can rely on it."

"Very well," said the Captain. "I want you to deliver a note to a young lady."

"I'll give you a stamp," said Pat, "and you can send it through the post-office."

"Why, you stupid fellow," said the Captain, "you won't deliver it secretly?"

"Well," rejoined Pat, "they won't break it open in the post-office without there's money in it; sure it's safe enough."

"No, no," said the Captain, impatiently. "I want it delivered in such a manner that her uncle and aunt won't know anything about it."

"Of course," said Pat, confidently. "I don't know her uncle and aunt, and I'll give it to her safe enough."

"You must be careful," said the Captain, "and be sure you make no blunders."

"Oh, I'll be careful, sure. Where does she live, the darlin'?"

"Turn round," said the Captain. "Now do you see that large white house facing the end of this street on the top of the hill?"

"Numb! Captain; I can't go there," said Pat.

"Why? What's the reason?" asked the Captain, anxiously.

"I've been there before," said Pat.

"Well," said the Captain, impatiently, "that's no reason you shouldn't go there again, is it?"

"Isn't it, though?" replied Pat, shaking his head.

"Perhaps you never had a kettle of boiling water poured over your head, and a part of it into your shoes?"

"No, I certainly never did," said the Captain, laughing.

"Well, I have," growled Pat, "and the sensation is mighty disagreeable. I went there to see a wild Irish girl who is the cook there, and the old woman, old Mrs. Safeguard, that's her name, she baptized me."

"Well," said the Captain, still laughing, "she didn't approve of your fame, perhaps."

"No," rejoined Pat, with a grin, "but she introduced me to something quite as hot; the boiling water. And the old gentleman, he's a nice old curmudgeon; he called me a 'shaving blackguard of a soldier,' and said I ought to be sent to the almshouse."

"That didn't suit your views, I presume," said the Captain.

"Fats! I don't know," replied Pat. "Perhaps I was thinking of the almshouse when I went to see Biddy."

"It's unfortunate," said the Captain, "that you are known there; but you must make an effort. Can't you disguise yourself?"

"I can do that same," said Pat, in the most confident manner. "I'll get some of my old mother's petticoats and transform myself into a July."

"That might do," said the Captain, highly amused at the idea of such a transformation. "If you think you could manage it without fear of discovery."

"Of course I can," said the elated Pat. "Don't you remember when the boys used to dance jigs, on the barn door we borrowed at Culpeper, and I was always the old woman with the petticoat and the hoops I got off of a dear barrel? Just you wait till you see me with a real illegit' barrel, and a little duck in my mouth, and you'll take your davy I'm my own grandchild."

"Very well, Pat," said the Captain, "I must trust to you. Do the best you can. You'll find me at the K— Hotel, after you have got through your mission, which, I hope, you will carry out without going through boiling water a second time."

"Never fear for me, Captain," said Pat, rushing off. As he disappeared down the street the passers-by were electrified with an occasional line from the strikingly descriptive ballad of Bryan O'Lyons.

The Captain looked after him as he disappeared, and then took his way to the hotel. His sole resources were the pay of a Captain in the army, rude health, indomitable will, and a buoyant and elastic disposition. He was, to that singular circumstance of a man of his age, the result of a dreadful fall. He was of unfeignable depth, into the abyss called love. At the foot of the precipice over which he had tumbled he had seen a pair of blue eyes,

lovingly gazing upward through a maze of golden hair, and the last object gives to his view when he completely lost his senses was a pair of white arms that beckoned him to approach. Brave as he was he surrendered without a struggle, and having reached the feet of the siren, he found in his dismay that an obstinate slat of dog-wood, in the shape of a miserly uncle, and wearisome, in the guise of a still more covetous aunt, completely barred the entrance to the Temple of Hymen.

Captain Matchlock knew that his brief leave of absence would soon be over. He had tried in vain to obtain an interview with Mary Safeguard, for that was the name of his divinity, but had signally failed. The old couple, who were vigorously opposed to the match, kept the young lady under watch and ward, and exercised such a vigilant guardianship that no opportunity was afforded the lovers for either a chance or a premeditated meeting. Letters had been intercepted, and every device that human ingenuity could invent had been resorted to to create a breach in the faith and constancy so perseveringly shown by the lovers. The Captain was at his wit's end. He had almost made up his mind to call for volunteers, storm and carry the place at the point of the bayonet, when Pat unexpectedly turned up and suggested a transformation unknown to Ovid—Mercury in petticoats!

"I wish," soliloquized the Captain, "I had a better fortune to offer her than a Captain's pay, and a ticket in a lottery of bullets; but her guardianship by so unkindly that I believe no change, even the rude life of the camp, would be welcome to her. I have offered to take her away, by force if necessary. I have told her my mother would receive her, and when this war is over, and that will soon be, we would be married. I hope Pat will not fail. I must see her, or hear from her at once."

Here the Times and Journal, morning edition—great news from the Army of the Potomac! shouted a ragged urchin, with a bundle of papers under his arm, who now came tearing up the street in full cry.

"Here, boy!" exclaimed the Captain.

"Yes, Sir," said the boy, coming to a stop, and standing on one foot. "Here they are, Sir; morning papers—great fight! Capture of Richmond—all the particulars."

"Never mind about the capture of Richmond," said the Captain, "that's been captured by the newspapers so often that the army don't take much interest in it. Let me see," he continued, looking over the telegraphic column, while the little urchin rushed on, startling the whole street with the news that Richmond had fallen once more. "let me see," said the Captain. "Hem!—Frightful murder!—Grand Cavalry Skirmish! Felicitous juxtaposition that; gross mismanagement of the War Department, of course; this correspondent was originally intended for Secretary of War. Here we have it, at last. Highly important from the Army of the Potomac! No probability of an advance! There's something gratifying in the originality of that statement. Ha! what's this? List of drafted men in the city of K—. To be sure; I had forgotten the draft took place yesterday—no community this time, must serve. Some of these rebellious patriots had small appetite for their breakfast this morning, I'm afraid. List of drafted men—Ben Cassidy, Fizz Henry, Thomas Evans, Peter Safeguard! Huzzah! I have him now. I'll buy my wife. Why, this fellow must be in the last stages of fever. He knows it's next to impossible to get a substitute. Mr. Peter Safeguard, in about one hour, I shall do myself the honor of calling upon you." So saying, the Captain entered the hotel, which he had reached at the close of his cursory glance at the paper. Leaving him actively preparing to beat up the enemy's quarters, the reader may take the liberty of inspecting for himself the garrison of the white house on the top of the hill, now commanded by Mrs. Peter Safeguard, vice Peter, retired for gross incapacity.

Peter Safeguard was a small pattern, about five feet four inches in height, quite gray, thoroughly bespeckled and balding, and with one trait of individuality that perhaps saved him from sinking into hopeless imbecility under the sharp discipline of his wife's tongue. This salient point, which reddeus Peter from being considered only generically in this sketch, was his grasping and covetous disposition. It was the only point upon which he contended with his wife. He had a horror of fashion, because it was expensive; and if the climate had permitted, in his cordial dislike of tailors and dress-makers, and their attendant horrors in the shape of bills, would have advocated the original fig-leaf costume as being strikingly appropriate, and, above all, economical. He was, for his sins, just forty-four years and eleven months old at the time when Destiny, as if with instinctive malice, had caused his name to come up in the wheel, and compelled Peter Safeguard to appear in the lists as a most unwilling champion in the cause of freedom.

Mrs. Safeguard was a little, thin, sharp-need woman, considerably older than her husband—a doctrinaire champion of woman's rights, and the proprietress of her husband in every sense of the word. She had wedded Peter with fierceness, and married him in spite of his remonstrances. Her father, an old ex-minister at one of the European courts, at the age of seventy-three, becoming fascinated with the attractions of a little, pale, slender widow, married her by stealth a year after he had lost his first wife, and brought her home to provide over his household, to the great wrath of his daughter. A war immediately broke out, and the result was that the Amazonian daughter met with a most inglorious defeat from the fragile widow, who proved herself a very Boudicca in arms. She not only succeeded in driving her enemy from the garrison, but beat the old diplomatist at his own weapons, by compelling him to settle every dollar of his property on her; and by dint of judicious nursing got rid of her superannuated husband, who died in a year after the marriage.

Mrs. Peter kept up the conflict in society; but the widow, better provided with the sinews of war, retorted the superiority, and spoke of her step-

daughter in so patronizing a manner to their mutual friends that the latter would have cheerfully consented to the introduction of the Oriental custom of burning widows on the tomb of their defunct husbands.

This solemn lady is now seated in the drawing-room of her own house; and seated with her, in a very dependent mood, the fair heroine of the story is compelled to listen to the advice, a thousand times administered, to receive the attentions of an old challepper whose only attractions consisted of bonds, mortgages, and other evidences of the great social evil, money.

"It is no use to you to talk, Mary," said Mrs. Safeguard, "Mr. Walworth is in every respect an eligible party. I am determined you shall marry him, and your uncle is determined you shall marry him; so you might as well make up your mind to submit."

"I think my uncle has very little voice in the matter," said Mary.

"Indeed he has," replied the irascible Mrs. Peter, "and if he presumed not to have a voice in the matter I'd very soon teach him that he had. His voice is mine, and whatever I am determined on is determined on, and very determined too, or I'd know the reason why."

"But, aunt," said Mary, "you know I have given my promise to Captain Matchlock, and if you could only be induced to approve the engagement—"

"Engagement! You talk like a child; there is no engagement, and never shall be. A soldier, indeed! I believe in the old saw, 'Marry a soldier and carry his wallet.' Besides, we have both set our hearts on your marrying Mr. Walworth."

"Why, aunt," said Mary, "he is seventy years old if he is a day!"

"Well," said Mrs. Peter, "that don't hurt him. If he is seventy years old he has twice seventy thousand dollars."

"And that," rejoined Mary, "I suppose you consider equivalent to twice seventy thousand virtues."

"Nonsense, child," said Mrs. Peter, impatiently.

"Since you went to that fashionable boarding-school your head is full of rubbish and nonsense. The Prince of Orange once went down on one knee and died up my abs, when it had become unlaced at the collar-hole. If it had been you, your head would have been completely turned. It didn't spoil me, though. And when the Baron de Vandalieu, a delightful young man, with weak eyes and light hair, with a great golden mustache, offered me his hand and heart I sent him about his business. I found out his income was just six hundred dollars, not enough to pay my shoemaker's bill. I married Peter, a steady man, and a man of property; and look at the consequences: He is a model of a husband, never quarrels, and we have every thing to make us comfortable. Depend upon it, there is nothing like money and the comforts it will bring."

"I would rather live on a crust for the remainder of my days," said Mary, "than marry a man I did not love."

"Stuff and nonsense!" rejoined Mrs. Peter, in the most positive manner. "Love in a cottage? Bah! love is a pigsty; and who is this Captain Matchlock? Nobody knows anything about him."

"He is a brave soldier, aunt," returned Mary, indignantly—"a brave soldier, who has fought for his country—a title that every man who loves his native land should be proud of."

Mrs. Peter was about to reply to this indignant burst on the part of her niece, with some reflections upon the patriotism that was bought with money, when she was interrupted by the opening of the door and the appearance of the immortal Peter who came in with a newspaper in his hand, and who proceeded to walk up and down the drawing-room in a manner so nervous and agitated that it excited the wrath of his amiable wife.

"Mr. Safeguard," said she, "will you have the kindness to explain what you mean by bursting into my presence like a mad bull, and bounding about like a polar bear in a cage?"

"Matter!" exclaimed Peter, who was so completely taken up with his own troubles that he could not see the signs of the coming storm—"matter enough, I should think. Have you read the morning papers, Mrs. S.?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Safeguard, in her most sarcastic manner, "I have read the morning papers, but I don't think it incumbent upon myself in consequence to behave like a lunatic, though the papers nowadays are aggravating enough to worry a saint."

"That's it," returned Peter, with as sour an approach to a sneer as his inexpressive countenance was capable of; "you have read the papers, and don't know the news."

"I should like to know," said the acidulous Mrs. Peter, "any sensible woman who does know the news after reading the morning paper, especially when she has read the largest portion of it the day previous."

"I have seen more than I want to see, at any rate," growled Peter.

"Mr. Safeguard," said his wife, with her most determined look, "do you intend to explain yourself, or shall I have to use force?"

"The draft," said Peter; "now do you understand?"

"The draft," said Mrs. Peter; "what draft? Do you mean to say you have got the rheumatism again?"

"The rheumatism be—blowed!" said Peter, checking himself on the utterance of an oath and substituting a milder term. "I've caught something worse than that, or, rather, it has caught me."

A sudden light broke in upon the understanding of his wife. She stamped her foot impatiently. "You don't mean to tell me, Peter," she cried, "that you have been fool enough to get drafted?"

"Well, my dear," replied Peter, in a mildly sarcastic manner, "as I had no particular choice in the matter, I don't see how I was going to prevent it."

"Prevent it!" retorted his wife, scornfully. "Why didn't you get appointed on the Committee, and see that your name was left off the list?"

"You had better ask," rejoined the exasperated

Peter, "why I didn't reduce myself to sixteen years of age, or become suddenly deaf and dumb."

"Peter," said Mrs. Safeguard, whose wrath had changed to contempt, "you are a fool!"

"Thank you, my love," said the gratified Peter. "Unfortunately the Government don't reject individuals of the intellectual status that you have established for me."

Mrs. Safeguard, wringing her hands in Julia's excitement, like that unfortunate heroine in the Hunchback, "What's to be done?"

Peter, misinterpreting the allusion for a call upon him for an opinion, proceeded to express it:

"Well," he exclaimed, "there are two horns to the dilemma: one is to shoulder a musket; and the other is to pay a thousand dollars, or more, for a substitute."

"The last is not to be thought of," said Mrs. Safeguard, reflectively.

"And the first won't bear thinking of," added Peter, with a shiver.

"Oh," said Mrs. Peter, impatiently, "you are a coward!"

"The fact of my marrying you proves the contrary, my dear," said Peter, complacently.

"That's right!" retorted Mrs. Peter, "abuse your wife! But I advise you," she said, with sudden ferocity, "to save all your wrath for the enemy. You'll need it before you get through!"

At this moment, and before Peter could find a fitting retort to this last unexpected attack, a knock was heard at the door. "Come in!" said Mrs. Peter, thinking it was one of the servants.

To her order the door quietly opened, and there appeared a stalwart woman, dressed in a calico frock, which was so long that it trailed on the ground. Although the weather was warm she was bundled up in a large woolen shawl, while her head was ornamented with the most outrageous pattern of a straw-bonnet, dating back seemingly to the fabulous ages; a green veil almost concealed her face—what was seen of it indicated a red, coarse, Irish countenance; while her voice, in its unmistakable tone, proclaimed her race. This overgrown oddity stood at the door and courted several times, until Mrs. Safeguard, irritated at the sight, cried out:

"What do you want here, old woman?"

"Sure, ma'am, I'm in a dale of trouble," replied a voice so deep and hoarse that it added to the repugnance already felt by Mrs. Safeguard at her presence.

"What's that to me?" she cried. "Say what you want, and get out over your business!"

"Yes, ma'am," said Pat—for it was he. "As you say, it's hard times for the poor widders; and my boy, the only one living out of seventeen, has been drafted into the army."

"Serve him right!" ejaculated Mrs. Peter, who hated the Irish. "What business had he to come to this country?"

"Sure, ma'am, he didn't come here at all. He was born here, ma'am.—Here Pat, by some ingenious twisting around, contrived to show Mary the corner of a letter, by "poking it at her" slyly, as he termed it, from one's mouth to the other. Mary, whose perceptions had been sharpened under the surveillance to which she had been subjected, saw in it an old woman an ensouler of her lover, and by an almost imperceptible nod gave Pat to understand that she comprehended the plot.

"Sure, ma'am," said Pat, addressing himself to Mrs. Safeguard, "it wasn't the poor boy's fault that he was born here."

"Yes, it was," retorted Mrs. Peter. "He had no business to be born here. He's as big a fool as Peter here, who has gone and got himself drafted. But what do you want here?"

Pat, disregarding the question, gazed admiringly at Peter and exclaimed, "So they've drafted you into the army, Sir?"

"Yes, they have," said Peter, depending as he thought of it. "The army is in luck."

"Of course," said Pat, "you are going to shoulder a musket and have a hand in the scrimmage?"

"Well," replied Peter, reflectively, "I think, considering the imperfect knowledge I have of that weapon, I should rather prefer some other hero shouldering it for me."

"Do you want a substitute?" asked Pat, eagerly.

"Will, yes," replied Peter, "if I could get a second-hand one cheap."

"I know where you can get one, Sir," said Pat.

"Where?" said Peter.

"Here," said Pat, striking himself on the chest.

"I'm your man. I'll go cheap, just for the fun of the th' ag."

"You!" said Peter, looking contemptuously upon the blundering Irishman. "Do you think the Government will accept an old woman in my place?"

"An old woman?" retorted Pat. "Begorra! he must run to himself, 'I quite forgot I was my own grandmother. Faix, Sir," he said, "I don't know why one old woman isn't as good as another old woman."

Here Mrs. Safeguard, who allowed no one to abuse her husband but herself, immediately struck him, most delicately:

"How dare you," she cried, "call my husband an old woman, you impudent old wretch! It's my opinion you are intoxicated!"

"Sure," said Pat, "I'm fasting from all but sin this blessed moment; and you ought to be ashamed of yourself to insult a poor lone widder, without a chick or a child in the wide world—not one out of seventeen, barring my poor boy Jerry, and they've got fed him into the army. Sure they've broke my heart entirely, so they have, oh! oh!" Here Pat began to sob violently. "I've got the draft somewhere. I feel bad. Oh! somebody give me a glass of water. Oh dear! oh dear!"

Peter, who was the soul of liberality when it came to a glass of water, told Mary to bring it, and, with Mrs. Safeguard's assistance, supported Pat into a chair. Mrs. Safeguard, in terror lest the old wretch, as she mentally termed Pat, should have a fit, Mary returned in a moment, bringing a glass of water. As she held it out to Pat that ingenious gentleman contrived, with two simultaneous move-

ments, to tread heavily upon Peter's foot, and to give Mrs. Safeguard an unpleasant dig in the stomach with his elbow. While Mr. and Mrs. Peter were writhing under these indignities Pat contrived to slip the letter into Mary's hand, who, on receiving it, turned her back and walked to the window.

"Oh, I feel so much better now," said Pat; "I feel so much relieved. Every time I hear of any body being drafted it gives me a pain in my waist."

Mrs. Peter, who had been dancing around in the extremity of pain, recovered her breath at last sufficiently to order Peter to turn the old woman out of doors.

"I'd like to see him try it," said Pat; "I'd give him a disability in the army."

"Do you mean to say, you horrid old wretch, that you'll stay here in spite of us?" asked Mrs. Peter.

"As coorse I do," said Pat, composedly. "Isn't my Jerry sleeping out on the cold ground, and you living here in luxury, you ungrateful old woman?"

"Peter," said his wife, "if you don't kick that old woman out of doors you shall go to the army as sure as my name is Safeguard."

Peter, thus peremptorily ordered, rolled up his cuffs and slowly advanced toward the old woman, thinking to intimidate her by a show of resolution, but as he put out his hand to take her by the shoulder he was horrified at seeing a huge cogged rim slowly and mysteriously from the folds of the woolen shawl. It shook ominously in the eyes of the startled Peter. He turned back his coat cuffs and backed away from the threatening weapon.

"No, I thank you, Mrs. S.," he cried. "I'll join the Army of the Potomac: I think it will be safer."

Mrs. Peter did not hear this refusal to obey her commands. She had suddenly become aware that her niece, with her back turned to her, was reading a letter; approaching her cautiously, she caught the paper from her hands, and in a moment made herself acquainted with the contents.

"Very pretty, indeed, you mix," she cried. "A love-letter from that wretch of an officer. But I'll frustrate his plans. As for you, you impudent old woman, I'll teach you what you may expect if you ever put your foot in this house again."

So saying, she caught up a highly polished brass poker which stood as an ornament at the parlor fireplace, and threatening Pat with it, ordered him to leave the house, or she would turn him over to the police with her own hands.

"The police!" exclaimed Pat, "I'd like to catch one of the villains putting their hands on to a lone widder."

"Very well, ma'am, I'll see if this poker or your Irish head is the hardest," said Mrs. Peter. So saying she attacked the unfortunate Pat, and rained such a storm of blows on his back and shoulders that the hero of a hundred battles was compelled to save himself by flight. He ran round the table, and Mrs. Peter passed him with the fury of Achilles chasing Hector round the walls of Troy. In vain the flying foe broke down the bridges behind him in his flight by throwing chains in the path of the relentless Fury. She showed so much agility that Pat, finding himself encumbered by his long skirts, unbuttoned them up, and consequently exposed the light blue of the infantry. Mrs. Peter stood agape at the sight, for one moment, and then rushed from the room and shrieked for the police. Mary followed her, and Peter and Pat remained the survivors of the skirmish. Pat immediately divested himself of his feminine garments, and stood in his skeleton loop like a gigantic blue-bird in a cage. Peter, amazed at the transformation, was unable to speak for a moment. At last, recovering from his stupefied, he exclaimed:

"Who are you, you rascal?"

"Who am I?" returned Pat, "why, don't you see, you unaccountable old haythen? I belong to the One Hundred and Forty-seventh Michigan."

"Do you mean to say," said Peter, "that that (pointing to the hoop-skirt) is the uniform of that regiment?"

Here Pat, looking down, discovered that he was encased in the hoop. He divested himself of that incongruous addition to his wardrobe; and standing erect, shillalah in hand, wicked pleasantly and generally upon his surviving companions.

"Now," said Peter, "I should like to know, just as a matter of curiosity, what the d—l brought you here?"

"It wasn't that gentleman at all," replied Pat, "I just came by myself."

"And," continued Peter, "you had the impudence to bring a letter clandestinely to my niece."

"Seen a bit," returned Pat, "I brought it in my pocket."

"Who was it from?" said Peter.

"From the gentleman who wrote it, sure," answered Pat.

"Now, mark me, my fine fellow," continued Peter, "you have laid yourself liable to severe punishment. You have entered my house surreptitiously."

"No, I never," replied Pat; "I entered through the door."

"And," continued Mr. Safeguard, "you are trying to escape the consequences of your Irish cuds by an affected simplicity; now it's my opinion you are more knave than fool."

"Begorra," retorted Pat, "and that's more than I can say of you."

"Now, Sir," said Peter, "you will give me the name of your employer or take the consequences."

"If it's all the same to you," said the imperturbable Pat, "I'd rather take a glass of whisky and water."

At this moment the door opened and Mrs. Safeguard appeared, followed by Captain Matchlock.

"There, Sir," said the old lady, with a double-distilled acidulous expression, "there! Mr. Safeguard, since you insist upon seeing Mary; but if you have any business with him, you'll find that his business is my business."

"I'm afraid you'll have to make an exception in

this case, my dear Madam," said Captain Matchlock, "unless you feel disposed to join the army."

"Sir, if your business is to insult me," retorted Mrs. Peter, "I am inclined to think I shall have to make an exception, although my husband's decision is perfectly indifferent in the matter."

"You are Mr. Safeguard, then?" said the Captain, turning to the stupefied Peter.

"The same, Sir, at your service," replied Peter.

"Peter Safeguard," continued the Captain. "I believe I am indebted to my godfathers for that patronymic, a surname of a long list of Peters; but, I assure you, I had no choice in the matter," returned Mr. Safeguard.

"Then I have the pleasure of informing you that you have been drafted into the One Hundred and Forty-seventh Michigan."

"Sir," rejoined Peter, "the fact of my having been drafted was made disagreeably public in this morning's paper."

"Very well, Sir," added the Captain, "you will report yourself for examination within fourteen days from to-day, and I hope I shall soon have the gratification of showing you the face of the enemy."

"I assure you, Captain, that I should infinitely prefer seeing the back of the enemy in full sight," said Peter.

"That," returned the Captain, "will depend, in a measure, upon your own valor."

"Then," said the despondent Peter, "I think the chances of my witnessing that gratifying spectacle are very remote."

"Mr. Safeguard," broke in his wife, "if I were you I would not exhibit my cowardice to a stranger."

"My love," rejoined Peter, "as I can not afford the price of a substitute, perhaps you wouldn't mind going in my place. The Government would certainly be a gainer, for I don't think there's a rebel regiment would stand before you for a moment."

"By jabsers," interposed Pat, "sh'd be equal to a whole battery of Parrott guns!"

"You can procure a substitute," suggested the Captain, "for a thousand dollars, or about that sum."

"I'm much obliged to you for the information," returned Peter; "but I really don't feel able to present the Government with that trifling amount of money. Now, Captain, you have seen a good deal of the service. Look at me: do you think I could be of any use?"

"Devil's it!" exclaimed Pat. "Enlist the old woman."

"Do you think," persisted Peter, "the Government could get any thing out of me, physically?"

"I am afraid the Government will try the experiment," replied the Captain.

"Come," said Peter, imploringly, "and me a way out of this scrape, and I will be eternally indebted to you."

"That's two days longer than I'd let any man be indebted to me," said Pat, with a knowing shake of his head.

"I see no escape for you," said the Captain. "You must either go or pay the price of a substitute."

"In these circumstances," said Peter, reflectively, "I think I could make great sacrifices for my country; but, unfortunately, those circumstances are not likely to arise."

"Go in, old gentleman," said Pat, with an encouraging smile. "After the first battle you won't mind it."

"I have no doubt," said Peter, "but your prediction would be singularly verified; but, unfortunately, it's the first battle I object to."

"Well, then, fight your second one first," retorted Pat, with the triumphant air of a man who had cleverly surmounted an apparently insurmountable difficulty.

"You object to joining the ranks, then?" asked the Captain.

"Not decidedly," replied Peter.

"And you equally object to paying a thousand dollars?" continued the Captain.

"No," said Peter, reflectively, "I don't so much object to paying as I do to parting with the money."

"Well," said the Captain, "as I don't think you'll reflect much credit on the service, I'll furnish you with a substitute free of expense."

"My dear Sir," said Peter, seizing the Captain by both hands and shaking them in a fervor of gratitude.

"On one condition," added the Captain.

"Oh!" said Peter, with a sudden elongation of his countenance, and dropping the Captain's hands.

"I love your niece, and I have every reason to believe that she loves me," continued the Captain.

"With regard to the latter part of your proposition," exclaimed Mrs. Safeguard, with great severity, "I can inform you, Sir, that you are very much mistaken."

"Indeed he is not, aunt!" exclaimed a voice, gently but decidedly; "and I think my opinion on that subject is worthy of some consideration."

This opinion coinciding so strongly with her aunt's was uttered by Mary, who now advanced and took the hand of the Captain.

"Now," said the Captain, holding Mary by the hand, "give your consent to our marriage and I will furnish the substitute. If you do not, I think we shall have to manage to do without it."

Peter, whose dread of the army, together with his love of money, combined to excite a rebellion against his better self, reflected a moment, and then, turning to the Captain, exclaimed:

"It's a bargain. Get me out of the scrape, and she's yours."

"I say," exclaimed the angry Mrs. Peter, "he shan't have her!"

"Dry up, old woman," interposed Pat, "or we'll have you drafted into the army."

"You have my uncle's consent, Charles," said Mary, "and it is quite needless to say you have mine."

Mrs. Safeguard looked from one to the other with amazement.

"Then I suppose," she said, sarcastically, "you have all made up your mind that I am nobody."

"Not a soul," said the irreproachable Pat. "You're neither use nor ornament. You and the old woman may can go on to the retired list until his term comes round again." And then he added, "For to be a poor ruther either is, nodding to Peter. 'I hope that it won't be him, but Patrick Mahoney—long life to him!—that will be drafted into the army.'"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following communications are accepted:—"Twenty Greenbacks," "Plans for Building for Three," "A Case of Pharyngitis," "By a Reader," "Will you take your Wedding Cake?" "Dress-up," "Crested Oil and Oily Tea," "A Night in the East," "Kicks, Slaps, and Thraps," "Good Advice."



The Origin of Evil.

A gentleman was about completing the sale of a horse which he was very anxious to dispose of, which a little while ago had been very much admired, and which he had been told would sell for a high price. He was standing yesterday to make him drive? The bargain was at an end.

"You like plenty of nice things, don't you, Johnny? How many ribs did you have at the party on the 24th yesterday?" "Yes; but a spiced-rib, then an apple-rib, then a cranberry-rib, then a sweet-rib, and then a potato-rib."

"Well, Mr. Tom, if you're about to leave I shall detain your friend," exclaimed an Irishman kindly to her sister, who was slightly in arrears.

A clerk in a wash-station was lately overpowered by a fugitive young lady who wanted to purchase "Dr. Hoot's"——— "geth'ers-and-unders-grass." The clerk is still alive.

A correspondent tells of a prospector who, on being asked by his mother not to take all the look for in the dish, because it should leave some for mother's, replied, after looking toward the table, "Well, I don't see any M. more here to eat it?"

The best of imagination is described as follows: "It's a year's launch in empty and you pocket ditto-it down and find a money-book."

God's tests for husbands-father wear their dresses better than they need.

A sharp-groove, when a customer who was looking for a pair of trousers ordered that a pair of duds be washed in the washer after it was turned, remarked: "I long to see the machine before I drop your duds."

Mrs. Washington says that her, having become tired of a vision of the sun, has had her in the mental state. She didn't appear the least bit displeased, and the back of her wedding veil was little better with wings.

A widowed old bachelor used the following argument against matrimony: "Coffee is a great promoter of brain power. If you get no milk to combine with it, you get no cream, either with head or heart, they need to be clear of the brainless curiosity. A pair of man's lips, a silk neck, a cooling shirt, a pair of trousers, a pair of boots, all do as much to combine a man as three loaves, the necktie, a large-size fish, eight eggs, a pair of loaf-jaws, several hydrophobics, and the best of 'em."

Different words travel with different degrees of velocity. A ball to dinner will run over a ten-mile lot in a minute and a half, while a message to work will take from five to ten minutes.

"My dear," said Mrs. Deberry to her daughter, "you would not find your dress so very high in crossing the street." "Then, ma'am," replied the girl, "how shall I cross the beauty of my forehead?" "That's a good question," replied the mother, "but I don't think you should look at it." "My dear," replied the girl, "I don't think you should look at it either, and I wouldn't let it be so either."

"My dear," said a girl to a young lady whom she hoped to marry, "do you intend to make a fool of me?" "No," replied the lady, "I never had any such intention."

A young old bachelor says that Adam's wife was called Eve because when she appeared man's day of happiness was drawing to a close.

A country "chap" who recently visited the city for the first time, gives the reason of this fact. "In this way," he says, "I every afternoon two of 'em and when I find myself alone I'll get a woman, I suppose; but how much of the latter is fit to be in with me, and how much is genuine, the pro-temer one no. A better way, a wife, and then when it comes to the point, that he is terrible in his own bad night anatomy. I don't see how he ever gets to be all of the female that comes for a husband and forty weight, but I don't only a month but so her as would give a girl a——— all the spiritual pleasures consisting of cotton and whiskies."

Dr. Parr does not vary his diet in the choice of his expedients, when invited by a prospect of matrimony. He never called a prospect a girl, who, indeed, was little better. The prospect said he would marry if this was all the terms. "No," said the doctor, "and my old 1440p will surprise you."

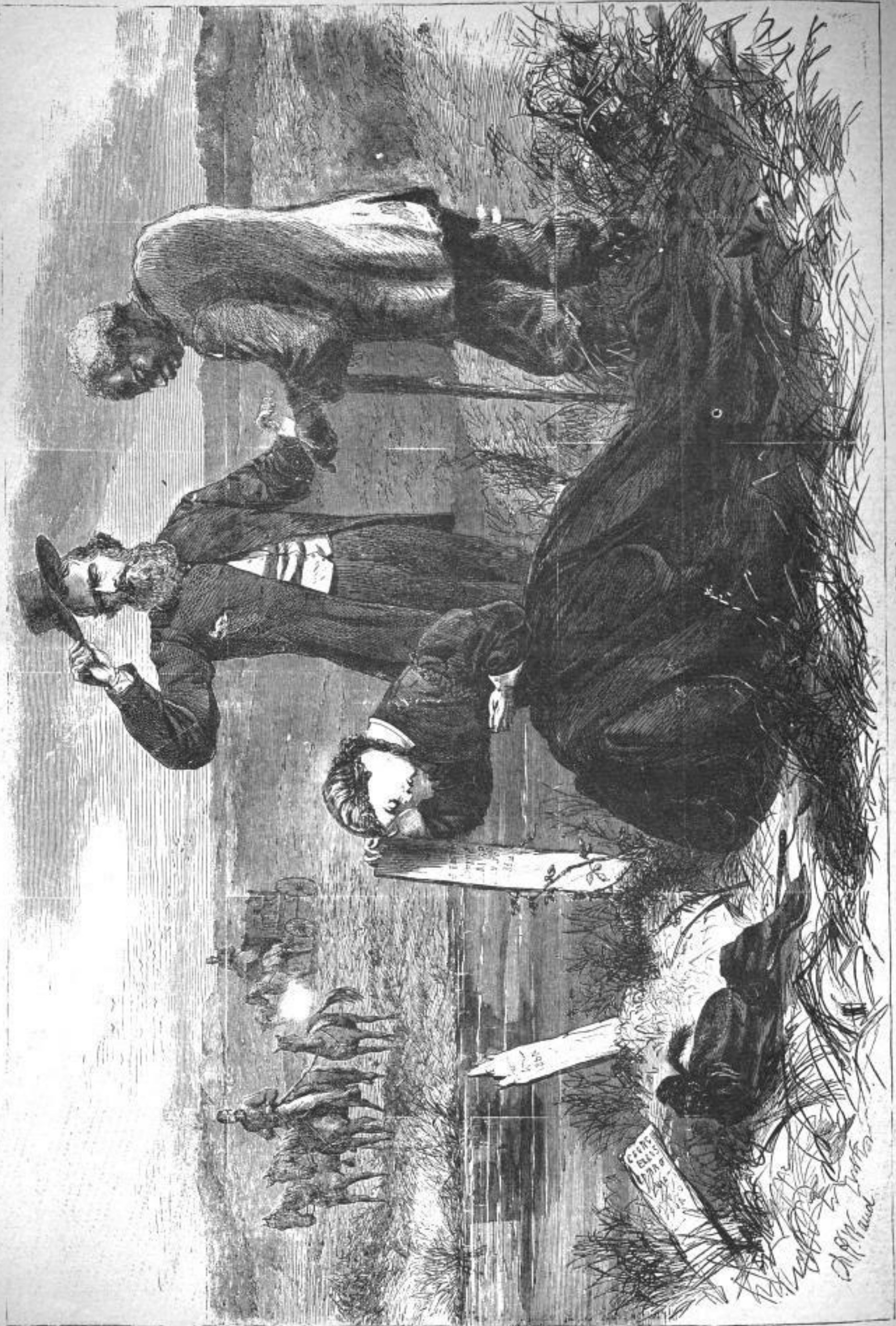
LIBRARIAN ON A BUCKSKIN SMITH.

"I heard that your book for the———"

"Well, Sir, I don't know what you're talking about."

"I don't know what you're talking about either."

"I don't know what you're talking about either."



THE LOST FOUND.—[Drawn by A. E. Wams.]



WITH RAILROADS, BOATS, AND CANALS BY A. M. WILSON.



IS WASHINGTON TERRITORY IN DANGER?
 THE MODERN ATE, THE MODERN NOAH, AND THE MODERN "WATERFALLS" THAT ARE ABOUT TO DESCEND UPON WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

THE MODERN NOAH (sp.). "There, my dear young ladies, I think I see something."
 CHORUS OF 400 UNMARRIED WOMEN. "Oh! please, Sir, is it a Man?"
 THE MODERN NOAH. "No, bless ye! not a Man; it's a Gull."
 MARY ANN (aside). "Oh, dear! I wonder when we'll see a Man!"

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THE REISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY



Vol. X.—No. 476.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1866.

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THE PRINCESS OF WALES WITH THE INFANT PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND HER INFANT.

A young mother, holding a baby of two years, is one of the loveliest and holiest objects that can be seen on earth, whether she be a Princess and future Queen or the wife of a poor laboring man.

We are happy to be able to present our readers this week with an illustration representing ALEXANDRA, the Princess of Wales, with her first-born infant, the little Prince VICTOR, whose second birthday occurred January 6 of the present year.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1866.

THE PROPOSED CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.

WE have a very high respect for the admirable services of Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS, and for the earnestness with which he holds opinions in which we do not always agree; but Mr. STEVENS lacks some important qualifications as a parliamentary leader.

The amendment reported is substantially that of Mr. BLAINE. It proposes, in substance, to apportion representation to the whole number of the population, excepting those who may be disfranchised by reason of race or color.

Mr. JEWCKES, of Rhode Island, and Mr. ELIOT, of Massachusetts, have indicated very distinctly and forcibly the objections to the adoption of the amendment. It admits, by implication, that States may disfranchise because of race or color, and that is something of which Congress should not be guilty.

The amendment, as it stands, will probably not pass—at least, we sincerely hope it may not. We do not know, indeed, what further suggestions the Committee may propose which will modify and control this.

amendment defining the qualifications of all adult male citizens of the United States in national elections. Should some educational test be required of future voters, it would still be impossible to trust the education of their colored population to the unorganized States.

The airy gentlemen who think that half a nation can be alienated from the other half for forty years, and after appealing to a tremendous civil war, which rages for four years, tearing up the industrial and political system of half a continent by its roots, and after one party is vanquished in the field and still remains hostile at heart, can conjure a settlement and reunion in a few weeks or months by a free use of the word "conciliation," will have an opportunity of learning wisdom from events.

SENATOR TRUMBULL'S BILL.

THE passage, in the Senate, of Mr. TRUMBULL'S bill for continuing and enlarging the operations of the Freedmen's Bureau will be followed, we trust, by its early passage in the House. The debate was ample, and it is only the truth to say that every argument urged against it was utterly refuted.

Land and education are to be the grounds of security for the liberty of the whole Southern population. If they could only perceive it, every step taken for the elevation of the freedmen is an immense gain for the Southern States and for the country.

Nothing is more probable. If Governor ORN were homeless, houseless, and landless; if he were in the midst of a community which despised and hated him; if he knew that his most sacred rights, his most precious relations, were at the mercy of those who were educated to regard him and treat him as an ox or a dog; if he knew that the power which had given him his freedom, and was strong enough to maintain it, intended to secure him against the consequences of the cruel hostility which surrounded him by giving him land and defending his rights upon it, we are inclined to believe that Governor ORN—unless he were the dull brute which the colored man is represented to be by the political and social friends of Governor ORN, but which his conduct disproves—would do exactly what the freedmen are doing: he would wait the action of his friends before confiding himself to his enemies.

Governor ORN and the opponents of the Freedmen's Bureau do not appear to understand that it is just as impossible for the white population of the South to deal justly by the freedmen as it was for the Catholics of three centuries ago to be just to the Protestants. How absolutely and entirely the white gentlemen at the South misunderstand the colored race and the conditions of progressive civilization let our long war show. Nobody would be so mad as to insist that if the colored race had been always fairly treated in the South there would have been any serious alienation ending so tragically. And in view of their ghastly failure in dealing with the question, modesty might prompt these gentlemen to be slow and distrustful in offering their advice to those who have become the guardians of the freed race.

It is true that it is a question of peculiar moment to the Southern States, because the freedmen are native in that section, and will inevi-

tably remain there. But it is no less true that experience has proved the Southern white policy upon the subject to be intolerable to the peace of the country. That policy was based upon a spirit of caste which is inconsistent with our whole system; and every sign in the Southern legislatures and conventions and papers and speeches and correspondence and conversation, and indeed in every form by which opinion is expressed, shows that the same policy will be continued if the decision were left to the same old authority. There is a universal tendency in the interested section toward black codes, black laws, and an absolute class distinction. But since the method which is utterly abhorrent to the American principle has failed, why not try a policy founded upon that principle? Since injustice has plunged us into war, why not try justice as a means of keeping the peace? Since we have resolved that the late slaves are men, why not treat them as men?

It is the object of the Freedmen's Bureau to secure that treatment. The result can not be reached without vexatious delays and perplexities. There will be complaints, often well founded, of the officers and agents employed. There will be friction and disappointment of many kinds in the working of the system. But they will all be slowly and constantly working out toward justice and the equal rights of men, upon which foundation only can future prosperity and union be erected.

FENIANISM.

WHILE General SWEENEY declares that, if supported, he will conquer a spot of British territory before next May from which to threaten the empire, and Mr. ROBERTS indulges in the dangerous delight of prophesying that within ninety days the green flag will be flying over the largest army of Irishmen ever collected, the British courts are sentencing Fenian prisoners to long years of penal servitude, and the Head Centre, STRANISH, is a fugitive upon the Continent. At the same time, also, Irishmen are every where asking themselves whether the prospects of the Fenian movement to emancipate Ireland and erect the Irish Republic are so promising that they can hopefully run the risk of ruining themselves and their families.

Indeed, the late Fenian performance in the city of New York was so lamentably farcical that the whole movement seems to have died quietly in ridicule here, as it ends more tragically across the sea. It is a symptom both of the discontent of Irishmen and of the utter incapacity of the leaders who have sought to direct that discontent to practical political ends. Yet that discontent, it must be allowed, is greatly traditional and sentimental. Probably few Irishmen who are established in this country would care to return to their native land, and still fewer would wish to give their lives and the comfort of their families to pledge that land under the rule of no higher wisdom than has been displayed in the Fenian movement. The British government of Ireland is not a noble or humane story. No honorable Englishman can contemplate it without sorrow and shame. But had as it may have been, ungenerous as it may be now, it is undoubtedly preferable to the government of such leaders as have appeared in the Fenian ranks.

And even were it not so, every sensible Irishman, and from such only will actual danger menace England, sees that the British Government is now fully aroused, and does not hesitate to take the most decisive measures, and that a revolution in Ireland would be for every British subject a question of the integrity and honor of the British empire. Indeed, this revolution is baffled before it fairly begins. And what kind of a revolution could that be which advertises itself vociferously three thousand miles away in a foreign country, and explodes in a ludicrous wrangle of would-be leaders? Meanwhile, however, we suppose that the collection of Fenian alms continues, and that many a hard working man and woman is giving the money which should buy comfort for their families to a cause which, however inspiring in itself to an Irishman, shows not the least chance of practical success.

There is truly no nobler sacrifice than that of life and of every effort for the salvation of an oppressed country. There is no more splendid spectacle in history than the revolution of our fathers in '76. But grand and ennobling as that struggle was, it would have been a criminal folly if they had obeyed a mere vague sentiment, and had not literally counted the cost and scrupulously weighed the chances of success.

IS THERE TOO MUCH OF ONE SUBJECT?

If any body thinks that both in Congress and in general conversation an undue prominence is given to the subject of the colored population, he ought to remember that precisely that subject was the root of our late war, and it must therefore necessarily be the most prominent topic in all considerations of settlement. But, says some one, why not discuss questions of trade and methods of conciliation,

because, after all, it must be by commercial intercourse and social ties that the alienated sections are to be knit together again?

The reason is obvious. Trade and commercial relations depend upon the stability of the industrial system; and the question of the industrial system at the South is that of the colored population. Spite of ourselves, therefore, spite of our weariness of the topic, spite of the monotony of the discussion, it must turn first upon the fundamental point. Until the industry of the Southern section begins again, there can be no resumption of commercial relations; and until there is some final settlement of the industrial system there will be no capital invested and no risks taken, and consequently the land will remain comparatively unproductive.

But still further, as in this country there is no serious impediment any where to the acquisition of political power by every man, an equal share of political power has come to be the security of the fruits of industry. The most ignorant of foreigners, after a short probation, may be naturalized and share political power equally with the most intelligent native. If, therefore, any considerable number of the population should be arbitrarily excluded from political equality, and under circumstances which threatened to make this exclusion permanent, they would be dissatisfied and restless, their claims would be supported by an immense party; a great agitation would ensue, and the industrial relations of the region in which that population lived would be radically disturbed and unsatisfactory.

In our present situation, therefore, the political relations of the freedmen must be clearly defined and established upon the justice which all the rest of us demand, or we shall find ourselves unable to take a single forward step safely and intelligibly. This explains the prominence of the question in Congress and the public mind. The important point is to determine in what way the political equality of the population in question may be most wisely secured. That is the real instigation of the amendments to the Constitution which are debated in Congress. That is the natural and serious interest of the people of the United States. It is with no wish to devote exclusive or disproportioned attention to any question that this is so constantly considered, but only because this is the key of the situation, and when this is justly settled all other questions are less difficult.

THE NEW HAVEN RAILROAD CASE.

LAME AS Justice is said to be, she travels steadily and surely—at all events in some cases. It lacks but a few months of twelve years since the financial community was paralyzed by the news that the President of the New Haven Railroad Company had been flooding Wall Street with spurious certificates of stock, and had run away to hide his guilt and his shame in foreign lands. So vast was the extent of the fraud, and so high had stood the character of the criminal, that people at first refused to believe the news. SCHUYLER was not only a member of the church and a scion of our "hereditary nobility," he was a man personally well known in Wall Street, universally esteemed and respected, a king among railway men, a potentate among financiers. Yet this SCHUYLER, as it was soon proved, had issued fraudulent certificates of stock in the New York and New Haven Railway Company to an amount exceeding two millions of dollars, had foisted them on his friends and acquaintances, the bankers, brokers, and money-lenders of Wall Street, and had run away leaving no trace behind.

After the first shock Wall Street turned its attention to the practical consequences of the development. There was \$3,000,000 of genuine stock of the New Haven Road, and \$2,000,000 or more of stock fraudulently issued by SCHUYLER. The stock had been active, and on the morning when the fraud came to light, there was hardly a banker or broker in New York who did not hold directly or indirectly some shares. How could the so-called spurious stock be distinguished from the genuine? The brokers studied the subject, and finding that all the certificates were alike, all duly signed and registered, and all to outward appearance equally valid, concluded that no distinction could be made between them, and that the Company—being bound for the acts of its officer—must be equally responsible for all. This was the sense of the New York Stock Exchange, and of the bankers and brokers throughout the country. They therefore summoned the New Haven Railroad Company to recognize all the certificates, whatever their origin, and to transfer them on their books.

The Company refused. Its counsel took the ground that though the Company was responsible for all acts of its officer performed within the scope of his official duties, it was not responsible for acts committed beyond that scope, much less for crimes committed by him. As some of the subordinate clerks of the Company undertook, by a process never clearly explained, to separate the so-called spurious stock from

the genuine, and to pronounce two-thirds of the floating certificates of New Haven stock absolute waste paper.

Naturally indignant at this proceeding, the brokers clubbed together and instituted legal proceedings against the Company to compel them to recognize the so-called spurious stock. More than half the leading lawyers of the city were retained on their behalf. The Company accepted the issue, retained able counsel on its side, and prepared for a long fight. The stock was struck from the list of the Stock Exchange, and has never since been bought or sold at the Board.

The suit began in the fall of 1854. It took many shapes, and came up in various ways. There is hardly a leading lawyer at the bar who has not been engaged in it at some time or other, either for or against the Company. As a rule the press and public sentiment were throughout in favor of the brokers. People generally took the common-sense view of the case, and decided that as a loss must fall upon somebody, it was more equitable that it should fall on the Company, which had erred in the choice of an officer, than upon innocent holders of stock who had been guilty of no negligence, and could not, by any possibility, have protected themselves against the event. But the Company stood unmoved. It had a long purse, an obscure Board of Directors, and an ingenious party of lawyers. Year after year dragged on, and but little progress was made. Every technical difficulty was urged by the Company; every side-issue was elaborately discussed; every possible motion was made; every point of law raised; and thus, as we said, year after year passed; the law costs of the injured brokers were steadily on the increase, and they seemed to be no nearer judgment and redress. At last, some six years after the commencement of the suit, a judgment was obtained in one of the cases. It was substantially in favor of the Company.

This was so discouraging to the litigants that many of them, worn out by long waiting, loss of time, and heavy law costs, concluded to accept a compromise which was judiciously offered by the Company. On condition of withdrawing their suits and giving no further trouble, they received one share of real stock for every two shares of so-called spurious stock. Thus at least one half of the claims were adjusted at the cost of all the net earnings of the Company for several years.

But there was one man among the prosecutors of the Company who was not discouraged. This was CORNELIUS VANDERBILT. He had lent money to SCHUYLER on the so-called spurious stock. He had examined the stock before he lent his money, and had proved the certificates correct. He was not now willing to admit that they were otherwise. The adverse judgment did not dismay him. If the Company had patience, so had he. If they had a long purse, so had he. If they could fee able lawyers (one of the Company's counsel is said to have received no less than \$100,000 for work in this single case), so could he. He rejected the proffered compromise with decision, and bade his lawyers appeal, and prosecute the appeal with vigor. Encouraged by his example, other victims of the fraud declined to accept the compromise, and appealed their cases likewise.

Then followed more tedious years of postponements, arguments on side issues, motions and counter-motions, and all the legal manœuvres which are so profitable to lawyers and so benumbing to needy seekers after justice. There is no doubt that the Company based its hopes in great part upon the probable death of Commodore VANDERBILT. If he died, there was every reason to believe they might succeed in wearing out the other suitors, and either inducing them to accept the proposed compromise or defeating them altogether. And he was an old man, over seventy, with heart-disease (so 'twas said), with a fondness for fast horses, and a habit of being dashed out of his wagon from time to time. The New Haven Directors each morning carefully examined the deaths under the letter V, and mutely prayed for the release of their relentless prosecutor.

Their prayers were not heard. The Commodore did not die. On the contrary, in spite of heart-disease, fast horses, and upsets, he seemed to grow most pertinacious at the very time other men's patience would weary; and at the very moment the Company expected a season of repose he was upon them more furiously than ever, with new motions and arguments and fresh reinforcements of lawyers. And so, at last, after over eleven years of waiting, he fought the suit to judgment in the Court of Appeals, and won it—obtaining a decision against the Company for the whole amount claimed, with eleven years' interest and costs.

There is something quite refreshing in the statement published by the Board of Directors in which, after reiterating their opinion that the judgment is unjust, they offer for sale \$2,000,000 of new stock in order to meet the claims of the Commodore and his faithful adherents. No reliable statement has been published of the amount of money paid—directly or in the shape of stock—to the parties who accepted the compromise three or four years

ago. But we judge that the Company would have saved not much less than a million dollars in one way and another had it pursued an honest course at the start, and acknowledged itself responsible for the frauds of its agent.

A healthy public sentiment has thanked Mr. A. T. STEWART for having promptly preferred a complaint against a newspaper which had seemed to charge him with improper conduct in private life. And a like tribute is due to Commodore VANDERBILT for having had the patience and constancy to pursue this railway Company through the mazes of a twelve years' lawsuit. It would be well if we had more such men. As for the Company, we trust we shall never again hear of a wealthy concern, officered by respectable men, trying to shift to innocent shoulders the burden of the crimes of its own officials.

ANOTHER SPANISH REVOLUTION.

WHILE Spain is apparently threatening Chile, she suddenly finds herself forced to look at home. General PRIM, the officer who withdrew from the Mexican invasion during our late war, and who thereby made his name peasant in our ears, after passing privately through Europe for several months, and evidently proposing a movement, returned to Madrid, lived quietly in his own house under the eyes of Marshal O'DONNELL, his rival, and one day, when the Marshal sent some soldiers to arrest him, General PRIM's servants replied that he was not at home; that he had gone out shooting; grinned and bowed; and the next day PRIM appeared in arms at the head of part of the army.

Of course it is impossible to know much of the probable success of a Spanish revolution. Political chaos is permanent in that country, and the rest of the world can only wonderingly await the event of any movement. But the defection of any popular military chief is as alarming as it was in Rome. Every Spaniard is conscious that the throne stands upon volcanic soil. The royal family has not now the popular heart; and it may be said that a skillful leader of an insurrection has a fair chance of success. It may end in a compromise. The Queen may offer him a port-folio if he will sheathe his sword. But that merely makes the ground more volcanic than ever; and when some leader who declines the port-folio appears the Queen may lose her crown.

The official dispatches announced as soon as the rebellion began that it was all over. The royal troops held all the mountain passes. Three columns were bearing down upon the insurgents; and, dismayed and demoralized, PRIM and his adherents were straggling away toward Portugal. Official bulletins, however, express official dogmas rather than facts. Later accounts speak of the universal excitement and of the disturbed condition of Catalonia and Aragon. It is the old story, and certainly nothing can be more deplorable than the chronic political situation of Spain, for which she has to thank the Holy Alliance of forty years ago. But there is hope that every new revolution may develop the men who will truly help their wretched country.

EDUCATION OF THE FREEDMEN.

"THE Freedmen," said our martyr President, "are the Wards of the Nation." "Yes," replied Mr. STANTON, "Wards in Chancery." What is our duty to them as their guardians? Clearly, to clothe them if they are naked; to teach them if they are ignorant; to nurse them if they are sick; and to adopt them if they are homeless and motherless. They have been slaves, war made them freedmen, and peace must make them freemen. They must be shielded from unjust laws and unkindly prejudices; they must be instructed in the true principles of social order and democratic government; they must be prepared to take their place by-and-by in the great army of voters as lately they filled up the ranks in the great army of fighters. The superstitions, the vices, the untruthfulness, the loitering and indolent habits which slavery foisted on the whites and blacks alike, who were cursed by its presence in their midst, must be dispelled and supplanted by all the traits and virtues of a truly Christian civilization.

The North, that liberated the slave, has not been remiss in its duty to the freedman. The common school has kept step to the music of the advancing army. Willson's Readers have followed GRANT'S soldiers every where. Many of the colored troops on the march had primers in their boxes and primers in their pockets. They were namesakes, but not of the same family. Charleston had not been captured more than a week before the schools for freedmen and poor whites were opened there. It is proposed now to educate all the negroes and poor whites in the South—as a political necessity; in order that henceforth there may be no other insurrections, the result of ignorance, either on the part of the late slave or the late slaveholder. Ignorance has cost us too much to be suffered to disturb us again. In free countries it is not the intelligent but the ig-

norant who rebel. Ambitious men could never induce an enlightened people to overthrow a free Government. It was because there were over 600,000 white adults in the slave States, and 4,000,000 of slaves who could neither read nor write, that DAVIS and TOOMBS and SIMMONS had power to raise armies against the nation. Let us prevent all social upheavals in the future by educating all men now.

The National Freedmen's Relief Association of New York—of which FRANCIS GEORGE SHAW is President and JOSEPH B. COLLINS Treasurer—has been the most active of the agencies in relieving the wants and dispelling the ignorance of the freedman. It has expended during the last four years three quarters of a million of dollars in clothing the naked; in establishing the freedmen on farms; in supplying them with tools; in founding orphan homes; in distributing school-books and establishing schools. They have over two hundred teachers in the South at this time. They support orphan homes in Florida and South Carolina. They teach ten thousand children, and large numbers of adults. They have instituted industrial schools to educate the negro women to be thrifty housewives. They are continually laboring, in brief, to make the negroes self-reliant and self-supporting. They appeal for additional aid. There are but a thousand teachers for freedmen in all the Southern States; whereas twenty thousand could find immediate employment. The National Relief Association could find pupils for 5000. It has but 200. As the work is a good and great one, and as the officers of this Society are eminent citizens of New York, we heartily commend their appeal to the generosity of our readers.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CHESS TOURNAMENT.

In a late number of the Weekly we presented our readers with the first game occurring in a match incidental to the tournament of the New York Chess Club, between the well-known amateurs Mr. C. H. STANLEY and Captain M'KENZIE. This contest has subsequently been brought to a close, having been won by Captain M'KENZIE, in the manner as follows, viz.: M'KENZIE won 3 games, STANLEY 1, drawn games 5. Mr. STANLEY's old friends and admirers, however, are not prepared to accept this result as altogether conclusive of his inferiority—attributing it mainly to his great want of practice; and he is not impossible that when the series of other matches still progressing in this tournament are completed, a reverse result may be arranged. Meanwhile we print below the final game of the late encounter:

Table with columns: BLACK (St. S.), WHITE (Capt. M'K.), and game moves 1-14.

A very excellent move, the utility of which will be more apparent as the game advances.

A very ill-considered move, by which the loss of both his Bishop and Knight is probably the correct play, when we should be inclined to give Black's position the preference.

Table with columns: BLACK (St. S.), WHITE (Capt. M'K.), and game moves 15-24.

Black appears to have been demoralized by his first error on the 14th move; and, in consequence, his disasters accumulated.

Table with columns: BLACK (St. S.), WHITE (Capt. M'K.), and game moves 25-29.

And Mr. STANLEY resigns the game and match.

RECONSTRUCTION.

The interest connected with the reorganization of the Southern States is chiefly concentrated on the action of Congress. Mr. Harlan, Secretary of the Interior, recently made a speech at Washington somewhat eulogical in its tenor. The importance which would attach to this speech as coming from a member of the Cabinet is considerably diminished by the fact that the Secretary has determined to leave the Cabinet and enter the Senate. President Johnson, it is announced, has in private interviews expressed his disapprobation of the scheme proposed by Messrs. Stevens, Sumner, and Howe. He holds, it is said, that the Southern States have now more republican governments than they ever had before, and are entitled to representation.

CONGRESS.

January 22: In the Senate, Mr. Sumner proposed an amendment to the bill for the admission of Colorado, providing that the act should not go into operation except on the condition that there shall be no restriction of suffrage on the basis of color.—There was a long debate on Trumbull's bill to enlarge the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau. Mr. Scalapery, of Delaware, opposed the bill as a party measure, as an expensive burden to the country and an unnecessary exercise of power, particularly in its application to States which had not been in rebellion. Mr. Fessenden, of Maine, favored the bill, and at the conclusion of his speech declared that there was no collision between the President and the Union party. Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, thought the bill unconstitutional.

In the House, the session was mostly taken up in debate on the Amendment to the Constitution proposed by the Committee of Fifteen. Mr. Stevens was for passing the thing through without debate, but was not sustained by his own adherents. The debate which followed is not noteworthy.

January 21: In the Senate, Mr. Wilson proposed an amendment to the Constitution to prevent any future compensation for emancipated slaves, which was referred to the Judiciary Committee.—The bill to enlarge the Freedmen's Bureau was taken up. An amendment to strike out the section giving the negroes three years' possession of the one-third land was rejected, yeas 16, nays 31.

In the House, the proposed amendment to the Constitution was again debated. The debate covered various points and not the main principle involved in the bill.

January 22: In the Senate, the bill to enlarge the Freedmen's Bureau was passed, 37 to 18. The bill provides, 1st, That the Freedmen's Bureau shall be maintained, giving the President power to divide the section of country included within the provisions of the bill into twelve districts; 2d, That the Commissioner may divide the districts into subdivisions, and provide officers for the same, the salary of each not to exceed \$1200; 3d, That the Secretary of War may loan supplies, medical stores, etc., and may provide for the shelter of freedmen and refugees; 4th, That the President may set apart for the freedmen unoccupied public lands in Florida, Mississippi, and Arkansas, not exceeding three millions of acres of good land, the occupants to pay a rental rental with the privilege of purchase; 5th, That the occupants of the land under General Sherman's special order shall be permitted to remain for three years; 6th, That schools and systems shall be built for the freedmen at the expense of Government; 7th, That in any district where any rights allowed to white men are denied to freedmen, the freedmen thus discriminated against shall be protected by the Bureau; and 8th, That any person, where there is such discrimination against the freedmen, who shall under cover of any local law subject a freedman to the deprivation of any civil right or to any punishment other than would be likely to be inflicted on white men, shall be liable to imprisonment for one year or to a fine not exceeding \$5000, or both, and that the Bureau shall have power to try and adjudicate cases of this nature.

In the House, the debate on the Constitutional Amendment was continued.

January 23: In the Senate, the House bill, extending the time for the withdrawal of certain goods from the States, was passed.—Mr. Howe's resolution for the appointment of Provisional Governors in the South was debated. Mr. Howe replied to the speeches made by Messrs. Doolittle and Johnson.

In the House, the debate on the Constitutional Amendment was continued without result.

January 24: The Senate was not in session. In the House, Mr. Smith, Mr. Baker, and Mr. Fremont spoke in Committee of the Whole on the subject of reconstruction. Mr. Smith, of Kentucky, was the main member from the South to take the rest of the day. Mr. Baker wanted President Johnson excluded from any office under the Government. Mr. Fremont insisted upon it that the Southern people had been conquered, and therefore had no rights except what we chose to yield.

January 25: In the Senate, Mr. Trumbull spoke at length on the bill for the protection of civil rights.

In the House, Mr. Raymond spoke for two hours on reconstruction, the question before the House being the adoption of a Constitutional Amendment to regulate the taxation and representation of the Southern States. He did not think it necessary to meddle with the organic law of the country. He thought that it was proper to demand certain guarantees of the South, but the Southern States retained every right which ever belonged to them. We had gained no new rights over them by our victory, but had only freed them from the usurpation of a rebel government. The South had not been conquered. We could not hold them as provisional dependencies. Mr. Raymond was in favor of accepting the status of the Southern States as having resumed the full functions of self-government in the Union; of admitting Southern Representatives, in voting upon equally as a condition to their admission; of excluding from the Federal offices the leading officers in the rebellion; of adopting such amendments in the Constitution as may seem wise to Congress and to the States, acting without coercion; and of taking such precautionary measures as would prevent the overthrow of a republican form of government in any State. Mr. Raymond thus concluded: "I beg you to bear in mind this fact—that we of the North and of the South are at war no longer. The gigantic contest is at an end. The dead of the rebellion have slept at last beneath the soil of one common country under their common flag. Their hostilities are hushed, and they are the dead of the nation for evermore. The victor may well exult in the victory he has achieved. Let it be our task, as it will be our highest glory, to make the vanquished and their posterity to the latest generation rejoice in the end."

NEWS ITEMS.

The Twenty-first Illinois Infantry, the regiment which General Grant commanded at the beginning of the war, has lately returned from New Orleans. This veteran regiment now numbers four hundred and thirty-five men and twenty-one officers, among whom are only fifty men and two officers who started out with General Grant at Vicksburg. One of the originals is the commanding officer of the regiment, Colonel Jackson.

Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas was married on the evening of January 23 to Rev. Dr. Brigadier-General Robert Williams, U.S.A., at his residence, corner of New Jersey Avenue and I Street, Washington. The ceremony was performed by Father Lynch, of the Roman Catholic Church, in the presence of a small and select circle of friends of both parties.

There is much excitement in the Pennsylvania Oil Region caused by the existence of several leases. Lynch has been retained to, to effect a remedy.

January 23, the New Jersey Senate ratified the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery. The next day the ratification was signed by Governor Ward.

On the 23d January United States Marshal Murray seized the property of Mr. Paderin, an advocate of the Spanish Legion, having charged that the vessel was to be fitted out as a Chilean cruiser.

Both Governor and Legislature have been convened of the order of 1865, and adjourned to be re-opened at an early day.

New York City contributes one-fifth of the internal revenue of the country.

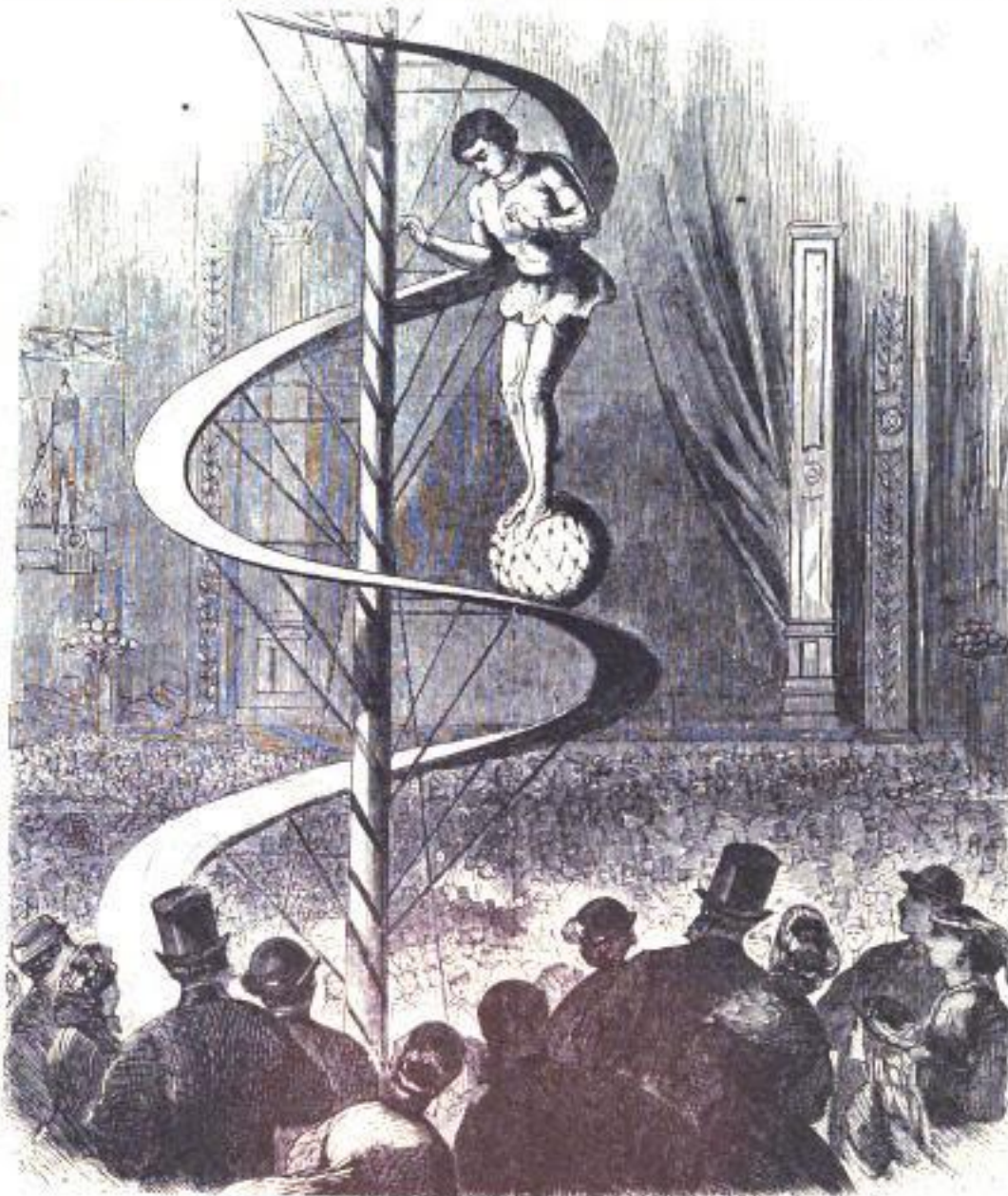
THE CHARITY BALL IN NEW YORK.

On the evening of January 29 the *crêve de la crême* of the New York City aristocracy exhibited in its characteristic manner the Christian's sentiment of charity. The Nursery and Child's Hospital were in need of funds, and the few who were eager for excitement, and to satisfy both these demands at one and the same time, it was determined to give a grand ball, the proceeds of which should be devoted to the above-mentioned institution.

The grand ball came off with great éclat at the Academy of Music, and the result, measured in greenbacks, was a decided success. The occasion will be long remembered in the annals of Terpsichore. Under the skillful arrangements, superintended by Mr. KINGSLAND, the house presented a magnificent appearance. The stage supported a splendid painted canopy. In the centre were two beautiful fountains; at the end were two Cupids holding candelabras. The house was tastefully decorated with drapery and flowers, and the floor handsomely carpeted. There were two bands of music, and the beauty and splendor of the whole scene, including the dancers, baffles description. We can only refer our readers to the illustration given by our artist on page 88.

SIGNOR ETHARDO ON THE SPIRAL PLANK.

One of the most attractive features of the entertainments at the Crystal Palace in London is the performance of Signor Ethardo. This wonderful gymnast, who is a native of Italy, ascends a long spiral platform by peeling up the narrow path a large ball on which he stands, and on which he immediately descends by the same difficult and narrow road—a feat which seems to be by far the more difficult. The spiral platform, in the shape of a cork-screw, is built on the platform in front of the great orchestra, and in full view of the many thousands of spectators. Signor Ethardo has been favored with royal patronage; for, at the Dante Festival at Florence, he appeared in the presence of King Victor Emmanuel, who expressed his high approval, while his Majesty's subjects burst into a frantic fit of enthusiasm, which, it appears, baffled all powers of description. Italian sensitiveness was also carried to such a height that the music was stopped, for fear the vibration should cause the gymnast to make a false step. Certainly the large Christmas assemblages at the Crystal Palace displayed no particular anxiety for the performer's safety, though they were not backward in applauding him as he arrived at various stages of his tortuous and narrow pathway, as he reached the small circular platform at the summit, and as he finally descended in safety. The globe on which this extraordinary performer works his way up and down is 30 inches in diameter and 90 inches in circumference. The width of the winding platform is 12 inches, and flat, with no groove or protection of any sort to assist the ascent or descent; and the height of the spiral column is 50 feet. The incline winding from the base to the capital of the column is upward of 180 feet in length. The globe is constructed of wood and iron, without any India rubber, gutta-percha, or other adhesive material to assist the Signor in his difficult task.



SIGNOR ETHARDO ON THE SPIRAL PLANK AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, LONDON.

THE WADSWORTH MONUMENT.

The adjoining engraving is a good representation of the monument erected at Genesee, New York, last autumn, to the memory of General JAMES S. WADSWORTH. The monument stands in the burial-ground of the Wadsworth family on Temple Hill. It is built of granite, about eight feet long and five feet wide at the base, and about two feet wide and five feet long at the top. It is about ten feet high, and is surmounted with a flag-draped urn made of bronze. On the four corners are four miniature cannons. On the west side of the monument is the inscription in bronze letters:

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES S. WADSWORTH,
DIED MAY 8, 1864.
FROM A WOUND RECEIVED IN THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS,
AGED 56 YEARS.

Above this inscription is an emblematic design in

bronze, composed of a sheaf of wheat, a cluster of fruit, scythes, sickle, and a reaper's knife. On the east side is another design, of a sword, epauletta, and laurel wreath. Under this are the names:
MANASSAS, Chambersville,
FREDERICKSBURG, Gettysburg,
THE WILDERNESS.

THE NEW STEAMSHIP "RISING STAR."

The new steamship *Rising Star*, of which we give an illustration on page 93, is one of the longest and most ever built in this country. She is

thirty-two hundred tons burden, three hundred and fifteen feet in length, forty-four feet breadth of beam, thirty-one feet six inches depth of hold, and three thousand horse-power. For handsome fitting up, convenience for passengers, and capacity for cargo, according to tonnage, this vessel is the peer of any thing before sailing from this port. She

at sea, and his discipline on board ship is perfect and a great source of confidence to his passengers. Generous to a fault, he is a gentleman of culture, of the most refined manners, and we can wish no sea-farer a happier fortune than to travel under his care. The *Rising Star*, of which Mr. NELSON is Captain, cost nearly \$800,000.



HENRY BARTH, DIED NOVEMBER 26, 1865.—(SEE PAGE 91.)



THE WADSWORTH MONUMENT AT GENESSEE, NEW YORK.—(PHOTOGRAPHED BY Wm. A. CRAMP.)

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.)

INSIDE
A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



AT THE BIRTH, NICHOLS' CELEBRITY.

CHAPTER V.

Over in his life the Rev. Edward Arthur had a misfortune befall him which was really one among the most fortunate circumstances he ever experienced. If it will make this seeming paradox any plainer, let us say instead, the gentleman in question stumbled over an obstacle at the outset of his ministerial path, but so stumbled as from that moment to walk that path, when it had become a thousand times more difficult and dangerous, with a step firm and sure where multitudes fell never again to rise.

This most fortunate misfortune, this most beneficial blunder, happened on this wise:

Some four or five years before Secession was ever regarded as a possibility outside the State lines of South Carolina, a great political movement took place throughout the United States—a movement as sudden, as unexpected, and, it may be added, as much underground, too, as an earthquake. At first there floated a vague rumor, eddying about the street corners of Somerville, of something new and remarkable in the political world. To the people of Somerville it was, however, a something so little understood, and so very far away, that no one felt or expressed much interest in the matter.

The matter, however, which at first was only hinted at in the papers with a scornful tone here and there, began to be more fully and frequently and respectfully alluded to. Each successive paper contained news of sudden and amazing victories obtained by the new party in city elections here and there. The excitement rose rapidly. Overwhelming majorities for the new organization swept away whole States at once. The Whig and Democratic leaders ceased from their mutual strife in amazement; not more astounded were the white-haired old generals of Europe when the youthful Napoleon rushed with victorious hosts over their obsolete tactics and old-fashioned battalions. The one thought with these leaders was how to take possession of the new party, so as therewith to defeat each his ancient enemy. But while Whig and Democrat thus schemed and planned the new movement swept them, for the time, both aside from its onward course.

Somerville was very far from being at the first of things; but even Somerville became finally and deeply interested in this new thing under the sun. In vain, at the outset of the matter, did it look to the Somerville Star for light and guidance. For a time Lamun held both his tongue and his pen. Lamun was taken completely unawares, and was waiting to see. Weeks rolled by; friends and enemies alike waiting for the Delphic syllable from the lips of the renowned editor—friends waiting, afraid to step save after him who had so often led them on to victory, doubly afraid to place themselves in possible antagonism to that trenchant pen; enemies waiting for fear of committing themselves to an organization until Lamun was pledged against it; then, and not till then, could they be certain the organization was a thing right and good.

At last Lamun spoke. A thunder-peal was not more distinct, a lightning flash not more direct and destructive. The new movement was wrong, unprincipled, detestable in every point. Those who had gone into it were deluded fools or designing knaves. From that moment Lamun turned his artillery steadily and terribly upon the new party. It was enough. In a few days his followers had all abandoned and denounced it, his enemies had to a man united themselves to, and henceforth defended, it.

Lamun never hinted an explanation of his course in those days, but it was readily understood afterward. From his earliest political life the dissolution of the Union had been to him what it is said the conquest of Constantinople is to the Russian Government—the grand object and end of existence. If Lamun paused when

the new party first rose into notice, it was only to ascertain whether that party could in any way hasten the destruction of the Union; could by any possibility be so wrought by main force as to be a new and effective engine to that glorious end. Had Lamun only been satisfied on this point he would have gone into it with all his might we will not say soul, the word does not apply to the gentleman—let us say intellect.

It was soon sufficiently clear to him that the new party was not available to this end; nay, it might even switch off the public mind upon a new track! Lamun was down upon it. Shrewd politician, men said afterward. Lamun had opposed and denounced Know Nothingism in the very moment it seemed certainly victorious over all opposition. Its sudden and universal unpopularity left Lamun amazingly in the ascendant. His influence was increased beyond comparison. Yet all the shrewdness of the man, all the force, influence, success of Lamun rose solely from his having given himself up wholly to one idea. "The destruction of this accursed Union"—that was the thought, the passion, the end and aim of his life. He had cherished it years before he had dared whisper it even to his most intimate friend. He had attended years ago the Nashville Convention to plan toward this end, when almost universal contempt attended the step. Patiently, hopefully, unwearyingly had he toiled in this one direction. What amazing force it gives a man, the abandoning one's self to one purpose in life!

Had Europe known, had this continent known, how completely the destruction of the Union had been for long years the one fixed purpose in life of a few able men at the South, pledged heart and mind to this thing, Europe and this continent would have been less amazed at the attempt when it was made.

"Be at my office—can you?—this afternoon at four," said Guy Brooks one morning to Mr. Arthur at the rise of the great Know Nothing movement of which we have spoken. As he said this the lawyer—for Guy Brooks was a lawyer—had an aspect of meaning and mystery; and the expression thereof did not suit him either. A face franker and more open you might have searched even his native Kentucky for in vain.

"I can be at your office then," replied his pastor; "but what for?" Not that Mr. Arthur needed to be informed; his friend's mysterious manner had already informed him.

"You come down and see," replied the lawyer. The young minister looked for a moment inquiringly, even doubtfully, at his friend, who had turned away to search for really nothing whatever among the pigeon-holes of his desk. After a minute's silence Mr. Arthur shot and locked the door and laid his hat upon the table.

"I suppose I know what you are speaking of," he said, "and I want a word or two of conversation with you just now and upon that subject."

The lawyer took his seat, though it was evident he had much rather have waived the whole matter.

"Mr. Brooks," said the young minister, "you already know how I am situated—young, inexperienced, aiming to effect good here in Somerville, if it please God. I am resolved to be nothing else in this world and in this town than a preacher of the Gospel. Do you think it will be right in me to go into this new movement? Tell me frankly as a friend, as an officer of our church."

"Yes, I do," replied the lawyer. It was not so much in a positive as in a dogged manner that he said this. What singular creations we all are! Sitting there by that table those two men knew perfectly well, each and both of them, that they ought to have nothing whatever to do with the new party. Guy Brooks, burly, open-hearted, open-handed, frank-spoken man that he was to the centre of his heart, knew with absolute certainty that he ought to go into no organization whatever with whose whole plan and purpose he was not thoroughly acquainted.

His pastor, too, knew, just as well, that, as a minister of the Gospel, he most assuredly had no business in any such affair whatever. If you had asked him, "Would an Apostle have enrolled himself a member of any such party—of any party at all?" the "No, Sir!" would have sprung spontaneously to his lips. "Would Whitfield, Wesley, Heber, Henry Martyn, any true minister of the Gospel, go into such a thing?" "No, Sir! no!" would have been the instant reply. From the first something within him had kept up a perpetual No! at the very possibility of his becoming an initiate in the mysterious Order. And yet both he and his friend persisted, none the less, in doing what all the time they knew well they ought to have carefully avoided. Such is this perverse nature of ours. The voice within, certainly in the case of a Christian, may be as still and small as that which spoke to Elijah at Horeb, but it is perfectly distinct, and is the voice of God. From the greatest to the smallest thing in life, no man errs but does err, not that this voice has not spoken, but that, having spoken within him, he will not heed it.

The mischief is, that the young minister put the keeping of himself in the matter out of his own hands into that of his friend. Almost feminine in his trust where he loved, it was his nature, then, to take a positive pleasure in looking to and relying upon others—at least in the way of advice about things better known to them than to himself. It was an amiable weakness, and a positive weakness if it was amiable. On the whole, after a man has become a man, if he lives in friendship with God, then to that man God within him is guide enough. Infinitely better be advising with Him in his Word, His Providence, and in prayer, than be running hither and thither in search of advice and direction from this one and that, who is himself a safe counselor only as he himself is completely in the

matter of God. Better live in one's own fellowship with the Almighty! With Christ on his own bark let every man hold the helm of himself with his own hand! Entirely too much do we depend upon and are we governed by each other.

And so, that afternoon, was our youthful divine introduced, with a sense of shame and wrong-doing, into a miserable back-room of an old office, and there initiated into the mystic land. It so happened that by his side, during the process, stood Brother Barker. Profoundly impressed was pale, lean, lank-haired Brother Barker with the ceremony. His peculiar, heavy-lidded eyes drooped not enough over his pupils, but you could see the awe, the wonder, the intensity of his faith in the whole matter.

"Brother Barker," said the young minister, half aloud to his companion, about the middle of the initiation.

"Well, Brother Arthur," replied he, but giving all his attention to the ceremony.

"One thing I feel satisfied of. This"—and Mr. Arthur finished the sentence aloud—"is no place for either you or me!" And there was not a man there but knew the same, at least of the two ministers. But Brother Barker went into it, nevertheless! From that day none more zealous than he in the cause. No man in all the region organized, and, in every way, advocated the new party so efficiently and unwearingly. "Brother Barker throws his whole heart into whatever he goes into, you'd better believe," had always been the remark among his friends of him.

"We ought—at least, of one thing I am certain, I ought never to have come here," said Mr. Arthur to Guy Brooks, as they walked away.

"Oh, I don't know!" replied his friend. Only he did know.

"You will act as you please," continued Mr. Arthur; "but I am done with the thing from this moment."

And yet not six weeks had passed when Guy Brooks recognized, and with regret, his presence seated among the members of the Order at a special meeting for the purpose of nominating, which was the same as actually electing—the majority of voters in the place being members of the Order—certain county officers. The fact is, the young minister had been informed that Guy Brooks was that night to be put forward for an important office. The vote would be a very close one, it was urged upon him. "Attend for this once, your vote may elect him. Surely you will do that much for your friend!" And so again did he pass out of his own hands into that of others! Yet Brooks was not elected at last. The only vote cast for him was that of the minister, some sudden arrangement having been entered into just as the Order met, by which another man was substituted.

This was the first, and it was the last identifica-

tion of Mr. Arthur by himself as a politician. In the sudden and overwhelming unpopularity of the Order which speedily followed, it so happened that no one was more thoroughly abused as having been a member of it than was he. Very bitter it was to the sensitive young man, the essence of the bitterness being that his own conscience joined its voice to those of his foes. Many a night did he lie awake utterly miserable. "That I should have erred so, I who so keenly feel the peculiar sanctity of the calling to which I have given myself. The severest of my enemies reproach me not half so bitterly as I do myself. But why should I be so singled out for reproach when every minister of every denomination in this whole region was also a member—all of them—active members! I opposed it in my very initiation, attended but once, and that for the sake of friendship, and yet I am so held up! Why should it be so?"

Why it was all so ordered he understood perfectly well not until years afterward. When Secession became the rage he was the burned child that dreaded the fire. His experience during the furor of Know Nothingism had branded into him several wholesome truths. He learned that a great political movement might swiftly rise and as swiftly cease. He learned that such a movement might, at one hour, number its millions of adherents, and at another after-hour have left scarce one to do it reverence. He learned that vast multitudes might, during a period, be roused to enthusiasm upon a certain point, professing the most thorough conviction, the most ardent affection, the most adamant resolve in regard to that point, and yet, in a very short time afterward, that enthusiasm have utterly cooled out, that conviction utterly gone, that affection changed into as strong aversion, that resolve reversed to work exactly the other way.

His experience from Know Nothingism left him, and thousands like him, thoroughly prepared to resist the far more eventful Secession storm when it, in its terrible turn, raged over the South—to resist it, at least, from sweeping them on its side. To that first experience did this son of Levi, at least, owe it that, from the outset to the end of Secession, he clung but the more devotedly and exclusively to his one business in life as a Gospel minister. And the wondrous dealing of Providence thus with him to this end awoke within him the sincerest faith and love ever thereafter in that Providence.

It was very early one morning, soon after the election of Lincoln was looked upon as a settled thing, that Guy Brooks entered the study of his pastor. That study was a little room in the rear of the church, amazingly convenient to the lawyer on his way between his house and his office down town. The lawyer had a half-concealed expression of anxiety as he entered the room, took his seat, unfolded a huge poster,



spread it out upon the table before his friend, and leaned back in his chair with a "There! what do you think of that?"

As the minister read the flaming capitals the lawyer studied his countenance. It was the countenance of a poet as well as a preacher—

There was a marked dissimilarity and as marked a similarity between these two friends. The lawyer was of an unusually large frame—the singular characteristic of Kentucky—stature fit for those who man that outpost and bulwark of freedom, while the minister was but of medium size.

Even had the two men not been thrown together as minister and officer of a young and struggling church, in a new community having but little sympathy with religion, they would have been drawn together by an instinctive affinity. Genuine piety and heart-felt sincerity in both, the dependence of the lawyer upon the minister as his spiritual guide, and of the minister upon the lawyer as his counselor in matters of the world—these ties bound the two closely together.

"Yes, but what do you think of it?" asked the lawyer, as his companion read the poster through, then, without a word, folded it up and returned it to its owner.

"Nothing at all. But where did you get it?" was the reply.

"Tore it down from beside the door of the Post-office," said the Kentuckian, with emphasis. "It was hardly worth your while," said his companion; "you surely attach no importance to any effort of the sort."

"You are mistaken, Sir; terribly mistaken. Listen how it sounds!" continued the lawyer, and he opened the poster as he stood, and read it in a powerful and earnest voice.

"FRIENDS OR SLAVES! The die is cast. The anticipated Abolitionists of the North have accomplished their dishonorable purpose. Beyond a doubt Abraham Lincoln has been elected President. Are you prepared to quit the iron jobs of an Abolitionist? Your President an Abolitionist? Fellow-citizens, we must strike for our liberty now, or be forever slaves! All those in favor of calling an immediate Convention of the people of this great State will meet this afternoon at the Court-house at 3 o'clock. Come one, come all!

"Strike for your altars and your fires, Strike for the green graves of your sires! God and your native land!"

"Well, and what of all that?" asked the minister, perfectly cool beside the excitement of his companion.

"What of all that?" replied his companion. "Is it possible you do not know what is to follow? Do you not know that South Carolina has already seceded? That Mississippi has probably followed? That the storm is just rising which is to sweep over all the Southern States? What of that? It means that our State, too, is to be hurled into the movement."

"By whom?" The minister patient with his mistaken friend.

"By the leaders of this meeting this afternoon."

"And who are they? Look at it, man. Lamson, first and foremost; Colonel Roberts; Judge Jones, who owes his late election to Lamson; Colonel Jaggins will ride in, too, from the country; Dr. Ginnis; Alf Pike; Dick Simmons; Bob Withers; and the like. There may be others, but only as spectators, like yourself, Mr. Ellis, and Ferguson."

"You seem to take it for granted that I am not going into the thing," said the lawyer, composing his face.

"May God forbid!" ejaculated the minister, fervently, and somewhat anxiously. "He has forbidden, he does forbid! But you do not estimate the thing right. Perhaps only a dozen or two of the professional politicians will meet there really determined to act. Lamson will be called to the Chair. Brother Barker, by previous arrangement, will open the meeting with prayer."

"Never!" interrupted the minister, eagerly. "It shows how little you know, shut up here among your books. Brother Barker will open with a long and fervent prayer. His whole denomination at the South will identify itself, has identified itself with the movement. The strongest kind of resolutions have been written out by Lamson weeks ago, and will be introduced and passed. Not a hundredth part of Somerville will sympathize in the thing—the community as a community will heartily disapprove of the thing—yet Lamson will publish a blazing account in his paper, and represent the proceedings as the unanimous and enthusiastic expression of the whole county. Meanwhile, by letters and visits to all

parts of the State, made weeks ago, months ago, similar meetings will be got up by similar politicians over the whole State; an enthusiasm will be kindled, will rage with fury over the State. Then a Convention will be held, Secession will be consummated, and then—God only knows what!"

"But the Governor—" began the minister. "By—by nothing at all!" burst out the lawyer, deeply excited. "What a splendid opportunity for immortal fame that man has! Oh, if I could but be in his place to-day!"

"And what would you do? could you do?" "Do? I would run up the flag of my country, rally around it by proclamation every true man in the State, and defy the devil of Disunion and all his infernal works! I tell you, Sir, three-fourths of the voters of the State would stand by me to the death. Lamson and his clique over the entire South—the politicians—are utterly distinct from the people in this whole matter. The politicians have a long-cherished hatred against the North burning in their bosoms; they want plunder and power. The people are busy with their crops and their families; they want only their rights and peace. Yet in one month—in two weeks from this hour, the people will have passed helplessly into the hands of the politicians. And while this golden, glorious moment is passing away never to return, there they sit at the capital of the State, the Governor and the heads of departments, bewailing and deprecating and dreading the awful ruin they have at least sense enough to know is coming upon the State. Unwilling to shed blood! Imbeciles! Infatuated old women! As if the cause of Right and Liberty and Law, and all we hold dear as American freemen, is not the one cause to strike for, if need be to die for. Shed blood! As if that should paralyze us in this last moment. Only run up the flag of our country, rally around it the true men of the State, arrest every traitor; only a firm front and a bold hand for this next golden month, and the State is saved forever, just as old Kentucky will be!" And the lawyer walked the floor in excess of impatience.

"But the Governor?" insisted the minister. "Understands the whole evil as well as any man; would do what is right; but—but—" "Is too old," supplied the minister, in sorrowful tones.

The lawyer's head sunk gloomily upon his breast. "You draw a terrible picture," said the young minister, after a long silence; "yet I do not feel at all dismayed. I have no certain faith in any human arm or brain. But I do feel a full and quiet faith in God. You believe in him as well as I. You know perfectly well that he orders all hearts, all minds, all events in infinite wisdom and love. This is a great Christian nation, has been founded as such. Ever since its peculiar religious foundation was laid in prayers and tears by the boldest men then alive on earth, it has been a nation trained to piety. Think of the numerous and powerful denominations; think of the great benevolent associations for the advancement of Christianity at home and abroad, and of their millions of income. Why, Sir, this is a Christian land! I can not for a moment believe it is to be given up to disruption and ruin. I would as soon expect the sun to—"

"Go out?" asked the lawyer. "Well, and 'the sun shall be turned into sackcloth'—I don't remember the rest of the passage—the moon into blood!"

"Oh, that refers to the latter days," said his companion, with a smile of superior theological information.

"I myself can not think, can not bring myself to believe in the raging of a civil war in this nation—this nation. It seems preposterous," said the lawyer, as if reasoning with himself.

The minister laughed outright. "I did not dream you were ever troubled with such morbid notions, Mr. Brooks. Really Lamson frightens you altogether too much. Do you think that such men as Lamson, and the class whom he represents, are to be compared with the vast body of sober, sensible, Christian men who make up this great country? Or, if that is not strong enough," said the minister, with a pitying smile, "do you imagine that a million of Lamsons are too powerful for the Almighty? For my part, the more I think of it the more composed I feel. War? Nonsense!"

"God often uses bad men to accomplish his greatest purposes," said the lawyer. "As to our Christianity, we may turn out to be not so Christian a people as we have fancied ourselves to be. And who knows," he added, looking at his friend in a way which both puzzled and awoke vague pain in his bosom, "but that the Almighty has a special controversy with us as a people—a special controversy? If He has, you depend on it no amount of Christianity, nor of national fasting and prayer on our part, will arrest His hand until that one matter be settled. We will see very soon. No matter about that just yet. The power of the bad men, the palsy of the good men just now! I declare it does look like the hand of the Almighty, though. However! It is the rain of my native South, and by the rash hands of the South itself, that I fear. However, I am glad to find we think and feel alike in this matter. I was sure we would. Time for me to go to my office. Good-morning." And the visitor was gone only to look back again the next moment.

"I am afraid I know somebody with whom you will not be able to agree in regard to Secession," he said, significantly.

"And who may that be?" asked the minister, feeling his face suddenly burn as he spoke.

"Not the least use to inform you," said the lawyer with a smile, and closing the door after him.

THE WARRANT DEED.

Act—"FRIENDS and His Death."

A LAWYER there was, when I'll call Mr. Clay, He had but few clients, and those didn't pay; At length, of starvation he grew so afraid, That he courted and married a wealthy old maid. Chorus—He to rail it, to rail it, to rail it, day.

At the wedding this lawyer made one great mistake; 'Twas not in omitting the cards or the cake; The ring was well chosen, the parson well fed, But the groom did not ask for an inheritance deed. Chorus, describing this and mistake—He to, etc.

One night, in their chamber, the lady arose, And began to prepare to retire to repose; While her husband sat near her, admiring the charms Which it gave him such pleasure to clasp in his arms. Chorus, appropriate to the feelings of the joyous bridegroom—He to, etc.

She went to the wash-stand to bathe her fair face, The process detained all his beauty and grace; The rose on her cheek, whether rosy or false, When displayed on the towel was nothing but paint! Anxious Chorus, on witnessing the materials of the lady's countenance displayed upon the towel—He to, etc.

She went to the mirror, to take down her hair, But when she had done so, her cranium was bare! Said she, "Don't be frightened to see my poor head, I shall put on my cap when I get into bed." Chorus: to be sung as smooth as the lady's head.—He to, etc.

Her husband next saw, with amazement and grief, A curious performance of hers with her teeth; She took them all out with her fingers and thumbs, Said she, "I'm accustomed to sleep in my gums." Chorus: to be sung by Dr. Colton's laughing-poor patients—He to, etc.

Then she loosened the robes which enveloped her waist, And took something out which within them was placed; Said she, "When I'm dead, let it not be forgotten, You can make a small fortune, my love, on this estate." Chorus: exhibiting the sudden change in the feelings of the widower, produced by receiving the price of the cotton.—He to, etc.

The groom had been sitting in stupid surprise To see such strange doings before his own eyes; But now he leaped up and rushed out at the door, And poor Mrs. Clay never saw him no more! Chorus: showing how the departing husband shut the door after him.—He to, etc.

Young man, when you go to agree for a wife, To the gravest agreement you'll make in your life; Don't trust to good looks—of my counsel take heed; But be sure and insist on a mortgage deed. Grand final Chorus, by twenty-four rascally young men, each determined to exact a mortgage deed.—He to, etc.

PHILIP FALKLAND'S STORY.

When my mother was left a widow, and it had been discovered that the money which was supposed to be lying in the Crampton Bank had been invested in the consolidated Bubble and Snash Company, and in some mysterious manner disappeared with it; when the old family mansion was sold and the furniture with it, and all our earthly possessions were packed away in trunks standing ready cased in the hall for the morrow's fitting; mother looked around her and saw the three of us, all boys, sitting sadly over the fire, and sighed out:

"Well, I'm glad there are no girls among you: men can make their own way in the world, give them half a chance. Maybe it will be the Lord's will that I should go too; and how could I leave young Eneas? There's Eben half a doctor now—and learning every day; and Samuel with good prospects before him—if the ironmongery isn't quite what we'd have chosen; and Phil"—there she stopped and reddened, and said, quickly—"Phil's but young yet, and has elder brothers."

I knew what she meant right well: why her face flushed and her lip quivered. And when Eben had taken his light and gone up stairs to bed, and Samuel, with a kiss a child might have given his mother, had followed him, I took my crutches and came out of the corner where I had been sitting, and sat down by mother's side.

"You've been fretting about me, mother," I said. "She looked at me with another flush, and said, 'I've a great deal to fret about just now, you know, my dear.'"

"I know that, mother," I said. "But I know this also—when you set thinking before the fire just now—often since our troubles came upon us you have said this to yourself:—"

"Eben will be a doctor in good practice some day. Samuel will succeed and make friends and fortune. But what can Phil do but drag his brothers down by living on their bounty?"

My mother put her hand over my mouth. "I never thought the half of that," she said. "Elder brothers should always help the younger."

"And how much younger am I than they?" I asked. "They are twins, and nearly one-and-twenty; I am full nineteen. Mother, you have been anxious on my score. You are still."

"Well, Phil," said mother, "I won't deny it; we have tried—your poor father and I—to make life easy for you, and it seems so terrible for you now. I wish again and again you were a little child, so that I could carry you about and cuddle you up in my arms more than ever. Ever since you were hurt I've felt so, and now, oh, Phil! the others may manage, and I'm an old woman; but what will you do without money?"

"As well as the rest, dear mother," I said. "No, Phil," said mother. "They can walk and run. They hardly used the carriages when we had it, and you always rode, or sat in that or on horseback. They can eat common dishes with appetite, and you need things that cost money to tempt you. And soft cushions and carpets and cozy seats you must have, and I've seen the others choose to spend all day in their work-shop or the barn. I love all my boys; but you're right, I don't fret for the others as I do for you."

"Never fret again, mother," I said; "I've got

into lazy habits, and am stronger than you think. And the riding was all pride. You see I look better any where than on my feet. And as for bread-winning, I can do something in that way too. I have hands, if I haven't feet, that are worth much to me."

"The boy never means to turn tailor or shoemaker!" cried mother, with a gasp. "I'll do that before I'll be idle," I said; "but I was thinking of something else. Do you know I believe Nature made me an artist?"

"Goodness!" cried mother. "Why, what makes you think so?" "Because I've always loved to paint and draw," I said. "Because I've done more than you know in that way, and because—to tell the truth to my own mother—I feel certain I don't dash. My pictures are not what they ought to be. I have every thing to learn, but I feel what I can not do, and I'm certain some day to do something."

Mother looked at me as though I were a pet child who had proposed some absurd attempt, and said, in a humming voice, "Yes, dear, of course you can. It will amuse you nicely."

"Wait here," I said. "Only wait here a while." And I went from the room and along a little passage to my pretty bedchamber and brought out my portfolio.

Mother put on her glasses and prepared to look indulgently. But in a little while, as she turned the pieces of millboard over, her eyes began to sparkle. And at last she almost screamed, "They're fit to frame and put in an exhibition. They are, Phil! I always went to one in the spring with poor dear pa, and I ought to know. Oh, to think that I, nobody but I, should have such a genius for a son. A boy who paints pictures fit to frame already! Why didn't you tell us before? Oh, Phil!"

She put both arms about my neck and cried outright as she spoke; and I could have cried for joy to see her so glad. I knew better than she how far my work was from that of an experienced artist. That this was crude, and that cold, and the other a little out of drawing. But it would have been pure vanity to point out these defects to her while she sat glistening over the sketches with her eyes dewy and her lips tremble.

After a while, when she would let me, I slowly gathered them up, and said, "So you like them, mother?" "Like them! Oh, Phil!" sobbed mother. "And to think how good God is all the while. So often I've watched boys at their games and wished my fair-haired Phil could be among them; and, perhaps, if you had not been lame you would never have painted at all. And to be such a genius is better than any thing else in this world. Money? Surely, Phil, I need not fret now. I've heard of great artists being paid small fortunes for one picture. And you'll be a great one, I know. Phil, I could almost kiss that little girl! I have almost (not quite) forgiven her."

"Forgive her entirely," I said, "for she was never to blame."

And as I plodded wearily into my chamber I could not help thinking of the point my life turned upon. I could not help sighing a little heavily to think, after all, how glad I should be to be strong and active like Eben and Sam.

I had not always been lame. It was not until I was fourteen that, as I sat sketching the vessels on the Hudson one afternoon, I spied a little girl, a mere child, on the railroad track between the bank I sat on and the river. She was picking up some flowers she had dropped, and knew nothing of the great iron monster screaming up the track toward her, or of her danger. I called to her, but she did not hear me, and there was so little time to spare that I had barely reached the spot when—No matter—you have guessed the whole already, and I saved the child. She had, they said, no scratch or bruise upon her.

I was so glad of that, when I was able to talk of it, that I longed to see the little creature once again. And then, for the first time, I knew that mother, with her heart full of sorrow for me, had spoken very literally to the mother of the little girl who had come weeping to ask after me and thank me, and had forbidden her to come near the house again. They were strangers, and had left the place since that time, and so we lost all trace of them.

I'm sure mother hated the very memory of the child; but I always felt tender toward her—something as a mother may to the child who owes its life to her agency I often think.

While I tied up my portfolio I gave a few moments to those remembrances, and then called "Good-night!" across the hall. Mother's voice answered almost cheerily, "Good-night, Phil!" And soon I heard her in her own room, and though it was the last night in our dear old home, fell to sleep and dreamed of pleasant things until the day broke.

Then, with the ringing of the breakfast-bell, we were up and doing. There were good-bys to be said to a few neighbors; two faithful servants to part from. Each wanted to visit some favorite spot alone, and each dreading the last moment for the others. But it passed better than we expected for all of us. Mother hid her face in her handkerchief—Eben sighed, and Sam's voice was husky; but that was all. After we were in the cars I felt my hand cold and clammy, and my heart beating fearfully from the excitement I had hardly been aware of; but I had given no sign of what I felt to the others, and was thankful for that, as I watched the roof of our old home fade into the distance, and saw at last even the steeple, in whose shadow my father lay asleep, turn into a cloudy dream and vanish.

Four days later we had found some rooms in one of the plainest streets of New York, and were fairly started upon our new, strange life.

Even I was busy, for the sketches had been shown to my teachers. Eben had said: "I'm no critic, but I think he's got it in his; mother."

And Sam had cried, "You may turn it to profit somehow, Phil."

And the cabinet council decided that the best room was to be my study, and that the front door should be garlanded with a plate bearing the words—PHILIP FALKLAND, ARTIST. So the plate was up; and my sketches were upon the walls, and a new easel and pallet and maulstick ready; and while Eben divided his time between the chemist shop and hard study, and Sam, as clerk in an iron foundry, earned his small salary well, I painted and waited for purchasers and sitters.

They were slow in coming; but daguerreotypes were not in all hands then, and some people were glad to find a young artist who would paint cheaply. My first patron was a coachman, who wanted a likeness to present to his sweet-heart; my second a little dress-maker from over the way, who had evidently been written by teacher Eben, and fancied him the artist; and my third was a gentleman who longed for a portrait of his dead wife, and whose name was Hargrave.

I painted her as she lay, a beautiful piece of marble, on her pillow, and my fancy helped me to the life-like glow on the cheek and the radiance of the smile.

The husband told me his daughter's eyes were like her mother's, and the young lady was to sit to me while I painted them.

One morning I waited in my studio for her coming, and heard a little knock on the door. When I cried, "Come in!" it opened, and a girl of seventeen, dressed in deep mourning, entered. It was no surprise to me when she said, "I am Mr. Hargrave's daughter Jessie, Mr. Falkland," for I expected her; yet something startled me as I placed a chair for her. As I uttered the few common-places which usually come to the lips of strangers who meet for the first time, I was aware of a strange feeling that I had known this girl before, and tried to remember where I could have met her.

Afterward, as I tried to transfer those strange, solemn, long-lashed eyes to canvas, I began to know that I had always secretly expected to look into such eyes. That since I could dream at all I had dreamed of that face. That this girl, yet a stranger, would be more to me than any other living mortal. Somehow she was interwoven with my destiny. Somehow she would work me good or ill.

Thinking thus I painted on, and the daughter's eyes shone from the mother's pictured face. I had never painted so well before. I had never so longed for more time over my work. When the evening shadows began to creep over the sky I laid my brush aside with a sigh, and said:

"If you are as weary as sitters usually are, you will be glad to hear that I have done for to-day, Miss Hargrave."

She answered: "I am not tired in the least," and came around my easel to look at the picture. "It is like mamma," she said. "How could you, who never knew her, paint so good a likeness? The eyes, too, though hers, were handsomer than mine will ever be. How papa will treasure it!"

It came into my mind to tell her that no eyes could be more beautiful than hers; but I held my peace, and only thanked her by a bow for her praise of my work. And then, as she was going, saw her to the door, not knowing that we should ever meet again. In fact, that we should not seemed most likely; for Mr. Hargrave had spoken of returning to England—his native place—and of taking his daughter with him. The picture was already paid for, and was to be sent for on the morrow, and I had no excuse for intruding upon the privacy of either father or daughter.

Yet, again and again the haunting memory of those eyes seemed to warn me that we were not to part thus. And when a month afterward my door opened and Mr. Hargrave entered with his daughter on his arm, I felt no surprise at their appearance.

It was my task, this time, to paint a portrait of Miss Jessie Hargrave—a small one, which her father could take with him on his journey. "For I have changed my plan," he said. "I shall travel until I feel that the old house yonder may be lived in again, and Jessie will keep it home-like for me. She does not wish to leave it."

"I had rather live there than in any other place," said Jessie. "I can remember poor mamma better, I think, with things she has touched about me; but the doctors say papa must go. And he says I should be a trouble to him."

The beautiful eyes filled with tears that I longed to kiss away. And she turned hastily to a portfolio which lay open on the table. While my mother and Mr. Hargrave conversed I made my way across the room and stood beside her. And we looked over the pictures together, and I answered her questions and turned the sketches over for her.

At last we came to a child's drawing-book. A common thing, much dog-eared, and she picked it up.

"I wish you would not look at that," I said. "It is a school-boy's handiwork. Nothing more."

"Yours?" she said.

"Mine, years ago," I answered.

She smiled. "An artist's first attempts," she said; "I should value it, were I you." And she furled the leaves.

There were caricatures of the schoolmaster. A picture of our horse-dog on his mat. No end of wagons, steam-engines, and ships. Two or three copies of lithographs, and, at last, a sketch from nature. The one I had been at work on when I saw the child upon the rails. It was half-finished and a blur was across it, for it had lain face downward on the grass, but Miss Hargrave looked at it eagerly.

"Ah," she cried, "that is a place I know! Is it not at—, on the Hudson?"

"Yes, that is my native place, Miss Hargrave," I said. She gave a little sigh.

"Papa," she said, "look, you remember?" and the father gazed upon the paper earnestly.

"My poor wife loved that place," he said. "Ah, yes, I remember!"

"And why did you not finish the sketch?" asked

Jessie. "You can't value it as I do. May I have it?"

"Take the book," I said, "if you will so far honor it." But I did not tell her why the sketch was not finished.

The little book was in a pretty reticule she carried when she left me. And the next day she came to sit for me. Again I looked at will into the depths of those glorious eyes. Again I marked the delicate outline, the flower-like coloring, the billowy waves of dark-brown hair. She was, to my fancy, the loveliest thing on earth. And soon I knew I loved her. Much as one might love the dweller of some sphere above him—for I had no hope of a thought from her or any other woman. But very earnestly and truly. A glove that she had worn, a flower she had touched, were precious to me as holy relics to a devotee. And often, though I strove to banish them, thoughts of what might have been, had I been handsome as my brother Eben, or stalwart as my brother Samuel, would fill my mind and make me sit idly before my easel in a waking dream.

I said to myself, "When the picture is done I shall see her no more;" but though I knew this would be best for me, my heart gave a great leap of joy when I heard that she had taken a fancy to drawing-lessons, and that I had been chosen for her teacher.

"If you will do me the favor of taking a pupil," said the courtly father, never guessing that the request had given me a little glimpse of paradise.

"Could she learn something in a year? You think so? Then for a year you shall try to make an artist of my little girl, though I doubt her talent."

So matters stood when he went away; and so I gained the estrée of Jessie Hargrave's home. I gave her lessons. Twice a week I had the privilege of sitting beside her for an hour and guiding her pencil. They were the happiest moments that I knew, for I was then alone with her. But we saw each other often at other times. A grim old aunt presided over her home, but Jessie often came to mother for advice or comfort. She grew intimate with all the family, chatted with Eben and laughed with merry Sam, and saw every sketch I made at its beginning.

Whether I quite hid my love, or whether it sometimes was revealed by look or tone, I could not tell; but one thing troubled me. Sometimes, when she thought I did not see her, I caught her looking at me in the strangest way. The look she might have given one she had injured—a remorseful look. That, and nothing else.

By-and-by I began to fancy I had fathomed it. My handsome brother Eben was often at her side. Always ready to walk with her and her little cousin Madge, who had come to live with her. Never tired of hearing them sing duets, and perpetually "rambling over" with a book or a rare flower, or on some excuse or other. So plainly a more subtle disguise that he himself had not when he entered it.

Eben liked Jessie—loved her, and she had found it out—found out also that I adored her, and feared his harshness to pain me.

She pitied me so, you see; I saw that, and it was hard to be pitied only, where I longed for love. She knew I could not awaken that love in any woman's heart; and because of that was kind to me.

Often, when we walked out together, she would leave the rest to keep by my side; and many a time I have seen tokens of her remembrance that I was different from the others in her sisterly watchfulness for my comfort. Yes, she loved Eben, and both were keeping the secret for my sake.

When I once felt sure of this, I said to myself: "Do not be selfish, Philip Falkland; prove to the kind brother and the sweet friend that you can be happy in their happiness; and I set to work to conquer my own heart. Vain attempt! The love I strove to smother was too strong.

But at least I could mask it; and rather than be a blight upon their pleasant interchange of talk and look I played a part; pretended to be early; refused to join their walks; shot myself in my studio when they were all together in our little parlor, and hoped at least to make the handsome pair less tender of me. And I prayed earnestly, Heaven knows, that I might never feel angrily jealous of my brother; kind, quiet Eben, who would have cut his right hand off rather than do me harm.

Yet sadly jealous I must be; and once, when the spring days were growing bright, they had planned a quiet little picnic. Only mother, Madge, and Jessie, and my brothers, and four other young people the girls knew, and were full of merry talk about it, while I, refusing to join them, sat apart.

Jessie had looked troubled ever since I had given a crusty answer to her coaxing invitation. The others had begun to let me have my own way, and before they went she came to me again.

"If you don't like the place," she said, "or if it is too far for you, we will go somewhere else. Do come, Phil!"

And as she spoke her little hand touched my arm, and her dark curls dropped against my cheek. The touch thrilled me through. I trembled and grew pale; but I only answered:

"No; I shall be busy all day. Don't stop to think of me. Good-by!"

And I went to my easel and pretended to be at work. Alas! it was only pretense. For when they had gone out into the sweet spring sunshine I hung brush and pallet aside, and, lying prone upon my little scarlet-covered lounge, hid my face and wept—wept as a girl might, sobbing and moaning—for once, for the first and last time, giving vent to the emotions so long pent up within my breast.

The passionate storm was over at last, and I looked up to see Jessie standing in the door-way of my studio looking at me. Her hands were clasped, her face very pale.

When she saw me she advanced and knelt down beside the lounge. Of their own accord her little pearly hands took mine and held them.

"What is the matter, Philip?" she said. "Have

we offended you? We have been so different of late to what we were that I have feared so."

I looked at her ashamed and troubled.

"Since you have seen me blubbering like a baby you might as well know the full extent of my child-likeness," I said. "It never happened before. It never shall again. But, for once, I longed to walk away beside you, as Eben and Sam can. The sweet air did it, or the sunshine. It's over now; and you have always been only too thoughtful of me. Go—they are waiting for you, Jessie."

"I am not going," she said. "And so it is that; and you suffer so in secret. Oh, Philip!"

She seemed to turn faint, and sat down on the chair near my easel, and leaned against it heavily.

"How you must hate the girl!" she said—"the child you saved upon the road. How you must wish she had never been born! Better for her to have died than this! Ah, you did not think I knew of her! Your mother told me."

I arose and crossed the room. Even when I bent over her I could not see her face, but she trembled like an aspen leaf.

"Jessie," I said, "my thoughts of that innocent child are the happiest of my life. Hate her!—my good, kind Jessie! Why should I hate that child? I love her, rather, because I have suffered to do her some little good. I think of her sometimes as the woman she must have grown to be by this time, and think of her young beauty still unmarried—her young life full of joy, as I pray it may be, and say, 'God permitted me to save her.' Often since I knew you I have thought she may be like you—I have wished it could have been you—Jessie!—Jessie!"

For she had started up and stood before me with clasped hands.

"I was afraid of this, Philip," she said. "Ah! you guessed the truth, and speak as you do to spare me. You know I—I, Jessie Hargrave—was the child you saved from death at such a cost. Better that I had lain there dead—better any thing than the purchase of life and strength at such a price. Look at me as you must feel—show me your aversion—shrink from me—bid me begone, for I have marred your life—I—I—I!"

She was sobbing fearfully, and I drew nearer and put my hand upon her shoulder.

"For God's sake, Jessie," I said, "don't speak so, lest you hear the truth! Hate you? Oh, Jessie, I never guessed that you had been the child, but from my heart I say, 'Thank Heaven for it!' At least I have done you some little good, my best, my— Leave me, Jessie—for Eben's sake, leave me!"

"For Eben's sake?" she cried. "Leave you for Eben's sake—what can you mean?"

"Foolish words," I said. "Dear friend—dear sister, forget them."

She turned her wet eyes full upon my face. Her fingers touched my arm and clung to it.

"Say it again, Philip," she said. "Tell me you never hated this wretched child—that you do not hate her now! I have striven so long to keep the secret lest you should. I have said, 'While he does not guess who I am he may like me a little still.' I have wept so much for the harm I have done my 'dear, dear' Jessie, that I really think that you have not hated my memory?"

"It is true that I love you better than my soul!" I cried. "That you are all my world and half my heaven! Go, now; go—best, sweetest, dearest Jessie; and forget that Eben's brother ever spoke these words to you. Whatever happens, the memory of those moments passed beside you will be the sweetest of my life. Some day I can say 'sister' from my heart, for God will help me."

Her clinging fingers never left my arm.

"Eben again!" she said; "surely you do not think we love each other? He is betrothed to Madge. Did you not guess that?"

A great cloud seemed to have passed from the face of my son. The world was bright again. At least no other claimed her. At least I had done no wrong in loving her. I looked into her eyes. I felt the touch of her hand. I breathed her very breath—sweet as new-mown hay!

"Jessie! Jessie!" I cried. "I scarcely dare to ask you for your love, and claim you for my very own. Oh were I strong and able to cherish and protect you! But now, I dare not; I dare not ask what it would be madness to hope for!"

Still, her fingers never stirred. Her eyes never left mine; and from her parted lips fell these sweet words:

"If you dare not ask for my heart, Phil, how dare I, a woman, tell you how long it has been yours without great shame?"

I caught her in my arms, but paused even then.

"Is this pity—the payment of a debt?" I asked.

"Do you sacrifice nothing in giving yourself to a cripple who has only love to give you?"

And she answered: "It is not pity—it is not gratitude. It is pure love, and love is all it asks."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ERRANDY DETERMINATION.—The person who made the walkin ring writes to assure us he made it especially for "the twelfth finger of the left hand but one."

Butterflying on a collar is cruel work for the neck when the linen is thick and sternly starched, and the button is large and closely sewn. But if you will give me some money I will tell you how to meet the difficulty. Dip the button-hole for ten seconds into water.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.—"Contrive my earnest to talk." "Why, it's easy," said it, "what a flower would say 'To discover—of course from its stalk!'"

THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER'S FRIEND.—How to Know when MEAT IS FRESH.—Keep it until it gets bad, and you will then learn exactly how fresh it was at first.

How to GET A GOOD SERVANT.—Keep on discharging the bad ones till you meet with one that suits you.

How to DISCOVER THE FAVORABLE SEASON.—Never buy any thing of any body.

What is the difference between a heavy moon and a heavy comb?—One is a great self, and the other a lot of little self.



JOHN'S CHAIRMAN.

LAWS BY OUR OWN SAWYER.

Empty tabs by the noise of their ring sell their stoke. Empty heads by their words, dogmatical prate; Empty jars are prepared any wares to receive, Empty minds are full of talk to believe; Corn perks up the head when 'tis empty of oil, And over it makes the life pragmatic and coil; Empty houses are places for vermin to breed in, Empty hearts are cognitions of 'tation to seed in; Empty rooms are so cold that they give us a chill, Empty hearts are so selfish they promptly kill; Empty necks can not long stiff and upright remain, Nor long undervalue their credit maintain.

ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.—Overhauling the host of a dinner-party.

When does a man sit down to a refreshingly decent?—When he sits down to wine and pie.

When a man and woman are made one by a clergyman, the question is, which is the one. Sometimes there is a long struggle between them before this matter is finally settled.

The man who, on account of the high price of sugar, attempted to sweeten his coffee with his wife's milk, has concluded to fall back on the "great-laid-in jars of the cow."

Wrong! Of course you are, stupid! Eggs is not a Mole-lard, but part of a continental.

ANY OF LOVE.—A lady told her husband she read the "Art of Love" for purpose to be agreeable to him. "I would rather have been without art," replied he.

A boy, who displayed a long, dangling watch-chain, was asked: "What's the time of day, Jim?" The lad drew out his watch very ceremoniously, and after examining it for a while referred to another boy, and said:

"Is this the figure nine or the figure seven?" He was told that it was the figure seven. "With then," said the lad, "it lacks just about half an inch of eight."

I BELIEVE YOU, MY BOSS.—It is stated that Charles' picture was engaged in the tea-trade. If so, the artist's giant must be a remarkably fine specimen of their high-toned.

SNUFF-TAKING.

What a moment, what a docket! All my time is made out— All my thrilling, thrilling castle, Pyramid rhinoceros! Wants to smoke and can not do it! How do you, my dear, shrill me, shrill me, How with mysterious torment file me! Now says, "Shame, you given—got through it." Shoo-shoo—oh, his most delish— Tell—tell—most delish— (ding it, I shall smoke till spring) Snuff is a most delicious thing.

THE THREE CUPS.—How annoying it must be to a politician to have a bottle-neck!

IMPROMPTU.

I met a friend the other day, Whom you'd rather U.D. When told, no wonder, you will say— His pockets were quite M.T.

A story is told of an invertebrate drinker, who, after a great deal of solicitation, signed the temperance pledge, but soon after was noticed to imbibe as frequently as ever. To his friends, who remonstrated with him, he replied that the document which he had signed was forged, and of no binding force, because it had upon it no internal revenue stamp.

What notes sing when the most favorite loves!—and how many times do they compose?—Thank eyes—they make features.

We observe a magazine article with the inviting title, "Under the Leaf, by One who has been Flogged." Please not reading, if the announcement is to be read thoroughly. We suppose it will be followed by "Under the Willow, by One who has been Hanged."

CABINET CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a crony of speculation like the Secretary of the Navy?—He is glibly on with. Why is a rebel parson—either leaving the White House like an outward-bound steamer?—He is going seaward. Why is an archbishop like the Secretary of War?—He regulates the cannon. Why is the Secretary of the Treasury like a waiter?—He can't do without a tipster. Why is the Postmaster-General like a girl at a boarding school?—He looks after the mails.

Said the lovely Julia to the bewitching Fanny: "My dears, why is a new-born baby like a cow's tail?" "I don't know. You know I never can guess a circus drum." "Because it was never even before."

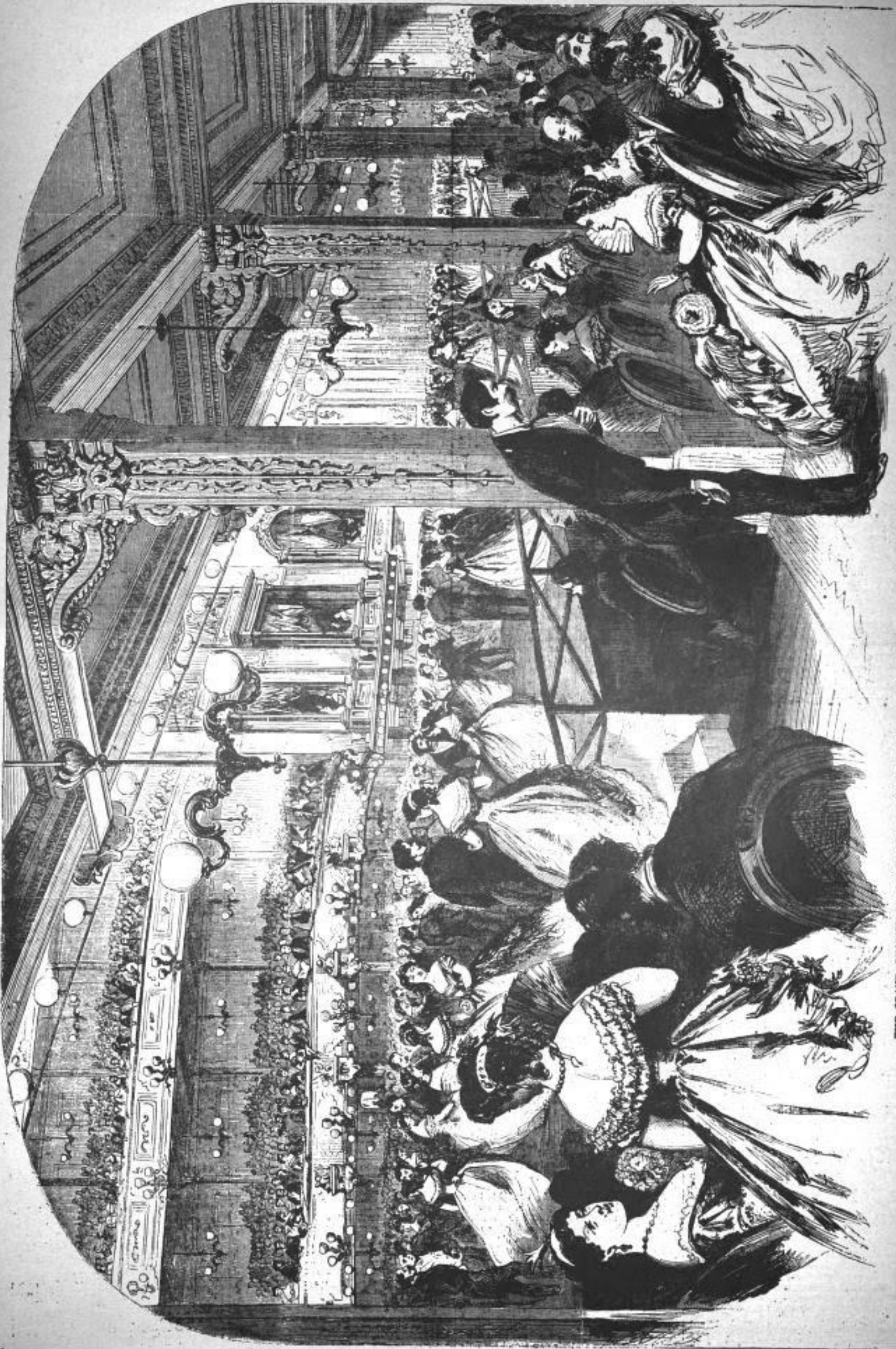
A CAPITAL W.—The claim's "Here we are!"

A lady wrote upon a window some verses, intimating her design of never marrying. A gentleman wrote the following lines underneath—

The lady whose resolve these words betoken, Wrote them on glass to show that it may be broken.

An elderly and good-natured physician, on being called on to her "single Mrs. Brown," declared, "I never yet have lost heart, because I've always kept in constant remembrance the fact that Naevius, the daughter of Horus, was five hundred and eighty years old when she got married."

A NOTE THAT COULD NOT BE HEARD.—Many medical compounds make use of a sharp and A flat; but the author of the "Mansfielder" introduced as a note a sharp which calls our attention to the fact that a philosophical member of the Anthropological Society says all the human races are descended from people who could not speak, or, as he designates them, "mutes." We shall consider the author of the theory in future as "our most-esteemed friend." "But, I say," says Johnny, who always listens to instructive conversation like a good boy, as he is, "if the first people were all mutes, who were the descendants, and who did they bury?"



THE GRAND CHARITY BALL AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK, JANUARY 29, 1866.—SKETCHED BY ARTHUR LUNNEY.—[See Page 85.]



LEAVING THE MATINEE

THE ALBUM OF NEW YORK, January 26, 1866.—Illustration by Augustus Knickerbocker.—[See Page 84.]

DADDY DODD.

JOHN BEADLE was an honest man, with a large family and a small shop. It was not a hopeful circumstance in John's position that, while his family kept on enlarging, the shop obstinately maintained its contracted dimensions; that, while there seemed to be no bounds to the race of Beadles, the business which maintained them was strictly limited. John's shop was situated in one of the many by-streets, with no main thoroughfare among them, which constitute Somers Town; and it was devoted to the sale of coals and vegetables. As a householder, John, though in a small way of business, was a person of some importance, inasmuch as he was the sole lessee of an entire tenement. It was something to boast of in that neighborhood, but not much; for the roof which John called his own was a broken-backed roof, and covered only one floor besides the basement, which formed the emporium. The tenement seemed to be fast sinking into the earth. The impression of the beholder was that one story had already sunk, and that the others were rapidly following it; so that it seemed probable in a few years there would be nothing visible but the broken-backed roof lying flat on the spot, a monument of departed commerce in coals.

John's family consisted of his wife Martha, seven children, and Martha's old father. All these, including the old man, who was past work, and utterly without any means of his own, were dependent upon the exertions of John, aided, when urgent family affairs would permit, by his wife. John's exertions were divided between chopping fire-wood, taking out hundreds (more frequently half-hundreds) of coals on a truck, and "moving." The occupation of "moving" may be described as going to houses about quarter-day, wrestling with chests of drawers, sofas, four-post bedsteads, and other heavy articles of furniture, and getting very little money, but a good deal of beer. If John had been a peccator of the wilderness he might have nourished his family upon beer for a week after a moving; but he was only a man, and could do little more than find them a bit of supper with the single shilling which was generally all his reward in available currency.

The door and the window of the shop being always open, the nature and extent of John's stock in trade were patent to the world. It consisted of about a ton of coals—which generally ran small—heaped up in a corner, a little pile of fire-wood, a few strings of onions, a few bunches of greens, a basket or two of potatoes, a box of red herrings, a couple of peppermint-sticks, alluringly displayed with some marrowless nuts and wizened apples on a board outside the window, and a bed-wrench. This last instrument was a wonderful auxiliary to John's other resources. While the two upright beams and the single transverse beam were the support of the emporium architecturally, the bed-wrench was the prop of the emporium commercially. It was a thing not to be bought, but borrowed; and the charge for the loan of this bed-wrench was twopenny. Chaldron Street was given to borrowing, and it seemed to be a street which did not lie easy in its bed, for it was always taking its bed down and putting its bed up again, the result being that John's bed-wrench was in constant and urgent demand. Such has been the eagerness to secure the instrument, that two rival applicants have been known actually to wrench each other in the effort to possess it.

One half of John's shop was occupied by the stock, the other half formed the ordinary sitting-room. This latter room had a fire-place, surmounted by a mantle-shelf, on which stood several works of art in china; and its furniture consisted of two or three Windsor chairs, and a small round table. Little active domesticity was ever witnessed in this department except at the close of the day, when the family, coming from the coals, and the potatoes, and the fire-wood, made a rush at the little round table, and scrambled for herrings and thick bread-and-butter and tea. At such times old Daddy, Martha's superannuated father, was to be seen sitting in an arm-chair by the side of the fire, his bald head encircled by a glory of onions, and the coals rising on his right like a distant mountain range, put in as a back-ground to the picture. Those family banquets were sharp and short. All unnecessary conveniences of luxury, such as knives and forks, stop-basins and the like, were dispensed with. Each one, as he finished his cup of tea, turned round and threw the drags upon the heap of coals, and, when he had finished picking his herring, turned the other way and flung the bones into the fire. After the meal, Mr. Beadle was accustomed to sit down opposite old Daddy, while Martha drew up between them, and devoted herself to the mending of the family linen; but, as the number of chairs was limited, the younger branches of the family usually reclined, in the classic fashion, among the coals, in contact with which they derived a swarthy complexion which caused them to be known in the neighborhood as the "black Beadles." John and Martha loved their offspring dearly, and would not have had any thing happen to one of them for the world; but they began to find that they were increasing both in numbers and in appetite in a ratio altogether disproportionate to the development of the trade in coals and vegetables, notwithstanding that the rolling stock had been increased by a new truck and a second bed-wrench. John's ambition had often taken a run at a horse and cart; but it had never been able to vault so high, and always fell back upon the truck and hurt itself in the region of its dignity. A truck is not a glorious kind of vehicle—especially a coal-truck. It is a vehicle that takes the pavement rather than the middle of the road, for choice, and although the thunder which it makes as it traverses the coal traps on the pavement is considerable, it is not a source of pride to its owner. Besides, it does not warrant the assumption of that sceptre of authority, a

whip; and it is usually propelled by one of the human species. Well, it would never do if we all had the same ambition. While some persons aspire to rule their fellow-men, there are others who prefer to exercise authority over the brutes, in driving a horse and cart. This was John's case. A horse and cart, with a corresponding increase of business, and a drive down the road to the Jolly Butchers on Sunday afternoon, with the mist in all her best by his side, and the kids, with their faces washed behind, like a pen of clean little pigs—this had been the dream of John's life; but it was a dream that had not yet come true. Indeed, so far from this, John's prospects were becoming darker than brighter every day.

"What was to be done?" This question, which had long suggested itself to John and Martha, found audible expression one night, after the black Beadles had scampered away to their holes for the night. Old Daddy Dodd was sitting dozing in his chair by the side of the fire, and John and Martha were sitting opposite.

It was John who propounded the question: "What was to be done?"

Martha made no audible reply; but, after a pause, raised her eyes to John's face, and then looked across significantly at Daddy.

John shook his head, and covered his face with his hand.

"I have no right to ask you to do it any longer, John," Martha said. "I had no right ever to expect you to do it."

"But it was my duty and my pleasure to do it, Martha," John replied. "He's your father, and I couldn't see the poor old man starve!"

"But he needn't starve, you know, John," Martha said; and her lips trembled as she said the words.

"I know what you mean," John returned; "but I can't bear the thoughts of it. It's not what ought to be, when he's had a house of his own, and drove his own chaise, and paid rates and taxes, and every comfort."

"Well, it is hard, when you think of it," Martha replied, sadly; "and the drawing-room that we had, too, and the silver spoons, and the real china cups and saucers!" And at the thought of the china cups and saucers Martha dropped a tear.

"Yes, it is hard," John returned; "and that's why I have stood between him and it as long as I could."

"But you can't stand between him and it any longer, John, and I mustn't ask you to; it's not fair to you, John, and you sha'n't be burdened with him any longer."

Poor old Daddy was sitting dozing in his chair, blissfully unconscious of these deliberations, of which he was the subject. In his time Daddy had been in a good, though small way of business, in the carpentering line, combined with a little undertaking (which he undertook in his overtime, to oblige friends), and he had brought up a large family decently; but his sons, who might have been a help to him in his declining years, emigrated, and died in foreign parts; and when the infirmities of age began to creep upon the old man, and he was no longer able to work with his own hands, he disposed of his business at an alarming sacrifice, and retired to live on his means. His means were small, but his remaining years were few; and, proceeding on his philosophical calculation, Daddy lived upon the principal instead of the interest (which he could not have lived upon at all), and lived longer than he calculated. Although Daddy disposed of his business, and let the carpenter's shop, he still continued to occupy the dwelling-house of which it formed a part, and this led many to believe that the old carpenter was pretty well off. His daughter Martha shared in this impression, and was rather disposed to boast of the independent gentleman, her father, and cherish expectations of an inheritance.

One day, about two years after Martha had been married to John Beadle, and shortly after she had prodigally presented John with the second pledge of her affection, old Daddy arrived at the emporium, suffused with smiles. Martha thought he was going to present baby with the silver spoons. When the old man had settled himself in a chair, and recovered his breath, he said, with a pleasant chuckle,

"I've got something to tell you, Martha."

"What is it, father?"

"Well, Martha, I've been looking in the top drawer, and—"

"Yes, father, yes," said Martha, eagerly, making quite sure now that baby was to have the spoons.

"I've been looking in the top drawer," the old man repeated, "and—"

"The spoons," Martha suggested, as dutifully helping her poor old father in a difficulty.

"No, not the spoons, Martha," he said—"the money."

"What about the money, father?"

"It's all gone, Martha!"

"All gone! The money you've got to live upon, father!" cried Martha, hysterically—"all gone?"

"Every farthing," said the old man.

Martha could not believe it. She gave baby to a neighbor to mind, and insisted upon the old man going back with her to his lodging immediately. He gave her the key, and she tore open the top drawer in a frantic way. She seized the canvas bag in which the old man kept his money (for he had an unconquerable distrust of banks), and plunged her hand into it. She could feel nothing like coin. She turned the bag inside out and shook it—nothing fell out of it. She rummaged among the useless odds and ends in the drawer, and not a farthing could she find. Suddenly she paused, and said:

"You've been robbed, father. Somebody's been at the drawer."

"No, no, my dear, you mustn't say that; nobody's been at the drawer but me. I've spent it all. There wasn't much of it—only eighty pounds altogether, and it wouldn't last forever. It's me that's

lived too long, Martha;" and the old man sat down in a chair, and began to whimper and weep.

Martha could only sit down and weep too. She was overwhelmed by the thought of her father's destitution, and the prospect which lay before him, in his weak old age. His money was all gone, and his few sticks of furniture, with the silver spoons, which were the only portion of his plate which remained, would scarcely realize enough to bury him.

This was sad news to tell John when he came in (from a moving job) to his dinner. Martha, by way of breaking it gently to him, hysterically shrieked out the tidings at the top of her voice, as John was coming in at the door.

"Oh, John, father's money's all gone!" she cried.

Seeing that Martha was in a dreadful state of excitement about the matter, John, with a proper appreciation of artistic contrast, took the unwelcome announcement coolly.

"Well," he said, "in that case we must keep him. He has nobody else to look to."

And so one day John went over to Daddy's house, sent for a broker, and disposed of all the things except the old man's bed, which he dispatched by the truck to the emporium. That done, he locked the door, sent the key to the landlord, and taking the old man by the hand, led him to the shelter of the broken-backed roof. Putting him into the old arm-chair by the fire, and patting him kindly on his bald head, he said:

"There, Daddy, consider yourself at home—provided for the rest of your life."

So it happened that John and Martha were burdened with old Daddy Dodd, in addition to their own numerous offspring. And Daddy was a burden, though neither John nor Martha ever said so, even to each other. He was an expensive old man, for though he did not eat much, and was well content to share a bedroom with the boys, he had, considering his circumstances, an unreasonable passion for roof; and a glass of "six ale," punctually every morning at eleven o'clock, was absolutely necessary to his existence. The glass of six ale he would have, and he would have it nowhere but in the public house, standing at the pewter bar, according to a custom which he had most religiously observed for more than forty years. One of the inconveniences of this requirement was that the old man had to be provided every morning with three-halfpence, in current coin of the realm; and another, which followed in the course of time, when the old man became decrepit and feeble—was that some one had to take him to the particular public house on which alone he would bestow his patronage (half a mile distant), and bring him back again.

Still no word of complaint escaped either John or Martha, until their family increased to that extent when every half-penny became, as Martha said, an "object." The crisis arrived that night, when John, in general but significant terms, asked his good wife what was to be done.

"It is not fair to you, John," Martha said, "and you sha'n't be burdened with him any longer." And, while the old man sat dozing in his chair, all unconscious, it was resolved between them, after a hard struggle on John's part and many silent tears on Martha's part, that John should next day put old Daddy into the work-house. The resolution was taken, and the old man slept on. Neither John nor Martha had the courage to wake him. They were afraid that he might read their terrible intentions toward him in their guilty faces. "I can not do it, Martha," John said; and he made an excuse to go out of doors to smoke his pipe. Martha could not do it either, and sat waiting for the old man to wake, and presently he woke and called for her. She had withdrawn into the shade, and he could not see her with his dim old eyes.

"Martha," he said, "where are you? Come here and let me tell you what I've been dreaming about. Such a pleasant dream, my dear, about the old days when you was all at home!—I thought I saw you all round the table eating your Christmas dinners; and there was turkey and plum-pudding and all the nice things that we used to have, you know; and then I dreamed that I was taking you to the boarding-school, where you was for a twelve-month, you know; and—and, as we was driving down the Edgeware road in the chaise, John came up and wanted to borrow five pounds, just as he used to do, you know, and—and I lent it him, just as I used to do, and—and—but what's the matter with you, Martha? you're not crying, surely?"

Poor old man, he little knew what thorns he was planting in his daughter's breast. She was crying, but she hid her tears, and said kindly it was time for him to go to bed.

So, taking him by the hand, and leading him to his room, she put him to bed and tucked him up like a child.

When Martha went down stairs again John was quickly peeping in at the door.

"Have you put him to bed, Martha?" he inquired.

"Yes, John."

"Do you think he suspected any thing?"

"Oh no, poor old dear!"

"No, of course not, Martha," John said, "he would never dream that we could be such monsters—but did he say any thing?"

"Yes, he said, 'God bless you, Martha, and God bless John, for all your kindnesses.'"

John, whose heart was much too big for his other faculties, withdrew his head from the door, and vented his smitten feelings in a howl.

John and Martha crawled up to bed that night with the sense of a premeditated crime weighing upon their souls. As they passed the room where the old man lay they turned away their faces. Next morning Martha dressed her old baby in his best clothes, crying over him all the while, and hiding her tears as best she could. Daddy wanted to know if it was Sunday, that they were putting on his best things, and Martha could not answer. Every innocent word he uttered was a reproach to her. She could not look at him at breakfast-time, neither could John.

When breakfast was over, John said to the old man, in as cheerful a tone as he could command,

"Grandfather, I'm going to take you for a walk."

"That's kind of you, John," said the old man, "very kind."

"Well, come along, grandfather; here's your hat and stick."

"I'm ready, John, quite ready. Eh? bless me, what's the matter now, my dear?"

Martha had her arms round his neck, kissing him.

"Good-by, father," she said, through her sobs, "Good-by."

She had resolved not to say it, but she couldn't help it.

"Tut, tut, my dear," said the old man, "we are not going far. Are we, John?"

"No, grandfather, not very far."

"And we'll come back soon, won't we, John?"

"Oh yes, grandfather," John said; and the words almost choked him.

Martha whispered to the children to go and shake hands with their grandfather; and wondering what this unusual ceremony meant, they did as they were told, quietly and silently.

The old man was so much puzzled as the children, and wanted to know if it was a birthday. John could not answer him; his heart was full and his utterance choked. Without another word he took the old man by the hand, and led him from the house; and Martha stood in the doorway, surrounded by the children, looking after them sadly through her tears. It was barely a quarter of a mile to the work-house, but it was a long journey for Daddy, who was getting very frail now. He dropped his stick very often, and John had to stoop and pick it up for him, and there were dangerous crossings to pass, where it was necessary for John to signal to drivers of vehicles to draw up and slacken speed until he carried the old man safely over to the other side of the road. Poor old Daddy, going to the work-house, was highly honored that day. The stream of traffic staid its current and diverted its course to let him pass. It could not have done more for the Lord Mayor. At length John, leading his unconscious charge by the hand, arrived in front of the work-house gates. At the sight of the gloomy portal and the high black wall, which shuts in life and shuts out hope, his resolution began to fall. He stopped and hesitated.

"Grandfather," he said, "it's about time for your glass of ale, ain't it?"

"Well, yes, John, I think it's getting on that way," said the old man, in a cheery tone.

"Will you take it here?" John asked.

"Is this the Nag's Head?" the old man inquired.

The Nag's Head was the house which he had "used" for forty years.

"No, grandfather," John said; "this is not the Nag's Head; but they keep a good glass of ale here."

"Well, just as you like," Daddy assented.

So John took the old man into a public house opposite the work-house gates, and gave him the usual three-halfpence; for it was Daddy's pride always to pay for his liquor with his own hard-earned money. Daddy was sipping his ale John looked at a couple of glasses of spirits; he was trying to sew his falling courage to the point. When the old man had finished his glass John took him once more by the hand, and hurriedly led him across the road. He was at the gate, hesitating, with a full heart, looking through a mist of tears at the handle of the work-house bell, inviting only the clutch of despair, when the old man looked up in his face and said:

"John!"

"Yes, grandfather."

"Ain't this the work-house?"

Daddy's look, his intimation that he knew where he was, the thought that he suspected his design, struck John to the heart; and he hurried the old man away from the gate.

"The work-house, grandfather, no, no!" John said; "what made you think of that? Come, come away, come away; we're going home, grandfather, going home as fast as we can."

John was so anxious to drag Daddy away from the spot that he fairly lifted him off his legs and carried him across the road. In his excitement and haste he quite forgot Daddy's feebleness, and hurried him along at such a rate that the old man lost his breath, and was nearly falling. It was not until a street had been put between them and the work-house that John relaxed his speed and allowed Daddy to recover himself. After that he led him gently back to the emporium, took him in, and replaced him in his old chair by the fireside.

"I couldn't do it, Martha," he said; "my hand was on the bell, when he looked up at me and spoke to me; and his look, and what he said, struck me to the heart. I couldn't do it. I felt as if I was going to murder the poor old man. It's worse than murder, Martha, to put a fellow-creature in yonder; it's burying him alive!"

"But, John—"

"I say it shall never be done by me, Martha," John interposed, sternly. "We must do the best we can for him, and strive to the best to save him and ourselves from that disgrace."

An interchange of looks sealed the compact between them—that Daddy was to have a home with them while they had a roof to call their own, and a loaf of bread to share with him.

Old Daddy had not only been a considerable expense to John and Martha, but during the winter months he had been much in the way. He was always peccating about in the shop, which being also the sitting-room, did not afford much scope for business and domesticity combined. But now the fine days were coming, and Daddy would be able to spend a good deal of his time out of doors. So, when the fine days came, little Beag, John's youngest but two, who was not old enough to be of any assistance in the business, was appointed to the sole and undivided duty of minding grandfather, and taking him for walks, when it was convenient to get him out of the way. Little Beag, a little, large-headed, wise-looking boy of six years, was Daddy's

special pet and favorite; or, perhaps, it might have been said, so much more responsible a person was Benjy, that Daddy was his pet and favorite. Be that as it would, they loved each other, and on fine days, when the sun shone, it was their delight to wander hand in hand among the neighboring streets, prattling together like two children, and gazing in, with child-like wonder, at the pretty things in the shop windows. The people round about called them the Babes in the Wood, and old Daddy was certainly as much a babe as Benjy. He took the same interest in the contents of the toy-shops, and sighed as deeply as Benjy sighed to think that his youthful guardian could not become the possessor of a much-coveted toy-gun (with a pink stock), which went off with a spiral spring. In their wanderings, day by day, the Babes saw many strange things, and studied the wonders of Somers Town with the deepest interest. It was their special delight to stand before any open door or window which afforded them a view of a process of manufacture. They stood on gratings and listened to the rattle of saw-machines—"that went by steam," Benjy informed his charge and pupil, who was not very well up in the modern arts and sciences; they gazed at the little men in shirt-sleeves and fat caps, who turned a miniature coffee-mill under a glass case at the grocer's—such industrious little men, who always kept on grinding whether their master was in the shop or not, and never seemed to go home to their beds. They appreciated the lowering of barrels into public house cellars, learning the mysteries of the inclined plane, and speculating as to whether the barrels contained the particular kind of ale which grandfather liked; they watched the making of shoes and the turning of wood, and were sometimes observed to be much absorbed in the daying of sheep, a process which had a deep abstract interest for Benjy, while it set Daddy babbling about the delights—to him now purely visionary—of a boiled leg of mutton and caper sauce.

In these wanderings Benjy was careful not to release his hold of Daddy's hand, for he was particularly envious never to leave him for a moment, and whatever he did not let him tumble down. One muddy day Benjy did let Daddy tumble, and a sad state of mind he was in for fear his mother should find it out. He hid his best with his little cotton pocket-handkerchief to effect all traces of mud from Daddy's trousers; but he was afraid lest the old man might "tell on him." Not that there was any want of loyalty between them, but Daddy was getting so garrulous that he sometimes, quite unintentionally, let out things which got Benjy into trouble; so, when any thing happened, Benjy was obliged to remind grandfather that he was not to tell.

"You won't tell mother that I let you fall in the mud, will you, grandfather?" he would say, as they bent their steps homeward.

"Oh no, Benjy," the old man protested. "I—I shan't say a word about it."

At first, before complete confidence had been established between them, Benjy sought on one occasion to purchase his grandfather's silence with a penny (which he did not at that moment possess, but expected to have some day), but he had cause to know now that the bond of love between them was strong enough to sustain their mutual devotion, except when it was occasionally loosened by an inadvertence, or a lapse of memory, which, in Daddy's case, was beyond the power of either love or money to control. Going home in the summer evenings, after their rambles, Daddy and Benjy had deeply interesting tales to tell the family of the wonders of the great world of Somers Town.

Also, that those relations should so often have fallen upon indifferent ears! But John and Martha were becoming sullen and moody, a prey both of them to the deepest anxiety. The family was still increasing, but the business continued to resist all efforts in the direction of development. John was getting into debt at the coal wharf, and at the potato warehouse. The times were hard, and were coming on harder with the approach of winter. Coals were at eighteen-pence a hundred, potatoes at a penny a pound. The poor people couldn't pay the price. Poor women came for a few pounds of coal and took them away in their aprons. There was scarcely any use for the truck. When coals were so dear and fires so small, Chaldron Street was a good deal given to warm itself in its bed, which thus became a permanent institution. The consequence to John was that his bed-wrench rusted in silliness, and in view of the oxyd which accumulated upon it, it might be said to have been engaged in the disastrous occupation of sailing its head off. The fortunes of the emporium were at a very low ebb; John and Martha could scarcely provide bare food for the family. The black Beadles, clamoring for victuals, and not finding satisfaction at the little round table, passed like a cloud of locusts over the stock in the shop, and making short work of the carrots, attacked even the cabbage-leaves and the turnip-tops. John and Martha were denying themselves day after day, that the old man might have a bit of something nice and nourishing. But things were coming to a crisis now. The coal-merchant, the potato-merchant, and the landlord, all three threatened process, and John was in hourly expectation of an execution. All his striving had been of no avail to save "him and them from that disgrace." It frayed some now. Nothing could avert it.

One afternoon John was sitting on a stool, on the side of the mountain of coal, which had been removed to the last shovelful of dust (and, alas! the capitalist at the wharf had not the faith to replace it), utterly dejected and despondent. It was a terrible trial for a strong man with a stout heart and a vigorous will to be thus beaten down and trampled under the feet of a cruel and relentless Fortune, whom he had wooed with all his art, and wrestled with all his strength. Poor John had received so many heavy falls that the spirit was almost-crushed out of him. When he looked up and saw a strange man darkening his door he felt that the last blow was about to be struck.

"Come in," he said; "don't stand upon any ceremony, I beg; I'm quite prepared for you."

"Are you?" said the man, curiously.

"Yes, I am," John replied. "I know your errand as well as you do yourself."

"Do you?" said the man, in the same tone.

"Do you come here to mock me?" cried John, angrily, rising and facing the intruder; "to mock me as well as to ruin me?"

"Mock you?" said the man.

"Yes, mock me," John repeated, in the same angry tone.

"I did not come here to mock you; far from it," the man returned. "In fact, my business is not with you at all. I came to see Mr. Dodd, who was an old neighbor of mine."

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said John. "You'll excuse me, I hope; but we are in great distress, and I expected nothing but bad news."

"If I am not mistaken," said the stranger, "it is good news I bring you. You are Mr. Dodd's son-in-law, are you not?"

"I am, Sir, and I wish I were a richer son-in-law for his sake," John replied.

"Perhaps there will be no need for that, for his sake," the stranger returned.

"What do you mean?" John asked.

"Well, just this," said the stranger. "A few days ago I noticed an advertisement in the paper addressed to Daniel Dodd, informing him that, if he applied to Mr. Johnson, solicitor, in Bedford Row, he would hear of something to his advantage. Now, thinking that the Daniel Dodd wanted might be my old neighbor, and knowing Mr. Johnson, of Bedford Row, I called upon that gentleman and learned that the person wanted is Daniel Dodd, my old neighbor, and that under the will of his brother George, who died some time ago in India, he is entitled to—"

"Hold hard, Sir," said John, grasping the stranger by the arm, and staring at him with fixed eyes. "You're not having a lark, a cruel lark with us, are you?"

"God forbid," said the stranger, gravely.

"And answer me another thing, Sir," John continued, in the same excited way. "You're not out of your mind, are you?"

"Certainly not," returned the man.

"Very well," said John; "you may go on."

"I was going to say," the stranger continued, "that under the will of his deceased brother George, who died some time ago in India, Daniel Dodd is entitled to five thousand pounds."

"Martha!" cried John to his wife, who was up stairs cleaning the rooms.

"Yes, John. What is it?"

"Father's money's come back again! Father's money's come back again! Father's money's come back again!" And he shouted it over and over again up the stairs, and stamped the balusters every time to give it emphasis.

"Are you gone mad, John?" was Martha's reply, when she was allowed to speak.

"You see, Sir," said John to his visitor; "she thinks I must be mad; no wonder if I thought you were mad. But here's Daddy; he knows you, I dare say, and you can tell him; he often talked about his brother George who went to India; but I thought he had been dead long ago."

At that moment Daddy came in from one of his walks with Benjy, and was told of his fortune.

"Dear me," he said, sinking into his chair. "Father George is dead! Poor boy, poor boy!"

The poor boy had died at the good old age of threescore and ten, but Daddy still thought of him as the lad in the blue jacket from whom he had parted at Wapping when they were boys.

Not without many difficulties, long delay, and considerable cost, Daddy's claim to the five thousand pounds was established. John gave all his time—utterly neglecting the emporium—to the prosecution of the matter, and, oddly enough, in woeing Fortune in this most audacious and presumptuous manner, he proved successful; though, previously, when he had humbled himself in the dirt to implore her for a single smile, she had contemptuously passed onward, bespattering him with mud from her chariot-wheels. And one day John, knowing Daddy's weakness, brought home the five thousand pounds all in notes in the very canvas bag which had been the old man's bank in the days when he was well to do.

"There, father," said Martha, "putting the bag in his hand. And now what will you do with it?"

"What will I do with it?" said the old man. "I'll—I'll keep my promise to Benjy, and buy him that gun!"

"But there's more than will buy the gun, father."

"You don't mean that, Martha?" said the old man.

"Oh yes, father, a heap more."

"Then," said Daddy, "I'll give the rest to John to buy a horse and cart."

"But there's more even than that, father; ever so much more."

"Oh, well, you just keep that for yourself, Martha, for taking care of your old father."

And Daddy, with no elaborate design, but with the simple innocence of a child, which is sometimes wiser than the astute provisions of law, saved the dangerous formalities of will-making and the charges for legacy duty, by handing to his daughter Martha the bag containing all his money.

Besides John even thought of his horse and cart—though that was lurking to a corner of his mind—he regained the tenancy of Daddy's old house, furnished it with as many of the old sticks as he could recover from the breaker's shops, with many splendid new ones besides for the drawing-room, and, when all was done, led Daddy back to his old quarters, and joined him there with Martha and all the family.

But detours had been coming upon poor old Daddy, and he could scarcely be made to understand the change which had taken place in his position. He came at last to fancy that it was a dream, and sitting by the fire-side of an evening, and recognizing his old room peopled with the faces of John and Martha and their children, he would tell his daughter to wake him up by-and-by.

And so he went on dreaming, until one winter's night he woke up in a land where there was no more going to sleep.

And the days of John and Martha are likely to be long and prosperous, for they honored their old father in his age and need, and the bread which they cast upon the waters has come back to them with a blessing.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Give us, reader, if a fit of the "blues" comes over you some day, and you think God and the world have dealt hardly with you, take a trip to the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. It will quieten your sympathies and do you good.

Step into the Eighth Avenue car, and ride up as far as they go—in Manhattanville. Do not be impatient if you have to wait a little here. Take a seat in the shelter car; or, if it is cold, there is a neat room near by where you are welcome to warm your toes while you watch for the omnibus from Harlem. In some cases, a dingy little coach closely packed; but never mind, here is half a seat vacant, and there will not be much room for the cold to gain.

A drive through Germanville would undoubtedly be delightful in summer as the street is lined with many trees, whose bare branches at this season stretch themselves silvery toward the sky. And while you are striving to imagine the change June will bring, the coach stops at the extensive gate of the grounds of the Institution, on Washington Heights, and a short walk brings you to the building itself.

It happened to be on a Monday when we visited the Institution; but every nook and corner was so scrupulously neat as if Monday was not the authorized scrubbing day throughout Christendom. We passed into some of the class-rooms. Intelligent looking lads and girls were asking questions in arithmetic at the blackboard. The teachers, a gentleman and a lady, were both quiet; but it was wonderful to see the ease and grace with which they communicated ideas and the readiness with which their pupils received them.

In another room was a class of older pupils, under the instruction of Mr. Post, the gentlemanly superintendent. Their morning lesson, passages learned from the Bible, had been written by them on the blackboards. One young man had written the texts in French, and was said to be able also to write in Latin.

One exercise was of a very novel and interesting character. We had noticed a drum on the table, and wondered what use it could serve in such an institution. At a sign from their teacher several pupils turned to the blackboard, standing so that they could not see him. He asked us to mention some word; and when he slowly spelled that word by short beats on the drum, using the same symbols for each letter as are used by the operators on the electric telegraph. Though the pupils heard not, some wonderful sensation gave them information, and they wrote each letter as it was indicated by the drum. Similar exercises were repeated several times, and seemed the more strange since the experiment was tried for the first time only five days before.

Our party having been introduced to the class, some of the young ladies wrote a graceful welcome, showing at once ready thought and quick appreciation of ideas.

About four hundred gathered at the dinner-table—French six years old and upward. What a confusion of sounds! Yet no word. A sudden silence; but there is no bowed head, only an earnest turning of every eye to the superintendent, who, in the expressive language of signs, he invoked a blessing. Then a clatter of knives and plates—they unconsciously making more noise than would four hundred talkers. The dinner is plain, yet substantial, and evidently well prepared.

We take our leave marvelling at the intelligence and quickness—the grace of expression and motion—the cheerfulness and happiness which characterize these deaf natives, who, though unfortunate, are yet fortunate in the education they receive in that institution.

The opening of a new hotel in the Central Park will be a matter of much interest to many who seek recreation in that vicinity. It has long been the design of the Commissioners to erect a spacious hotel within the limits of the Park. Instead, however, they have repaired and remodelled a cluster of buildings opposite One Hundredth Street, recently occupied by the Sisters of Charity, and known as "St. Vincent's." The older parts of this series of buildings are full of historic interest. It stood before the Revolution and was known as the McGowan House. It was occupied by the British officers when they held possession of the city; and when the British evacuated New York, General Washington made that house his headquarters. The hotel is tastefully fitted up, and offers entertainment for "men and boys" in the daytime. No lodgings are to be furnished or allowed in the building. Early breakfast, with the fruits of the season, with desserts and hot suppers, and refreshments at all hours are to be provided. An elegant parlor for the reception of ladies is prepared, and the Commissioners have omitted nothing that taste and talent can desire to secure the comfort of visitors. The house is under the charge of Messrs. Estess and Radford, who have kept the Casino since it was opened. Early times and early riders, as well as others, will find a warm welcome and tempting viands at the St. Vincent.

The following hints for the restoration of frozen limbs are given on medical authority:

Do not heat the frost-bitten limb; do not put it into warm water. The water used should be cold, and of about the temperature of thirty-two degrees. Some persons are in the habit of rubbing the frozen or benumbed flesh with snow. The danger is that this will be too cold. If used at all it should be when the air is not excessively cold, or in a room in which the temperature is moderate.

The old proverb, "He who would thrive must rise at five," is constantly scouted in the ears of sleepy morning nappers. There seems, however, to be more rhyme than reason in it; for if

He who would thrive must rise at five,
It must follow, naturally,
He who'd thrive more must rise at four;
and it will insure a consequence that

He who'd still more thriving be
Must leave his bed at four of three;
And who his better would outside
Will rouse him at the stroke of two.

And, by way of climax to it all, it should be held good that

He who'd never be outside
Must ever rise as soon as one.
But the best illustration would be—
He who'd flourish best of all
Should never go to bed at all.

The following advertisement cut from a popular London gazette, gives the answer to a question often asked weekly, "Where do all the waterfalls come from?"

CHIGNONS! CHIGNONS! CHIGNONS! For Sale, by Order of Government, several cwt. of HAMS cut from the HOUSE OF PRINCE GEORGE in conformity with the Regulations established in Her Majesty's Mills throughout the United Kingdom. In Lots, of every description of color. The attention of PRINCE GEORGE'S, PRINCE OF WALES, and others is invited to this opportunity of securing an adequate supply of material for the manufacture of CHIGNONS of every shade and size. A Liberal Allowance will be made to PRINCE GEORGE'S on taking a QUANTITY. — N.B. The whole of the HAMS, representing the average CONDUIT CASE of the United Kingdom, has been carefully subjected to a DISINFECTING PROCESS and exposed to a temperature of 212° Fahrenheit.

As the validity of this advertisement may be questioned, we mention that the gazette in which it appears is one of the most reliable in London, and is published at "Punch Office, 25 Fleet Street," where further inquiry can be made if desired.

At this season of the year a good many novelties in the way of fashions come from London and Paris. Among the new styles of materials for dresses it is said that black and gold colored silk will be very generally worn during the winter months, for ordinary afternoon wear; the yellow, or rather pale orange stripes, being narrow, consequently the color is not the least conspicuous. The dresses are trimmed with black silk and with narrow silk bands, which maintain the gold stripe, seen on half an inch from the edge of the black silk bands. The revers for the front of the bodice are made with the black silk and narrow band; a band of the same is placed round the neck and out of the coat-sleeved sleeves, and a weltband is likewise formed with the same materials. As a fact worth mentioning, it should be observed that wide waistbands are going out of fashion, and that, besides being made considerably narrower, they are now fastened at the left side of the waist with a row of buttons, but without studs.

As collars are worn large and pointed in front, and according to fashionable dimensions at the back, every young lady is wearing large and long streamers of narrow ribbon at the back of their dresses. These ribbons are attached to the top of the bodice in the center of the back, the loops hang downward, and the streamers, although narrow, are a yard and a quarter in length, consequently fall far below the waist. The ribbons should match either the dress or the trimmings; thus with the black-and-gold striped dresses it would be either black velvet, or silk with gold-colored silk edge.

Shoes with wide ends are very much worn at present with downy outdoor toilets, and likewise with evening toilets. They have usually three toes to them, and the richest are made of velvet. Imagine three square ends, longer at the back than the front, studded with either jet or steel beads, and finished off with two lace streamers; this, made in either black or coral velvet, evidence of mainly an evening dress which has lost somewhat of its freshness. These wide shoes are now always fastened on to a small velvet cord which is studded with beads to match. Beads made of silk are cut with pointed ends, and finished off at the points with gold tassels, beads, or fringe.

Many very handsome and novel dresses for evening wear have lately made their appearance; they are trimmed with loops and ends of ribbon, arranged much in the same style as those worn out of doors, only the ribbons are wider, and consist of white moire encased with gold.

The official reception at the Tuileries on the first days of the new year were conducted with the usual magnificence; the most noteworthy being perhaps the ball given. There were some striking toilettes. A young Belgian lady, who was presented, wore a train of white ermine (she pulled it all over, and in the hollow between every puffing a black velvet chrysothromas). The train was fastened on a single hair-dress, cut in the Prussian form, and trimmed all down the centre of the front with bezels of chrysothromas instead of with large buttons, as is usual with that style of dress. The hair-dress was composed of a tulle of chrysothromas, and of a pearl and amethyst comb. This latter was considered to be in most exquisite taste. A white fawn train, worn by a beautiful German Countess, was studded all over with bees represented in violet velvet and gold, and was fastened at the shoulders with gold cord and violet champlevé tassels. Other trains were ornamented with wide sashes having three or four ends, and these sashes had a very good effect, as they trimmed the centre of the train.

At a Christmas-eve party which was given at the Tuileries, and to which only the most intimate among the Court circle were invited, the Empress wore a most charming toilet. It consisted of white tulle, with sprays of foliage made of different shades of green velvet ornamenting the skirt, and tails of white sarcenet the bodice. The hair-dress was fastened with a coronet of white moire, and round the throat her Majesty wore a magnificent pearl necklace. The Queen of Portugal also wore white; a white satin dress, with a tulle train, and over the tulle a cast-iron haquet, made of white satin trimmed with lace; a jet glass heading the lace. A diamond and emerald comb in the hair, and a diamond necklace round the throat.

A curious custom is kept up among the Russian peasantry in some parts of England. On the evening of their marriage the bride sends her betrothed a shirt of her own making. The whole of the house is cunningly embroidered in the form of the carnation and the rose; six rows of roses are represented; the roses, too, are composed of a delicate sort of lace-work. This garment is kept the whole life long—"It is worn at the first marriage festival, and again put on when death comes to summon the old grey-headed man to be wedded to eternity."

DR. BARTH, THE AFRICAN TRAVELER.

DR. HENRICH BARTH, the great and successful explorer of Northern and Central Africa, is so well known by his travels to the whole civilized world that we can not pass in silence over his premature death, which occurred in Berlin on the 25th of November last. His great work, although so large as not to have been read as extensively as one a third as large would have been, is the best portrait of his character; showing alike his modesty, good sense, courage, confidence, and learning. Germany has sent out some of the best, if not the very best, equipped travelers of modern times. It would be hard to find names which in this respect can stand before NIMROD, FORTYK, SHERREN, BURCKHARDT, ROSENBERG, REYLL, HUMBOLDT, ZOLLER, LEHRMANN, and BARTH. Among these the last-named is admitted as par excellence; and although not child's play without warping at the age of only forty-five years, he has lived long enough to see his name among the foremost of living geographers, as well as to have completed two great enterprises—the scientific examination of the whole North-African Basin, as well as the exploration of Northern and Northern Central Africa, doing in both cases a work which had been accomplished by no predecessor.

His first great work is much less familiarly known among us than the second, and for this reason I may allude more fully to it, as, after all, it was the natural goal of all his earlier years. Bahr's career may be divided into two sections, one of which was completed, the other of which was left incomplete. The goal of his youth was to examine the Mediterranean Basin, the geographical mother, as he thought, of all civilization. The goal of his later years was to prepare a grammar of the North African languages, a work for which his philological attainments eminently fitted him. This work has been left incomplete, and I know not who can walk in his footsteps and bring it to a conclusion.

The son of a prosperous Hamburg merchant, Bahr enjoyed the advantages of pecuniary independence his whole life long. While at school in his native city he was remarkable for the same qualities which characterized him as a man—modesty, reserve, boldness, zeal, industry, and talents. He entered Berlin University in 1839, and studied philology and geography mainly, his instructors being the eminent BODER, CURTIUS, GRUBER, and RYTER. His desire to see something even then of the Mediterranean Basin led him to Italy and Sicily, where he spent four months, and where he conceived the plan, to be executed at the close of his academical career, of following the whole course of Phœnician colonization on the shores of the Mediterranean. This goal he kept steadily in sight. In 1845 he went to England, acquired the Arabic language, took letters to the English consuls of the Levant, and then set out on his first great tour. He passed rapidly through France, over the Pyrenees, and spent four weeks at Madrid. Thence he journeyed on to Cadix and Tarik, where his true tour commenced. Here, at the pillars of Hercules, he was at an outpost of European travel. My brief space will only allow me giving the slightest abstract of his course. He touched the African coast at Tangier, passed on to Tunis and Tripoli, explored the ruins of Carthage and Utica, Cyrene and Bera. Arriving on the Egyptian frontier, he was attacked by Bedouins, wounded, and robbed of every thing valuable, including what he most prized—his note-book filled with observations on the way. The work which he wrote and published after his return shows the excellence of his memory; and happily he had been in constant intercourse with his brother, Captain SCHUCHT of Dresden, and the letters to him proved of unexpected value after the loss of the original notes.

He passed up the Nile to the second Cataract, then through Arabia Petrea, Palestine, and Asia Minor, and so back to Berlin, where he became a lecturer at the University, and prepared his first volume of his travels. The cost of the whole expedition was \$11,000 gold. It was worth all it cost to him, however, as a preparation for the next expedition, which was the great work of the next few years.

It is impossible for me, knowing Dr. Bahr as well as I did, to condense the matter which would be interesting to American readers into the brief space at my command. His own volumes contain, however, a full transcript of his later African life. That work was written in English at Halle in German by Bahr, who spoke and wrote our language perfectly. During the last five years he has been Professor in Berlin University. At the time of his death (which was caused by a mistake of his physician, who gave him six grains of tartar emetic to relieve a slight attack of dyspepsia) he was lecturing on the Mediterranean Basin, and preparing his work on the languages of Northern Africa. It aggravates his loss immeasurably to think that he was murdered, but it is too late to save him. I had a long conversation with him less than a week before his death. He was then in perfect health. His bronzed face still bore the impress of African



BLIND TOM—THE CELEBRATED NEGRO PIANIST.—(Painted by BERNARD RICHMOND, BALTIMORE.)

travel, as well as of the journey through Albania, which he made this last summer. He called himself perfectly well; and he who was spared while both his companions, RICHMOND and OSKOVNA, succumbed to the African climate, lived so full by the carelessness, not of an apothecary's clerk, but of an educated physician.

The portrait of Bahr, on page 84, is from a very accurate photograph taken a few years before his death. He was of medium height, thickly and strongly built, with a noble brow, deep though not large eyes, a reticent manner, and great modesty in speaking of his own achievements. He used to be a great admirer of England and the English, but within the last few years his admiration had much subsided; but he continued the friend of America and Americans. He went seldom into society, and it is worthy of record that the last time when he appeared in a social gathering was just one week before his death, at a soirée of Americans at Governor Wallace's. Dr. Bahr was never married; but his life was not without its romantic side, a disappointment in love having been the impelling cause

of his joining the African expedition. The same mighty passion which made KÖNNER a soldier made Bahr an explorer.

Boston, Jan. 4, 1864.

W. I. GLEN.

TOM, THE BLIND NEGRO PIANIST.

This extraordinary boy, who has for several months astonished and delighted the thousands who have had the good fortune to witness the marvellous demonstrations of his wonderful genius, was born near the city of Columbus, in the State of Georgia, about the 25th of May, 1849. Shut out from all knowledge of the external world but such as could be acquired by hearing and by touch, his whole being seemed to be open to and occupied by touch and sound. No matter what its character; the moan of pain, the cry of anger, the harsh grating of the corn-sheller, the roar of the thunder, and the soft breathings of the flute, all were music to him.

Before he was two years of age Blind Tom sang every thing he heard. When the young ladies of

the family, upon their return from school, sat upon the steps and sang, Tom came and sang with them; and such were the facility and correctness with which he took up the air, that they were impressed with the belief that he did not have to learn the tune, but that upon hearing the first note he knew intuitively the balance. Soon without knowing, but from the promptings of nature, that there was any such thing, he began to sing seconds.

At about four years of age he heard the sound of a piano for the first time. Upon the arrival of the instrument he was amusing himself as usual in the yard. The first touch of the keys brought him into the parlor, he was permitted to run his fingers over the keys simply to gratify his curiosity, and to indulge his propensity to make a noise; this luxury he enjoyed occasionally only, as he could chance to find the parlor empty and the piano open. Very soon, however, between midnight and day, he found his way into the parlor, the piano having been left open, and the young ladies were awakened by the sound of the instrument. To their astonishment they heard Tom playing one of their pieces; and the coming of morning found him still at the piano. After this he was allowed to play occasionally, and his powers were so rapidly and so astonishingly developed that in a little time he was permitted to go to the piano at his pleasure. From that day he has played every thing he has heard. He is still developing new and startling powers, the existence of which has been heretofore unknown to the musical world, and the possessor of which seems to have been vouchsafed by the power of God to Tom alone.

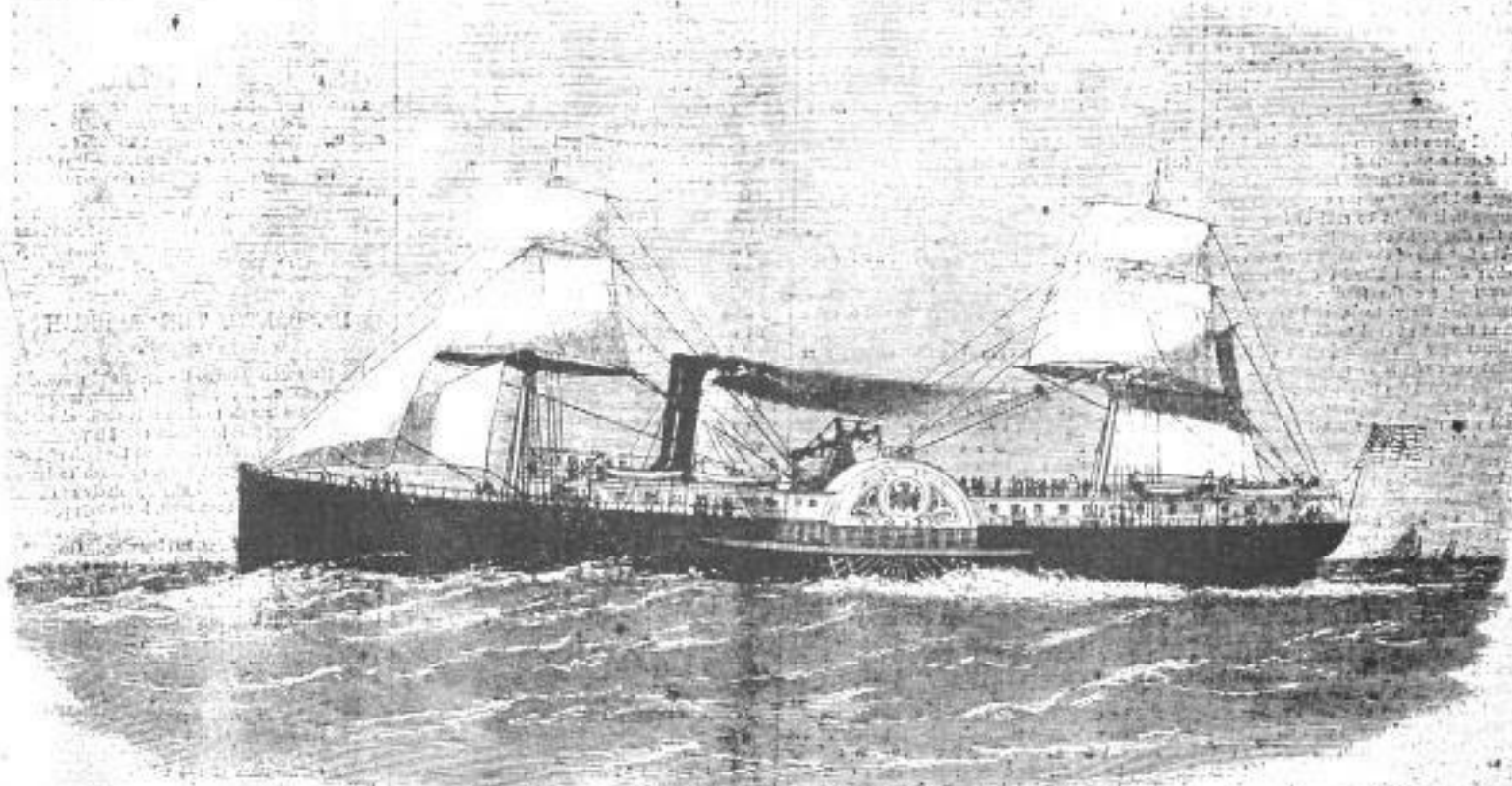
Seventeen teachers of music in Philadelphia spontaneously testify over their own signatures as follows:

"The undersigned find it impossible to account for these marvellous results upon any hypothesis growing out of the known laws of art and science. In the numerous tests to which Tom was subjected in our presence, or by us, he invariably gave us satisfaction. Whether in deciding the pitch or comparing parts of chords the most difficult and obscure, whether in repeating with correctness and precision any piece, written or impromptu, played to him for the first and only time, whether in his improvisations or performance of compositions by MOZART, GOSSETT, SCHUBERT, VIVALDI, and others—in fact, under every form of musical examination and the experiments are too numerous to enumerate, he showed a power and capacity ranking him among the most wonderful phenomena recorded in musical history."

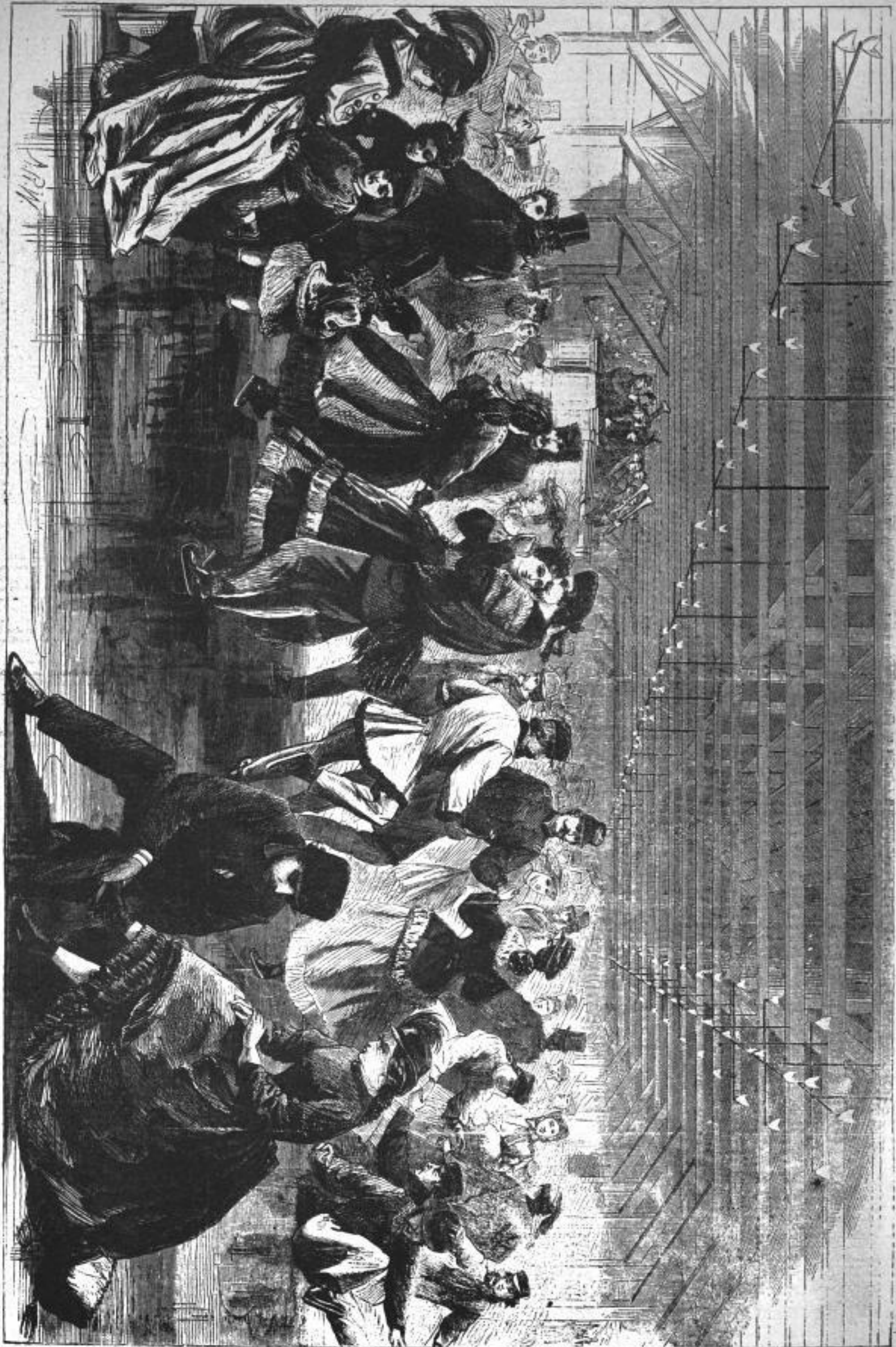
Blind Tom plays with wonderful effect some pieces of his own composition. One of these he composed when he was not yet five years old. It was immediately after a storm, and he called it, "What the wind, the thunder, and the rain said to him." Another he composed after hearing the various excited accounts of the first Bull Run battle. The imitation of the setting out and approach of both armies, the skirmishing, the fight, the whistle announcing the approach of KERRY SMITH'S reinforcements, and the terrible retreat, is wonderful, and brings tears to the eyes of his audience. He plays a variety of the most difficult music of the great authors, with a delicacy of touch and a power of expression such as is rarely heard. Blind Tom, we are informed, goes to Europe in Spring.

SKATING IN CHICAGO.

OTHER cities besides New York have their skating ponds, though they do not rival in size our Central Park lakes. We give on page 85 a representation of the interior of the "Great Skating Rink" at Chicago. This is the largest institution of the kind in this country, covering 18,100 square feet of surface. Here are daily and nightly congregated the elite of the City of the Lakes, and the scenes represented by our artist when the waltzers are in motion and the fancy skaters are showing their skill, all under a flood of light from reflectors above, is brilliant in the extreme.



THE NEW STEAMSHIP "RISING STAR."—(SKETCHED BY C. R. PARSONS.—[SEE PAGE 84.]



THE GREAT SKATING "RINK" AT CHICAGO.—[See Page 92.]

THE REISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY



Vol. X.—No. 477.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1866.

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CENTRAL CITY, COLORADO.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]



A GAMBLING SCENE IN DENVER CITY, COLORADO.—SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 163.]

THE UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO
FEB 17 1866

Vertical text on the left margin, including 'Bend', 'THE UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO', and various small notices.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1866.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.

THE Amendment to the Constitution, of which we spoke last week, has been passed by a triumphant majority in the House. Of course our view of its adequacy to obtain unaided the special result sought is unchanged, but as one of a series of measures designed to secure certain indispensable ends—which is probably the truer light in which to regard it—it may yet appear to be wise. If, for instance, as Mr. STEVENS urges, this is all that the country will now bear, while the discussions and delays consequent upon its passage will educate the public mind to further essential measures, the objections to it as an independent proposition will disappear.

But lest any one should be inclined to think this sole amendment enough, let us look at its probable operation. Mr. STEVENS says that the ambition of political power is the strongest feeling of the white people in the Southern States, and that this will induce them, under the pressure of the amendment, to enfranchise the colored population. Now it is perfectly clear that this feeling, which undoubtedly exists, is controlled by another just as powerful, and that is the feeling of caste. That the proposed amendment is intended to make it the interest of the white inhabitants of every State to overcome this feeling we do not deny, and that it may ultimately do so is very possible. But we have a very plain duty to the living generation of the colored population, and we have no right to sacrifice them to an ulterior advantage. Let us see, then, what would be the probable operation of this sole amendment.

In the State of South Carolina the population is about equally divided between the white and colored citizens. Let us suppose that it has now three representatives, and would lose one of them if the colored basis were excluded, and would gain three if it were counted. There are no people who know better than the whites of South Carolina that the colored men are not born fools. Their instincts are as good as other men's, and their knowledge, if not of the reading and writing kind, is quite sufficient to inform them who were their friends in the late war. With every advantage apparently upon the master's side, the colored population were against him. Despite the liberal lying, the unblushing and consistent story that the Yankees were coming to sell them to Cuba, or that they would be left to starve and freeze; despite the insane orders of HALLGREN and McCLELLAN, which were the most convincing apparent proof of the truth of such representations, the colored population believed in the Yankees with an unshaken faith; the name of "Lexington" was as sweet to their hearts as that of liberty, and the whites could not coax or drive the blacks to fight for them.

The war ended, and for ten months the same whites have shown the bitterest hostility to the blacks, and both sides know it. On what ground of reason or experience is it supposed that, if the blacks were enfranchised, whether by the State or the Nation, they would vote with the late masters? Nobody knows better than the whites that they would not. Why, then, should the white population wish to neutralize the three representatives whom they now elect and control? Rather than do it they would infinitely prefer to lose one that they might still have two. That is human nature, and especially Southern human nature, as much as the desire of political power. Indeed that is what the whites would do if they wished to retain political power. For they know that the three supposed representatives upon the colored basis would act with the liberal party of the country, while the three of the white basis would ally themselves to the Democratic or Tory party. As sagacious men, therefore, they would prefer to have two voices for their own purposes rather than no voice at all. And how could we excuse ourselves for having delivered the freedmen into the hands of the whites upon the plea that we thought we had devised a method of inducing the latter to be just? Mr. BRUCE deprecates rigor in the treatment of the Southern States; but, unless the report misrepresents him, he said in his Philadelphia speech, at the Freedmen's Anniversary Meeting, that the one point upon which he could not trust the white Southern brethren was their treatment of the colored population.

Other objections to the amendment as an independent proposition might be easily stated. But its intention is right, and it will doubtless be followed by other suggestions from the Committee. The object of the amendment is to punish arbitrary deprivation of political power, based upon race or color, by reduced representation, and no object could be more laudable. Thus the State of New York politically discriminates against a part of her population, not on account of ignorance or incapacity, but of color; a discrimination as outrageously unfair as

if it were based upon bodily height or weight. The amendment will exclude that part of the population from being reckoned in the basis of representation. It may, indeed, be so distributed in the various districts as not to affect the whole number of representatives, but any national act imposing a penalty upon the indulgence in so unmanly and demoralizing a prejudice will hasten a reform. Meanwhile the colored voter in the State will not be deprived of his vote, and he will be very sure to cast that vote for the men and measures which will soonest make the organic law of the State conform to common-sense and equal rights.

A PREPOSTEROUS BALANCE.

THE balance in the Sub-Treasury, on the evening of January 31, was about \$105,000,000, of which over half was gold and silver coin. This is a larger balance than could be shown by any other civilized government in the world. It is considerably more than our whole annual national expenditure used to be before the war. It is nearly one-third of our whole annual national expenditure now. The question arises, how comes this extraordinary accumulation of money in the Treasury at a time when the taxes are so extremely oppressive? How is it that Government, which finds it necessary to levy fifteen separate taxes on the manufacture of a book, can contrive to accumulate several cords of legal-tender money, and ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE TONS OF GOLD COIN in its vaults?

We have heard of no considerable amount of suspended requisitions. The army, the navy, and the contractors have all been or are being paid off. Nothing is heard now about the delays of Government, which used to be such a standard topic of denunciation a year or so since. Congress is "shutting down" pretty firmly on private claims for damages arising out of the war. Under the circumstances, the revenue being in fact in excess of the expenditure, what does the Treasury do with a balance of \$105,000,000?

If we examine in detail the accounts of the Treasury Department we shall find that on the day on which this extraordinary balance was shown the Government held \$114,000,000 of money belonging to individuals, and deposited in the Treasury on call after ten days at 4, 5, and 6 per cent. interest. A very insignificant proportion of this money was drawing 4 and 5 per cent.; the great bulk was drawing 6 per cent. interest. Assuming that the whole amount drew 5½ per cent., Government was paying \$5,270,000 per annum for its use, or \$17,500 a day—and was not using it. On what theory can such extravagance be justified?

If a funding loan is to be placed on the market in this month of February, and the deposit certificates are to be received in payment for the bonds at par and interest, one might perhaps understand the squandering of \$100,000 a week for a few weeks in the payment of interest on money that is not wanted, and lies idle in the Treasury. Otherwise there is no excuse for such mismanagement; and before Congress commits to Mr. McCULLOCH the exorbitant powers granted by the Ways and Means bill, it may be well for some member to ascertain why this \$100,000 a week has been wasted? The country is not in a condition to waste any money. Though the people, with their old whole-souled obedience to law, are paying taxes steadily just as they are exacted of them, there is none the less a feeling among all classes that Government is drawing at least as much money as it ought from individual pockets, and it is an outrage to throw any of it away through errors of policy.

Another point. Of the Treasury balance shown on 1st February about \$52,000,000 were in coin. What did the Government want with all this gold if no immediate attempt was to be made to resume specie payments? For over a week gold has been so scarce in this city that ½ @ ½ of 1 per cent. have been paid for its use for a single day. This scarcity has not been occasioned by any export of coin—for exchange has ruled steadily below the point at which coin can be profitably exported; it has been wholly due to the withdrawal from general circulation of over fifty million dollars by the Treasury Department. It need hardly be explained that coin once received at the United States Sub-Treasuries is practically lost to commerce until it is disbursed. So long as it remains in the banks it can be loaned out or used in any way that is required. Once in the Sub-Treasury it might just as well be at the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico, so far as any benefit to trade is concerned. During the year 1865 Government sold its surplus gold as fast as it accumulated in the Treasury vaults. The sales were injudicious; they were secret; no one could be sure that Government was selling until the deliveries were made; and thus the operations of the Sub-Treasurer were the basis of much speculation. But had as this practice was, it was infinitely better than hoarding the gold idly in the Treasury vaults.

We pretend to no knowledge of the purposes of the Secretary of the Treasury. It is questionable whether he has any set purpose beyond the general one of resuming specie pay-

ments as soon as he can. It may be his scheme to accumulate gold enough in the Sub-Treasury to resume specie payments suddenly, in which case the national banks and most of the merchants would inconspicuously break. In his report he avowed his desire for a gradual resumption. In this event, it is difficult to see why he absorbs all the floating gold of the country in the Sub-Treasuries, and thus renders it easy for speculators for the rise to keep up the price.

For many months the course of the Treasury Department has led financiers to suspect that it was "adrift." No great mistakes have been made. But there has been an obvious absence of direct policy in one specific direction. General GRANT and President JOHNSON have kept down the price of gold, and the cotton growers of the South have settled the balance of trade. It is possible that matters have been as well managed thus as they would have been if Secretary McCULLOCH had interfered at every juncture and attempted to control the spheres. But there is surely a limit to "masterly inactivity." It is surely not masterly to pay 6 or 5 per cent. per annum for money that is not wanted, or to create a scarcity of gold by piling up a hundred tons of coin in the Sub-Treasury before resumption is contemplated.

THE COTTON CROP.

WHEN the war ended the cotton dealers and Southern planters assured us that there was no cotton worth mentioning at the South, and that under the free-labor system none would be raised for years. After the lapse of a few weeks, however, a certain number of bales began to come forward, and the authorities in the trade then reluctantly began to admit that there might be 1,250,000 bales on hand. We have already received more than this, and the best-informed circles now estimate that not less than 2,500,000 bales will come forward before 1st September—worth, at present prices, 50 per cent. more than the largest crop ever raised in this country.

Again, until within a few weeks, the partisans of the defunct institution of Slavery were positive that the negro would not work in a state of freedom, and that many many years would elapse before even so small a crop as a million bales was raised at the South. For some weeks this theory has been exploded, and it has begun to be admitted that the crop of 1865 will be 1,500,000 bales. A fortnight since, the best-informed authorities, after a careful examination of the area of land that was likely to be planted, and of the amount of labor that could be relied on, came to the conclusion that, under favorable circumstances, the crop might reach 2,500,000 bales. And now the trade seem agreed that, if no accident happens, we may have a crop exceeding 3,000,000 bales.

Two results will follow. In the first place, the price of cotton must fall, and with it the price of cotton goods which have been selling at exorbitant prices. And, secondly, our friends in Europe will find it much more difficult to pay us for the cotton we shall send them, and with which they can not dispense, than we shall to pay them for the goods we are importing.

THE REVENUE COMMISSION REPORT.

THE Report of the Internal Revenue Commission is received with universal favor. It is both practical and philosophical, and is in itself an admirable illustration of one of its own observations—the advantage, namely, of putting the right men in the right places. If all other commissions for all other purposes in this country were filled with men who were peculiarly fitted for the work; if all the degrees and varieties of office in the Government Departments were occupied by men trained for their duties, the economy and efficiency of the Government would be incalculably increased. Fortunately, the choice for the peculiarly arduous undertaking of investigating the confusion of the present Revenue system, and of recommending one which should be at once comprehensive, simple, and effective, fell upon those who were signally competent.

The Report is written in the plainest and most intelligible style, and without a single weakening touch of rhetoric. It finds fault with the extreme diffuseness of the present system, producing a paralyzing reduplication of taxes, and consequent high prices. As a most striking illustration it presents the very case of the book manufacture, which we have earnestly exposed in these columns, and of umbrellas; and it recommends a repeal of all excise duties upon printed publications.

But this is in accord with the principle which the Report considers should be fundamental in a wise revenue system—an entire exemption of all manufacturing industry from all direct taxation, excepting distilled and fermented liquors, tobacco, and a few other articles, for the reason that such taxes check the industrial development, which is the producer of national wealth. The Report proposes, therefore, to draw the revenue from a few sources; and after an exhaustive and unexaggerated survey of

these sources, it estimates an aggregate revenue for the year ending June 30, 1867, of \$367,000,000, about two-thirds of which are to be derived from customs, distilled spirits, fermented liquors, tobacco, and its manufactures, cotton, coal oil, and spirits of turpentine and resin. The other third will be derived from licenses, incomes, salaries, banks, stamps, gross receipts, sales, legacies, and successions, with miscellaneous receipts. Adding to this sum the amount derived in 1865 from the taxes on industry, the gross revenue possible under the present rates, with the proposed amendments, would be \$435,000,000. Then allowing \$16,000,000 increase in the estimates of the Secretary of the Treasury for the year ending June 30, 1867, which will make \$303,000,000, and setting aside \$50,000,000 for the reduction of the principal of the national debt, there will remain a surplus, assuming the estimates to be correct, of \$85,000,000 for the reduction of taxation.

The recommendations of the Report for immediate action relate exclusively to the reduction of the present excessive duplication of taxes, which would not seriously impair the revenue. The adoption of further reduction should depend upon the experiment of another year; and indeed the Commission recommends that the change from the old to the new system should be made only so fast as experience shows to be perfectly safe.

The reasoning of the Report is conclusive upon the great principle involved: its recommendations seem to us generally most judicious, and its exposition of the power of the country to sustain its burden are a singular confirmation of the substantial correctness and value of the little pamphlet, "Our Burden and our Strength," which was prepared during the war by Commissioner DAVID A. WELLS, and which gave to our foreign friends, like JOHN STUART MILL, and RICHARD CONDON, and JOHN BRIGHT, a new and surprising ground of faith in our success. The present Report is of so universal and vital an interest, and so simply stated, that every man in the country should ponder it.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. A. T. STEWART has been doing a very disagreeable but a very necessary public service in summoning the law to notify certain editors and correspondents that they can not publish the defamatory rumors concerning conspicuous men, which are always circulating in a great city, without being held to the strictest responsibility. A libel suit is always so unpleasant that most men are content to "take no notice of what the papers say." But the substance of many of the letters written from New York to newspapers in various parts of the country is personal gossip; and the temptation to seize a shining mark and regale the country with "spicy" scandal is found to be very irresistible. The habit has been growing into an intolerable nuisance which Mr. STEWART'S decided action will tend radically to abate.

But this fondness of gossip about noted persons is not confined to Yankees. Foreign critics are very apt to accuse American travelers of unpardonable personalities in their descriptions, and TRACKERAY sharply satirizes the Yankee tourist for this offense in "Vanity Fair." But our sins of gossip about foreigners are white as snow compared with those of the foreigners, often well recommended and really agreeable and accomplished men, who come to see us and then go home to write about us. Their "trivial fond records" show that there is, especially perhaps in France, another standard of true gentlemanly conduct than in the United States.

The personal memoirs and diaries of sagacious men who are thrown into interesting society are always agreeable and valuable; but the kind of literature known as personal gossip is as respectable as the tittle-tattle of the kitchen or of the bar-room, and can really gratify tastes that look no further for enjoyment. There are certain proprieties which are as sacred in the case of every public man, whatever may be his distinction, as they are in that of the most private individual; and it is just as impertinent a folly to tell us how often General GRANT changes his collar as to make the same interesting revelation about an unimportant private soldier. There is a kind of strictly personal detail which should be reserved for biography.

No arbitrary rules can be laid down to regulate custom; every personal description in literature, but every gentleman instinctively feels when they are violated, and the inevitable effect of their violation is to close the doors of those whose society would naturally be sought with curiosity by foreigners as well as natives. Besides, it concerns the honor of the literary guild that every man who holds a pen shall not by the frequent misuse of the pen come to be considered a bravo who may whip out his weapon at any moment and transfix you before the world.

The public are not entitled to more of the time of any man, however famous, than his duties demand or his inclination allows. Yet how many persons, because they delight in a

poet's poetry, for instance, do not hesitate to consume his time in tyrannical vicissitudes of curiosity, from which it is not always easy for him to extricate himself. He is forced to seem cheerful when he is merely asserting that his house is his castle. Of course he will not seem so to those who wish to offer the homage of sympathy and respect, even if he does seclude himself. They will understand that if he would do his week he can not always be the host of strangers, however kindly may be the mutual feeling.

But that American travelers have a peculiar relish for seeing or describing notable persons, or that our descriptions peculiarly transcend the fair bounds of such literature, we can not believe. Cousins Johnny Bull and Crapau are even more addicted to gossip than we. A fine observer who is a gentleman will paint portraits in his travels with the most delicate hand, as Emerson does in describing Lamon and Carlyle. But a traveler with the spirit of an admiring barber will confound fair and unfair details in a huge swath of gossip.

And how they might be paid off in their own coin! An indignant gentleman was speaking of a really cultivated and eminent foreigner who had the most desirable introductions in this country; and when he returned wrote about our most conspicuous men. "He staid with my friend X," said the indignant gentleman, "and in his book he spoke of his personal habits. I should like to speak of his personal habits, and I would inform the world that this prodigious critic allowed himself one shirt a week. On Sunday morning it was clean. Then his waistcoat and coat were thrown fully open. On Monday the waistcoat was closed a little. On Tuesday a little more. On Wednesday the ends of the cravat were suffered to appear over the bosom. On Thursday they quite overspread it. On Friday the waistcoat closed up entirely. On Saturday there was nothing but cravat to be seen. On Sunday there was the full effulgence of the clean shirt again, coat and waistcoat generously thrown open, and an imperceptible cravat."

No man can defend himself against the ingenious ridicule of an author, or from his well-meaning absurdity. But when the criticism or description descends to the most odious and unclean charges, if he refuses to censure it and invokes the law, he puts every lover of public decency under obligation.

MR. STEVENS'S RHETORIC.

In the first reports of Mr. STEVENS'S speech before the vote was taken upon the Amendment there were several allusions to the President which were the grossest insults. The speaker was said by the papers to have called the President "the pundit at the other end of the avenue," and "the man at the other end of the avenue;" and every decent reader was disgusted. But in the later reports it seems that the expression was "high authority at the other end of the avenue introduced through an unusual conduit"—the latter word being evidently mistaken by the reporters.

Yet while this correction is made the foolish sarcasm is still plain enough. "We shall not trouble President Johnson by sending him this Amendment, if it should be passed by Congress, because it is not necessary to submit it to him for his approval." And again: "We do not send it to him and ask his opinion about it, and therefore it was all the more kind in him to send us his opinion without being asked for it." The folly of such talk under the circumstances is incredible. There may be times when sarcasm is wise; but if Mr. Stevens is of opinion that this is the time when sarcasm directed against the President is useful in the speeches of the President's party in Congress, it is but another proof of his singular incapacity as a leader.

Mr. STEVENS would justify his remarks by repeating what he said in his speech, that the reported conversation of the President with a Senator was an attempt to coerce Congress, and that similar conduct in other countries would have cost a king his head. Mr. STEVENS is ardent and rhetorical; but as the members of Congress are constantly going to the White House and talking with the President, who freely states his views, we can not see the enormity of his conduct in expressing his private opinion upon the subjects of which his opinion is asked. If, however, the matter be a grave one, and then under discussion in Congress, we may regret that peculiar publicity should be given to the conversation. But it is surely unnecessary to give the worst interpretation to the incident. The President must be a much duller man than even the Democratic journals and orators declare him to be, if he does not know that the infallible way of insuring the passage of a measure which he disapproves is the mere appearance of an attempt to coerce Congress. That would be the most unpardonable insult which could be offered to the people of the United States; and the assumption of such an attempt, except upon the plainest grounds, would be an equal insult to the President. He may think, as he is reported to have said, that legislation upon suffrage in the District of Columbia is un-

timely and unwise; but as he knows that Congress is the supreme and only Legislature of the District, it by no means follows that he would think it a timely or wise act to veto an overwhelming expression of its will.

The course of Mr. STEVENS invites a quarrel between those whom time and mature deliberation might readily harmonize, and most therefore be deprecated by all thoughtful men. "Let us be practical," he said to Mr. SCHUYLER, in asking him to yield a favorite plan. Certainly, let us be practical. Let us also be firm and clear-sighted. Let us not betray any interest confided to us, and not be hood-winked or seduced. But let us also understand that honest men may honestly differ, and that the height of folly is to insist upon the alienation of those whose union is essential to success.

MAGNANIMITY AND CONCILIATION.

In his late speech Mr. RAYMOND said that he "would exclude from Federal office the leading actors in the conspiracy which led to the rebellion in every State;" and then added: "The courage and devotion on either side, which made it [the contest] so terrible and so long, no longer owe a divided duty, but have become the common property of the American name, the priceless possession of the American Republic through all time to come. The dead of the contending hosts sleep beneath the soil of a common country, and under the folds of its common flag. Their hostilities are hushed, and they are the dead of the nation for evermore."

But surely if the rebel dead, who died, so to speak, in their sins, are worthy of this tender national regard, it would be very hard in the nation politically to disable forever the rebel living who may truly repent. For instance: WISE of Virginia, KEITT of South Carolina, COME of Georgia, and BARNESDALE of Mississippi, were "leading actors in the conspiracy which led to the rebellion." They all took up arms. KEITT and BARNESDALE were killed. COME and WISE survive. Now if KEITT and BARNESDALE are to be considered "the dead of the nation," why, in the name of fair play, are WISE and COME to be dishonored and disfranchised by the nation? If two men engage in a criminal undertaking, and one is killed in the act and the other escapes, how can a nation be considered sincere in respecting the "courage and devotion" of the fallen if it stigmatizes the survivors? The sincerity and bravery of many of the Colonial Tories who fought against their fellow-countrymen in the Revolution were unquestionable; but we are not aware that they were ever considered the "priceless possessions" of the country. We trust that moral confusion is not essential to magnanimity, nor stultification to conciliation.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE.

The coincidence of the appearance of cholera and of the cattle plague is remarkable, and it is striking that no effectual preventer is yet discovered for either. The loss of stock in Great Britain is already so great that most earnest attention is given to the subject, and while Commissions are investigating and advising, the whole history of the subject is faithfully explored.

It appears that the cattle plague, from Pharaoh's " grievous murrain" down to our time, has been constantly known, and during the sixth century it was especially severe. The armies of Charlemagne with their necessary supplies, strewing whole countries with decaying carcases, are held responsible for the pestilence at that time, as armies are responsible for some other of the fearful scourges of humanity. The *Nordt Deutsches Bevier*, which contains an interesting paper upon the subject, says that the wars of the eighteenth century, also, generated the cattle plague, and that in the three years, from 1711 to 1714, 1,500,000 cattle died of it in Western Europe. It lasted seven years in Italy, and Holland, in ten years, lost more than 200,000 cattle. In eight years after the death of Charles VI. three millions of cattle died of the plague in Central and Western Europe. Between 1745 and 1758 at least 500,000 were destroyed by the disease in Great Britain; and the *Review* says that no method of cure tried in 1863 was not tried in 1745 and found wanting. It is computed that during the eighteenth century, from 1711 to 1726, more than 200,000,000 of horned cattle were swept away by the plague in Western Europe.

The result of research and comparison is, that the pest proceeds from the steppes of European Russia. The lower part of the Dnieper is bordered by Russian provinces which breed some 8,000,000 cattle, among which the plague always prevails. The stock sent from these steppes to Polish and Austrian markets introduce the disease, which then penetrates Europe. The neighboring countries struggle to keep out these herds. Prussia destroys even birds and dogs that might convey the plague, but when it is smuggled in it is trampled out wherever it appears. Austria is not so rigorous or so suc-

cessful. It is supposed that 100,000 infected cattle pass yearly into Hungary and Galicia, and in the former country it is now destroying sheep as well as horned beasts. The Hungarian cattle known as Dutch beasts are often seen in the London markets, and they are supposed to have brought the present plague into England.

The disease is apparently very contagious. Dogs, sheep, pigeons, hens which have pecked among the affected cattle; the attendants on the sick beasts; ponds and streams into which sheds of diseased animals have been drained; high winds and public roads along which the herds have been driven—all retain and convey the deadly virus. The disease appears in five or seven days after the poison is taken into the system; and although upon the steppes inoculation has checked the disease, it fails to arrest it elsewhere until it has coursed through seven or eight beasts; and it is remarked that the pestilence increases in intensity and fatality as it spreads northward.

The British Commission appointed to investigate the subject have decided that the only way to arrest the spread of the disease is to prohibit the movement of cattle, thus confining the ravages to one district. It is in accordance with this conclusion that Mr. WATSWORTH, of Illinois, introduced his bill into Congress forbidding the present importation of cattle. The latest accounts from England make the loss at the present time, in consequence of the plague, about 10,000 a week. An efficient and universal act of prohibition of import during the rage of the pestilence would doubtless save our own stock from its ravages, and it is the interest of the whole country that such an act should be stringently enforced.

THE CITY HEALTH BILL.

SENATOR WHITE, of the Onondaga District in this State, was one of the Committee appointed last year by the Senate to investigate our municipal affairs; and the curious and interesting knowledge he then acquired he has lately made effective in a remarkable speech in the Senate upon the Health Bill. In the course of his remarks he spoke of the enormous number of subordinate officers now employed in that Department under its present partisan auspices. He read the names of some of these officers, and said that it seemed to be a prerequisite to such an appointment that every man should be a liquor dealer by profession and an Irishman by descent. Their ignorance, he said, was appalling. All the officers brought before the Committee—and it will be remembered that these are the persons to whom the care of the public health is now confided—were asked if they understood Hygiene. Some were of opinion that they had it had in some quarters; some thought it did not prevail much; and one officer told the Committee that Hygiene was the bad smell that arose from stagnant water! It is matter of dearest public gratitude that at least one of the guardians of the municipal health knew that stagnant water does not smell sweetly.

Senator WHITE did not claim that his own party would manage the Health Department altogether better than that which is now responsible for it, although he might have safely urged that it could not manage it worse. But he is reported to have said that very much of the shameful swindle of the present Health system was due to its partisan character, and he most forcibly opposed making the one proposed party machine. The opponents of the bill, as reported, claim that it is merely an extension of the power of the Police Commission, and through that of a certain political faction. But it is pretty clear that the objection comes from those who would not oppose the bill if it gave their own friends the ascendancy. And meanwhile we shall be glad if so imperatively necessary a measure as the reported bill should become a law before these words are printed.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 20: In the Senate, a joint resolution was adopted, authorizing the payment of \$20,000 to defray the expenses of the Committee of Fifteen.—Mr. DOUGLASS offered a resolution which was adopted, calling upon the President for a copy of the report of General Sherman of his observations in the States within his department in his recent tour of inspection.—Mr. TREMBULL, from the Judiciary Committee, reported that John A. Jackson, of New Jersey, had been duly elected Senator, and was admitted to a seat from the 4th of March, 1865.—There was a long debate on the Civil Rights Bill.

In the House, the Constitutional Amendment on representation and taxation was recommended to the Committee of Fifteen without instructions.—A resolution was agreed to instructing the Committee on Claims to reject all claims referred to them for consideration by citizens of any of the States lately in rebellion until otherwise ordered.

January 21: In the Senate, a joint resolution of Thanks to Admiral Farragut and his men was adopted. In the House, a new rule was adopted forbidding the use of the Hall by "senators for any other than legislative purposes."—Mr. STEVENS, from the Committee of Fifteen, reported back the Constitutional Amendment relating to representation. As thus reported, the amendment has no relation to taxation. It reads as follows: "Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union, according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed, provided whenever the elective franchise shall be denied or abridged in any State on account of race or color, it

persons thereof of such race or color shall be excluded from the basis of representation." The resolution, submitted to the Senate on the 10th inst., was reported by Messrs. Hale, Davis, Raymond, Elliot, McKetta, Davis, and other Union members voted in the negative, and it was opposed to the principle, but because very objectionable in its present shape, and in the power exercised by the Committee in reporting it.

January 2: In the Senate, Mr. TREMBULL'S amendment to the bill of Civil Rights was adopted, 81 to 10. The amendment declares all persons born in the United States not subject to foreign Powers, except Indians not taxed, to be citizens of the United States without distinction on account of color.

In the House, the bill was passed providing that nobody originally registered as an American vessel, and which during the rebellion sailed under a foreign flag, shall be deemed or registered as an American vessel, except by special provision of Congress. According to the statement of the Secretary of the Treasury, \$6,000,000 have been transferred to foreign flag during the war, leaving 1,600,000 tons in the hands of our citizens, who are now in want of vessels to do our carrying trade—single vessels.

January 2: In the Senate, Mr. DOUGLASS offered an amendment to the bill of Civil Rights, making the right to vote a condition. The amendment was reported by a vote of 12 to 49 against it. The bill was then passed, 52 to 12. The bill is very similar in its provisions to one of the sections in the bill for enlarging the President's term.

In the House, nearly the whole session was occupied in debate on the question of reconsidering the vote allowing Mr. HENRY'S evidence in the case of the late Senator-elect between him and Mr. DOUGLASS to go into the Constitution. The matter is reconsidered and withdrawn.

January 2: The Senate was not in session. In the House, a committee of members took place on the bill for the improvement of the Potomac river.

January 2: In the Senate, the Unorthodox Amendment to amend the Constitution came up. Mr. STEVENS proposed to amend the whole article in a new form, substituting for the Amendment, the provision that "no State shall be deprived of its territory, or its rights, or its powers, and that no State shall be deprived of rights, civil or political, on account of race or color; but all persons shall be equal before the law, whether in the court-room or at the bar; and no State shall, in violation of the Constitution, pass any law which shall deny or abridge the rights of any citizen of the United States to equal before the law. It is provided that the Senate shall have as its share for each State an equal number of votes as in the case of the original Constitution." The matter is reconsidered and withdrawn.

In the House, several amendments to the Constitution were offered and referred to the Judiciary Committee. There was some debate on the Freedmen's Bureau bill, but no action was taken.

NEWS ITEMS.

We have received letters from General James M. Smith, the Mexican General, dated at St. Thomas, from which it appears that he was treated in a very arbitrary manner by the English authorities. We have no space, however, to spare for the details. The incident concerning the execution at Jamaica was a surprise.

The steamer *Mount*, bound from Memphis for Arkansas River, when six miles above the mouth of the Arkansas, January 20, exploded by the explosion of a boiler. One hundred and fifty lives were lost, including the captain of the boat and a party of Company B, Third United States Cavalry.

The steamer *Albatross* exploded January 20, opposite Robertson's new mill, half a mile above the mouth of Green River. About 100 men were lost.

Lieutenant-General Grant has authorized the raising of \$2000 to aid in the erection of the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church, Washington.

The report of Mr. CRAWFORD, Engineer of the Cotton Agents Board, makes strong objections to the proposed legislation proposed on the 10th inst. It has caused much uneasiness among the friends of the proposed measure, although they anticipated some such objection to its despatch. There is no doubt that the report is a serious blow to the well-grounded project, but a means may be found to overcome it.

Harold V. Johnson was, January 16, elected United States Senator from Georgia by the Legislature of that State. Mr. A. H. Stephens was chosen his name to be used.

Countess de Coligny, of the British Embassy, accompanied a delegation from the Cotton Agents Board, through the States, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, and South Carolina, and other States of the South, to the President's residence February 1, whether they went for the purpose of having an interview with him. Their representations were favorable to peace. The delegates were present in two delegations, a local and a foreign. The latter expressed its preference for being able to communicate with the President.

FOREIGN NEWS.

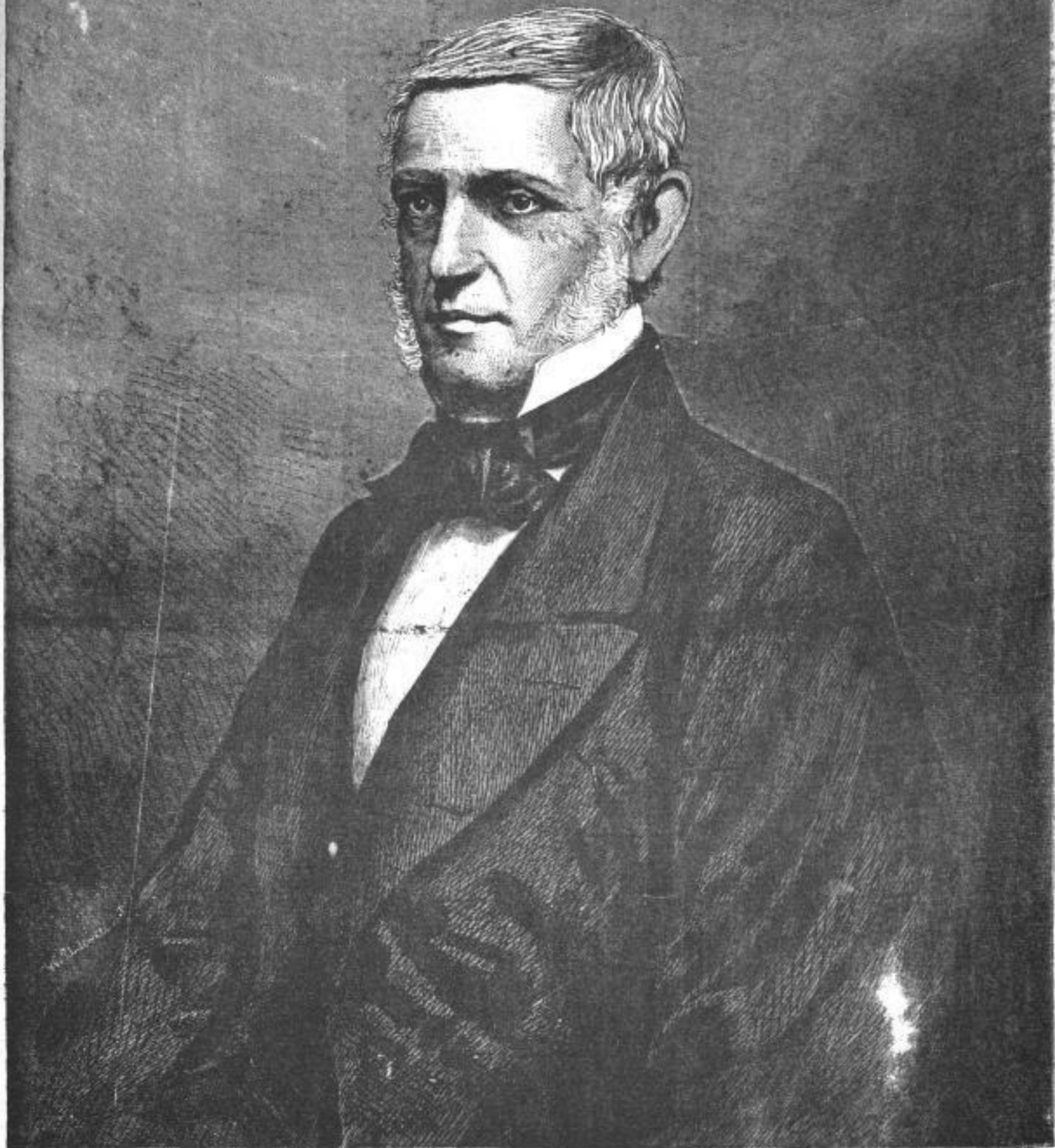
Prussia is not dead yet in Ireland. The city and county of Dublin, the county of Wick, and the county of Waterford have been proclaimed to be under martial law. This proclamation makes it a misdemeanor, punishable by two years' imprisonment, with or without hard labor, for any person to carry arms, except in his dwelling-house, arms or ammunition of any description in any of the proclaimed districts. The *London Standard* says that London is crowded with British troops. The late general Lord B. Kitchener's death was also mentioned in the work of an incendiary, and various other accounts of the military's position were given up in the word Prussia. A repetition of this statement in the Custom-house and the government office in Downing House is drawn by the authorities, and extra detachments of police are consequently sent to patrol the buildings by night.

The Paris Peace of January 19 continues that Marie Sallard left Paris on the 19th for the purpose of making necessary arrangements with the Emperor Maximilian for the return of the French troops from Mexico at the earliest possible date. The Emperor was to open the Customs on the 15th, and there was much speculation as to the precise position which the Emperor would assume on the Mexican question.

General Pons's Spanish insurrection does not appear to have assumed any very interesting phase as yet. It was still assumed that Pons was attracting no foreign aid. The Russian Government have confiscated the entire property of the Roman Catholic Church in Poland. By virtue of an Imperial ukase, of December 27, 1865, and promulgated on January 10, the heads of monasteries, as well as the heads of convents, and all the other belongings of the Catholic Church in Poland, have been wholly and absolutely appropriated by the State.

The English steamship *London*, for Melbourne, recently sailed at sea. Two hundred and twenty lives were lost. Sixteen of the crew and three passengers were saved. The ships supposed to have been lost during the late gale on the English coast were the *Avon* and the *London*, 200 tons, which became a wreck December 11, midway between New York and London. 1600 passengers were rescued by the English ship *Princess*.

The American squadron under Admiral Goldsborough has received orders to be ready to move to the Mediterranean Sea. From the dispatches of the 10th inst. it is supposed that the American squadron will be ready to move to the Mediterranean Sea previous to the 15th inst. The dispatches of the 10th inst. also mention that the American squadron will be ready to move to the Mediterranean Sea previous to the 15th inst. The dispatches of the 10th inst. also mention that the American squadron will be ready to move to the Mediterranean Sea previous to the 15th inst.



GEORGE BANCROFT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

GEORGE BANCROFT.

The eminent historian of the United States, whose portrait accompanies the present sketch, is a remarkable instance of the intellectual culture and development which may be attained under the influence of American society and institutions. A cosmopolitan by education, habits, and tastes, in spirit and character he is an American of the Americans. Nurtured in the traditional literary discipline and choicest scholastic learning of New England, at an early age he sought the more liberal and professed methods of European education. Absence from his native country only quickened his attachment to freedom. With the study of ancient philosophy he drank in the love of human progress, and with an instinctive foresight of his future career, conceived the purpose of embodying the spirit of '76 in the democracy of America. Like Dante and the patriots of the Middle Ages, like Milton

and the champions of English liberty, his political aspirations were inspired and ennobled by ideal visions of the destiny of humanity. This is the key to his opinions and aims, the secret of his literary and official life. Hence his public course as a statesman, a historian, an essayist, and a popular orator exhibits a pervading unity which is rarely witnessed in the career of our most prominent men.

Mr. BANCROFT was born about the commencement of the present century in Worcester, Massachusetts, where his father was for many years the pastor of the First Congregational Church. By birth and early surroundings he belonged to the order of New England Puritans, whom WASHINGTON HOLMES so quaintly celebrates, as predestined to a life of studious culture and lettered fame. At Harvard College, which he entered when a mere boy, he was considered a prodigy. Cambridge tradition still preserves the memory of his slight figure, his ruffled shirt-collar falling over his forehead, and

his voice of childish treble, in marked contrast to the facility and grace of his utterance and the mellow ripeness of his classical and philosophical attainments. His oration on graduating, when only seventeen years old, was on a profound theme, and is said to have been a master-piece of thought and eloquence. The brilliancy of his powers and the vivacity of his manners made him a universal favorite. His precocious genius, tempered with a wisdom beyond his years, was the admiration and pride of friends, and called forth the most sanguine prophecies of his future renown.

Upon leaving Cambridge he sailed for Europe, where he passed five years in travel and in study at the principal German universities. His instructors were among the most celebrated men of the day. His course of study was more extensive and profound than at that time had been pursued by any American. He evinced a rare capacity for labor, and a strenuous diligence that was unimpeded by

any vicious indulgences. His course in history, philosophy, and classical learning embraced the whole development of ancient and modern thought. In each department he showed an aptitude, as if that had been his favorite specialty. His youthful zeal awakened a deep interest in the mind of his teachers, whose pride was gratified by his reports of the progress of their fame in the Western World. At the same time he formed the acquaintance of many eminent men in different branches of literature and science, with several of whom his intimacy soon ripened into a warm and permanent friendship.

On returning to this country in 1822 he resided a year at Cambridge as Greek tutor in Harvard College, and introduced several valuable reforms in the course of classical study, although the conservative spirit which was cherished among the ingenious youth of that place was too strong to accept any innovations, however useful, without a struggle. His enthusiasm for learning, stimulated as it

had been by his long residence at the highest seats in Germany, and his fresh and ardent faith in intellectual life and progress, came into violent collision with a mass of prejudice, ignorance, and stupidity on the part of youngsters who had scarcely ceased to be school-boys. His dreams of improvement amidst the shady retreats of Harvard were rudely disturbed; and he soon found a more congenial field of effort in the celebrated Round Hill School at Northampton, which, in conjunction with Mr. Coombs, he established in 1823. This institution was a decided novelty among the means of education in the United States. All its appointments were on a scale of prodigal liberality before unheard of. The ablest teachers, native and European, were employed in its service. The routine of study was varied by long and attractive excursions in the pleasant season. A certain splendor was thrown around the administration of learning which was scarcely in accordance with American tastes. Pupils, however, flocked to the place, and a wide and generous impulse was given to the cause of classical education.

At this period Mr. Bancroft commenced his preparations for the "History of the United States," the plan of which he had conceived at an early stage of his historical studies. This magnificent work forms one of the peculiar monuments of American literature. The composition of it has extended over a series of more than thirty years, each successive volume enhancing the value of the work and the reputation of the author. Profound and accurate in research, rich in illustrations from the whole field of contemporary events, ingenuity and brilliant in his general views, every where alive with the spirit of humanity, founded on the soundest philosophical conceptions, and written in a style of marvellous lucidity and picturesque glow, it fills up the deficiencies of a great historical production. Considered not only as a faithful record of a most important period in the development of modern civilization, but as a highly-wrought specimen of literary art, it may be said to take the lead in merit, as well as in date, of the admirable works in its kind which have so signally illustrated our youthful literature.

Mr. Bancroft's career as a statesman, if somewhat eclipsed by the splendor of his literary success, presents a highly honorable record. His discharge of the office of Secretary of the Navy, and of Minister to London, during the administration of Mr. Polk, was marked by sagacity, earnestness, and the love of salutary improvements. As a political leader, in which capacity he has been prominent in his native State as well as at the national capital, he has been distinguished for his reliance on ideas, for his ardent faith in the democratic principle, regarded as the highest expression of the spirit of humanity, and for his uniform advocacy of liberal and progressive measures. Mr. Bancroft is a powerful and effective public speaker. He has the eloquence which proceeds from lucid thought and strong emotion. "Always in earnest, often vehement, he appeals to the imagination by his impassioned rhetoric and graphic illustrations, while he masters the intellect by his power of transparent exposition and cogent argument. Not the least honorable distinction which crowns his name is the decision with which he sided with the friends of the Union during the recent terrible conflict, in opposition to the claims of party associates and political antecedents.

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**INSIDE
A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.**

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VI.

It may tend to lower the Rev. Edward Arthur in the eyes of the readers of these pages; but none the less must it be stated that, although a minister, he was none the less also a man. Not an ethereal being, not an ideal of all excellence, but, from head to foot, a human being like the rest of us. Perhaps the interest human part about him was his heart. His capacity for lov-



ARTHUR'S WEAKNESS.

ing, his proclivity for loving, his unweariness in loving from his earliest recollection upward was wonderful.

Of course it is painful to make the statement, yet it must be said that, from the day when just three years old, he was detected in the act of kissing behind a parlor rocking-chair a young lady-visitor of some six months or so less experience of life, onward he had never ceased to love. His own relatives, of course; but, in addition to these, all the little flaxen-haired companions of his childhood—there always being for the day some special queen of his heart in virtue of hair specially flaxen, eyes particularly black or blue, cheeks uncommonly rosy, and fair, and dimpled, dress remarkably beautiful, or, what was even more to the purpose, the being specially associated with him for the time of the little Cleopatras of the hour. Up to the very day of leaving for college he had not learned to master such nonsense.

With the development of lungs and brains and all the rest the heart had perished in growing also. Not that, when he rolled away, just sixteen years old, in the stage from his father's door, he had as yet met exactly with his ideal. None the less did he bear away with him the image in his heart, the lock of her hair being in his Bible in his trunk, of the last. In the quick succession of the queens of his childhood; not so much because he loved her, as from the pleasure it was to him, the absolute necessity it was to him to love somebody.

His four years' course in college was a sudden and total interregnum in all this. Minerva set aside Venus with perfect success during those four college years. Hours had to content itself with merely keeping up the circulation while the brain was being developed. Vastly better would it have been could the two have shared the man more equally between them—not so cold and hard would those four years have been. Languages, philosophy, mathematics; mathematics, philosophy, languages all the session through, the impulse thereof bore him, like a locomotive over a break in the track, over the gap of each vacation with a jar scarce perceptible. That day Edward Arthur graduated he could have laid his hand upon the folds of the silk gown which covered his bosom and have truthfully declared his heart to have been, during the previous four years, wholly free from thought of woman. And as he descended the steps of the platform after Commencement, he could have safely declared that, leaving more sacred things aside dearer to him than the entire sex, from Eve down, was the honor he had obtained from Alma Mater, most revered and beloved of all her sex.

Altogether too short was the period which followed to think upon any thing but the immediate Past and the immediate Future. Bright and early that September morning following his graduation he had determined himself to be matriculated; no man more free from every thing else in the world to devote himself to his studies for the ministry. And into it he plunged; Church History; Theology, polemic, didactic, patristic, exegetic; the preparation and delivery of sermons; Hebrew; Chaldaic; Syriac; German. Gradually was the morning and evening walk granted to the muscles; only because it was a necessary nuisance was the stomach supplied with the regulation food at the regulation hours in the regulation refectory—it was the brain must be exercised, the brain must be fed. No wonder if, like the right arm of the blacksmith, it was developed beyond the rest of the body, out of proportion to the rest of the body. True, the heart was allowed free play in regard to things spiritual and divine, even stimulated and evermore prompted to this.

And, perhaps, it was well that such things should chafe by years preoccupy the heart; obtain from long habit, the deep-seated, uniform custom of the heart, before its doors were opened to all the world. Yet, if its affection for all else could only be kept duly subordinate, the very exercising the heart in the love of all human things would fit it for the more vigorous loving of things superior to these; even as the eye and the hand, quick to see and prompt to gather every little flower flourishing by the way-side, is but trained thereby for the prizing and the gathering the more eagerly of all diamonds and precious stones, too, which may sparkle along the road-side of life. Is it altogether fanciful to remember here that, though the heart beat in the breast with but one throbb, it yet has within itself two separate and distinct sets of organs, an auricle and ventricle on the left side thereof, and an auricle and ventricle on the right side thereof? Thou shalt love God, and thou shalt love men, is the divine command. Only as we love either perfectly do we love both perfectly. Only as we love both as we should, do we, as we should, love either; only when both sides of the heart are whole, and keep the mystic time to each other, does the entire heart throb aright! "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? And this commandment have we from him, That he who loveth God love his brother also."

One thing is perfectly certain, if ever there was a man prepared to love, prepared to love any thing and every thing which could be loved, that man was the Rev. Edward Arthur when he found himself, college and seminary passed through, pastor of the church in Somerville. Neglected, forgotten, the heart of the man was to assert itself—was to make up for the long-endured tyranny of the brain.

Let me pause a moment here. I have something to say which may greatly weaken the reader's estimation of the Rev. Edward Arthur. Shall I say it exactly as it was? Or shall I not rather carefully conceal the fact, so that the young minister may be that much the greater



"AND ARTHUR WAS IN LOVE."

and stronger individual in the eyes of those who read these pages? Hesitate as I may to say it, ashamed as I may be to announce the fact, deeply conscious, as of course I am, of the damage it will do our hero from this instant to the end of his history, I must none the less say, because I can not possibly avoid it and be at all coherent in my narrative, that the Rev. Edward Arthur during the very first day of his arrival in Somerville fell in love! Pardon him, dear reader, he could not possibly help it; at least he did not help it. Pardon him, indulgent reader, for it was a love which, however hastily kindled, never ceased to burn thereafter with but stronger and brighter and purer flame.

The way of it was this: When Guy Brooks, Esq., years before Secession, had written to the young theologian to come to Somerville and organize a church in that new but promising town, and had received a promise of doing so in reply, he forthwith began, in a terrific hurry, to look around among the families of Somerville for some suitable home for the new minister. It ought to be among the members of the contemplated church, to begin with. Next, in which of those families should it be?

He himself was then a widower and boarded at the time at the hotel, and the hotel was no place for a preacher; half an hour in the bar-room or any where else about the house was sufficient to dishearten one of his calling through all the avenues of smelling, tasting, seeing, and hearing. Mr. Ferguson, the Scotchman, offered to share his bachelor home with the new-comer, especially as he was to be also a member of the church to be organized. Guy Brooks thanked him but declined. A most substantially and inflexibly good man was Ferguson, like all Scotchmen who are not utter reprobates; but like every other Scotchman, agreeable or not, Ferguson was set in his way, not prone to the last degree. And cross, too; no tropical thunder-gust more suddenly, unexpectedly, and violently so. Upon Mr. Ferguson Guy Brooks counted confidently as upon a very oaken beam in the proposed church organization, but, as a host of the pastor thereof? No. The lawyer did not entertain the idea one instant. Suppose the guest should derange, should injure, should lose a Number from Mr. Ferguson's collection? The very possibility of such a catastrophe, with all its disruptive effects upon the proposed church, was sufficient to settle the matter. No one can dislike to pause more than the writer. The collection of Mr. Ferguson has been unintentionally alluded to. But now that it has been mentioned, it must be explained before we can proceed.

In Mr. Ferguson's bosom existed the instinct of collection. It is an instinct. Look at the magpie. We all know what a passion it has for stealing and secreting bits of raw cotton, shreds of rags, fragments of pottery, articles of jewelry, and the like. There is a story about in works

on Natural History of another bird—a species of hawk—which has its nest in the centre of a thorny tree, and which impales upon these thorns all manner of grasshoppers, locusts, insects of all sorts, as well as the smaller birds. Toward the decline of its days this winged virtuoso has collected a perfect museum of natural curiosities, and lives and dies in its overshadowed nest, in the centre thereof, in scientific and serene content. However true this may be, we are certain of the instinct in the case of the magpie. And it is the same instinct which is seen in the collector of autographs, porcelaine snuff-boxes, fantastic pipes, singular walking-sticks, rare editions of old books, and the like. Very strong was the instinct in the case of Mr. Ferguson. A Scotchman should have been more sensible; but in an old bachelor the object of his collection was propensities—he had collected into a body every treatise on the subject of Infant Baptism he had ever heard or read of. It may have begun his making the collection, quietly and innocently enough, but it had grown into a passion—a mania.

The walls of a certain room in his house were devoted exclusively to these treatises. Books in folio, quarto, octavo, duodecimo, were there; thick books and thin books, and in every possible style of binding. Pamphlets, too, of all shapes, sizes, and ages upon the subject. Files of all such newspapers also as contained articles upon the subject, and the whole collection patched, yasted, annotated, in every stage of wear and discollocation. Then there were bound volumes of letters he had evoked from reverend and irreverent sources, in all degrees of angry pro and recriminating con. A bulky scrap-book or two contained every flying anecdote, paragraph, item, cut right and left, from every paper which he had ever come upon bearing upon the one theme. One stood amazed to behold how much had been said upon the subject in the world, and turned away aghast at the remembrance that, even yet, the question remained as unsettled as ever. The plain fact is, Mr. Ferguson took hardly the slightest interest in the subject discussed itself—it was in his collection upon the subject that his interest lay.

"No, and it would sicken him, too, for life of the whole subject!" laughed Guy Brooks to himself, as, after declining Mr. Ferguson's offer of a room in his house for the expected minister, he walked back to his office.

"He shall know of my collection none the less. And surely no room in Somerville could be so appropriate for a minister as just that room," said Mr. Ferguson, as he parted from the lawyer. "It is something of a huf, too; only he knew that an amount of huf, on his part could provoke any thing but amusement and good-nature on the part of the frank and open-hearted lawyer.

There was Dr. Warner, also. He, too, was to

by a member of the church. There was not a pleasanter house in Somerville than his, nor a better spread table.

"He can have my office in the front-yard," said Dr. Warner, after having previously received his wife's views upon the subject.

A nice office it was, too, as Guy Brooks knew, for it was therein, in retreat from his wife, that the Doctor entertained his gentlemen friends. On the shelves therein were the Doctor's rows of bottles and papers of herbs. Therein also was his homogeneity case of surgical instruments. The wooden apparatus, too, was in the corner, with its complicated straps, in which Bub and his had more than once imprisoned Amos when suffering, in imagination, with the fracture of every bone in his body in consequence of a fall from the top of the stable. In the book-case were the Doctor's medical books, especially his large and intensely-colored Surgical Atlas, of the inside of which he was so careful Bub should know nothing, and yet whose every page had been often and most thoroughly studied by Bub in the absence of his father, assisted by Amos, with his carefully locked out. Therein, also, was the good Doctor's collection, in glass jars and alcohol, of such tumors, bits of lungs and brains, amputated fingers and toes, embryos, and the like delicacies, as had come in his way in the course of his profession. And there, also, was a full-length skeleton in its corner.

"The first thing he will see in the morning, the last his eyes will close upon at night—have an impressive influence upon his meditations," said the Doctor, in commending the room for the expected arrival.

But no. There is a certain smell about that room, considered the lawyer with himself. Besides—and the idea struck the lawyer with considerable force—deprive the Doctor of that retreat from his wife? It would be a base imposition on his easy good-nature. And then, her tongue! Phew!—no!

There was Colonel Roberts also. Fine, commendable house; Mrs. Roberts an excellent woman, and member of the church. And who knows but he might be able to influence even Roberts? But the lawyer, charitable and hopeful as he was, shook his head even as he said it. The squat figure of the Colonel stood before his imagination on the instant—that black hair, those splendid black eyes, that full face, so much like that of a bull-dog, and yet so handsome! "What an unmitigated bully and blackguard that man is!" said the lawyer to himself, as the image rose before his mind—forgetting all about the minister. "Gambler, hard drinker, dandee, obscene to the last degree; unmatched and unmatched in profanity; loose to dishonesty in the payment of his debts and in all his business transactions; awfully a scuffer at the truth of religion and the virtue of woman. With all this, which he cares to be so, what dignity, what grace, what coquetry, what polished wit, what exquisite courtesy! That it would be possible to combine into one such a devil and such an angel!" murmured the lawyer to himself.

Colonel Roberts! Nothing could be more familiar to the public ear and to the public tongue than that. He had been a bold young lawyer; then an indefatigable stump-speaker throughout the State—capacious in anecdote, reckless in statement, reluctant in invective; next an Elector of a successful candidate for the Presidency; then, for six months, Chargé at one of the minor European courts; after that Governor of the State. When Guy Brooks was debating whether or no to make him the host of the expected minister, he was drinking, gambling, playing at once the Edmund Burke and the bully in the United States Senate at Washington. All the State knew pretty well the kind of man Colonel Roberts was; most certainly he disguised nothing of himself from any one. Yet all over the State religious, grave, and sober men applauded the Colonel's speeches; contributed gladly pigs, turkeys, and barrels toward barbecues in his honor; introduced him, with pride at the opportunity of doing so, to their wives and daughters, and voted him into whatever office he demanded rather than asked at their hands.

"As you say, my horse is too far out of Somerville for the purpose; or, there being only Bobby and myself here, I would be pleased to have Mr. Arthur with me," Mrs. Sorel observed, when Guy Brooks, throwing his energies into the matter, had ridden out to consult her upon the subject. There is Mrs. Bowles, thought Mrs. Sorel to herself, and she knitted and thought over the matter, as was her placid wont on every subject, before she spoke out. It was not altogether so clear.

"I have thought of the hotel, of Ferguson, of Dr. Warner, even of Colonel Ret Roberts, besides every other place possible," said Guy Brooks, after a somewhat despondent silence. "It ought to be in the family of a member of the church if possible."

"How did you say he was? or did you say any thing at all on the subject?" asked Mrs. Sorel, at length.

"I do not know, somewhere under thirty, I suppose. You remember I never saw him," said the lawyer. "Ferguson, Warner, Ellis, and myself went to the head of the Theological Seminary to recommend some one to us for the purpose of organizing a church here. In reply Mr. Arthur was warmly urged upon us; we corresponded with him, he says he will come; that is all we know of him."

"Have you thought of Mrs. Bowles?" inquired Mrs. Sorel, at length.

"The very person!" exclaimed the lawyer, rising to his feet. "Strange I never once thought of her. That is, if she will consent. You know well a delicate, retiring lady she is. Besides, it would be an assistance to her, his boarding with her. Yes," added the lawyer,

with enthusiasm, "and there is the office Rutledge Bowles occupied before he went to college in the corner of the yard. The very thing! She is a member of the Protestant church, too. I do not think she would consent to the arrangement except on that ground. I will see her right away." And the lawyer took his hat to leave.

"There might be one objection," said Mrs. Sorel, accompanying her visitor to the door.

"What, what can it be?" inquired he, turning suddenly. Mrs. Sorel smiled demurely and continued knitting.

"Oh, nonsense!" said the lawyer, looking at her first, inquiringly, and then with a smile breaking over his wholesome face: "Beg your pardon, I didn't mean to use such language, Mrs. Sorel. But you never fear. We men, especially in such a new place as Somerville, with every thing before us to do, have no time to think about such things. You ladies flatter yourselves; really, I beg pardon again," said the frank lawyer, laughing at himself.

"Do we, Mr. Brooks? Well, perhaps we do," said quiet Mrs. Sorel, not at all cast down—quite confident rather.

"You would not really advise against Mrs. Bowles on that account?" asked the lawyer, seriously, pointing his hat in hand upon the front step.

"By no means, or I should not have mentioned it. Yes, see her, and see what you can do. Don't let me detain you. Good-evening!" But the wise, placid smile was still on her face as she said it.

"Stuff, nonsense! It is to be hoped he will find too much to do to think of such things! Oh these women, they think men never think of any thing else; sensible lady like Mrs. Sorel, too! Get up, Charley!" and with an unnecessary cut of his whip the Kentuckian cantered back into Somerville.

Mrs. Bowles came into the arrangement the moment the lawyer mentioned it, which he did with characteristic promptitude that same evening.

But it was after having most clearly and distinctly ascertained from the lawyer that the expected minister was not from the North, but from Virginia, born, raised, educated there. Good! If any spot on the globe could be said to stand next to South Carolina, in Mrs. Bowles's estimation, it was Virginia. "Though I have a great admiration for Kentucky also," Mrs. Bowles said, with the charming condescension of the daughter of a hundred Earls to a newly-knighted Baronet.

"If he will consent to live plainly there will be no inconvenience to us at all," she said to him immediately thereafter. "I have been so long without seeing even a minister of my own church that it will be a treat to me to have him. There is Rutledge Bowles's office. We can put a bed in there for him, you know. It will do for his study, too. If I see any like the arrangement afterward, you know, we can make a change. But I am sure we will like it—yes, I am quite sure of it!" and excellent Mrs. Bowles was almost enthusiastic upon the subject, greatly to the delight of her visitor.

The truth is, Mrs. Bowles was enthusiastic in every thing. If she liked any thing or person she liked enthusiastically—could not see, would not hear or believe any thing to the contrary. And, it must be added, if she disliked she disliked as sincerely and vehemently as her piety would permit. It so happened that Mrs. Sorel and herself were from the same neighborhood in South Carolina, had been school-girls together. Yet it was singular that the same soil could produce two persons so unlike. Mrs. Sorel tall, dignified, grave, self-possessed; Mrs. Bowles rather petite and spry in face and figure, unacquainted, full of lively fancies, impulsive, quick-spoken. Both were thoroughly ladies in the highest sense of the term—strongly attached to each other from memories of their childhood, still more from contrast of character; for while Mrs. Sorel could not but love the ardent and warm-spoken widow, so sincere and free in every thought and feeling, Mrs. Bowles could not but feel a warm affection for one in whose judgment, strong sense, sober speech she had long learned to have the deepest confidence. She had long been in the habit of consulting Mrs. Sorel in every thing of importance—much more so since the death of her husband, the Major.

I wish our story could pause long enough to permit us to say a little, or rather a good deal about Major J. C. Bowles. You can gather all you may wish to know of his character and history by turning to any book of national portraits. You will find him there among the politicians of South Carolina of some forty years ago. A stately gentleman he appears to have been from the somewhat stiff portrait in question, the half-length painting, from which it was taken, hanging in silent grandeur in the parlor at Somerville. Often did the young minister sit in that parlor of summer afternoons and study, not only the biography of the man himself, but a vast deal of national history, too, in that imposing portrait.

Evidently a commanding man the Major was, with his high rolled collar, huge cravat beneath his chin, and the locks brushed away from the broad forehead, only a blue ribbon across the bosom lacking to make it pass as the likeness of a royal duke. The painting in question represented him thus: the gold-headed case presented him by his constituents after his great speech in Congress resting between his knees, the sword wherewith his father had fought in the Revolution hanging on the wall behind him, St. Michael's Church visible through the window, in so on the portrait was taken in Charleston. But you can see it all for yourself, dear reader, by turning to the volume in question, and his life besides on the next page.

Let us halt here long enough, however, to say

at least this: Colonel Ret Roberts and Major J. C. Bowles were as exactly alike, and as utterly, eternally, and irreconcilably unlike, as any two men can possibly be. Both were apparently gentlemen of the highest type of breeding and courtesy, yet Colonel Ret Roberts was only superficially so; it was as natural to him as a suit of the superfine broadcloth is to a prince, and as much a thing apart from and external to his real self as such a suit. Major J. C. Bowles was a genuine gentleman to the centre of his soul. Colonel Ret Roberts was a talented, highly talented man. Major J. C. Bowles was not, even a little dull. With Colonel Ret Roberts, the Major believed to the hour of his death that South Carolina was the first State on the continent—in the world, in fact; unlike the Colonel, however, the Major never in his life cursed and commended to eternal perdition, as the Colonel did every day of his life, whoever and whatsoever was in conflict with him on this point. That Calhoun was the superior of Webster Major Bowles never entertained the slightest doubt; yet Webster was a rational, respectable, perhaps conscientious individual. This the Major sincerely believed, while the Colonel did not—or, at least, swore he did not. That the "peculiar institution" was morally, socially, religiously, politically, eternally right, the essential foundation of all correct government, a thing to exist for ever and ever by ordinance like that which rolls the stars, both heartily believed; yet Major Bowles fed, clothed, cared for his negroes like the Christian gentleman he was; seeing himself to it, with a deep sense of responsibility, that they were not overworked nor their religious instruction neglected. Colonel Ret Roberts, on the other hand, believed and acted in every sense in the belief that his negroes were only speaking animals, to be worked to the utmost by the strictest overseers. However, as Colonel Ret Roberts had but scant reference himself to his own higher nature as an immortal being made in the image of his Maker, you could not reasonably suppose he should imagine any such thing for an instant in reference to his slaves. When in good-humor he would treat them to tobacco, whisky, and all manner of frolic and idleness; but with the same feeling toward them in good-humor as in bed, that they were but animals, worth no more thought than the horses in his stable, petted as such, beaten as such.

Major Bowles had no specially rigid notions on the subject of religion, yet he was not an avowed and insolent scoffer at it like Colonel Ret Roberts; even attended church, at least occasionally, a thing that Lamun never could induce the Colonel to do even when the most important political object was at stake. Nor did Major Bowles admire any Puritanism in regard to morals; yet he never would have soiled his fingers with the greasy cards, the dirty dice-box, the dripping gin-rumblers with which Colonel Ret Roberts was familiar, to say nothing of the profanity, obscenity, and practical debauchery which peopled the Colonel's plantation with his mulatto offspring, as much to the Colonel, and no more, than the puppets littered in his kennels. And the Major had as supreme an adoration for honor as the Colonel; but it was a principle which would have made him blush to leave a debt unpaid, or to do even a deed of doubtful honesty, wherein the Colonel differed from him amazingly in practice. As behoved gentlemen of honor, both had "been out" with an antagonist. The Major had gone out only when grossly insulted, and then had coldly received his enemy's fist with erect bearing, afterward firing into the air. The Colonel, on the other hand, had ever been the one provoking the quarrel, and then eager on the field to kill; in which, to the number of some five or six fives, he had been remarkably successful.

But why speak of Major J. C. Bowles? Did he not waste his estate with too prodigal an hospitality, too utter a devotion to politics, and so subsided, in his later years, first into what remained of his large property, a small home in Charleston, and a practice at the bar, for which he had become too old or too unused by political life to succeed, and then into his grave there in St. Michael's church-yard? Had he but had Colonel Ret Roberts's—what shall we call it?—some highly-polished synonym for raciality, he would not have lost acre or negro. However, so it was.

When somewhat advanced in life the Major married his wife, of a distinguished and of a decayed family as his own. A son and a daughter were the children of his old age—Rutledge and Alice. These were both but children when, after the death of her husband, Mrs. Bowles moved out westward and settled in Somerville. The Major owned lands there; Mrs. Bowles could not endure to take a lower rank in Charleston than her husband had once occupied. Mrs. Sorel had preceded her, and had written, urging to the step. So it was, that, at the date of our story, Mrs. Bowles was living in her neat little cottage-home on the edge of Somerville. She had left South Carolina, it is true, but the soil was all of the State she had left behind her.

The young minister learned all this, bit by bit, after his arrival. Welcomed at the hotel door, as he stepped from the stage, by Guy Brooks, he and the lawyer were at home with each other from that moment; for where people are sincere they understand each other from the first sight of each other's face, from the first grasp of each other's hand. The energetic lawyer had his new possession into his chamber in a moment; and had him brushed, dried, and introduced to Ferguson, Warner, Ellis, and half a dozen more, within the hour of his arrival.

"You must feel yourself at home with us," he said to him, in his frank, hearty way. "We are all fragments of the church that is to be. Dr. Warner here is ready to doctor you the moment

you say the word. Mr. Ellis has a store drawn down, a good place to drop into to get acquainted with people. Ferguson here—well, Mr. Ferguson can post you on the subject of Infant Baptism, if you need it at all. I am the only one out of much use. However!"

"Somewhat too young for my fancy; it isn't a fair-checked, brown-haired girl we wanted for such a place as this rough and unchristianized Somerville," growled Mr. Ferguson to himself, as he went back to his room.

The afternoon of his arrival—"Why not?" the lawyer said to himself—Mr. Arthur was carried over to Mrs. Bowles to be introduced, the lawyer explaining matters to him as they walked over.

"What a neat, home-like place!" the newcomer said to himself, as they entered the front gate and advanced along the gravelled walk between the altheas and rose-bushes to the door. Like all houses at the South not built by people direct from the North, a goodly portico was in front of the residence, admitting to a hall into which rooms communicated on either side. It was a May morning when the new-comer stood there, inhaling the fragrance of jasmine and mimosa, glancing around at the many evidences of a refined taste on every side, while they waited for the door to be opened. With Mrs. Bowles, a few moments after, so warm-hearted and cordial in her smiles and gray hair, the young minister felt himself at once at home and at ease—there is so much, so exceedingly much, in refreshment when warmed by a glowing heart!

"I have but a small family, Mr. Arthur," she said, at last. "Rutledge Bowles, my only son, is at college in Columbia." Mrs. Bowles did not say, "Columbia, South Carolina," because to her there was but that one Columbia in the world. "My daughter Alice—" she began; but at that instant the front gate was heard to slam, hasty steps succeeded along the gravel, and a young girl threw open the parlor door, with sun-bonnet in one hand, school-books in the other, her hair about her glowing face.

And the Rev. Edward Arthur was in love!

THE MYSTERY OF TWO VALENTINES.

CLARA and Kate are twin-born maids; But Clara is dark and Kate is fair; Clara's locks lie in ebony tresses, Kate bath a crown of golden hair.

Clara's eyes flash, but Kate's cheek glows; Clara is your love, Kate is mine. Let us for aye to-day compose, Each for the other, a Valentine.

That for an hour's silent flow Broves were knitted and ink was shed, Till—this was just a year ago— These were the Valentines we sped.

I.—TO CLARA.

Him that loves thee, woe betide! Thou wilt chide him with thy pride; Pierce his heart with sharp disdain; Slowly crush him with a reign Of alternate bliss and pain.

I have loved thee well; but now I revoke my love, and vow, By the martyred Valentine, Not for Ophir's richest mine Will I bind my soul to thine!

II.—TO KATE.

I have lain full long in the shadow Of a love that sheds no light Save such as the transient meteor Flings fitfully on the night.

Thine eyes are dipped in the azure Of the stainless heavens above, And the clear rays shining through them Are the constant sun of love.

I have lain full long in the shadow, And I fain would seek the sun; Wilt thou shed one beam upon me From thine eyes, sweet?—only 'twice!

These were the Valentines we sped, In a shrewd disguise, one year ago; But—"Love is blind," it hath long been said, And the blind have a second-sight, you know.

How it befell I can not say; Love is the sport of the trickster, Fate! But Clara is my betrothed to-day, And Herbert sighs at the feet of Kate!

THE WHISPER-ROOM.

It was a paragon lawn, that of Houseley Cottage—emerald in color, closely shaven, and velvet-like in smoothness. It was a fitting inclosure for the red and white roses which, in regular succession, girdled it round. The laburnums, that waved their golden blossoms above it, the great sycamores, whose broad leaves bravely faced the sun's fiercest rays, and the trim flower-beds that ended it, all added their attractions to Houseley Lawn.

Seated in a low chair, under a waving cluster of laburnums, was a girl, apparently eighteen years old. Her hand held listlessly an open book; but her eyes were fixed on the blue expanse of sea that stretched far away, and over which Houseley Lawn commanded a glorious view. She was very fair; the rich masses of light-brown hair glinting gold in the sun, the hazel eyes, which were so radiant in their truth, and the rich complexion, all asserted her claim to beauty.

The French windows of the drawing-room were thrown noiselessly open, and a tall girl, rather older than she whom we have described, came hurriedly down the lawn.

"Oh, Agatha!" she said, "do come in and per-

made your mamma to join the Daltons' picnic. It will be capital. Fred Hawkins and Harry Collier are coming."

The other's fair face wore an expression of haste.

"Lucy," she said, "I do wish you wouldn't talk in this off-hand manner. I don't see that any attraction lies in the fact of Mr. Hawkins or Sir Harry Collier coming—certainly not enough to make you call them by their names."

"Oh, bother!" said the father, who was a dashing beauty—blue-eyed, fair-haired, and gifted with superb self-possession. "You're such a prim creature!"

The two girls strolled down the garden together, and while gone we will, in a few words, describe their history.

Agatha Clare was the only child of Mrs. Clare, widow of a physician in large practice, and left by him in affluent circumstances. She was a woman of rare talent, tact, and generosity, and very popular for her kindness and charming manners. Her house of Honesby was a favorite resort of all the younger members of the population, for her dances and croquet parties were perfection.

Lucy Harwich was the daughter of the officer in command of the coast-guard, a retired commander, with more private property than usually falls to his brethren's share. His wife, too, had money. His daughter was what is termed a "fast young lady." She was a beauty, very daring and very willful, very ambitious, and very selfish. Truth must be regarded by a veracious chronicler.

The two girls re-entered the drawing-room, where there was a group of visitors eagerly discussing the picnic. Among them was a man of some note. Harold St. Vraie was a scion of old Norman stock. Unassuming English gentleman as he was, listening calmly to the picnic suggestions, and sitting dressed in gray tweed, with a hunting-whip in his hand, he bore the features and the name of a line of steel-clad warriors, whose swords had been foremost in every field of English battle from that of Hastings. The manors of his house had stretched through half a county, and the holders of them had been repeatedly offered a peerage.

But with him fortune had dealt hardly. But one old manor-house and a hundred acres of land remained to him of all his ancestors' territory. His small income sufficed for his wants, and his interest with the Government would procure him a diplomatic post whenever he married, which event was not unexpected by the young ladies of the locality.

"Let us go to Vrayville Towers," said Lucy, impatiently; "the ruins are splendid, and the legend wonderful."

"Lucy," said Agatha, softly, "remember Mr. St. Vraie's knoll. Look at him."

Lucy did look at him, and saw that his face flushed, and that he looked annoyed.

"Poor fellow!" said her mother to her nearest neighbor, "considering how long the nearest heen in his family, and the ghosts in the place, I don't wonder at his annoyance."

"I'll console him," laughed Lucy, and swept across the room to Harold St. Vraie's side. "I'll show Miss Agatha my winging colors," she said to herself, mentally.

"I pray forgive me, Mr. St. Vraie," she began, in a subdued tone, very unlike the usual rapid and energetic key in which she spoke, and dropping her dark eyelashes over her violet eyes with a timid aspect, "for my stupidity in proposing the visit. I ought to have remembered all that you must remember when Vrayville is mentioned."

"The stupidity's mine, Miss Harwich," interrupted St. Vraie, with a smile. "My morbid recollections are ridiculous. Never mind them. We'll go to Vrayville, and I can lead the explorers over every corner and tell all the legends—if Mr. Thorpe will allow me," he added, with a slight sneer.

He might have been excused for this; for this Mr. Thorpe, who had purchased Vrayville for the sake more of its ruins than of its farms, was a rich man, who bought the place for self-gratification, and was as chary of showing it as he was of his picture-gallery and his gardens. He had refused Harold permission to sketch the old ruins, which had been his forefathers' for seven centuries, and therefore there was mutual dislike between Thorpe and St. Vraie.

"I admire violet-eyed blondes," said Harold to himself, as he strolled down the lawn; but if he did not, I should certainly be enslaved by that hazel-eyed, brown-haired beauty. What a calm self-trust and stately quiet there is about her! But she rather repels."

Agatha's accustomed demeanor deceived many. Accounted cold and slow of feeling, she was a girl capable of strong emotions. For him who was her heart Agatha would be a very heroine of story in her lofty love.

The next day the picnic party started on horse-back. On his black mare, thorough-bred and glossy-coated as satin, Harold looked like the knightly descendant of the Norman, as he galloped along. Arriving at the ruins called the abbey cloisters, and which formed an ancient burial-ground, most of the party clustered carelessly across. St. Vraie, with a bitter smile, turned off by the road, and Miss Harwich, on her bay pony, accompanied him.

"You see," she said, "there is some one else who thinks as you do, and avoids desecration."

"I thank you," he said, warmly. "Of course, none feel as I do."

Miss Harwich replied by a winning smile, and the two rode on. Now, she was, to a certain extent, fond of Harold, and of his long descent; but she was a good deal fonder of herself, and she had heard her mother positively assert that morning the fact of Harold's bequeathment to an "Aunt Clinton's" property of (presumed) five thousand a year. Otherwise, Sir Harry Collier, who was merely a poor baronet, would have stood higher in the young lady's estimate, for she admired his face nearly as much as, and his conversation was far more congenial than, Harold's.

She exerted herself to talk on the subjects he liked. Her blue eyes were very brilliant, her voice

very low, her sympathy very marked, Harold's admiration of her beauty great, and his emotions of ancestral pride very potent. In an impulsive moment he proposed and was accepted.

They reached the picnic party, and Miss Harwich ran off to tell her mamma. At this moment Agatha rode in.

"What, Miss Clara," said St. Vraie, "did you not go with the rest?"

"No," she said, quietly.

"Why not?"

"Because I never like to cause pain," she answered, kindly; "and I knew your family tombs were in the cloisters. Will you help me down?"

"You are an angel," thought Harold; and then blushed guiltily, remembering he was an engaged man.

The picnic proceeded. Mrs. Harwich, indeed, embraced Harold when he was apart from the others, and sobbed out her congratulations on his having "her treasure."

"What old tower's that?" said Sir Harry, dinging a Champagne cork toward it.

"Har—Mr. St. Vraie can tell you," said Mrs. Harwich.

"Oh," said the baronet, blundering, as was his wont, "I suppose all the old legends were drilled into you till you believe 'em, St. Vraie."

The other's haughty face flushed red with anger, and his gray-blue eyes flashed fiercely.

"The story about that tower is merely one of family interest," he replied, with forced calmness.

"Let's have it—let's have it!" said Mr. Hawkins, loudly, the sun and Champagne having acted unusually on him.

Harold made no answer, till Lucy Harwich said, "Won't you tell me, Harold?"

His proud face softened, and he answered, quietly:

"It's only the tower where Hugh St. Vraie shut up his guilty wife, Lucy, till she died, three hundred years ago. You see it's not a picnic story."

Miss Harwich looked very grave, and a silence fell on the group, till Harold proposed visiting the "whisper-room."

Up a cork-screw flight of stairs, the ladies blushing and laughingly making the gentlemen go first, the whole party trooped, till they found themselves in a large room, leading out to an ancient terrace of stone, and connected by a passage with a smaller room.

"What is the secret of this place?" said Lucy.

"I shall leave you all to find out," he laughed; "at least, I'll tell you, Lucy, presently. I must go and see if any one's in the smaller room."

The "secret" was that by its acoustic properties the passage reflected back the lowest whisper uttered in the large room into the small one.

Harold St. Vraie passed hastily in with a smile on his lips, for he thought Lucy more charming each moment. He started back, for his eye fell on Agatha Clare, who was gazing out on the rich landscape, and whose fair face was sad. He advanced to speak, when wadded along the passage he heard Mrs. Harwich's voice.

"My dear, I've made a dreadful mistake! It's Sir Harry who's to—"

"Not to succeed to the property you said was Harold St. Vraie's, mamma?" said Lucy's voice, hurriedly.

"Yes; I found it out only just now."

"Oh, mamma, how stupid! What an awful nuisance!" burst out Miss Harwich; "and here, after he's proposed and accepted! And I might have had Collier so easily!" and the young lady stamped with passion.

Agatha Clare turned her face away to avoid seeing St. Vraie's. His features were ghastly pale, and his lips quivering, for the blow struck hard. But his resolution was soon taken, and his face grew stern and composed. Turning to Agatha, whose hazel eyes were full of soft compassion, he said, with difficulty:

"You'll keep the secret, Miss Clara?"

She bowed, and he passed out. As he entered the large room Lucy was saying, passionately, "Tied irrevocably!"

"No, Miss Harwich," said St. Vraie, haughtily, while mother and daughter were overwhelmed with confusion. "The secret of these rooms—the whispering-gallery—has put me in possession of your conversation; I therefore release you freely from your promise; and I trust," he added, sarcastically, "that your future conquest may be more satisfactorily ended."

He bowed low and stood aside for them to pass. Lucy's beautiful face crimsoned and paled alternately, but her accustomed spirit deserted her, and she and her crest-fallen mother descended into the court-yard, whence, under the plea of fatigue, they soon drove off, the baronet being in attendance.

Agatha Clare became conscious that Harold St. Vraie looked on her, to a certain extent, as a sharer in his secret, and she could not help observing his subdued manner and humble deference toward her. He rode home by her side that evening, and seemed unwilling to waste words on any one else. Afterward he was a frequent visitor, and ultimately he asked Mrs. Clare to give him "her greatest treasure," which, with her treasure's sanction, she promised to do.

And as Harold passed the turquoise betrothed ring on Agatha's slender finger, and lovingly pressed her hand, he whispered:

"I don't think any whisper-room will part us, my own?"

Agatha's reply is unrecorded.

CENTRAL CITY, COLORADO.

CENTRAL CITY, Colorado, of which we give an illustration on our first page, is quite a large town, situated among the Rocky Mountains. It is the natural centre of the great mining operations in Colorado. Millions of dollars of Eastern capital are invested in the different mills and claims that circle the town. There has been much mismanagement on the part of Eastern agents, and this has rendered some of the best properties of this region un-

productive. The "Lyons' Process," that promises so much, is being tested near Central City. If successful, Colorado will be the greatest State in the Union in its development of mineral wealth. Our artist has faithfully represented the peculiar topographical features of the mining regions among the mountains of Colorado.

We give also on the same page an illustration of a GAMBLING SCENE IN DENVER CITY, COLORADO. The scene represented by our artist is one which may every night be seen by stepping into the tempting saloons of the city. In all of these gambling saloons there is music of a very indifferent quality. They are nightly crowded by men of all classes of society. The games which are played are very various, and some of them are peculiar to this region.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A certain London gossip, that is almost exclusively devoted to those topics which are supposed to be especially appropriate to ladies—viz., dress, fashion, domestic economy, and family management in general—has recently become involved in quite a discussion regarding the "Discipline of Young Children." An anxious mother, uncertain how to manage her rather willful little girl, asked for advice through the columns of this gazette, and immediately a flood of communications appeared, giving such a mélange of views that the poor "mother" must be puzzled. Each has her own pet theory. One bears her sentence on pure reasoning with children, and styles herself a "Mother of the Rod;" another advises only gentleness and firmness; a third suggests a plan of regular self-education as the best method of training a child to obedience. "A Manager of Unruly Little Girls" insists that there is no "equivalent punishment for grave faults but the rod," and recommends that the whipping system be unflinchingly pursued, especially in the case of little girls, "as they bear pain more than boys!" One individual, claiming the euphonious name of "Cornelia," gives some philosophical views, from which we will quote a passage or two:

"I cordially agree with 'A Manager of Unruly Little Girls' that for young children a whipping is the best course, and well-deserved. I would not whip a child till it is a year and a half old, nor till it is a girl after it is seven years old; but till then, for many faults it is an excellent discipline. Children's nerves often get into an irritable, excitable state, which exhibits itself in crying, and what is termed in the nursery 'naughtiness;' for this state of things it is wonderful what a fine tonic and alternative to the nervous system a whipping proves to be."

At this point we would suggest that "children of larger growth," who are often both nervous and fretful, be made to take this "fine tonic."

"A well-disciplined child, who has been whipped in early days, will generally prove obedient and good-tempered. And pray, what is a 'well-disciplined child' to be whipped for? To give amusement or employment to 'Cornelia' she goes on to say:

"Do your duty to your children in all secular matters—feed them well, clothe them well, teach them well; but don't leave off a pleasant employment because the children wish to see the room you fill in as a castle, and do not give up an interesting book because the children make a noise. Prohibit silence when you wish to read, and cease the music to be abandoned when you wish to paint. Always make your children understand that you are to be considered before them."

"In short"—as Mr. Miswiler would say—teach your children by example to be expressly selfish. Such a doctrine is wholly false. Children have their rights in the home—rights as sacred as those belonging to the parent. The family is the child's world, where he is to learn not merely obedience, but love, generosity, benevolence, justice, and rectitude. And these things are best taught by example. A child's happiness is as much to him as is the mother's happiness to her. And while no child has the right to disturb the peace of the family by selfishness or fretfulness, no more has the mother a right to disturb the family by ill-humor.

But we have unconsciously drifted upon a mooted question, and had better "change the subject."

The following is suggestive to clergymen:

The late Rev. Samuel Fiske ("Donna Brewster") once prayed in the pulpit "that the Lord would bless the congregation assembled, and that portion of it which was on the way to church, and those who were at home getting ready to come, and that, in his infinite patience, he would grant the benediction to those who reached the house of God just in time for that." By this sentence heathed the clergymen succeeded in breaking up a bad habit, which had rendered all legitimate appeals.

Somebody, who evidently has not cultivated his taste for the beautiful, thus remarks upon the appearance of the ladies at a recent ball given at the Academy of Music:

The ladies were superb in material but often tasteless in fashion. As a witness to pay the national debt, one is inclined to criticize these splendid gowns, and procure a Government note of the same. The head! White and vagary can no farther go. They are pyramids of false hair. They are obsolete of obsolete fashions. They are grand staircases of wigs and paths, improperly swept, and with the dust flying. Diamond dust, indeed, and gold dust, but not the less intolerable, and not to be endured. No hair is lovely enough to bear this stately hideous arrangement of the hair.

"Doctor," inquired a lady, last week, of one of the most reliable physicians in New York city, "what about the cholera? Shall we have it here next spring?"

"Well," replied the physician, "you can judge as well as I—there is every reason to expect it."

"If so, what would you advise us to do? Run away from it?"

"Well, yes, I think I should, if in your place. You are somewhere in the vicinity of a horse-baiting factory, are you not? Dreadful concern! Yes, I would certainly get out of the way of such a nuisance if the cholera prevails."

"We are dreadfully annoyed by that nauseating odor," replied the lady, "though not nearly so much as some of our friends who live not a dozen blocks from us. It is positively injurious to the health; and if cholera prevails, such annoyances will greatly increase the risk of remaining in the city. There will be a 'row' about that matter in the spring."

"I hope there will," returned the lady, emphatically; "I should like to help make it!"

The lady has "done what she could," in thus sending us to the opinion of one of the few physicians in the city, on the healthfulness of horse-baiting establishments.

The rich, whose brown-shoes bristle within the wide-spaced, indented region, can leave their houses a prey to burglars next summer, and see for their lives. But there are thousands who have neither money nor brains

and they must remain, while some benevolent souls will risk their own lives to care for others.

The following incidents related by a visitor to the ruined town of Plymouth, North Carolina, is indicative of the state of feeling in that section of our country:

Five of us were exploring a fort in the vicinity of Plymouth. We, the ladies, leaving our friends descending some point of military architecture, passed around an embankment which hid them from our sight, and came suddenly upon an old negro who was removing for fire-wood the remains of the stables. He touched his hat in the most approved style and stepped aside for us to pass, but we stood still, and Miss M.—begins a conversation with him.

"Well, uncle, how do you enjoy your freedom?" she asked.

He eyed her suspiciously for a moment; then putting on a look of stupidity and indifference, added:

"Ah, miss, I don't know—don't know as I is free."

"What?" we exclaimed, in astonishment; "don't know that you are free? What do you mean?"

"No, miss," he persisted, "don't know nothin' 'bout it; s'bout 't all."

Just at that moment one of the officials who seemed pained as came up. As the negro caught sight of the Federal officers the look of stupidity vanished as if by magic. Off came the old hat in a twinkling, and with a scowl beaming all over his dark face, he turned to an exclamation:

"Oh! I know you now. You 'snt French, you 'snt friends; so! I know what I is too. Yes, miss, it's a free man, tank God!"

An interesting article recently appeared in one of our daily papers in regard to the city of New York fifty years ago. The writer stated that "the 'Discriminator' of fifty years ago was a colored man ('Billy') who lived in William Street, east of Franklin, where it was the center of prominent merchants, lawyers, and physicians to go, winter evenings, for look-alike talks. This was a general resort." He also remarked that when, "of a Sunday afternoon, we wanted exercise and fresh air, we would walk up to the State Prison, then a prominent feature far away out of the city, but now standing almost unobserved, near Christopher Street. It then looked directly open the river—our several streets intersect the view."

Noradays nobody thinks any air or exercise worth speaking of can be obtained short of the Central Park. And when, as is the case the present season, the skating carnival is unusually extended, those who love the exhilarating sport never grade a long journey to obtain it. Indeed, if ever, have the demands of our city enjoyed this pleasure so long and so thoroughly. It was estimated that not less than one hundred thousand visitors made their appearance in the Central Park every day last week, about eighty thousand of whom were on the ice during the day and evening. New York gathers on the skating ponds "her beauty and her chivalry," and "all goes merry as a marriage bell."

A few days ago a man broke his leg in Chatham Street. A coach was procured, and he was sent, in charge of a police officer, to the City Hospital. He was refused admittance there because his injuries were not considered so severe as to prevent his removal to Bellevue Hospital. But at Bellevue they refused to receive him because he had been in the country only four weeks. Application was then made to the Commissioners of Emigration, but they could do nothing because the man's name was not registered on their books as an emigrant. Learning that the affair was serious, the officer endeavored to obtain permission to have him cared for in the Seaman's Retreat at Staten Island. But the poor fellow having no papers to prove that he was a sailor, this plan failed. By this time the unfortunate man's leg was much inflamed, and he suffered intense pain. Each by the case, the officer assumed the responsibility of conveying him, without a permit, to the Seaman's Retreat, where he was cheerfully received—and having been driven about in search of a place where his broken leg could be dressed, four married hours! Comment is unnecessary.

They raise sweet potatoes on a large scale at the Sandwich Islands. The Honolulu Advertiser tells of one that measured 26 inches in length, 28 inches in circumference, and weighed 22 pounds! Such a potato ought to last a family a month.

Now that the "waterfall" is a little pond it is rumored that it originated, not in Paris, but in India! This is on the authority of Dr. Judson, the celebrated Baptist missionary, who in a letter, written thirty years ago, describing the costume of Karen women, said they wore fantastically-constructed headdresses, the hair, suspended from the back part of the head.

A new style of engagement-ring is mentioned among the novelties in an English paper. It is composed of "three pieces, which can be separated but never dissolved, and which the wearer alone, being in the secret, is able to re-adjust into the true center-point."

In a London literary weekly appears a long list of the "ages of English writers." A few of the more popular known will be of interest:

Walter Collins, 45; John Haskin, 47; Rev. C. Kingsley, 47; Captain Mayne Reid, 48; Anthony Trollope, 51; Charles Reade, 51; K. Browning, 54; Charles Mackay, 54; Dickens, 54; Tennyson, 57; Sir H. Bulwer Lytton, 61; Benjamin Disraeli, 64; Barry Cornwall, 67; T. Carlyle, 76.

An exchange says:

A lady of our acquaintance, young, lovely, and brilliant, called on a celebrated physician to do "something" for a rash of blood to the head.

"I have been doctoring myself," said the lady, "for some time, with a scullie, to the half though kind M.D., while he was feeling her pulse."

"Ah! how?"

"Why, I have taken Breadth's Pills, Parry's Pills, Sherrington's Pills, and Dr. Serravallo's Pills. I have also used Dr. Serravallo's Lotion and Plaster, and—"

"My heavens, madam," interrupted the astonished doctor, "all these do your constitution no good!"

"No! Then what shall I take?" persistently inquired the patient.

"Take!" exclaimed the doctor, eying her from head to foot; "take!" exclaimed he, after a moment's reflection; "why, take off your corsets!"

Those who read the interesting article on "Diamonds and other Precious Stones," which appeared in the last number of Harper's Magazine, may realize how easily the eye can be deceived from the following little anecdote, cut from a recent London journal:

An extravagant baronet, well-known at the Club in St. James's, being on one of very many occasions, hard pressed for money, bribed his wife's waiting woman to procure for him her ladyship's cabinet of diamonds, with which he forthwith proceeded to the family jeweler, expressing a wish that he would substitute the best paste for the real article, when her ladyship would be none the wiser; to which the jeweler unobtrusively replied, "My dear Charles, I did that for my lady more than twelve months since!" thus showing that "my lady" was quite as just as her "lord," and in nothing was he her "master."

The following directions to a portrait-painter are characteristic of some persons:

"Represent me in my portrait," said a gentleman, "with a book in my hand, and reading aloud. 'Aid my servant also, in a corner where he can not be seen, but in such a manner that he may hear me when I talk.'"



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY



AMERICA LETTER.

ABOARD THE "PROMISED LAND."

The "good ship" *Promised Land* really deserved that name. She was new, had made only one voyage, in a remarkably short space of time, was copper-fastened, two hundred tons burden, was of course registered A 1 at Lloyd's, and was now loading at the St. Winifred's Docks. Many had read the enticing and almost appetizing advertisement, which had been in the Times for many days, under heading of "Steam to the Brazils," of the "spacious poop and after-decks," the "airy and well-ventilated saloons," and the decks "flush from end to end, and offering an agreeable and undisturbed promenade," of the surgeon, who was "experienced," of the "fire-sun-killer," which was infallible, of the "water-condensing apparatus," and, above all, of that "Favorite" Captain, Robert Magregor, who was "so well known on the American station." This collection of nautical blessings irresistibly induced me, when appointed engineer for surveying a new line of railway in the Brazils, to choose the new "bark-rigged liner," the *Promised Land*, and her Favorite Captain, Robert Magregor.

That was rather a dismal first meeting of all the passengers in the saloon. There was a Spanish-looking actress, a wife or two of a consul, two or three commercial travelers, a couple of officers and their wives, some Frenchmen, some Germans—with, in fact, the almost invariable elements which make up the complement of a packet bound on a long voyage. One gentleman I particularly noticed, who was taking supper, with great relish, by himself. He had come on board early, had established himself early in one of the best cabins, and had put every thing he wanted in its "proper place." When nearly every one was like a moody and troubled spirit, going up on deck and coming down again, and poking into wrong cabins, and hatching over green trunks and packages, he was perfectly and calmly at home. By eleven o'clock he had finished his supper, had read the evening paper through by a wax-candle, as he would have done at his club, and had gone comfortably to bed. This gentleman's name was Colter, a Chancery barrister in fair practice, who had been ordered a long sea-voyage to strengthen his chest, and enable him the better to direct his voice at their "L'chips."

In the morning we were tossing about in the Channel. The sea was dull and angry, and the "bark-rigged-liner" rode heaving and lurching. Already the bulk of the passengers were in their misery, to the music of the "hiss" of the waters, and the straining and creaking of the inside timbers. It was a dark day, too, was raining on deck, and only a bare half-dozen appeared at breakfast. Captain Robert Magregor came down himself, and sat at the head. He was a surprisingly young man for a Favorite Captain, but of a stout build, with sandy hair and large fair face, and a very Scotch accent. "Stiff bit of weather to begin with," he said, cheerfully; "always the better, though, for my passengers; they get into it at once and have it all over. I wish we had a good storm at once, to try this vessel. She'll stand any thing, Sir. Go any where. Built under my own eye."

The Chancery barrister was, of course, there, picking out the best bits of broiled ham and eggs with his fork. I saw him well. Tall, thin, with a yellowish face, and "thin hair, besprinkled spare." "Captain," he said, abruptly, "what was the stoppage last night? It awoke me. Somewhere off Gravesend, eh?"

"Yes," said the captain, "off Gravesend it was—a small boiler came alongside, with two passengers. We nearly ran 'em down; serve 'em right, too. Pretty thing, stopping a vessel in her course! And only the agent would have been making a row, and talking of the company, and perhaps stop the passage-money out of my salary, I'd have let 'em about till they were hoarse."

"And now, captain," said the barrister, buttering toast, with a rasping, crackling sound, "what were they like—men, women, or children?"

"A woman, Sir—a lady, I suppose we must call her," the captain said, with disgust. "Nice thing, isn't it—ladies coming out in bonnets to stop mail-packets on the high seas?"

"And where is she now?" said the barrister, eating a fresh egg. "Breakfast in berth, eh?"

"I suppose so," said Captain Magregor, angrily. "Of course, she's sick. By Jove, the wind's freshening again!" he said, rising; "this is the style of thing. It looks like a good storm before night."

All that day the weather freshened; by dinner-time it was almost a storm, and we had less company at the table than even at breakfast.

This all went on for a couple of days, when things began to mend. The storm abated altogether; and one morning we arose to the smoothest and most lovely weather that could be conceived. The passengers came crawling out of their burrows, with miserable faces, but with some hope. They plucked up wonderfully, as some one remarked. In fact, at the breakfast-table, all but some children were assembled. The captain was at the head, a little down at the loss of his stormy weather, and I and Mr. Colter near him.

"We are all here?" said the barrister; "a difference to the first day, eh? By-the-way, where's the Gravesend lady? She that woke us up out of our sleep—eh, captain?"

The captain answered gruffly that he did not know.

"You should have all your passengers here, captain. No excuse such a morning as this. No breakfasting in bed—in berth, I mean—it's bed for the morals of the ship."

The Scotch captain shook himself at this. "We'll have none of that, aboard. No favor or exceptions. Here, steward! You're not to take in breakfast to any one—d'ye hear?"

"No, Sir. Only that lady in No. 20."

"Has she been ill?"

"No, Sir, the stewardess says. She had dinner yesterday there, and tea and breakfast ever since she came aboard."

The captain almost leaped up with anger.

"This is outrageous. My orders defied by any woman. Lady or woman, it's all one. I'll have the same discipline for all. That's logic, Mr. Colter."

"And good logic, too," said that gentleman.

"Ay, ay. The ship before every thing. And see, steward. Tell that lady—what's her name?"

"Mrs. Arlington, Sir."

Mr. Colter, at hearing this name, started.

"Arlington?" he said. "Are you sure?"

"Why," said the captain, "what's there in it?"

Mr. Colter seemed to be ashamed of having started or shown surprise.

"Nothing," he said. "There's a leading case, you know—Arlington and Hooker—very nearly the same point as the rule in *Sbelley's case*, but cut down a good deal, you know."

"Well, tell Mrs. Arlington she must be here for dinner or go without any. That's blunt; but it's the fact and truth."

The captain went on deck.

"Now," said Mr. Colter to me, "why should that lady, who has come on board in an exceptional manner, and who has not been in the least ill (as, indeed, I found out in a very odd way, for I saw her reflected in the little sky-light of my berth, and reading and working all through the storm)—why shouldn't she come in and take her meals with us?"

"Well, I never thought of it in that way," I said.

At dinner that day—the fine weather still continuing—all the passengers were assembled, except one. Just as the covers were taken off a little rustle was heard, and a tall, graceful lady stood at the door, looking down the long table as if for a place. She was very neatly cut out of the great human material—slight—was in a purple silk—had a very small face and features—soft hair, with a tiny cap. She seemed almost so shy as a girl, and about two-and-thirty years of age. The lawyer got up, and, with much bustle, caused room to be made for her opposite—near the captain—who shook himself angrily, like a Newfoundland dog.

"Expect every one to be on time on board the *Promised Land*," he said, roughly. "Can't allow any eating and drinking in the cabins. So I hope, in future, ma'am—"

She was quite composed, and answered him with a soft voice: "I beg pardon, indeed, Captain Magregor. I did not know the rules—indeed, no. But in future you will find me the most obedient of all your passengers."

"Well, I hope so," he said. Get this lady some soup."

The barrister, who had his eye on her all this time, said to her, graciously:

"Hope you have not suffered during the rough weather?"

She answered softly, and with an expression of pain:

"I always suffer. I am almost always a martyr."

"Why," said the Scotch captain, "we know that you weren't ill during the storm, for you had your meals in regularly, and this gentleman here saw you sitting up, reflected in some way on his sky-light, reading away, when it was blowing great guns. Now?"

She raised her eyes from her plate and turned them steadily on the barrister. He helped himself to wine—very coolly.

"You are determined to be hard on poor me, Captain Magregor," she said. "I did not say that I was sick, but that I was almost always sick. I will even appeal to that gentleman who used reflectors to see how I employed my time."

The barrister laughed. "That's putting it very strongly against me. But if I had had such a reflector the other night when our vessel was stopped, and mysterious passengers came on board, that would be worth something. What do you say, captain?"

"I say it was a thing I wouldn't do again, for this lady or for any lady."

Again her eyes were studying the barrister very carefully.

He said, suddenly, as if putting a question:

"You were coming home from foreign service—your own husband?"

She almost started, looked at him, then answered steadily, with her wonderful eyes on him:

"Well, yes, supposing we were?"

"Oh, certainly," said he, with great politeness; "I have no right to put inquisitive questions."

"No more," she said, with a firm smile, "than you have to construct those reflectors of yours. Even my enemy here, Captain Magregor, wouldn't resort to that."

"It must have been very perilous," continued the barrister, addressing her, "that coming on board in an open boat on a rough night. It required great courage," he said, looking round with a smile, "or great pressure and necessity. From Gravesend, I think you said," he repeated.

"Suppose it were Gravesend," she answered, with a smile which was not a smile of pleasure.

"Would you like to hear," she went on, calmly, "my birth-place, names of relations, age next birthday, and other particulars according to a census paper?"

The barrister put up his hands to his face.

"Serve me right," he said; "a capital hit—well sent home too."

"Ah!" said she, laughing; "I wish to hit nobody, provided they do not hit me."

"At any rate," said the barrister, "I have got a lesson."

But I don't think he had. For at tea that night he came up to the table, laughing. "Look here," he said; "I am incorrigible. I belong to the law. So that is my excuse. You know the challenge you gave me about a census paper? Well, I have been working my head ever since, as I should do at a brief for the Vice-Chancellor to-morrow morning. May I tell you what I have found, provided I tell you how?"

The faintest flush of uneasiness passed over that

pleasant face, but she hid it by setting back the little cap. "Do as you please," she said, with a smile.

"You know I am helpless. Captain Magregor here, who I thought would be my protector, is turned against me; so every body is privileged."

"First," said Mr. Colter, "you are married, madam, or were married, and your husband's name is Charles H. Arlington—a captain in her Majesty's Ninetieth Regiment of Foot, now stationed at Chatham."

She almost started out of her seat, a strange wildness came into her eyes, with a flash of fury, as she bent over to the barrister.

"What do you mean?" she said, in a thick voice. Every one had been listening, and now turned to each other with surprise and wonder. In a moment her face had changed. She had burst into tears, and, with her handkerchief to her face, she just uttered the words, "He is dead! how unkind!" and floated away out of the saloon.

Many reproachful eyes were turned on the barrister.

"Come, I say, Mr. Colter," said the captain, who had looked after her with much compassion, "this is going a little too far, I think. A helpless woman is no match for a clever lawyer. It ain't equal, you know. Poor soul!"

"You my word," said the eager barrister, "I meant nothing—I really did not. It was a mere chance shot. I knew her name was Arlington. So I looked in an Army List."

The next morning, when the wind had again freshened, I went up very early upon deck. It was a cool, delicious morning, and the vessel was bending through the waves with a sharp, breezy decision that is always very acceptable. It was about seven, and I was sure I should have the deck all to myself; but, to my surprise, there was the captain leaning against the mainmast, with a lady in a little hood talking to him. I knew both hood and lady. Presently they began to walk about, and the captain pointed out this "stay" and that rope. In all these things she seemed to take an eager interest, and I could see was asking all sorts of questions, which he answered very readily, and with great alacrity and pleasure. Then he came toward me and explained the compasses, and then she went to the very end of the vessel, where she stood up on the fore-castle in the breeze, and looked down on the heaving waters with more courage than, perhaps, I could have done, and looked like a statue. I was leaning on the side of the vessel, looking at her in this attitude, when I heard a voice close at my ear: "A fine morning!" It was Mr. Colter, the barrister.

"I thought we should have the deck nearly to ourselves," he said, and walked down toward the pair at the end. When the lady saw him coming she jumped down. She said nothing to him beyond "Good-morning!" but that was said with an air of defiance.

That day the luggage "wanted on the voyage" was to be got up—a grand ceremonial of unpacking for passengers, and a remarkably busy and amusing scene. Every one got up his trunk, and got out things which he could not or would not want. Still it was an amusement, and even playthings are welcome upon a voyage. Every one was unloading and unpacking, even the great Chancery barrister, Mr. Colter, Q.C.

At dinner we were all in great spirits. The captain had given Champagne, which was much enjoyed by the lady who sat near him. Her eyes began to sparkle, and she talked very pleasantly and with great animation. I noticed that Captain Magregor listened with extraordinary attention to every thing she said, spoke very little himself, not even a word about his beloved ship.

"We deserve this," said the barrister, gayly, "after our hard work to-day. Excellent wine it is."

"You should drink, Mr. Colter, to our full and perfect reconciliation; and promise, over Captain Magregor's capital Champagne, so kindly given, never to offend me any more. You must get rid of your animosity to me. Will you promise?"

"Certainly," he answered, merrily, "with all my heart. I am deeply penitent. I feel as if I had committed contempt of court, and had been told to attend at the sitting of his lordship to-morrow. Indeed, how could I feel any thing but cordial good-will to a person about whom I am beginning gradually to know every thing?"

"Know every thing?" she said, a frown coming on her forehead. "You are beginning again. Now, I warn you!"

"Yes," said he, "but we have not drunk our Champagne together yet. It is really the oddest thing. There must be some mysterious relation between us, for these things force themselves on me. Now to-day, at the luggage, I found out your house and street!"

"Champagne, ma'am?" said the waiter.

"No," she said, fiercely, "I'll not drink with you. I'll have no reconciliation."

"Pray hear me first," he said. "Stay a moment, waiter. I saw a portmanteau swung up rather roughly, when the side grazed against the hold, and half tore off a card. I saw it wouldn't stay on a minute, and really with the best intentions, though you won't credit it, took it off. On the face was your name, Mrs. Arlington, written in a very pretty hand. On the back was, 'To be left at Captain Arlington's, Grove Villa, Chatham. Seven and sixpence to pay. 11/6/58.' (You know the odd way they write that.) The very day before our vessel sailed. Obviously the trunk-maker's bill for a lock or repairs."

She almost ground her teeth, and the wine shook in her hand.

"You will not stop till you get a lesson," she said, grimly. "I am not a woman to let myself be persecuted. I can do nothing myself; but if I ask other gentlemen—and she looked at Captain Magregor—"I am sure they will help me. Perhaps the next thing you will tell us at dinner, that you have opened my little trunk and searched it."

"I think," said Captain Magregor, who had been appealed to, "you might let this lady's affairs alone."

If we have barristers aboard, I don't see why we need have barristers' ways. In fact, now, as captain of this craft, I tell you plainly, Mr. Colter, I won't have it. I have authority here, and I must require you to give over prying into this lady's business, or looking into her trunks and that sort of thing."

He looked to her, whose eyes turned to him with speechless gratitude. There was a silence. Half the table heard that speech. Mr. Colter drank a little wine, then called in a clear voice to a gentleman a few places from him:

"Mr. Wilson! you were next me to-day when a portmanteau came out of the hold with a card hanging to it. Would that card have dropped off at a touch?"

"At a touch," said Mr. Wilson.

"Did I save it from dropping back into the hold?"

"You did," said Mr. Wilson.

"Who was it first perceived that there was writing on the back?"

"I did, certainly," said Mr. Wilson. "In fact, I remarked it as the trunk came up."

"There!" said Mr. Colter, calmly. "So much for looking into this lady's trunks. As for my remark yesterday about the husband of this lady, I looked, out of the merest idle curiosity, to see his rank and regiment, in an Army List—"

"An Army List?" she repeated, starting.

"Yes," he went on. "An Army List of the present month, and this is only the seventeenth, and I found him there. But that, of course, must be a printer's error (these things are edited so carelessly), for I think we understood you to say your husband is not alive?"

"Never," she answered, excitedly. "I said I was afraid he might be dead or dying, as I left him very ill."

"Then I mistook," he went on. "Now, that being so, I appeal to the company whether our excellent captain has not traveled a little beyond what is proper in the way he has spoken to me. Really it seems to me a little unwarrantable! and if I was one of your people with a grievance, and were to bring the matter officially before my friend Sir Charles Robinson, chairman of the company, he might look at it rather seriously. Now, I put it to our captain, a brave man, and one of the best seamen going, whether he has not been a little rough with me to-day."

The captain colored.

"Well," said he, "perhaps I spoke too strongly, and perhaps you are right, Mr. Colter. You know I have great responsibility."

The look of anger and contempt the lady gave him was beyond description. She rose at once.

"I see you have deserted me," she said, in a whisper, to the captain. "Well, so be it. I shall go on deck and make the wind and the sea my friends. They, indeed, are faithful."

And she passed out. In about ten minutes the captain followed her.

Very soon the curiosity of the passengers had been excited about this lady and her doings; and I could see that the barrister's little speech had produced a marked impression. Some of the gentlemen took her part; but the ladies were, to a lady, against her.

The barrister was very pleasant on the subject.

"I have got so into the habit of putting this and that together," he said, "that really I can't help speculating, and following out my speculations in this way. Now, this lady, though I really may be putting myself in bodily risk (for who knows how she may turn out? and she gives me such wicked looks), is really quite like a child's puzzle to me; and positively I must put it together successfully before the voyage is out."

There was a rattle behind us, and she was standing at the top of the table. She had heard him. There was the same twitch of vexation in her mouth.

"No warnings," she said, with a smile, "will do you good. Take care; other people may be fond of puzzles too."

"Nothing can be fairer," he said, laughing.

He was walking on deck that evening, when I saw her come up to him with a very sad and bewitching face. I could hear her low voice almost pleading. As I passed close by I heard her say something about—

"Oh, so clever! with such a reputation as you!"

To which he replied:

"Oh, nonsense. You never heard of my name before, unless you had been reading conveyances and deeds all your life. No, no."

The next thing we heard was that the captain had given up his own private cabin to the strange lady. She had come on board late, and had to put up with the worst accommodation. This inflamed all the ladies still more, but more particularly Mr. Colter, who said it was "an instance of singular partiality." That very day we saw an English brig bearing down on us with a signal of distress flying. This was welcome news to the passengers, and brought every one up from below with glasses, to share in the excitement. We slackened speed and let her come near. It turned out, after all, that she was only "short of water," which created quite as ill feeling against the brig, and sent down most of the passengers in disgust. The captain came aboard our vessel in his long boat, and was promptly surrounded by a group asking him all manner of questions, which provided a great subject of discussion at dinner that day. After dinner, Mr. Colter said, in his gay way, "While you were all talking to the captain, I got hold of the steward, and secured a couple of English newspapers. What do you say to that? I suppose no one ever thought of that; though there is not much news, except—except—indeed—and he kept looking up and down the columns, searching for his bit of news, 'one of the usual dreadful murders,'" he said. "Where is it?"

He spoke, I was made to look up by an angry and impatient rustle opposite, and there saw the eyes of the lady fixed on him with such an expression of mixed terror and agony, that I was really startled.

"At Chatham, I think it was," he said: "near to your part of the world. So you had a lucky escape, Mrs. Arlington."

She was growing pale and red by turns, her hands were grasping the table with a clutch, and she half rose to go.

"Ah, here it is!" "What do you mean by this?" she said. He did not affect to see her, but I saw him steal a look at her.

"Why, you are not well," said Captain McGregor. "Take my arm, and come on deck."

"You won't wait to hear the exciting details?" said Mr. Colter. "Why, I declare, it's not at Chatham, after all. It was at Portsmouth. Yes, at Portsmouth. How stupid of me!"

A cautious expression of relief came into her face. "It was only for a moment," she said. "You know my poor husband is lying ill there, and these things happen so often."

"Ah, I see," said the captain. "Was the murderer a sergeant—one Bidley?"

"Yes! Go! Bless me, yes!" said Mr. Colter. "How did you find that out?"

"Why, that all happened before we left England. I read it in the Times a week before. The fellow must be hanged by this time."

"Well, well," said Mr. Colter, laying down his paper, "after that I give it all up. I am getting stupid. I may retire into the profession."

The correcting passenger laughed and received a step in rank on the spot, in respect, from his fellow-passengers.

Meanwhile our captain never ebated in his attentions to the lady, though he grew more gleeful and moody every day. He had lost all his enthusiasm for his ship, and never talked of her in a boastful and affectionate way. On the other hand, carrying out his view of studying every thing that came in his way, Mr. Colter had lately taken great interest in the ship, and all about her, "just to fill in the time," he said. Every day at noon, when the observations were taken, he was careful to assist, and picked up the outlines of navigation in a very short time. Even the mate pronounced that he'd work the reckoning "after to-morrow next day."

This was always his way, Mr. Colter said, "because," he added, "who knows but a navigation case might be trotted to me? Last year I had a drying case, and I made up all the chemicals in a week." By-and-by the mate's prophecy actually came true, and Mr. Colter worked out the ship's reckoning for himself in a very satisfactory way.

The next day a great dark steamer, homeward-bound, came in sight, which the captain, eagerly getting his glass, and making the lady who stood near him look at, pronounced to be one of the Cunard vessels. As it drew near all the passengers got out their letters, which, after a short perusal, were sent on board; and it steamed away out of sight. This was a real incident, and was talked over eagerly and noisily at dinner. Mr. Colter, to whom the captain was very good and just every salient since their little discussion, quite taking the lead. "Such a mail as went on board," he said: "all of us writing home to our fathers and mothers, daughters, wives, and husbands. By-the-way," he went on gayly, and with his eye on the lady, "I didn't see you give a contribution, not a line, to that poor husband in the barracks at home, sitting in his bare room, coming back from their dull mess."

She colored, and again that fierce contortion of impatience came into her face. "How do you know?" she said. "Is the next thing to be that I am to show you all my letters before I post them?"

"God forbid," he answered, laughing, "if I had to read or look at ladies' long letters. No, no, Mrs. Arlington, only, as I always tell you, you are quite a study to me." He laughed again. "But come now," he went on, half addressing those near him, "I did remark that Mrs. Arlington missed the post, or did not know there was a mail going, and thus lost such an opportunity of writing to her husband. It was very unlucky."

Some of the passengers looked one at the other, for by this time—and really in part owing to these hints of the barometer—a sort of mystery of suspicion began to get among them about this lady. There was nothing to do, monotony was beginning to set in, so that even a little suspicion was welcome. This little fact, therefore, started so innocently by Mr. Colter, was taken up readily, and speculated over very often. And the looks of fury and secret hostility that naturally came into her face—as I surprised her often looking at "her persecutor"—were remarkable. Really he was carrying it all too far. But he never seemed to tire of it. A little passage that took place between them a couple of mornings later "intrigued" us all yet more.

"I am hungry this morning," he began, addressing the company as usual, "and do you know who is the reason? No one would guess, I am sure. Mrs. Arlington, you are the reason I am hungry. What is this, fried collops? Yes, Mrs. A. is the reason." Again she was in great confusion. The ladies' eyes were upon her. "Now for the explanation. Mrs. Arlington spilled some of my chocolate this morning. I think you did it on purpose. The steward was carrying it in (I always have it at home, and I must say the lad makes it wondrously as well as my own man), and Mrs. Arlington here ran against him, spilled some of it, and the poor boy brought it in afterward to my cabin, and wanted to know should he make more. Of course I said no. But I didn't even take what was left."

The public were a little disappointed at this story, which they could not follow. The only thing they enjoyed was her really helpless state of confusion and terror. And after that morning the impression still more evidently prevailed that there was something very odd about the strange lady. Later, we all knew the significance of this chocolate story.

The President had now been some seven or eight days out, and with fair weather. We were all getting tolerably well shaken down into the ship, as Mr. Colter said. This eighth day was remarkable for a bright sun out, and the one or two always sick passengers came creeping out of their berths to get a little fresh air and sun. Poor souls! Every one was happy, but the only curious thing was the behavior of the captain, who all the day long had his powerful double-glasses to his eyes searching the horizon far and near. This at first was not attended to; but, as he continued anxiously at this all the day, even sending men to the mast-head, and keeping a little boy there till he nearly fell off, people began to wonder, and then to ask. The first to take notice was Mr. Colter: "Not looking for land, surely?" he said, with a smile. "I made up a reckoning with the mate, and we are in latitude so and so."

The captain answered him roughly: "I can look through my glasses, I suppose, without having to give an account of myself, Mr. Colter? We leave our compass-boxes at home on board this ship." And walked away down to the cabin to the lady; then came up, and spoke to the man at the wheel. It was now about five o'clock, and time for dinner. Mr. Colter, who was very friendly with the mate, and talked with him a good deal about the ship and her handling, now walked over to take a look at the binocular before going down. "Why, look here, Colbrett," he said, "we're taking a bend out of our course. Eh? What d'ye say?"

"Yes, we are, Sir," said the mate. "What's this, Jim?" "Cap'n bid me keep a quarter-point or so to starboard," said the steersman.

"Very odd," said Mr. Colter. "I don't know what's coming over the cap'n," said Colbrett, thoughtfully. "I think," he added, cautiously, "he's now after one of the Havre lines (so he pronounced it) for New York, which we should meet about here. That's what's at the bottom of it, Sir. I suspect he wants news, or something."

"Oh, indeed," said Mr. Colter, and went down to dinner. At this meal the captain and lady were both restless, and spoke little. Mr. Colter was cheerful. When it was nearly done, a steward's boy came in, and whispered to the captain, who got up hastily, and went on deck. This notion excited curiosity. What could it be?

After dessert had been put on, Mr. Colter, wiping his mouth with his napkin, said, gayly, "I really must see what it is all about."

"Ah, you may see and see again," said Mrs. Arlington, with extraordinary ferocity, "but you will not find out much, or be able to surmise much more."

"If" said he, good-humoredly. "Not I, indeed. But a little walk on deck can do no harm." He went up, and presently half followed, for curiosity is stronger than wine.

The evening and the half darkness had come on. The sky-lights over the saloon looked like gorgeous illuminated globes. The sea was fresh, and cool, and blue, and the moon, seeming to be out a little before its time, was shining. Many faces were looking out to the one point where there was a black patch, and a twinkling red and green light growing larger every moment. Many fingers pointed it out to each other. "See the Havre packet!" said Colbrett, pointing up to Mr. Colter; "we're out of our course by three hours. Nigh on forty mile. Only this! Of course it's his affair, and he'll see what the owners will say."

The captain was on his paddle-box, giving orders. "We're going at full speed, you see," said the mate. "She's a faster boat, and won't lie by for us. The French skipper knows his duty to his company."

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Colter. "Where's Mrs. Arlington?" She was in her cabin. By-and-by some boxes were coming up from the hold. Presently the barometer came up, dressed in her shawls and cloaks, and with all her baskets and packages. "I see," said Mr. Colter again.

"Perhaps you do," she said, "but not for much longer. I am going at last to be set free from your insolent and tyrannical persecutions. This kind captain is going to put me on board that vessel which is bound for New York."

By this time a knot of leading passengers had gathered round, listening with wonder. We were gradually drawing nearer to the vessel. The captain was coming down from his paddle-box with triumph.

"We shall overhaul her yet," he said. "They have seen our signals. They are getting out the boat so as to have it ready. They have stopped at last."

He was turning to go, when Mr. Colter, suddenly changing his habitual jocular manner, said: "Just a word with you, captain, before you move in this matter."

He took him by the arm, and led him away down to the end of the vessel, the captain going sulkily. Mrs. Arlington was very restless during the interview, but she looked very often toward the dark French ship.

In a moment they both came back. The captain was very excited. "I'll not listen to you, Sir. You should be ashamed of yourself. I sha'n't move in the business, or listen to such calumnies."

"Brave and gallant protector," she said, taking the captain's hand. "I knew I had a friend in you who would stand by me."

"Then you force me to appeal to the passengers, and to them I shall appeal."

"You would not be so cowardly—so cruel," she said, half imploringly. "I shall tell them what I know and can prove as soon as we touch land. I shall tell them that this woman—"

"Tell what you like," said the captain, doggedly. "Here's the vessel, and go on board she shall."

In fact we were now drifting up beside the great black figure of the French steamer, breathing and blowing off the steam like a tired horse. The men were in the boat, and the trucks were about being swung over the side.

"Well, then," said Mr. Colter, "if you won't listen to reason, I shall go too. New York will be very pleasant, and we have an extradition treaty with that country."

There was a pause. The two stood looking at each other, the lady trembling and breathing hard. The voice of the French captain was heard through a speaking-trumpet.

"Well, then," said she, with a sort of dreadful smile; "since you are so positive in the matter I suppose you must have your way. I am very sorry to have given these foreign gentlemen all this trouble; but it is better to submit than to have a scene. I shall never be able, Mr. Colter, to repay you for all your intrusive kindness."

She hurried down again to her cabin, but her last look at the barometer was one no one could forget. The vessel was put on her old course.

For some days more the voyage continued. Still the lady did not come into the cabin for meals. "I have given her leave," said the captain, ferociously. "I suppose I have that power aboard my own ship, and I'd like to see the man that will dispute it."

"So should I," said Mr. Colter, smiling. "Poor Jack would be laid in irons, and properly so. The law gives you full power, cap'n, to a certain extent. We must all support the law, cap'n. The legal theory is, that the deck of every English vessel is a portion of the British soil."

The captain answered nothing. It was the last day. We were to be off the coast by evening. By evening we were off the coast, near a tongue of land and a light-house. But it was nearly dark. Passengers were all in excitement. A splash of sea was heard alongside, and the Customs officers, some green-looking men in brigand hats, came on board. They went through the usual business. To our surprise we heard Mr. Colter talking, in what was apparently excellent Spanish, with the leader of the party. The leader was very eloquent, and touched his hat often. Mr. Colter gave him a letter as the boat went away—two were left behind in charge of the vessel.

Mr. Colter was literally now regarded as a being of mysterious power. About nine that night (we were all to land in the morning) another boat was heard coming alongside, and a gentleman came up the side, who in English asked the captain to see Mr. Colter. The captain asked his business a little gruffly. "I am the consul here," said the other.

Mr. Colter, who was smoking, came up. The consul took off his hat. "I hope Lord Beaconsfield is well," he said, obsequiously. "His lordship wrote to me by the last mail. We shall do every thing we can for you, Mr. Colter. Would you like to come ashore to-night and sleep on dry land—at a hotel? I can manage that."

"Well, then, do you know, I should," said Mr. Colter, gayly. "I have, however, a few little things to put together first."

"I hope you enjoyed the voyage," said the consul. "Well I did, since you ask me," he answered. "It has really been like Westminster Hall all the way. I suppose you can give me half an hour?"

Half an hour after that he came into the saloon stuffed up to go. I and the captain were the only people there. "Good-by," said Mr. Colter, good-humoredly, "for the present. It seems a little invidious my being the only one allowed to go ashore, but I shall be back in the morning. Good-by."

"And what legacy do you leave behind?" said a woman's voice close by. We looked up and saw flashing eyes, and distorted features, and a quivering lip.

"Good grations!" said Mr. Colter. "What legacy? I say," she repeated; "a noble, manly, and chivalrous one! You a gentleman? No; I will tell you what you are—a miserable spy, a common detective! God forgive you!"

"What strange language!" said Mr. Colter, looking round. "If I was a low creature I would curse you," she went on, in a fury; "I would pray—as I will pray to-night—that the boat which takes you to shore may open and sink to the bottom. You mean, unworthy spy, you! You upward, you! You crawling, creeping, sneaking spy; this is the dirty work you love! Curse you, I say!"

"What message?" said Mr. Colter, not in the least disturbed. "What have I done to you? Why did you fasten on me from the beginning of the voyage—a poor woman that did you no harm—tell me that—oh?"

Mr. Colter suddenly became grave. (It was a curious and most exciting scene; the yellow oil lamps of the saloon playing on her face.) "Since you ask me," he said, "I shall tell you—something, at least. Young William Arlington, your husband—that was—"

"Was?" she repeated, faltering. "—was the son of a very dear friend of mine. I knew something of his history—how the foolish boy had been entrapped into a marriage at Boulogne with a sort of half-French woman that no one knew any thing of, and about whom there were strange rumors. Now, Mrs. Arlington?"

"False, false—every word of it," she said, furiously. "We shall see," he said, gathering up his coat and shawl. "I shall not appear much more in this business. Others will look after it. Sorry no one else is allowed on shore. Good-night all."

She gave a half shriek and shook her head at him. "May that boat of yours sink you, sink you, sink—"

She stopped herself and rushed back into her cabin, for stray passengers were looking out in wonder. I could not for a long while get rid of the dreadful idea of her appearance as I saw her then.

In the morning—a beautiful bright morning—we saw the fine gorgeous coast quite clear. In to my astonishment, there were police in the Spanish dress on the deck talking with the captain, who was very excited. And the English consul was there too.

The passengers were all gathered on the deck, and whispering. At last the captain went down and two of the officers. He came up in a moment with a wild, scared face.

She was in her cabin; but it was fast locked. No one had seen her. No one could see her, or ever did see her again. That deadly look given to Mr. Colter proved to be the last look she gave to mortal man. When the anxious captain had at last her cabin door forced, she was found lying in her berth quite dead and cold, and the ship's doctor pronounced that she had died of poison.

When the English newspapers got out to the British, we all heard of the dreadful Chatham murder of a young officer who had married a half-French milliner against the wishes of his family.

The murderer, the papers said, had got away—it was believed in a Brazilian packet—but he had, according to their favorite phrase, that "the officers of justice would soon be on his track."

Mr. Colter made the return voyage successfully, and much improved in his health, and is now the well-known Sergeant Colter, who stands next for Solicitor-General.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WARRANT A DISCOMFORT.—A constable prying open a grave article on a prisoner with the following words: "We have had a commission stating for several years ago 'Gives Colours.' Well, all we can say is that, considering the material, we wonder they haven't long ago furnished a report."

NAUTICAL WIT.—Brown, being advised for the benefit of his palate to taste an oyster roasted in a little slice of butter, passed a sleepless night in trying to connect a probable joke about the ability of putting the pot upon the spot.

Why is electricity like the police when they are wanted?—Because it is an inevitable force.

Milton was once asked why he did not teach his daughter foreign languages. "I readily can manage enough for a woman!" was his reply.

MYSTIC FORMS OF BUSINESS.—Few of the uninitiated know the significance of wanting long coats of rippled waist the neck, and for their benefit we make the following statement: When they wear the coats hanging in folds, it means "the lady is married;" over the right shoulder, that "she is engaged;" over the left shoulder, that "she has a fellow coming to see her, but I'm not engaged;" and down the back it means "boys, come follow me." If the folds were any at all, it means she "is engaged," and don't wish to have any thing to do with "any other fellow."

Why did Joseph's brethren cast him into the Pit?—Because they didn't want him in the Family Circle.

General Nye says "Congress may be able to reconstruct the Southern States, but neither they nor the devil will ever be able to reconstruct the women; they are perfectly awful."

A gentleman who takes the morning journals, and whose attention is apt to be monopolized by them, recommended one day to his wife for getting down to breakfast in curl-papers, when the lady replied, "If you indulge in your papers, I don't see why I shouldn't enjoy mine."

A man advertising for competent persons to undertake the sale of a new medicine, and adds "that it will be profitable to the advertiser," and so forth.

A traveler, relating his experiences in the East Indies, alluded to the great number of servants employed by gentlemen in that country. "It is to take care of my papers," said he, "I had four servants." "Is that possible?" asked it was the duty of the first to being on the pipe; the second to light it; the third to light it; and what did the fourth do?" "The fourth smoked it—I never could bear tobacco myself."

Our houses should be like our shoes. If too small, they will pinch us; but, if too large, they will cause us to stumble and to trip.

A locomotive on a Western railroad has been adorned with the title, "I will love." This is more than many of the passengers can say at the end of their journey.

It is vain to stick your finger in the water, and, pulling it out, look for a hole; and equally vain to suppose that, however large a space you occupy, the world will miss you when you die.

Why is a horse like the letter G?—Because G makes it go. And what is the difference between this steersman and my aunt who spindles?—One is a every with an answer; the other is an end, Sir, with a queer eye.

A WESTERN FOLK.—"Mary and Mary a year ago—how many different with me—a youthful couple appeared at the gateway of the paragon in a town on a broad side from Harvard. Mounted on a white nag, they also claimed companionship with a big, elderly fellow with, to them, some valuable commodity. The morning, the golden youth left his lady and the boy, and pressed her up the avenue of stars leading to the paragon door, and entered the mansion. Some time passing, he waved his hand to the waiting driver, "Come on, my friend, I'll take the horse!" Guiding the steed to the door, the lady was received by her would-be lord, and soon "the boys were made one flesh," and the minister was left in possession of a goodly supply of beans.

BOOKING-NOTES DEALERS.—"Your wife does not pay any income-tax, I suppose, Mrs. Skinsney?" "Why not, Sir?" "I shouldn't think it was rich enough."

BLANKET-POPULARIZERS.—"All's well that ends well," as the gentleman said when he wrote the postscript to his letter. "Staunch for matrimony," as the chemist said when he took a bad slipper for a black draught.

"As you know it," as the servant said when he drank his master's grog. "A winter's tale," as the characterist said when the pauper asked for more rods.

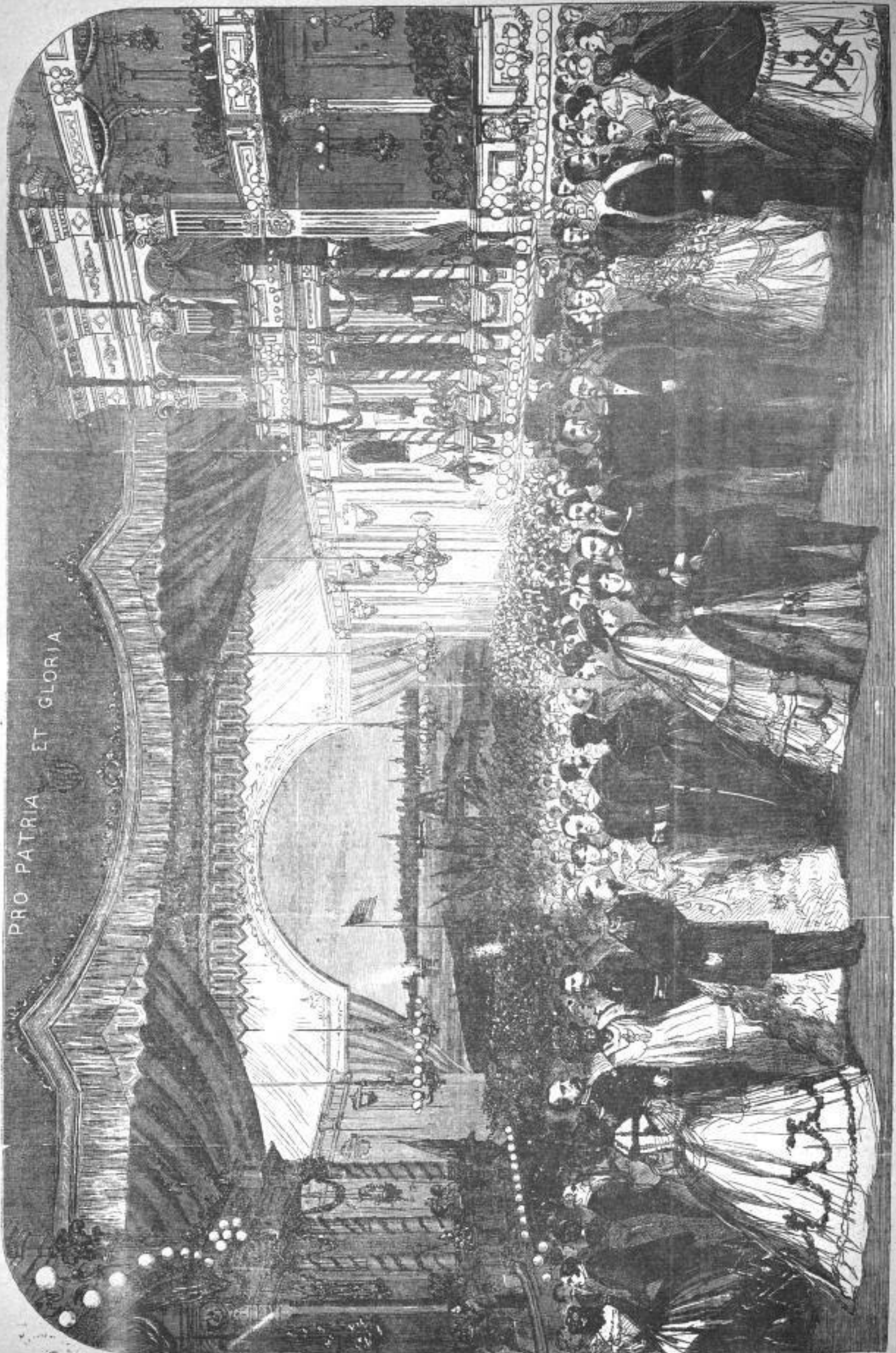
What is the difference between land and pig-sticking?—One is a word with four letters; the other, kill with intent to kill.

MUSICAL CATHARTISM.—What is a rest?—Going out of the choir for refreshments during sermon time. What is called singing with "an understanding"?—Marking time on the floor with your feet.

What is a staccato movement?—Leaving the shaft in a huff because one is dissatisfied with the leader. What is a waltz?—A professor of music who pretends to know every thing about the waltz, while he can not read his ignorance.

Miss Thompson says that every remnant of body of hers may consider that she has passed the Cape of Good Hope.

"Working for Dave Linn" is defined to be making clothes for a new baby.



PRO PATRIA ET GLORIA

GRAND RECEPTION GIVEN BY THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, JANUARY 24, 1866, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK. (See Page 110.)

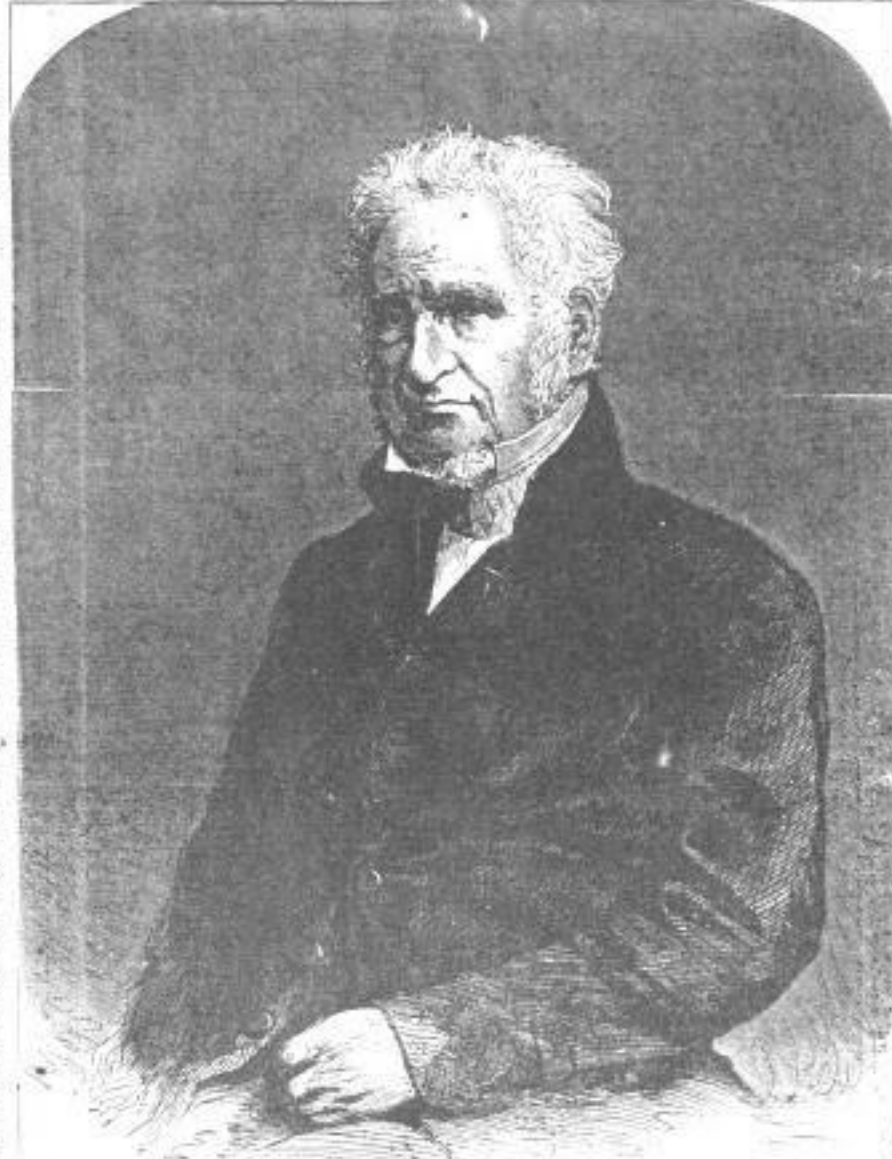
THE REV. DR. NOTT.

THE REV. DR. ELIPHALET NOTT, whose death occurred on the morning of January 23, was the veteran among American divines. He had nearly reached the end of his ninety-third year when he died. His life was more than coeval with that of the republic. Born in the midst of the exciting events which heralded our first Revolution, he lived to see the close of his second—a revolution more momentous than that of '76.

Dr. NOTT was born June 23, 1773. For almost two-thirds of a century he held the position in which he died—the Presidency of Union College. He was born of English ancestry. His father, a merchant, had been unfortunate in business, and was unable to give his son the advantages which at an earlier time he might have been. His mother, a woman of fine culture, exercised a great influence over his first intellectual training, and her discipline created in him an ardent desire to pursue his studies to the utmost practicable extent. While still a boy his brother, the Rev. Simeon Nott, of Franklin, Connecticut, adopted him as a member of his own family, and taught him the elements of Greek and Latin. At the age of sixteen he took charge of a school in Plainfield, where he received much aid and encouragement from one of the most learned divines of that day, the Rev. Dr. John Besant. In his twentieth year he entered Brown University, and, after being connected with that institution for the brief period of six weeks, graduated with the honor of the first degree in the arts.

Returning to Plainfield he commenced to study for the ministry under Dr. Besant, teaching school at the same time. In his twenty-fourth year he was licensed to preach. In 1798, one year later, he accepted a call from the First Presbyterian Church of Albany, where his ministry was very popular, and in every way a most successful success. His celebrated sermon, in 1804, on the death of HAZARD, who was a personal friend of the young evangelist, has long ranked among the best specimens of pulpit eloquence in the country.

The same year in which this sermon was delivered, and while Nott was only thirty-one years of age, he was invited to assume the Presidency of Union College, an institution which had had a separate existence for less than a decade, and was yet struggling to maintain itself. Dr. JONATHAN EDWARDS had been the second President; Dr. NOTT was the fourth. Up to this time the whole number of graduates by this year had been only 63. The College had no library, or philosophical apparatus, and was embarrassed with debt. "Some forty students," Dr. NOTT himself says in an address fifty years afterward, "staggered over the then shores of Schenectady, waiting for almsgiving par-



THE LATE REV. ELIPHALET NOTT, D.D., LL.D.

pose in what was then a cabinet-maker's shop, with a single professor, was the whole of Union College." He lent himself to the work of removing all those disabilities and providing for those pressing needs. The State had as yet made no available appropriation, but through his energetic and persistent efforts a law was passed, in 1811, which may safely be said to have laid the foundation of the success of the institution. By this act, granting also liberal assistance to Hamilton and Columbia Colleges, Union College was to receive \$200,000, to be appropriated to the payment of its debts, to the purchase of a library and apparatus, and to the erection of college edifices, etc.

From this time the College progressed rapidly. Dr. Nott has himself been the most munificent benefactor to the institution.—Through his direct bounty the College will realize over half a million of dollars. Dr. Nott had acquired a fortune through valuable inventions which he had contributed to society—among which was that of the first anthracite coal stove ever used in this country—and the College reaped a large harvest from his success.

To the last of his long life Dr. Nott retained a very large proportion of the vigor and enthusiasm which had characterized his early career. It was not until September, 1863, that he ceased to appear in the lecture-room. In 1862 he presided at the annual Commencement of the College. Since then his decline has been gradual, and death came to him as winter follows upon autumn, after the rich and abundant harvest of his had been fully reaped.

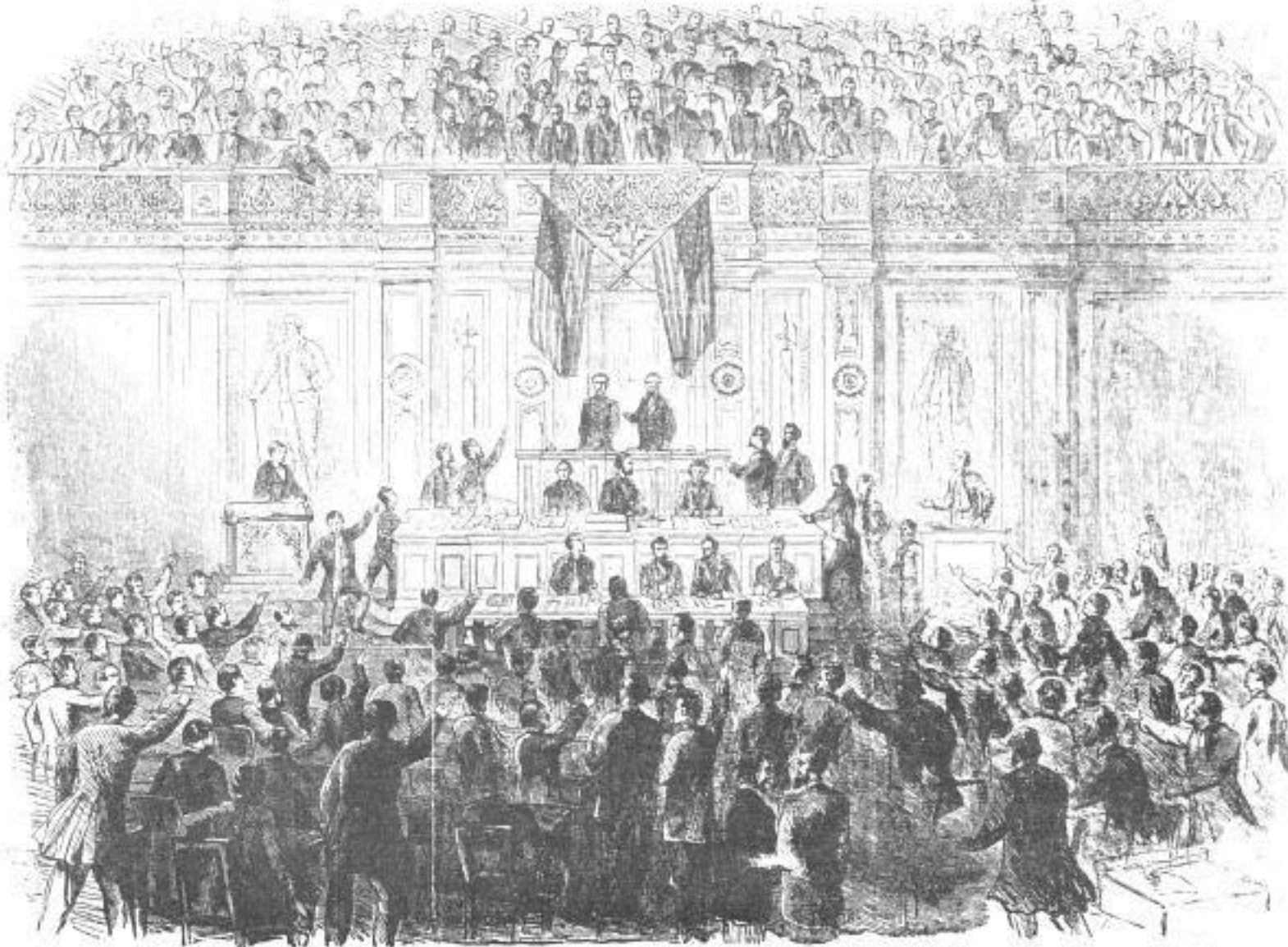
GEN. SHERMAN'S RECEPTION IN THE HOUSE.

We illustrate on this page the scene in the House of Representatives on the occasion of General SHERMAN'S reception by that body January 20. All business was suspended. The Speaker invited the General to the desk, where he was greeted with an outburst of applause such as has been rarely witnessed on that floor. The Speaker made the following address:

"Gentlemen of the House of Representatives—I have the honor of introducing to you this day, by your unanimous order, Major-General SHERMAN, so well known to you and to the whole civilized world as one of our most gallant and distinguished warriors and our most able and successful statesmen. On the brilliancy of his services for our beloved country I need not dwell, but, thank God, permit me to say to you, as I have said to the world, that he has been in the presence of every battle."

To which the General replied:

"Gentlemen of the House of Representatives—I am very much pleased to find that you have given me the honor of placing my name in such a part of this room, which I never entered before."



GENERAL SHERMAN'S RECEPTION IN THE UNITED STATES HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, JANUARY 20, 1866.—[SKETCHED BY A. M'CALLUM.]

were in these galleries. I can simply say I thank you for my heart for the reception you have given me. I hope I may be able to do some good to the world, and I shall endeavor to do all I can to that end."

General SHERMAN, after being introduced by the Speaker to the members thronging around him, retired to a seat in the back part of the House, where he listened with great attention to Mr. RAYMOND'S able speech on reconstruction. He is said afterward to have, in a private conversation, cordially endorsed the sentiments uttered by Mr. RAYMOND.

RECEPTION OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

We illustrate on page 108 the grand reception given on the evening of January 31 by the Seventh Regiment, National Guard, in this city. The Academy of Music and Irving Hall were connected together, thus forming one immense edifice for the occasion. The Academy was profusely decorated with flowers and drapery. Along the balustrades of the first tier, on the red field of drapery, were inscribed the names of those members of the regiment who rose to the higher ranks of the army during their term of service. Among these names were those of General GANNON, JENNINGS, DUNYEA, MCLINCH, GURNEY, SWANER, and McNEILL. The balustrades of the second tier were twined with evergreen and hung with white and gold drapery, relieved with touches of pink. Rastie baskets of flowers were placed here and there, overshadowing the snowy ground-work of the festoons, each panel of which bore the name of a soldier or a hero. On the third tier deep blue and gold and silver drapery, with white lettering, and knapsacks and flags were used with good effect.

Conspicuous on the stage was a scenic painting representing Fort Federal Hill, occupied by the regiment in 1862, with a view of Baltimore in the background. Irving Hall was used as a banquet saloon.

The principal feature of the evening's entertainment was the address delivered by Major-General JOHN A. DEX. He recounted the valuable services rendered by the Seventh Regiment at an early stage of the war, and again in 1862 and 1863, and their conduct in the great riot in New York city. The crowning glory of the regiment, he said, was the large number of officers it had furnished to other organizations. "I hold in my hand," he said, "a roll of five hundred and fifty-seven members of your regiment who received commissions in the army, the navy, or the volunteer service. Nine-tenths of the number were serving with the regiment when the war broke out. Three rose to the rank of Major-General, nineteen to the rank of Brigadier-General, twenty-nine to the rank of Colonel, and forty-six to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Of whose names are on this roll of honor are also in soldiers' graves. Others are moving about with mutilated limbs and with frames scarred by honorable wounds, the silent but expressive monuments of faithful and heroic service."

General DEX then reviewed the momentous events connected with the close of the war. As among the lessons of the war, he said, the first "is the great truth that the course of military successes is always from north to south—from frost and snow to flowers and sunshine. Our very instincts teach us that it must be so, and all history confirms it. It is not because the southern nature is less spirited or less capable of high and heroic achievement, but because the northern muscle, elaborated under a colder sky and through more invigorating influences of climate, acquires more compactness, tenacity, and strength, carrying with it (for the mental and physical conditions always assimilate) a greater moral power of endurance. Southern races are, for the most part, precipitate, impassioned, fiery, vehement, sometimes breaking down all opposition by force of their restless impetuosity. Northern races,

on the other hand, are calm, deliberate, persistent, determined, and as immovable as a rock against which wind and storm are idly expending their fury." The political tone of the latter portion of his speech was conservative. He advocated forbearance even in the assertion of our undeniable rights.

At the conclusion of this address the floor was cleared for the dance, and hundreds of couples took their positions, and executed quadrilles, polkas, gallops, and valse until midnight. Among the prominent guests present at the reception were General BULLOCK, "Baldy" SMITH, ANDERSON, HAZEN, and FORTY.

We give on this page a representation of the Fifth Corps' badge presented on the evening before the ball to General R. N. BOWENMAN by his old comrades of 7th G Company, Seventh Regiment. It was manufactured by Messrs. L. AUSTIN & SONS, of this city, and is a Maltese cross of solid 18-carat gold, having on its face the coat-of-arms of the State of Maryland, surmounted by the national emblem, suspended to which by a white ribbon is the Seventh Regiment badge, the whole attached to a gold keeper, in the centre of which is a Brigadier-General's star set in brilliant.

General BOWENMAN, a native of Maryland, had been in business in this city for some years previous to the rebellion, at the commencement of which he was a Corporal in the Seventh, and as such served with them in the campaign of '61. On their return from Washington, on the recommendation of his Captain, he was commissioned First Lieutenant in the Eleventh New York Regiment, "Ellsworth's Zouaves." He fought at Bull Run, and was, in 1862, appointed Captain, but thrown out of commission by the displacement of his regiment. He fought with the Seventy-Third New York, without rank or pay, in the hard battles of the Peninsula campaign. In the Wilderness he fought with the rank of Colonel, and when General DEXTER was wounded he took the place of the latter at the head of the Maryland Brigade. This brigade had become attached to the Fifth Corps. August 24, 1864, he received a wound in the attack on the Weldon Railroad. In the battle of "Five Forks" he was again wounded. His brigade in that battle captured 1700 prisoners, of which his own regiment took 400. He retired from the service with the rank of Brigadier-General, and was appointed Deputy-collector of the port of Baltimore.

THE SINGULAR MAN.

THERE was a young man, you may think very strange, But someone or other a little damaged; And if it be true, then as I have been told, He was once a more infant, but age made him old.

His legs were the oddest that ever you knowed, His mouth stood square 'twixt his nose and his chin; And whenever he spoke, it was with his voice, And in talking he always made some sort of noise.

He'd an arm on each side, to use when he'd pleas'd, He never worked hard, when he lived at his ease; Two legs he had got to make him complete, But what was most strange, at each end were his feet.

His legs, as folks say, he could use at his will, And when he was walking, he never stood still; If you had but seen him, you'd laugh till you hurt, For one leg or footer would always go first.

Another strange thing as e'er I did meet, Was when he was hungry he always did eat; He drank when he was dry, and then, if you'd note, Whenever he drank always went down his throat.

If this whimsical fellow had a river to cross, He'd no doubt get over, he staid where he was; And though he ne'er went off the dry ground, So great was his luck that he never was drown'd.

Another strange thing about him I'd tell, For when he was sick he was always well; He gave a deep sigh, then up he would slide, And sneeze or other this odd fellow died.

But the reason he died, and the cause of his death, Was simply, poor soul, for the want of more breath; And now he is left in the cold earth to moulder, If he had lived a day longer, he'd have been a day older.

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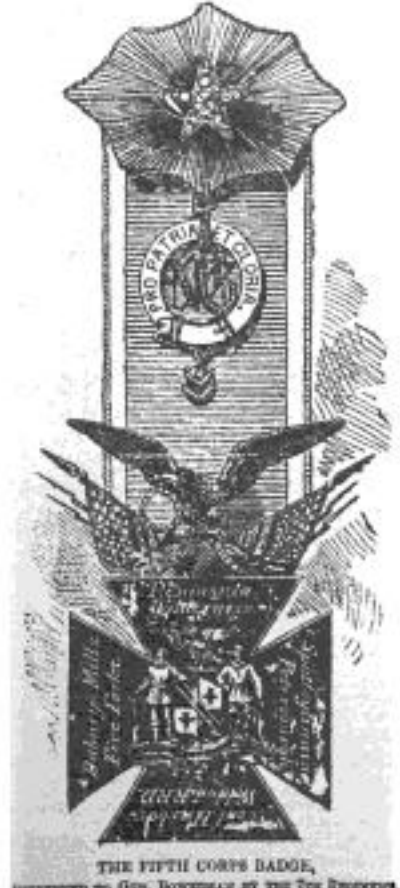
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FEB 24 1866

THE ISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY



Vol. X.—No. 478.]

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PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON.—[See Page 156.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1866.

AMENDING THE CONSTITUTION.

IT is now nearly eighty years since the Constitution of the United States was framed. The sagacity which moulded it is attested by the fact that it has adapted itself so long to the necessities of a nation which has increased and extended beyond precedent. No written national constitution has endured so long and prosperously. But wise and skillful as it is, it was the work of men, and, like all human work, it was not perfect. The fathers who made it foresaw that Time would reveal the necessity of change in some of its details, while its great principles of Justice and Liberty would remain forever immutable. They provided, therefore, for its amendment by means which should not in the least degree imperil the stability of the Government established by it, and various amendments have been already adopted.

The experience of eighty years has shown that in two cardinal points the Constitution was defective. These points were not unknown to its framers; but they were those which made the adoption of any constitution doubtful, and they saw that, to form the Union, some concession was essential. The instrument, therefore, did not speak plainly and decisively of either point. It did not in terms destroy all claim of State Sovereignty, and it did not secure the equal rights of all the people of the country; and it is now clear that from that double obscurity the civil war proceeded. The injustice was continued by some of the States, and the doctrine of State Sovereignty was simultaneously incalculated in those States that a convenient constitutional pretext might be found for destroying the nation in order to maintain the injustice. When the crisis came the rebellion justified itself as constitutional, and so thoroughly had the public mind been poisoned that the power of resistance was almost paralyzed. But it rallied, and the struggle was fierce and long, ending in the assertion written in the life-blood of thousands and thousands of American citizens that the doctrine of State Sovereignty is not to be tolerated under any pretense, and that equal rights shall be universal.

It is obvious that after such a struggle the Constitution must be amended; for if we are to have a Constitution it ought certainly to express the most solemn convictions of the people sealed by their blood. And if the Constitution is ever to be enlarged or modified in any manner now is the time. The war is the ghastly proof of the weakness of certain parts of the instrument, and we can never strengthen those parts so securely as now. It is because this is the universal national conviction that the emancipation amendment was so readily accepted.

But the moment that was adopted it changed certain fundamental provisions, and made others necessary. Thus the basis of representation and taxation has hitherto been the whole number of free persons, and, excluding untaxed Indians, three-fifths of all other persons. But the emancipation amendment makes the three-fifths five-fifths who have no political power, and, if they are to be thus counted, a gross inequality of representation is created in favor of those who are most alienated from the Government; and, still further, the consequence will be that, in the very section which is thus unjustly preferred, nearly half the population will be taxed without any representation whatever. An amendment to avoid so absurd a result is therefore imperatively necessary; and, under such circumstances, to complain of "tinkering the Constitution," is to complain of simple justice. The New Hampshire Democratic Convention and the Virginia Legislature are opposed to any constitutional amendment. But such opposition merely proves both its justice and necessity.

In amending the Constitution it will be always remembered by wise men that it is the fundamental law, and should contain only permanent provisions. Temporary objects are better attained by Congressional acts. Yet the fundamental law of the United States will be manifestly imperfect until it guarantees equal rights for every one of the people. We shall gladly hail and support every practicable measure toward this great result; and, meanwhile, let every man who knows that peace and progress are sure only as they are founded upon justice, do what he can to persuade public opinion to believe it.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE last solemn rite in commemoration of ABRAHAM LINCOLN has now been performed. As the historians at the Grecian games told the traditions of the country to the assembled Greeks, so the historian of the United States has recited the latest chapter of its story to the Congress and all the chief officers of the nation. The orator was most wisely chosen, and his discourse illustrates the immense advantage

to a public speaker of severe literary training. Mr. BACON, of whom we last week published a portrait and sketch, is so accustomed to a comprehensive view of the sequence and relation of events, and to a graphic relation of them, that he treated the story of the war with thoroughness of grasp, compactness and felicity of description, and a severe but true eloquence. His words are exactly chiseled, and the force and precision of his survey of the civil war in its causes and relations will secure a permanent value to this discourse.

The character of LINCOLN himself we could have wished estimated with a subtler sympathy. But it is hard for a man of purely intellectual temperament like the historian heartily to appreciate a simpler and more emotional nature like that of the late President. Posterity will see in him a greater man than his contemporaries can acknowledge. In earlier days the poetic mist of increasing time would have enlarged him in the popular mind to a demi-god. And among all the incidents of his life none will be more fondly prized and remembered than that which THOMAS NORTON has illustrated in this paper.

On Tuesday, April 4, the day after the capture of Richmond by the Union army, President LINCOLN entered the city. He came up as far as Varina in the River Queen, and was thence drawn over in an ambulance to Richmond, where he met Admiral PORTER, who had by that time reached the wharf in the Malvern. About eleven o'clock the President walked up the streets of the late rebel capital, preceded by half a dozen marines, and accompanied by Admiral PORTER, Captain BELT, and some citizens who had been apprised of his arrival. Crowds thronged the streets, and chief and eager among them the emancipated race, which called Heaven's benediction upon their Liberator and Friend as he passed by. Ten days afterward those sad eyes that had seen the end of the great labor closed, and the anxious heart that beat for all his countrymen, was stilled forever. The nation that loved him mourns for him, and will long mourn. It will do more. It will secure to the almost the Liberty which, in the name of the nation, ABRAHAM LINCOLN proclaimed.

TAXATION OF OUR PUBLIC DEBT.

IT was well known at the time, that many of our leading capitalists, among them Mr. ABRAMS, were lately examined by the United States Revenue Commissioners on the question whether or not it is expedient for the General Government to impose a direct tax on each of its public debt as was held by citizens of the United States, the amount received to be applied to a sinking fund intended for the ultimate payment of the principal of the debt. The ostensible reason for the imposition of this tax was the supposed necessity for countervailing legislation to meet the growing disposition in favor of a tax by the several States on the income derived from those securities. A report having been made on this subject to Congress since our last issue was made up, the injunction of secrecy imposed on the press is no longer in force, and we are now at liberty to notice this very important proceeding. The draft bill accompanying the report imposes an annual tax of one per cent. on the face of that portion of the debt which is payable in currency, and seven-tenths of one per cent. on the principal of the gold-bearing bonds. The tax is equivalent to a reduction of the rate of interest on the Seven-Thirties of one per cent. annually, and on the Five-Twenties and Ten-Forties each of seven-tenths of one per cent. annually, thus leaving the rate of interest on the Five-Twenty bonds 5 7/10 per cent. instead of 6, and on the Ten-Forty bonds only 4 7/10 per cent. instead of 5 per cent., an unjust discrimination against the latter. The income derived from this diminished rate of interest is left subject to the income tax of ten per cent. imposed by the United States, and is made subject to such further income or other tax as shall hereafter "be equally imposed and levied upon all incomes, or directly upon all real and personal property within the United States, subject to taxation." The bill by its terms excepts from its operation that portion of the debt which is held abroad, supposed to amount to \$300,000,000, but applies to the residue, upward of \$2,000,000,000, held at home. It is thus seen that the value of those securities will be greatly impaired if the bill pass, unless it shall be found that the exemption secured by the bill against the schemes of demagogues in the several States amounts to a fair equivalent for this forced reduction in the rate of interest. The arguments presented in the report of Mr. HAYES, one of the Commissioners (for he alone is directly responsible for the measure) in favor of the passage of the bill, are founded in part on the testimony given by those capitalists, a synopsis of which is published with the report; but we see nothing in the evidence thus taken to justify so large a reduction in the rate of interest, and hence we infer that the justification for it is found, if any exist, in the mass of testimony not reported, taken by the Commissioners, to ascertain the effect of present taxation on the industry and

future growth of the country. We regret that we are not able to present a view of this testimony, but we can not shut our eyes to the conviction that the fear of State taxation is not the only motive for the bill, but that it is founded also on the apprehension that the burden of the debt will be found too oppressive. The Report states: "Our debt is not excessively large compared with our means of payment. The interest paid is unreasonable and extravagant." "A general system of indirect taxation on a scale as large as ours will either be abandoned for a better, or it will reduce the masses to pauperism and dependence," etc. The payments for local and general taxes are stated at \$597,000,000, or within \$112,161,781 of the entire net earnings of the people of the United States for 1860, which are quoted with approbation from the Social Science Review at \$709,161,781, or 5 per cent. on the whole amount of capital. By adding to the amount of Government tax the per-centages stated as necessarily charged by wholesale and retail dealers before commodities reach consumers, and the payments amount to \$112,161,781 over and above those entire net earnings.

An examination of these figures presents the momentous fact that our annual payments for and by reason of all taxes require a constant invasion of the capital of those who pay, and hence the allegation in the report that "the interest paid is unreasonable and extravagant," having reference of course to the amount of the debt. The remedies proposed are:

- 1. Such a tax as will secure a reduction in the rate of interest, the amount to be applied to a sinking fund for the ultimate payment of the principal of the debt.
2. The imposition of a tax on the real and personal property in the United States according to its assessed value, for which purpose an amendment of the Constitution is proposed. This will relieve much of the industry of the United States from the burdens upon it which are now directly imposed.
3. A resort to specie payments, by means of a reduction in the weight of metal equivalent to the present difference between gold and our legal-tender currency.

If measures of this sweeping character are necessary for meeting the payments of the Government they must of course be resorted to; but we have been accustomed to suppose, and we still think—although without the lights which the great body of testimony taken by the Commissioners furnishes—that the resources of the country are ample for this purpose without resorting to this extraordinary measure. It has already been mentioned that Mr. HAYES is solely responsible for the bill and report now undergoing examination in Congress; but all the Commissioners recommended that his report should be laid before that body, on the strength of which Mr. McCULLOUGH sent it in, specially recommending its consideration, but stating that he disagreed with its objects. The report states that "the majority of the commission upon a partial consideration did not accede to the proposition to recommend the passage of the bill;" but this guarded language shows that they neither dissented from it nor were willing to state that they were unfavorable to its passage. They merely did not agree "to recommend its passage." It was the possible fear that the foundations of the Government credit might be seriously shaken which induced the great caution that has been observed in introducing this measure to the deliberations of Congress and the country.

If the alleged discontent with the exemption of the bonds from State taxation is in danger of being aggravated by the action of demagogues into a feeling calculated to impair the value of those securities, and if taxation of the debt by the General Government is necessary to countervail this mischievous tendency, it would seem that a much lower tax might accomplish the purpose. The sinking fund created out of this tax constitutes the sole provision for the ultimate payment of the principal of the debt. While the holders of the bonds must contribute in the shape of taxes to the payment of interest they alone are called upon by this bill to pay the principal to the exemption of foreign owners. It can scarcely be necessary, under any view of the case, to saddle the whole principal of the debt upon the holders of it here, the consideration for it being the certain and secure payment of the lower rate of interest adjusted by the bill. On the contrary, every interest in the country ought to be taxed alike for this object, the accomplishment of which constitutes the highest and most sacred duty of an American citizen.

DEMOCRATIC SPRING FASHIONS.

THE Democratic Conventions of New Hampshire and Connecticut have laid down the Democratic platform for the spring elections. Upon the one important point of reorganization they are logical and consistent. They declare that the Legislatures of the late rebel States having revoked their pretended Acts of Secession, "said States are of right entitled to all the privileges and powers of States belonging to and exercised by them previous to said pre-

tended Acts of Secession." This is the ground which the New York World took early last spring, before the complete surrender of the rebels. "Throw down your arms," cried the World to its political allies in rebellion, "repeal your Acts of Secession, elect Senators and Representatives, hurry to Washington, and demand a voice in the organization of Congress; and let us see who will dare to oppose you." Probably it has seen. Probably it has discovered that the loyal American people, who were strong enough to conquer rebel arms, were also shrewd enough not to be fooled by rebel arts. Probably it will continue to behold the same spectacle for some time yet.

And now let every honest citizen of Connecticut and New Hampshire, as well as of all the other States, understand exactly what this Democratic platform is. It asserts that South Carolina and Mississippi, having laid down their arms and repealed their Acts of Secession, are again in the Union exactly as New York or New Hampshire are. If this be true military commanders have no right to control the civil authorities in those States as they now do. Yet if the United States troops were withdrawn, every loyal Union man in those States would be in danger of his life. That, of course, does not trouble the Democracy, which, as its party sympathies during the war were for the rebels in those States, can not be expected to care for Union men now that the war is over.

Again, if the Democratic position be correct, the Freedmen's Bureau must be abolished, and the laboring population of the late rebel States, which at every hazard was wholly loyal during the war, must be abandoned to the Black Codes and the Vagrant laws, as well as to the unbridled wrath and vengeance of those who bitterly hate them. The consequences may be imagined.

If the Democratic plan be adopted, the men who are still hot with hate of the Government and the Union, who frankly confess it, and who are elected for that very reason, must be admitted unquestioned to Congress to take a supreme share in the control of a Government whose destruction they have long and farrelly attempted, and which they now regard as a conquering and alien power. He who doubts that they would strain every nerve to involve the country in foreign wars, and to ruin its credit by insisting upon compensation for the losses of the war at the South, has little knowledge of human nature or of history.

These Democratic Conventions solemnly declare that they support the President. Let us see if they do. If, as they claim, every late rebel State is of right entitled to exercise every privilege it did before the rebellion, certainly the President has no right to override their civil authority with the national military power. Yet he does so. He retains General TARRANT in Virginia, who supersedes the action of the State Legislature in certain cases. Do the Connecticut Democracy approve? The President sustains General SICKLES in South Carolina, and Governor OAK submits. Do the New Hampshire Democracy approve? The President sustains the Freedmen's Bureau. Do the Connecticut Democracy approve? The President favors impartial suffrage in Tennessee. Do the New Hampshire Democracy approve? The President approves a Constitutional Amendment limiting the basis of representation to actual voters. The New Hampshire Democracy oppose with true Tory instinct "all proposed or contemplated amendments to the Constitution." The President holds the privilege of the writ of HABEAS CORPUS suspended in several States. The New Hampshire Democracy declares that "it is a right which must be preserved." If the States in question are entitled to their position before the rebellion, how do the Connecticut and New Hampshire Democracy support a President who denies them that position, and who insists that only men known to be "loyal" shall be admitted to Congress?

Our pleasant but somewhat "played-out" friends the Democrats, so-called because of their hostility to every distinctive Democratic principle, are at their old tricks. Three years ago they resolved that they were in favor of the war, but were opposed to carrying it on. Now they resolve that they support the President but are opposed to what he does. But, really, as the old judge said to the young lawyer that the court might be supposed to know some law, so the loyal people of this country, who have saved its Government from armed rebellion at the South and Copperhead sympathy at the North, may be supposed by this time to understand the huge political imposture called the Democratic party. From the moment the people of the United States, plainly seeing whether this party was driving the country, put it out of power, its oracles have regularly proclaimed with owlish solemnity that we are all going to the "demonition bow-wow." Journals which unscrupulously supported HORATIO SARGENT, who declared he would give up the Union rather than Slavery, and which strenuously advocated the election of GEORGE H. FENNER, an open disunionist, against ABRAHAM JOHNSON, now inform the people who elected ABRAHAM JOHNSON that they are his true and only supporters and the bosom friends of the Union. We are in great peril, they tell

as plaintively, as they have told us for five years past, but all can be avoided upon one little condition. If the people would only comprehend! If they would only see that to put the country out of danger it is only necessary to put the political allies of JEFFERSON DAVIS and the legatees of the Chicago Convention into power! In a word, if they would only believe—and with the experience of the last five years how can they help it?—that the Democratic party are the sole friends of the Union and of the Government and of ANDREW JOHNSON! Yes, if you only believed a green cheese to be the moon! When they do believe that, the people will intrust the Government to the political allies of its enemies, and not until then.

COLORADO.

The Senators from Colorado have been admitted to the floor of the Senate, and their admission is warmly urged in some quarters. But before that is done Congress will doubtless thoroughly investigate the facts of the case.

It will then appear that in March, 1864, an enabling act was passed by Congress, but the people of the Territory, at a legal election in September of that year, decided against the admission under the Constitution proposed. In the summer of 1865 an informal call was issued by the Territorial Committees of both parties for a Constitutional Convention, and an election was held—or, rather, since there was no law, an expression of opinion was taken, for delegates to the Convention, and subsequently for a Constitution and a Legislature. The Constitution was adopted by a majority of the votes cast, and the Legislature was chosen in pursuance of the Constitution. The Legislature elected Messrs. EVANS and CHAFFER Senators, and they went to Washington. Upon their arrival they requested the President to proclaim Colorado a State. But the President very properly replied that his whole authority in the matter was derived from the enabling act, and as the Constitution submitted to the people of the Territory in pursuance of that act had been declined by them, its force had expired, and with it his authority. He therefore referred them to Congress.

The whole proceeding, therefore, from the call of the Committees to the election of the Senators, must be regarded as a petition of certain people of the Territory that it be erected into a State; and the labor of Congress is made all the more difficult because it must explore every detail. An enabling act is a convenient method devised by Congress to ascertain the wishes and conditions of a Territory in regard to a State Constitution. If there shall appear to be a sufficient population; if a majority, upon a fair vote, accept a Constitution framed by delegates elected in pursuance of the enabling act; and if the conditions of the Constitution are in the judgment of Congress republican—then it may, at its pleasure, admit the Territory as a State. But it is absolutely unbound except by its own discretion. It may refuse to admit a State formed in virtue of an enabling act if the Constitution is unsatisfactory, and it may admit a State without an enabling act if it is fully satisfied upon all those points upon which it is the purpose of an enabling act to satisfy it.

Now it is very strongly urged that the whole population of the Territory of Colorado is not more than 25,000—men, women, and children; that of the 5874 votes cast for the Constitution under the call of the committees there was a majority in its favor of only 115, and that at least 2000 men refrained from voting on the ground of the illegality of the election. The Constitution thus adopted excludes colored men from the suffrage, although we have the testimony of a miner to the fact that such men enjoy the benefit of the Homestead Act, preempt lands of the United States, discover and mine the Government mineral lands, have never been deprived of any rights by the district laws of the miners, and are quiet, industrious people, and many of them rich. Moreover, this Constitution disfranchised them at the very moment they were volunteering into the army.

These statements will, of course, be satisfactorily proved or disproved before Congress acts finally upon the question of admission. The action of the voters upon the Constitution was not authorized by Congress, and merely informally expresses the wishes of certain inhabitants of the Territory. This fact being borne in mind, we may all trust Congress to see that no injustice is done any resident of Colorado.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE SUFFRAGE.

No man who knew the White House in the dreary days of PIERCE and BUCHANAN could have believed that in less than six years after they left it, a man who in their time was a slaveholder and a Southern democrat would stand in that House as President and say to a delegation of colored men, headed by a fugitive slave and pleading for absolute equal rights:

"I would it were so that all you advocated could be done in the twinkling of an eye;" and adding, that they were pursuing the same end but by different means. We confess that we are more cheered by this fact and these words than surprised or disheartened that the President does not agree as to methods and times with Mr. DOUGLASS and his friends.

The President's position is plain. Let us see if it is one that should bitterly disappoint or discourage those who believe that an honorable and peaceful Union can be established only upon equal rights. He is not opposed to impartial suffrage, but he thinks it better that those who are now vested with the political power in any State should decide when and how it is expedient to extend it to others. Looking at the actual situation, he is of opinion that the morbid hate of the colored race, upon the part of the whites, in the unorganized States, and the fact that the colored population there is in general landless, homeless, ignorant, and habitually dependent, are sufficient reasons for not enfranchising them by what he regards as an unconstitutional exercise of power. The consequences of such an action, however just in itself, he considers would be a conflict of races, and even were it probable that the blacks could hold their own against the whites in the contest, he supposes, and he is doubtless right in the supposition, that in such an event the hostility of the whole country would be aroused against the unfortunate colored population and postpone indefinitely the establishment of equal rights. It is better therefore, he thinks, as a matter of expediency, to maintain the personal freedom of the colored race, to give them land and protect them in its cultivation, to defend all their civil rights by the arm of the United States, to promote their education, and by all these means to enable them to acquire a habit of self-support and self-respect, to show the whites that they are a permanent and integral part of the population, to allow time to soothe the angry passions that follow so fierce a war, and by making it the overruling interest of the present political community in which they live to enfranchise them, to secure that result by consent and not by arbitrary enactment.

Now if, as many assert, he proposed to leave the freedmen at the South naked to their enemies by withdrawing the troops, by abolishing the Freedmen's Bureau, and by restoring the privileges of the *habeas corpus*—if, in a word, the President were in favor of the Democratic policy in the matter, he would be scorned and repudiated by every humane and honorable man. But it is not so. He thinks and says a great deal more. He virtually says to the freedmen: "The United States will secure to you all that the ballot would secure until the ballot is given to you by those who, in my judgment and in that of Mr. THOMPSON STEVENS, alone have the right to give it. But I will do all that I can to make them see that it is their interest to give it to you by recommending, as I have frequently done, that representation shall be based upon the number of voters. I do not propose to leave you defenseless to your enemy paraded in political power. I do not mean to arm the strong or cast down the weak. And if I can not do what you wish directly and in your way, I shall yet do it indirectly and in my way."

This is certainly an intelligible and consistent position. Its weak point, however, is evident. It makes the Freedmen's Bureau stand in the place of the ballot to the colored population of the late Slave States. But it admits to Congress those who deprive the freedmen of the ballot, and allows them to vote whether the Bureau shall be continued. If the enemies of the freedman shall at this time have an increased representation based upon his freedom—as they will have unless the unorganized States be required to adopt the amendment—we shall have done what we can to deprive the freedman of the only defense we promise him. And when the States in question are thus disproportionately represented, and succeed by various combinations in overthrowing the Bureau, what can abate this nation from the enormous guilt of conferring freedom upon a race, yet, while it had the power, refusing to secure it? And when the late slaves are once more wholly in the hands of the late masters, the victims of Black Codes and Vagrant Laws, how will the President have led them through the Red Sea of war and bondage to a fairer future of liberty and peace?

But no man, however he may differ with the President as to methods and details, has any right to doubt the sincerity of his purpose; and no intelligent man but must applaud and adopt his words, "that he might differ with some of his friends, and should feel wholly at liberty to differ, and to state the ground of his contrary belief or opinion; but he considered himself identified with the great Union party, and had no desire or intention of being foud outside." For ourselves we believe that ANDREW JOHNSON means what he says: "God knows that any thing I can do in the mighty process by which the great end is to be reached—any thing I can do to elevate the races, to soften and ameliorate their condition, I will do; and to be able to do so is the sincere wish of my heart."

JOHN BRIGHT.

In his late speech at Birmingham Mr. BASCOM expressed the opinion that education is more likely to follow than precede political enfranchisement. He said: "I have just seen a report of a speech delivered last night by Mr. WALKER, who has recently returned from the United States. Speaking of education, he says that, taking the nine Northern States to contain 10,000,000, and half of the people, he found there were 40,000 schools, and an average attendance of 2,133,000 children, the total cost of their education being \$9,000,000. In the four Western States, with a population of 6,100,000, there are 37,000 schools, and an average attendance of nearly 1,500,000 scholars, at a cost of \$1,250,000. Thus, in a population of 10,000,000, there are 77,000 schools, to which every poor child can go, at a cost of \$2,000,000 schooling." Mr. BASCOM thought this rather creditable to our American cousins. "But," he added, "if the franchise in the United Kingdom were as wide as it is in these Northern and Free States, within five years there would be established in this country a system of education as universal as that which produces such admirable results among our cousins across the Atlantic."

In his subsequent speech at Rochdale Mr. BRIGHT entered in detail into the argument for the political enfranchisement of "that great section of five millions of families;" "this wretched people, without whom England would be nothing but a power which a division of the Continental army might subdue and annex." He claims the suffrage for them, however, not as men or British subjects, but as a class; and in that he touches the exact difference between our government and the British. Ours is a government of equal citizens; the British of balancing classes; and the present problem of "Reform" in England is how to adjust the representation of the most numerous class to that of the other classes, so as not to put the control entirely into the hands of one class.

It seems to be probable that the persistent and intelligent agitation of Mr. BASCOM will compel EARL RUSSELL to signalize the close of his public career by a Reform bill which will widely extend the suffrage in England.

LITERARY.

MRS. GASKELL'S "Wives and Daughters" is now being by the HARPER'S. It was somewhat in course of publication before it was suspected or known to be long, and the deep interest it excited, with the curiosity as to the author, was a most gratifying confirmation of her genuine talent. The art of the story is remarkable. It is finished with a facility and dramatic skill and propriety which are very unusual among present novelists. It is not a sketch boldly dashed in, nor a caricature, nor a striking exaggeration, compensating for its intrinsic defects by its picturesqueness and eloquence and humor, but it is a picture of life and character naturally conceived and elaborately and conscientiously made out, with the grace and spirit and facility of a master. Some of its characters are so vividly drawn that they rise almost to the rank of permanent creations, like Mrs. Gilson and Miss Browning; but the great excellence of the tale is the delicacy and sustained skill with which the action of the various characters upon each other is described. It is wonderfully successful in showing the complexity of human character, the play of mixed motives; the inconsistencies and fallacies which constantly check respect, yet are themselves modified in turn, and do not prove those who have them to be wholly monsters or criminals. And the contrast is exquisitely rendered, although never emphasized by the author, between superficial, unsteady, fascinating characters of good impulses and kindly but selfish feelings; and the simple, sweet steadfastness of character rooted in principle. The humor of the Miss Browning household is delightful, and recalls the pleasant passages of "Cranford," while the entire action of the story has perfect freedom and ease of movement. The morality is of the truest kind, whatever the actual end may have been; for the story was not quite finished, although its necessary conclusion is plainly seen. The death of the author with the pen yet in her hand gives a touching and tender interest to the work. But its essential merit will always give it place among the best of contemporary novels.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 6. In the Senate, Mr. SUMNER continued his speech on the Constitutional Amendment. In the House, the substitute for the Freedmen's Bureau bill offered by the Committee on Freedmen's Affairs was passed, 196 to 53. The substitute differs from the Senate bill only in minor details, such as the salary of officers, &c.—The bill giving the consent of Congress to the transfer of Berkeley and Jefferson Counties from Virginia to West Virginia was passed. February 7. In the Senate, the House bill to prevent the release of registers to American vessels whose registers were changed during the war was called up. Mr. Sherman opposed the bill as too severe. It would only injure the American Marine. The bill was passed, 31 to 11.—Mr. Wilson's joint resolution to amend the Constitution so as to provide that slaveholders shall never receive compensation for manumitted slaves was referred to the Committee of Fifteen. Mr. Wilson made a lengthy argument in favor of the resolution.—The Constitutional Amendment being in order, Mr. Fessenden replied to some objections which had been urged against it in the Senate and the House. He did not think the amendment subversive of republican principles as Mr. Sumner had argued. He did not think either that the Committee of Fifteen had transcended their proper functions, as had been urged in the House, in reporting the Amendment. The subject had been referred to them, and they could not evade it. He had as much reverence for

the Constitution as another man, but he did not deem it more perfect than those deemed it who had made it. Why did they make provision for its amendment? If there ever could arise an occasion for revising the provisions of that instrument, it was now. We had had a great war which had resulted in the emancipation of slaves. The event had been farmed as a slave who had to be adapted to the substance of slavery. This was the case in regard to representation. It might be objected that the Constitution in this instance excluded the colored population from the vote. It was made free to be of the whole number of population to be counted as a basis of representation. The territory had existed, the slaves had been freed contrary to the intention of those among whom they were bred, and the prejudice against the negroes as a class would exclude them from all political rights. Leaving the Constitution as it is there would be representation by all, but there would be an entire class excluded from any vote in the government, and therefore from any real representation. It would be that the power of the disfranchised portion would be increased by just that amount of representation which was denied to the blacks. Why not propose a simple amendment in the terms proposed by the Senate from Missouri, to do away with all distinction on account of color or race in all the States of the Union, so far as regards civil and political rights and franchises? He would prefer something of that kind at once. There were not many Senators within the sound of his voice who would not prefer it, yet the Committee had not recommended such a provision, and he stood there to approve what the Committee had recommended. The position of the Missouri Senator would compel the Southern States either to trust their suffrage or extend it to be for their own safety. The Senator from Massachusetts would hardly contend that at this time the mass of the population of the Western States were fit to exercise the right of suffrage. No man looking at the question would seriously entertain the idea that those to whom the vote was to be given were fit to exercise it. The Senate would be, that the Slave States must either admit all or make an exclusion that would cut off not only the negro population but a large proportion of the whites. This would place the power in the hands of a few. This might not prevent him from getting such a provision in the Constitution, if he could, for he should trust to trust to do away with the immediate remedy now proposed. However this might be, he was not satisfied that suffrage was such a natural right that it need be conferred upon any first-class citizens. The proposition would imply that we were unworried as to freedom. Mr. Fessenden then explained that the Committee had not reported an amendment substituting disfranchisement of color instead of the present territory, because it was believed that it would not get the requisite number of States, and there would be no hope of its adoption. Connecticut and Wisconsin had refused to adopt a similar measure in their own territories. All the Western States seemed to be opposed to it. New York would not consent to it. The pending question was the best that was practicable. "It gives to any fair a right to be represented according to population, with this distinction: that if a State says that it has a class of people not fit to be represented that class shall not be represented."

In the House, the Senate resolution to appropriate \$20,000 to pay the expenses of the Reconstruction Committee was passed.

February 8.

In the Senate, Mr. LARSON made a speech on the Amendment. He thought the colored States not yet fit to enter the Union. The representatives from Tennessee he would admit, but not the Arkansas he believed had been elected who ought to be admitted.—The President's Executive list, as amended by the House, was passed.

In the House, the bill for the deposit of public lands for homesteads in the Southern States was passed, 172 to 19.

February 9.

In the Senate, Mr. JOHNSON made a speech on the Amendment. He claimed that the Constitution of the representative to three-fifths of the slaves instead of allowing representation for the whole number, in the original Constitution, was an account of the fact that they were slaves. Now that they were free the spirit of the Constitution demanded that all should be reckoned. He said that only six States allowed suffrage to negroes, while thirty refused it. Enslavement of the colored States there was a majority of those opposing negro suffrage.

In the House there were three military relations, which appeared to very much excite the members. No important business was transacted.

February 10.

The Senate was not in session. In the House, the session was taken up in speeches by Messrs. Wood, Polk, and Williams.

THE PRESIDENT'S FINANCIAL VIEW.

In President JOHNSON'S recent address to the Virginia Legislature he expressed his views of the financial situation of the country in the following terms: "If there is the Southern States be fully restored, the area for the cultivation of the national currency, which is thought by some to be inflated to a very great extent, will be enlarged, the number of persons through whose hands it is to pass will be increased, the quality of exchange in which it is to be employed as a medium of exchange will be enlarged, and then it will begin to appreciate, what we all know, is a specie standard. If all the States were restored, if peace and order returned throughout the land, and the industrial pursuits, all the operations of peace were again resumed, the day would not be far distant when we could put into the treasury of the world \$250,000,000 or \$300,000,000 worth of cotton and tobacco, and the vast resources of the Southern States which would constitute in part a basis of this currency. Then instead of the issue being inverted we should reverse the process and get the base at the bottom, as it ought to be, and the currency of the country will rest on a sound and enduring basis, and every fact in a result which is calculated to promote the interests not only of one section, but the whole country, from sea to sea to the other."

NEWS ITEMS.

There are reported of forty-two thousand six-hundred persons in Alabama, who will require an expenditure of upward of two millions of dollars per annum to relieve their necessities.

The Paragon (Wisconsin) Register announces the death of Joseph Grele, the aged veteran of one hundred and forty-one years, which occurred on the 27th of January, after a brief illness. Mr. Grele was the oldest man in the world; our readers will remember that we gave his portrait a few weeks since.

From some statistics made up at the War Department of the casualties to our General Sherman during the war it appears that we had 131,819 General's and Brigadier-Generals killed outright in battle, while 203,300 Major-Generals and nine Brigadier-Generals died of wounds received in action, and seventeen Generals of the two ranks died of disease. In the year 1862 our losses of general officers in battle were very heavy, numbering no less than fifteen, while during the present year, or from the end of 1864 to the close of the war, we lost but one General, though the fighting was great and decisive.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The most important item of foreign news is the speech of the Emperor Napoleon to the Corps Legislatif January 22. In this speech the Emperor says that arrangements are being made to withdraw the French troops from Mexico, and it is hoped this will pacify the people of the United States, who were originally anxious to join the allied expedition, but declined, although such expedition was not opposed by their Senators. The Emperor in the paragraph in the Emperor's speech relating to Mexico: "By Mexico, the government I speak of is the will of the people is becoming consolidated; the non-revolutionary, unopposed and dispassionate, have no longer any fears. The national troops have shown their worth, and the country has developed resources of order and security which have developed its resources and raised its commerce with France alone from insignificance to prosperity, and will do. According to the hope which I express of last year, our expedition is approaching its termination. I am relying on an understanding with the Emperor of Maximilian for being the period for reading our troops; and the Emperor may be effected without expending the French treasure, which we have to defend in that distant country."

THE BIRTH-PLACE, HOME, AND TOMB OF WASHINGTON.



SITE OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-PLACE.

General Washington's birth-place was destroyed before the Revolution. Upon its site

was owned by Washington's father. It was seen after Washington's birth, in 1732, that his parents removed to this estate. The mansion has long since gone to decay.



POHICK CHURCH.

George W. P. Coates, Esq., Washington's Aid-de-camp, placed a slab of free-stone, representing in the above engraving. The house was precisely the same in appearance as the Residence of the Washington Family, shown in the engraving opposite. It was a plain house, instead of one story and attic, situated on the "Wakefield Estate," near the junction of Pope's Creek with the Potomac, in Westmoreland County, Va. The spot which marks the site was deposited in its place in June, 1815. It was enveloped in the Star-Spangled Banner, and laid upon the spot by four Revolutionary patriots and soldiers. The pedestal was constructed of bricks from the old chimney that once formed the hearth about which Washington played in his infancy. This was the first monumental stone ever erected to the memory of Washington.

The residence of the Washington family, in the engraving already alluded to, was situated on the Rappahannock, near Fredericksburg, in Stafford County, and

In the rooms of the National Institute (a portion of the Patent Office Building) at the Capital are to be seen Washington's SWORD AND STAFF. The sword is inclosed in a black leather sheath, with silver mountings. The handle is ivory, colored a pale green, and wound spirally with silver wire. The belt is more ancient, having upon it a silver plate on which is engraved "1757." The staff belonged to Franklin, and was by him bequeathed to Washington. It had been presented to Franklin by a French dowager, Duress, Madame DE TORRACIL.



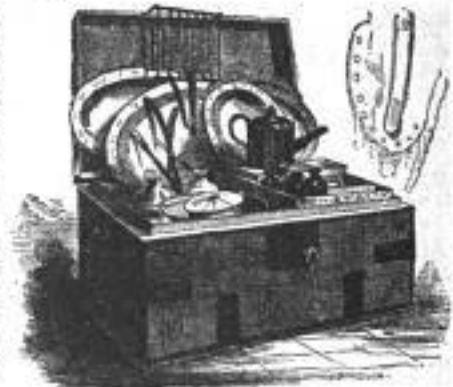
SWORD AND STAFF.



RESIDENCE OF THE WASHINGTON FAMILY.

inches in length, fifteen in width, and ten in depth, filled with table furniture used by the chief during the Revolution. The compartments are so ingeniously arranged that they contain a grill-iron, a coffee and tea pot, three tin sauce-pans, five glass flasks, three large meat dishes, sixteen plates, two knives and five forks, a candlestick and tinder-

brother of the General. Washington himself added the wings. On the eastern or river front is a



WASHINGTON'S CAMP-CHEST.

box, tea and sugar boxes, and five small bottles. POHICK CHURCH, where Washington worshiped, is about seven miles from Mount Vernon, upon an elevation on the borders of a forest of oaks, chestnuts, and pines. The MANSION AT MOUNT VERNON was occupied by Washington both before and after the War for Independence had been fought. It overlooks the waters of the Potomac and the shores of Maryland beyond. Washington's mansion is built of wood, cut so as to resemble stone, and is two stories in height. The central part was built by LAWRENCE WASHINGTON,

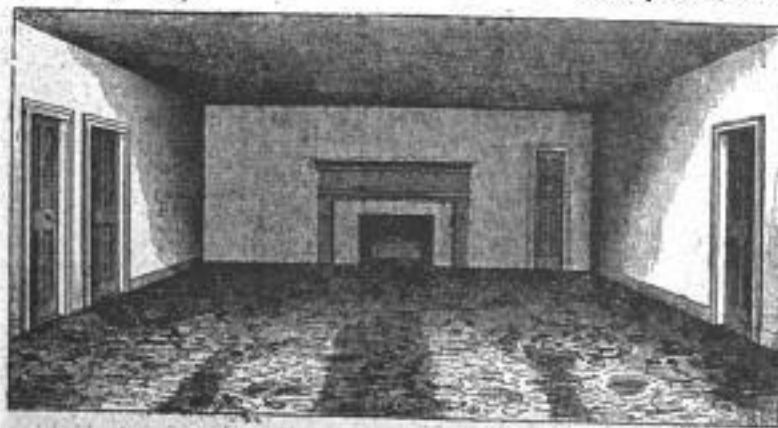
extending the entire length of the building. The estate passed into Washington's hands July



MANSION, LAWN, AND OUT-HOUSES, MOUNT VERNON.

26, 1752. The large north room in which he entertained his friends is preserved, with the furniture in the same condition in which he left it. Upon the walls are pictures of hunting and battle scenes. The ROOM IN WHICH WASHINGTON, DIXON is closed to the public gaze. The architecture of the room remains unchanged. It is entirely empty, as represented in our engraving.

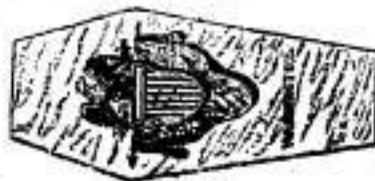
The TOMB OF WASHINGTON is a spacious vault of brick, with an arched roof. Its iron door opens into a vestibule, in which, seen through a picketed iron gate, stand two marble sarcophagi, containing the remains of WASHINGTON and his wife. Over the vault door is this inscription: "I AM THE RESTORER AND THE LIFE; HE THAT BELIEVETH IN ME, THOUGH HE WERE DEAD, YET SHALL HE LIVE." The tomb is situated near the pathway from the river.



ROOM IN WHICH WASHINGTON DIED, DECEMBER 14, 1799.



WASHINGTON'S COFFIN.



THE LID.



THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.



THE NAMELESS GRAVE.

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM C. DUNHAM, CAPT. REGIMENT, GEORGIA INFANTRY.

The low wind sighs o'er a Southern plain; That once was strewn with the battle slain; And the moist earth drieks the falling rain, That once was wet with a blood-red stain.

Dark, lowering clouds the heavens o'erspread, Whence the battle smoke has long since fled; And where voiceless lay the fallen dead, A nameless grave is seen instead.

Through the leafless woods the low winds creep, As a sobbing breeze from the loved who weep; And with aching hearts their vigils keep, For one in a nameless grave asleep.

The withered grass breaths the falling rain, O'er the grave lands low like ripened grain; But heavy hearts, though bowed with pain, His nameless grave shall weep in vain.

In forest wild and meadow green, May be many a lowly memento seen; A spirit's heart from the tempest keen, Each nameless grave for aye shall weep.

Search this low mound for one who gave A life to God—the right to save; Too noble that to live a slave— Then fillet now a nameless grave.

Slumber, loved one! sweetly sleep; Thou art at rest—the living weep; Given thy memory here we'll keep, For we on earth thy life-frame keep.

And thou, dear one! not in vain, Mark thy life-time set in pain; For thus thy body here shall gain; The noble dead alone attain.

Oh, wings triumphant from the tomb Rise, patriot spirit! This thy doom: "Ere'st not for aye in veiled bloom, A nation's heart shall be thy tomb."

STANFORD, PA., JUNE 7, 1865. G. W. D.

"Don't stain the sacred Fall Run congress, August 10, 1865."

Revised according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, and reprinted by order of the Board of Directors of the Library of Congress, in the Library of the Library of Congress, in the Library of the Library of Congress.

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VII.

THEY sit in a room a few minutes longer before we plunge again into the stormy epoch of secession with which these pages begin. We will begin for a moment. Hearken! Sece'sion will come soon enough.



SEEKING DIVER DIVIDENCE.

Blessed forever be the quickening of the sap in the veins, the putting forth of leaves and tender blossoms hued like the rainbow, the eager joy of beginning the earliest rudiments of future fruit—the spring-time of youth! Never physician entered upon the case of his first patient, never lawyer undertook the business of his first client, never painter began his first painting, nor sculptor his first statue, nor poet his first poem, with more eagerness than did the young minister engage in his new charge. Only his was a divinest joy than theirs, as his work was a divinest work. He had dreamed of it all while yet a boy, for, from his earliest remembrance, the ministry had been the purpose of his life. A hundred times had he planned exactly what he would do, and what he would most carefully not do, after having charge, while yet in college. As to his three years in the Theological Seminary, not a day but he had determined upon some new evil to be avoided in his future ministry, upon some new virtue to be practiced. During all the long years going before, he had never known one of his own proposed professions, thrown with him in biography or in person, but he had said to himself, "By the help of God, when I enter the ministry, I will never, never be this and that as I see it in this individual. God helping me, even this heroism, this habit, this success which adorns this man shall be equalled, if it please God, surpassed, when I am fairly upon the stage."

That memorable morning after his arrival in Somerville, when he awoke in Rutledge Bowles's office, there in Mrs. Bowles's front yard, it was a feeling half of pleasure and half of terror which he realized that his life's business, for which he had been so long training, praying, dreaming, was at last fairly entered upon. Ah, how fervently did he pray for aid as he knelt beside his nest bed! What expressions of his own inability to do sought assailed on his lips, and what perfect confidence of being able to accomplish every thing throbbing the same instant in his heart! No patriarch more dignified than he in conducting family worship that morning in Mrs. Bowles's parlor beneath the steady stare of the old Major from his gilded frame, Mrs. Bowles in her low sewing-chair, her daughter Alice upon an ottoman at her feet, and the two family servants seated solemnly near the door. Had he perceived, as he began, in reading the chapter expressly and definitely to Mrs. Bowles and her daughter, his manner would have continued artificial; but, from long habit, after the first six or eight verses, he became deeply and devoutly interested in the words, and read them accordingly. And so of his prayer: nothing could be more natural because nothing could be more sincere. Were it only for the effect of it on one's consequent bearing toward his fellows, it is an admirable thing to possess a deep and habitual reference to, and heart-felt belief in, One supremely above the whole of us.

"The head of the table, did you say?" asked Mr. Arthur a few minutes after, as they were sitting themselves at the breakfast-table.

"If you please, Mr. Arthur, the foot of the table," said Mrs. Bowles, with a slight South Carolinianism of stress upon the word.

It was a dreadful moment for the beautiful theologian, fresh from the barbarisms of three years' dining with stonched and slumped companions in the seminary refectory. His cheeks burned, and Alice's eyes danced with fun. But all the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew in the world can not destroy the true gentleman in a man where it exists by nature.

"You must pardon me, Mrs. Bowles," he said, with a frank smile, after pronouncing the blessing, and with perfect ease of manner: "but I have been living for the last several years like a sort of Robinson Crusoe upon a species of desert island."

"Yes?" asked Mrs. Bowles, to whom the answer was as an Open Sesame, while Alice's mirth became diminished as she found it shared with their guest himself. And so, during the pauses of the breakfast, their new acquaintance gave them in a humorous manner some description of his scholastic life. It was doubly interesting to the mother from the fact that her son was at college in Columbia.

"Really, Mr. Arthur," she said, at last, "it is almost like having Rutledge Bowles on a visit home from Columbia. He always occupied since the death of his father the seat you are now in. You remind me of him, I assure you." Higher compliment than that no new acquaintance could receive from her lips. "You were not educated at Columbia, Mr. Arthur?"

"At Hampden Sydney, Madam," replied her guest.

"In Virginia, I think it is?" asked she. Not quite as low down as Yale or Princeton; however, he was not to blame, she felt sure. Mr. Arthur replies in the affirmative. "You are a native of Virginia, I think?"

"Yes, Madam."

"You did right, quite right to enter an institution in your own State," said Mrs. Bowles, glad to find a defense for him. "I dare say they are not so extravagantly expensive where you were educated. I am almost shocked at Rutledge Bowles's expenditure. I suppose, however, his situation in such a place as Columbia requires greater expense than in other places."

And terribly expensive the fond mother did find her son's education there; but she stated herself proudly for it; she mentioned it with unconscious pride in her tones; it was part and parcel of being at Columbia.

"Though, while we are upon the subject, there is one thing in regard to Columbia I have never yet fully understood," said Mrs. Bowles, after a while. "Rutledge Bowles has explained it to me over and over again in his letters—the perpetual revolutions in the College, I mean.

From what Rutledge Bowles writes it has been impossible for the students to pursue, consistently with their own honor, any other course. It seems strange that the many Faculties of the College can not come to understand, any of them, what the youth of South Carolina are, and what they will not submit to. Strange! It is a great interruption to the studies, I fear. I know very little of the institutions out of the State; but I fear it is something peculiar to Columbia," said Mrs. Bowles, though her face sounded far more like pride.

Yes, in the history, eventful enough, of the College of South Carolina, at Columbia, you have, in epitome, the character and history of the State itself. Self-will, contempt for rightful authority, reckless disregard of every thing except the selfish abstraction of the hour! Gallant, generous, high-toned youth, they yield their own notions to that of their Faculty? No, Sir! Rather than that, let the institution be wrecked to its foundation! Rather than that, let their own education, and consequent success in life, perish! See the same youth when grown a few inches higher in stature and immeasurably more generous, gallant, high-toned, and all the rest; they submit their own ideas to the superior authority of the General Government? They yield a hair's-breadth from their own heated view of their own rights and wrongs—imperishable rights, infinite wrongs? By all that elevates the man above the brute and the negro, never, Mr. Speaker, never! Rather, Sir, let the General Government be wrecked till not a spar floats to tell where once it sailed! Rather perish the hope of the human race! Alas! Alas! Mr. Speaker, we of South Carolina lose every negro from our fields, every cent from our coffers, every city from our soil, every son on the field of battle from our hearth-stones! Perish the universe and we, Sir, we will sit still, rather than it move save as we intend it shall move! From his birth to his death never in the ages such a conspiracy as against your South Carolinian. Nurse, parent, schoolmaster, College Faculty, General Government, opinion of Christendom, course of God's eternal providence—was only begun, universal, incessant combination against him. But not more magnificent the coalition than the defiance thereof to his part!

Poor Mrs. Bowles! From its foundation was practical Secession the incidental but leading part of the Columbia Curriculum, and walk was the lesson learned. The yellow-fever is, they say, a standing affair in Cuba; and there lives scarce a man beside the Pedoes, the Congares, the Elians, and the Cooper and Ashley but involved Secession in his vital atmosphere. It is no strong even for the Gospel. Heaven defend us, even in the conventions of religious bodies. It was: Mr. Channing, Mr. Medcator, it is painful to us, Sir, it is very painful, but on this point we run not fight. No one can regret it

more than ourselves, but, if brethren will press, this point, there is, Sir, but one course left us—In secular secession, or, out South Carolina out with her.

Steady, wrong-headed little State! Look at it on the map there, altogether unlike North Carolina even on the east side, and Georgia on the other; tough, three-sided fragment of mediæval granite, refusing to be dissolved or to lose an angle even in the rolling of the great waters of progress; requiring something besides the silent, serene processes of nature by which the craggy mountains are being melted slowly down and the rough globe rounded into shape; requiring the extra force and fury of waters too long and too obstinately dammed back from their natural and inevitable course. Every soul of us, however, admires the South Carolinian at last. Only let him be master, and a truer gentleman never breathed. The Hædtkoppig Peit in him is hidden under the Bayard, the Casse de Leon. He is only a hundred years or so out of place, that is all. There is nothing to laugh at in Don Quixote except his living a century or two too late. Even then it is with pain that we smile at the ancient armor, language defiant of the universe, and, most sorrowful of all, poor old Rosinante which bears him up!

But Mrs. Bowles has made us forget ourselves.

Breakfast over, the Rev. Edward Arthur walked out into Somerville and his new life. Before night he had been introduced to more persons than during his entire academic course. "If I can only remember all their names!" he thought. And, all things, as he went here and there over Somerville, he had it vaguely about in his mind, "Oh, if I can but exert a new influence, an influence for good, a divine influence on these!"

So pleased was his manner, so unassuming, too, that the impression he made upon all was decidedly in his favor. It was not particularly much that the people of Somerville cared for preachers; there was very little of them to be seen every day about the streets, and so he heard every Sunday; yet all had a vague respect for the special denomination to which the new-comer belonged. Besides, education and piety had given a certain elevation to the countenance and bearing of the new preacher. As to that, every thing new has its gloss, we know. Very faithful were the lawyer, Mr. Ellis, Dr. Warner, and his other immediate friends from that time, not only in making him known to the people, but in making them known to him; and all such knowledge kept up a running commentary thereon in the mind of the novice.

"What an agreeable gentleman this Mr.—Mr.—" began he, on parting from the last introduction and day.

"Simmons—not Mr.—Captain Simmons. Don't forget the Captain part of his name when



ARTHUR'S FIRST MEAL AT MRS. BOWLES'S.

ou speak to him next," said the lawyer, who ad introduced him.

"What an agreeable gentleman the Captain!" continued the young minister. "You heard that he said about having led the choir before moving to Somerville. And his expressions of regard for our new organization."

"And the tears in his eyes as he told you about his good old father, and about his mother's death-bed and dying charge. Ump, yes; I think," replied the lawyer. "Drinks? And the young divine had on the instant planned a series of sermons on intemperance."

"Mr. Peters, this is our new preacher, Mr. Arthur; Mr. Arthur, this is Mr. Peters, a member and pillar of one of the Somerville churches," interrupted the lawyer, introducing him to talk, spare, white-haired old gentleman.

"Don't call me Mr. Peters—Brother Peters; and you must call me as always, Brother Arthur," said the old gentleman, warmly grasping and holding in his own hand extended to him. "I heard you had come; am glad to see you—glad to see you. And you are but a young man at the great work—a young man, a young man, Brother Arthur. You'll find it a hard field, hard field. But you know where your help is. Bless your soul, I was not five when I joined, not five! I've been about a good deal since then; seen wonderful things. We must get better acquainted, Brother Arthur, better acquainted."

"Mr.—Brother Peters seems to be a warm Christian," said Mr. Arthur, after a long and cordial conversation with his new acquaintance, being the latter part of which his companion had endeavored several times, but in vain, to carry him away.

"I declare," said the lawyer in reply, pushing his hat back off his forehead, his fingers ingring indelicately a moment behind his right ear in consideration, "I do not know whether to leave you to find your new acquaintances out for me. Besides, I don't want to eat a damper in you. But the fact is, this Brother Peters—"

"Does not drink, I hope?" asked his companion, hastily.

"Oh no," replied the lawyer, quick to deny such a charge. "Sober as you or I, hard working, honest, kind-hearted, punctual at church as can be; nothing in the world against him but his awful lies. Lying Sam Peters is his name every where. He knows it as well as any one. His friends have talked to him about it, his church has worked with him for years, every new preacher they get makes a special effort with him; it does no good. He has lied so long it has become his nature to lie whenever he may happen to be speaking about, and always. Like an old swearer and his sons, lying Sam Peters tells falsehoods from morning till night without knowing it."

Alas! that sudden sinking of the heart in the bosom of the young minister. It is a painful thing that sinking of the heart in the bosom of the young and sanguine. After a while the heart learns to beat more evenly through every thing. "Ah, yes, Ananias and Sapphira, the sin and the penalty of falsehood; I must preach on that subject," murmured Mr. Arthur to himself, some relief in that.

In the course of the day the two friends came upon Brother Barker, to whom the new-comer was made known. As soon as it could be conveniently done—a little sooner, in fact—Brother Barker felt compelled to tell his new brother in the ministry that there were certain doctrines held by that new brother's denomination which he really could not agree with him in at all; which, in fact, he regarded as against Scripture and common sense, and which really—really he regarded as—but he would not wound the young brother's feelings by saying all he deeply, very deeply felt on the subject!

"A series of discourses establishing our peculiar doctrines, and as soon as possible. Dear me, how much, how very much there is for me to do!" thought Mr. Arthur, as he parted from his new friend.

As to Brother Barker, the arrival of the new minister precipitated him for weeks after with a vehemence now even to him against the obnoxious doctrines in question. The spare frame of the zealous Brother fairly dilated with their enormity, as, in private conversation and from the pulpit, he fought against the detestable doctrines, with long, muscular arms, gleaming eyes, and feet in incessant motion while he talked, like an athlete in the arena.

Before the week was over the young divine had seen the pressing necessity of preparing, and delivering as soon as possible, sermons innumerable. He had incidentally been thrown with Bob Withers, who had told him on the second or third interview that he would have been a Christian long ago, instead of "the regular whisky-drinking, card-playing, cursing and sweating scamp, by George, which I now am, Mr. Arthur!" if it hadn't been for the gross inconsistencies he had observed, by George, in every single professor, by George, it had ever been his misfortune to meet with; not one single exception to the rule, sir, not one! Strange to say, there is something attractive to Mr. Arthur in the round, sensible, good-humored face of Mr. Withers, his frank eyes and sincere manner. Although there is a glow as of ripe grapes in Bob's face, it is a vast deal smaller and more pleasing than, in Mr. Arthur's opinion, Brother Barker's dry and lean, though rigidly correct, face. And that he must preach a sermon warning Christians on this point was only too evident to the restless theologian.

Mr. Ellis, too—the mild, amiable, humble Mr. Ellis—whom Mr. Arthur had best driven to from his first acquaintance with him, unintentionally even he had aided in dampening somewhat the ardor of his new pastor. In answer to inquiries over his counter at the store on the

part of that pastor, he gave it as his opinion that the main obstacle in Somerville to the spread of religion consisted in an intense worldliness. He readily agreed with the pastor that here was the grand evil to be aimed at. After Mr. Arthur had added parental neglect, Sabbath desecration, profanity, infidelity, and a score more of evils, to be immediately combated, to his list, he was fain to pause from the enumeration.

However, if he lay down a little wearied at night with accomplishing, in imagination, in Somerville vastly more than has ever yet been accomplished by all his profession put together for men since Christ left the world, nevertheless a sound night's rest sent him forth next morning to his studies and into Somerville as hopeful as ever.

And so the new church was duly organized. It was a small organization, very small indeed; yet, on second thought, even this was a new pleasure to the ardent pastor to know into what a noble size the church was to grow from that little seed. And those who were its members clustered around him so heartily, too. Eucergie Guy Brooks, steady Mr. Ferguson, smiling Dr. Warner, devoted Mr. Ellis. Mrs. Sorel, too, punctual as the clock did she slight every Sabbath morning at eight o'clock with Robby, her bright little boy—Frank is old enough to have a class, and is there before her on his pony—at the door of the little school-house, which was answering as a church for the present, in time for the Sabbath-school just established. Mrs. Colonel Ker Roberts, too, never failed of being there with her children. A thoroughly-informed man of the world could have read the Colonel's domestic character in the pale cheek and bowed head and sorrowful eyes of his wife. To Mr. Arthur she was but an estimable, silent, refined lady, sorrowful by reason of ill-health. Ah, how devoted she was to her children, especially to her boy with his father's superb eyes and bold brow! And devoted a wife but naturally is when her love for her husband is spurred, nothing left for her to love but her children; doubly devoted to them she well may be, when all her care is required to undo all the evil influence upon them of their father.

Mrs. Bowles, too, how enthusiastic she was in regard to the new enterprise! Mr. Arthur never came home at night from his visiting but she had something new and hopeful to tell in connection with the church; some new family who had said they would send their children next Sunday to Sunday-school; some new young man whom she had ascertained to have had parents in connection with their denomination, and who ought to be looked after; some brand-new young lady who had agreed to teach in the school. Almost every night it was late after supper before her guest, so enthusiastic as she, could tear himself away from the sitting-room to go to his little office in the yard. At last Mr. Bowles would run in upon him of mornings there in the midst of his studies, with an apology for interrupting him, only she thought he would like to hear this, that, and the other encouraging something about "our church." How much the novelty of the thing; how much a lively competition with the other denominations in the place, roused by Mr. Arthur's advent into fresh life and zeal, had to do with all this on the part of all of them, no man shall ask and no man shall answer on these premises. "Is in heaven only our motives will be perfectly pure. But unmingled? No, not even there."

And Alice, too. Mr. Arthur saw from the portrait of the old Major where she got her erect bearing and clear, haughty glance. Haughty is by no means the word, but aristocratic would be preposterous in this free land. Modest confidence, self-reliance, independence, queenliness, fearlessness—well, the language lacks the exact word, and we must do without. The reverend guest had taken up an idea that this black-haired, quick-eyed, open-browed school-girl must resemble Joan of Arc, say, before she had come out into the world, yet not unaware of herself even then. There was something of the angularity of the school-girl—likes and dislikes sharply expressed, unadorned amusement at every thing odd in any person whatever, and a certain something in her manner that caused the guest to feel quite sure that she—if she did not dislike him, at least did not give him a thought. All this, and more, in her kept these two quite apart from each other.

The idea never definitely entered the head of their guest; yet, if his heart could have been taken apart and accurately weighed piecemeal, it would have been found that this school-girl all these days was to him decidedly more than all the world besides. You may say it was because he had to love some one of her sex by the necessity of his nature, and she happened to be the nearest and most convenient one to him for the purpose. It may be so. None the less was the unconscious Alice Bowles that person in all the world for whom he most cared. Perhaps if he had had a sister, or a brother, a mother, or even a father, to love, it would have been different; but he was without these, and all these Alice was to him, and he knowing almost nothing of her as yet. Yes, it was foolishness itself.

It took him a long time to keep from looking too much at her as she sat on her low seat at night studying her lessons for the next day, while her mother conversed with their guest. Her face had not settled down as a whole into its final beauty, but her lips had—so full, so red, so eloquent in their very silence. Once, months after his arrival, she had suddenly raised her eyes with an exclamation against her lesson, and had caught his eyes fastened upon her face. But Mr. Arthur was too fast even for her.

"Had I met your daughter, Mrs. Bowles, in London or New York, I could have told where she was born," he said, continuing to indulge the look under cover of the observation.

"Yes?" said her mother, with pleased eyes.

"I never flatter, Mrs. Bowles; but there is a certain something in you South Carolinians which marks you unmistakably," he continued. "But pardon me, I interrupted a remark you were making."

"Not at all," said the mother, abandoning the old theme for the new. "Only what you say we have ever regarded as a matter of course. And it is the same of you Virginians," said Mrs. Bowles, in tone cheerfully conceding the second rank in the world to Virginia.

"Why, as to that, Ma, you can say the same of any one from New England," said the school-girl, putting back her hair from her brow, and letting the book close upon her lap.

"Certainly, my dear," said her mother, with a meaning smile; "and we can always tell where an Irishman is from, or an Esquimaux. But Mr. Arthur left something more favorable to be inferred from his remark, I presume."

"Oh, how I do hate the Yankees!" concurred the daughter. "There is that Miss Moulton at school, her lips pursed up, her elbows drawn down, prim, peevish old maid; forever talking about her duty toward us and to our parents, with her system of education, rewards of merit, marks of approbation—"

"My dear, hush! You should be ashamed of yourself!" said the mother, interrupting her daughter's mimicry of her teacher's words and manner. "You must remember Miss Moulton is employed as your teacher. She is a very respectable person, I know. And you forget that she is not to blame for her place of birth. They may say what they please of the Yankees," continued the mother, turning with charming candor to her guest, "but for my part I think they are extremely useful people in their way. I can not say I have been used to like them very much, but I will say that. We had at one time an extremely deserving young man in our family in South Carolina from the North as tutor for Rutledge Bowles. I am afraid Rutledge Bowles did not make his situation as comfortable as it should be, but I am sure the young man really wished to be of service. He remained but a short time. Rutledge Bowles disliked him; treated him, in fact, so—so scornfully that we were compelled to dismiss him."

Again we touch the chord whereby we at least intended this chapter should be keyed, and repeat, Blessed be the spring-time of youth! How swiftly the days melted into weeks, and the weeks into months, with the young pastor. His sermons were most carefully prepared—too directly aimed at the point in view to be very rhetorical, but pleasing from their evident sincerity and path. To pay more attention to the fullness and flow of words was a lesson he was afterward to learn. It was, you know, as he grew old that Edmund Burke grew so sublimely rhetorical. But no one could be more ignorant of exactly the kind of sermon he was to preach on any occasion than was the preacher himself. At one time he would prepare with great eagerness some special discourse, to find, in actually preaching it, that it was nothing special at all—the reverse rather. Again, he would go into the pulpit with some preparation of which he was heartily ashamed, to find, from his own feeling and the evident interest of the congregation, that it was far better than he had ever done before. One Sabbath when he would count confidently on having quite a crowded congregation, he would be chilled to the soul to find but a small one. Another Sabbath, counting gloomily upon but a sparse attendance, he would be encouraged by a house full. Now he would be led to count assuredly upon certain persons becoming members of the church, to be disappointed instead; and to receive, unexpectedly, persons into membership of whom he had never hoped such a thing. To-day would he be encouraged by the unaccountable presence of certain individuals at church; and on the next occasion annoyed by the unaccountable absence of others.

This week he would attend some funeral, and wonder at the apathy to the important spiritual concerns thus brought to mind on the part of those present; wondering most of all at his own inability, standing beside the open coffin, with the cold face beneath his hand, to set forth, as he would, those spiritual truths. The next week would be illuminated with some unexpected or long-expected wedding, with all the incidents therewith connected.

And there, also, was the pastoral visitation; the conversing with persons from whom all the machinery of Archimedes could not have drawn out more than Yea and No during the interview. However, there was placid, sensible Mrs. Sorel; practical Guy Brooks; delightful Mr. Ellis, with whom he could converse. Crazy as Mr. Ferguson was, too, the young minister soon learned to keep plenty of sea-room in conversation between himself and the Scotchman's hidden reefs; learned even to keep aloof, with a mariner's instinct of a storm, from the Scotchman altogether when that Scotchman was all reef and breakers. And so passed the days along.

Perhaps there was not one thing in his charge in the least degree as he had dreamed it would be—pleasures and pains all different; yet it was a great week and a good work, and a work in which he laid himself out with joy. The very buying the ground for the new church, the planning of the building, the raising the money, was an epic of interest for months. And the actual erection of the edifice, from foundation to weather-vane, it was a daily joy and rejoicing. We say nothing of his intercourse with the workmen during this period; with almost every nail and shingle and plank the young pastor had intimate acquaintance from their arrival on the ground until finally adjusted to their place.

The months of planicking—if we may so speak—in the erection of that unfinished church, with

loose scantlings on trossels for seats, and a plausible foot across for pulpit, was accompanied with a purer pleasure than the worship in many a stately edifice all granite and walnut, fresco, and velvet. The obtaining of the church bell, from the instant of the conception of the idea in the head of Mrs. Bowles, until its first peal ring upon the ears so attentive to hear it that Sabbath morning, was one long and pleasurable excitement. And the painting, pewing, furnishing the church throughout, in which the ladies threw themselves with their inseparable and inalienable love for adornment in all its ramifications—was that a matter without deep interest to the pastor, as well as to many others? There was the organizing a choir; the most unexpected discovery of Mr. Ferguson's splendid bass, a mere growl hitherto under his grizzly beard, developing now into music—a hard and stiff old Memnon smitten by the sun; culminating in the suggesting, subscribing for, obtaining, and actually using an instrument. It is impossible to pass lightly over that. And the Ladies' Fairs also, from time to time, for this object and for that; the Sabbath-school celebrations of ribboned and rosy and hungry children; the grand efforts at tract distribution for the entire town; the purchase and arrival of a grand Congregational Library; the building of a study for the pastor; the presenting him of sudden sets of linen and altogether unexpected writing-desks.

Oh, blessed period of life, when a man is fairly at his life's work, with Youth and Health and Hope his close companions! Blessed period when, like a swimmer fresh to his task, there is a joy in every fibre at the very encountering and mounting and leaving behind the opposing billows as they come! Time of exultation, when every defect discovered in one's self is a joy, in the hope of henceforth destroying the same; when every enemy unintentionally made learns the novice how henceforth to act so as to secure instead a thousand friends; when every opposing circumstance is but a something, the path over which leads one that much higher above what he was before! But, O youth thrice blessed, when the Telemachus accompanied by Mentor is realized, more than realized, in him who, engaged in the service of an incarnate God instead, walks ever with that God during all the day, kneeling morn and night in communion, fellowship, friendship closer and sweeter than the world knows beside with that friend and brother! There is too entire an identity between the life of him who is doing the will of God on earth and him who is doing the will of God in heaven, for the happiness and energy of the one in heaven not to be very much the energy and happiness of the other on earth.

In nothing was it more evident how fully engaged the young pastor was with his work, and how entirely he filled and satisfied his heart and his hands, than his entire forgetfulness as to the making of money; that is, as to the accumulating any property at all. It never occurred to him to place at interest what remained over of his salary at the end of the year; it went every cent to gifts for the children of the Sabbath-school, and donations to benevolent objects. When he first arrived in Somerville had he only bought a few town lots at the nominal price then asked, in a few years he would have had even wealth. It never occurred to him for an instant; even the purchasing of a lot for his own home in the future was done only at the suggestion of friends. People who owned a few head of cattle when he arrived in Somerville had whole herds thereof by natural increase in a few years. Why could he not have done the same? There was Mr. Neely, the schoolmaster—with his first earnings from his school he had bought a likely negro woman, and now he had quite a family of young negroes, upon even the youngest of which he could have realized five hundred dollars any day. "And why," Mrs. Warner frequently asked, "could not Mr. Arthur have done the same thing?" Yes, it is with pain that we frankly state this new weakness in one whom we would fain have the reader love. Devotion to his calling? Certainly. But such thoughtlessness, such utter lack of reference to his future wife and children! We would paint him in brighter colors if we dared; better tell the truth of him though. Truth is, "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light!"

One thing is certain—he grew steadily in the confidence and esteem even of those who acknowledged his deplorable lack of worldly wisdom. Yet "men will praise thee when thou doest well to thyself;" perhaps they would have thought that much the more of him if he had been accumulating property all the while; but let us recount nothing but the truth about him though the heavens fall!

Yes, so far in his ministry the young pastor toiled with enthusiasm and joy. From the first he can be said to have had but one definite trouble; and that trouble had quick, sharp, black eyes, which saw every thing going on in Somerville and a great deal more; and that trouble had a tongue, and such a tongue! Perpetually was Mrs. Warner seeing something dreadful here, and strongly suspecting something worse there, and painfully but positively assured of disaster in the future, and pouring all herself abroad upon such matters every where. Any chemist who had enumerated the ingredients composing the atmosphere of Somerville, and, in mentioning oxygen, nitrogen, vapor, and carbonic acid, had failed to mention Mrs. Warner as a chief constituent element of that atmosphere, would have been woefully mistaken. That one lady managed to keep the place surcharged with anecdotes, rumors, suspicions, surmises, prophecies—all personal, and all of a painful nature to a degree surpassing human power of production. To do Mrs. Warner justice, her own ser-

ages, children, husband-household, in fact, was the theme upon which she dilated most freely and fully. Neat and energetic housekeeper as Mrs. Warner was, it was certainly not at home only that she washed her "dirty linen." Some of it showing, in her hands, so very dirty, too.

As the years rolled by the canal gates had been too often opened to close now at all. But her children did not particularly mind, her servants had grown used to it, her husband was too old a sailor upon the tossing deck and amidst the whistling gales of his home not to have come to regard it all as the ordinance of nature. Every day he grew fatter and bolder and more stooped about the head, more slovenly about the person, quite a weather-beaten mariner, but wonderfully forbearing and mild. But then her table, and her exquisitely neat and clock-work household! If one were but stone-blind and perfectly deaf, or a philosopher—Socrates say—be could live even under Mrs. Warner's roof.

And all these months Mr. Arthur continues with Mrs. Bowles. The idea never occurred to her in that form; but her guest was to her all that Rutledge Bowles would have been had he instead tenanted the little office in the front yard all this time—rather more perhaps.

"And Mr. Arthur is such a vast assistance to Alice in her studies," said Mrs. Bowles to Mrs. Sorel one day; "and they have read a great deal of history together, too. Mr. Arthur takes a pleasure natural to a scholar in such things. Really I believe Alice is improved beyond her years—more thoughtful, too. I hope to return to Charleston as soon as Rutledge Bowles is settled in the practice of the law there. It is too soon to speak of such things yet, I am aware; but if Alice is finally married into one of the old families there I will be satisfied."

And placid Mrs. Sorel only smiled in her quiet way, and said nothing upon the subject whatever.

THE "IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT."

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "SILK-DRESS PAPERS."

One of the wisest statesmen of the age has coined an immortal sentence and applied it so pertinently that it has become as "household words" throughout the land. May I be pardoned for borrowing it and applying it to the war that is daily being waged between the wives and mothers of this glorious republic and the so-called servants, domestics, help, or whatever you may please to call them?

Oh that I could dip my pen in fire, and thus light up the trouble I am about to utter; that I might bring before the eyes of the people this great social scourge that is sapping the lives of the noblest race of women the world ever saw! I do not hesitate to say there is not a wife or mother in the land but will overlook the shortcomings of her servants, if they try to do their duty, and their wrong-doings are mistakes only. If there are mistresses who refuse to do this, they are the exceptions that prove the general rule. But it is the indifferent and malicious servants with whom we have to deal; it is those who live in the houses and have mistresses to do their bidding, the stew of the house the more helpless their victims. I would speak of the cook, who, in winter time, boils eggs in the tea-kettle for her own delicate breakfast while the steak is sent to the dining-room not fit to be eaten. The amiable Jones says, "What is the matter with the steak? I bought the best in the market. Arabella, my dear, if you would only look after domestic affairs a little more I think we should be repaid in home comforts." Arabella heaves a great sigh, shuts her mouth close, and wishes that she might be the cook and chamber-maid, and yet have the power of coming to breakfast in a dainty morning-gown with a thousand little pet curls around her face; for Jones insists that she shall wear her hair frizzed. Jones is fastidious about these things; wants his little wife to look a little better than any body's else; this is Jones's pet weakness. Poor Arabella knows where the trouble lies, but where is the remedy? Her head begins to ache, nerves all aflutter for the day, and she begins to fear that Jones doesn't love her as he used to, though the honey-moon is scarcely over. She comes to the conclusion that married life isn't her "forte;" while the amiable Jones goes to his office with a shadowy remembrance of those bachelor breakfasts at Delmonico's, and wondering whether his home will ever resemble his neighbor's across the street, who, by-the-way, has a wife who has sacrificed herself on the funeral pile of her husband. The truth she has not been entirely consumed; there is just enough left for locomotion; but that genial, bright, wide-awake look has vanished from her countenance, showing that she was made of colors that would not wash in the beginning, and yet the washing process has been kept up for an unlimited period. Said wife is cook when cook fails to do her duty; is nurse when the children are ill; in fact, is just as much a martyr as any Brahmin widow, the only difference consisting in the fact that she is a longer time in dying. I am speaking of the martyred sisterhood who have not the strength to endure life's perpetual warfare.

Mrs. Stowe—whom I reverence for her efforts to the full of the amelioration of women's trials—says the houses must be built with the flour-barrel, spices, corn-meal, and mouse-traps all in one corner; and the conservatory is to open off from all this; and the wives and daughters must do all the work. Now, this is all charming and very beautiful, but it happens that her advice comes too late; if what are we to do in such a case? It happens that our house is already built, and no persuasion they part will make my beloved Job pull out the invalid arrangement, and fix it according to Mrs. Stowe's programme. And I have every reason to believe there are thousands of matrons in this country who have husbands as hard to convince as Job Stowe.

Suppose I succeed in having the house arranged accordingly, and suppose Job should accidentally become the father of twins once a year, wouldn't he be excused from doing my own work,

and my daughters, the aforesaid twins, be excused on account of size and weakness of muscles? And suppose I was able to have the easy-chair wheeled to the open door of the conservatory, would it be agreeable to have Bridget making basel cakes and vegetable soup under my invalid nose? Wouldn't I be excused from dying, just in self-defense, leaving Job and the twins to the care of a gentle Xanthippe, who would sigh in a very short time, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown?"

Again, Mrs. Stowe says we must make every thing so pleasant for the servants that people people in decayed circumstances will be glad to take these places for the sake of a home; and that, in some unaccountable way, we must remove the stigma of servitude, and make it as honorable as a Professorship in a College. I might as well attempt to snatch the brightest part of a rainbow to make a neck-tie for my beloved Job. There is no poetry in scolding knives, unless these same knives are to reflect some loved one's visage; and as Job is the only masculine about the house, I prefer to have the poetry confined to the library. The relation between mistress and servant is as devoid of sentiment as a geometrical figure. We must grapple with facts—not fancy. Suppose I succeed in finding the gentlest person who will come for the sake of a home—sure they not of all others those whom I dread most? Wouldn't I not only have my own trials to bear but theirs also? Are not my hands full to plethora, and my heart to bursting, training up young Ike for the twenty-ninth President, and devising plans to keep Job away from that interesting club? And wouldn't I feel so tender that I should have to get another girl to do their work? And are they not the very ones to forget who is the mistress of the house, not from any bad inclination, but mere force of habit?

This same worthy warden, whose shoe-latchets I feel unworthy to unlace, says we must elevate labor. As we can not bring the servants up to us, we must go down to them, as this is the age for the elevation of the masses. Perfectly as Genesis has sugar-coated the pill, nevertheless it sticks in the throats of a million of matrons. Slight as the task may seem, the cleansing of the Augean stables by Hercules is no comparison to the task.

"We have no way of judging the future but by the past." It never has been done, even when Rome was at its zenith of power and glory; and shall we, the American wives and mothers, throw ourselves under this car of Juggernaut that Erin and Africa may ascend to their proper sphere? Anna E. Dickinson says, it is a glorious thing to die for the black man; but I notice she is as plump as a partridge, apparently a long way from transmigration, and I fear those who preach most are the least apt to practice.

The irrepressible conflict wages. What is to be done? While the American wives and mothers are amply supplied with brains they are perishing for the want of so much bone and muscle. These much needed commodities are found in foreign countries—why not here? It can not be owing to our peculiar institutions. The fact that "help is washed upon our shores by the tide of emigration" does not change the nature of that help? If they are industrious and orderly in their own country why should they not continue to be so after their arrival here? And here is the pivot of the whole difficulty. American house-keepers must have unity of action.

Would General Grant have succeeded in quelling the rebellion, no matter how brave and capable he has proved himself to be, had he gone forth unattended and alone? After a given period it must be assumed that no help will be employed without bringing satisfactory reference from the last place. This must be strictly adhered to. It may even be necessary to form ourselves into a Union League, with ramifications extending to the farthest hamlet in the land, so remote and wide-spread is this moral leprosy. Servants must be given to understand that mistakes will be pardoned, but indifference and malevolence will cause instant dismissal. Every servant must be made to know, if they do not perform their duty, the consequences will instantly be meted out to them, and every mistress must serve herself to endure every trial until the dawn of the new morning.

This is a work of time; but we must set our faces, flint-like, in the right direction, and we are sure to triumph. "The battle is not to the strong alone, but to the vigilant, the active, the brave." No great good is achieved without a struggle. Every earthly birth is ushered in with pain. But I bear witness: "Who will cook the breakfast and do the chamber-work during this transition period?" A couple of sleek, tily cats must be procured to wash the few dishes. The dirt about the house may be allowed to accumulate—it will protect every thing just as snow protects the farmer's crop. Husband must be sent to any respectable restaurant near by—said husband will make no objection if he feels assured that household expenses will be reduced in the mean time. Children must be fed on baker's bread and molasses, and we must make our own tea with our own fair hands. Blinds must be kept closed, and all outward indications of "Not at home" must be kept up to frighten away company. "Last but not least," we must be busy up with the exultant feeling that we have the power in our own hands. Should we become ill in the mean time we will have a pitcher of water and a baker's crust laid on our table. And should we die, better die a natural death than of an overdose of Erin or the Black plague. Let us be resolved that we will not die in this struggle—that we will fight the good fight till the rebellion is ended. We have the national resources of men and money, and we can hold out until the enemy's strength is entirely exhausted. Oh for the glorious time when the intelligence offices are overloading, and the officers of the Freedmen's Bureau groan with the black millstone they have hung about their necks! Will it not be a foreboding of the new millennium?

Having finished the above literary balloon, before cutting the cords loose I laid it before my beloved Job with the apple-pie at lunch-time. "Pretty fair article so far as condiments are concerned, but

you don't intend it as any thing practical? I admire that saline arrangement of yours, only I fear a crusade against the cats; but as a cat has nine lives, I'll bet on them every time." Can you imagine how the Princess Radroubolour looked when the Genie told her that a roe's egg must be hung in the middle of her chamber before the palace would be perfected? Two great pearls, surpassing any of Ball, Black, & Co., glistened on my cheeks. Job instantly soared to the proper element, and says: "Little wife, the hardest lesson for us all to learn is submission to the inevitable. Could your two hands lift up the pitcher that holds the Atlantic Ocean and pour it on the Western continent, it would not cover the mountains until every little hill and valley was submerged. And just so long as the demand exceeds the supply, just so long this same state of affairs will continue." I interrupted him, saying, "Job, you see the difficulty through a man's eyes." "They are all I happen to have for the present." "But I feel sure that I am in the right." "Women are generally afflicted that way; but what excellent apple-pie, Storry!" "The cook left a week ago," I sobbed. "Let us be thankful, Storry, that our happiness doesn't depend on servants. I'll take another piece of that apple-pie, and you may expect me home to dinner to-day. There is the place for a man after all." The stroke of the needle ascended, and I am still living to tell the tale.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"No man ever felt any thing but irritation at seeing a woman's gown doing the business of the evening except, or attached any value to the amount of open-work displayed beneath a looped-up skirt. If young ladies would but believe it—or rather, perhaps, if they did but attach any importance to it when they do believe it—a man will be perfectly satisfied with their appearance, so far as those considerations are concerned, if their persons are spotlessly clean and their stockings glisten of a wrinkle."

So says the London Saturday Review, essentially. We know not how it may be in London, but we unhesitatingly affirm that petticoats and stockings "spotlessly clean" are virtues unattainable in this city by ladies who promenade the streets. Yet of the scores of "fair women" whom one meets in Broadway on a bright afternoon very few seem to realize this fact, though every body knows it. To be sure, the rich drapery is gathered up in costly fashions, and the gay petticoat is a vast improvement on the white one. But with what appropriateness or good taste are such gorgeous fabrics as we constantly see worn in our dirty streets? Costly silks of delicate hues meet one at every step; and yet a passing cartilage, splashing through the mud, leaves a fatal stain upon the fabric, and a drop of melting snow tarnishes the lacem. Such follies are suitable only for the drawing-rooms; and even though one may effort them to destroy her wardrobe, such waste is not only wrong but in bad taste.

For such streets as we have, at this season, plain woollen fabrics are the most suitable wear: the French merinoes and linseys, the English cloths, and even the stout water-proof—all are serviceable and pretty, and are to be obtained in every variety.

So emphatic gives the following, which may suggest to careful wives the reason why their husbands' "dilettante" never "have a glow" or three:

"Biddy," said Mrs. Penrywise, "there is little starch in the dikes this week, and altogether the clothes do not look very nicely."

"And shall you not remember, ma'am, I got but three and sixpence for my labor. If you would have them red and blue you must raise on my wages."

"And what would those shillings do for me, Biddy?" inquired her mistress.

"And faith it would either them more; but it takes the said sixpence to put on the said glove."

"And how would two dollars work, Biddy?"

"Now in me let all you, 'twould make them look so light you never would know the cotton from linen."

"So, Biddy, you are disposed to make a 'milk' if I would have my work done to my liking?"

"Oh! no, ma'am; 't is not that but will ever break the pace by striking; 't is an ill-humored woman that would lift her finger to her mistress, and didn't I tell Parson O'Farley so when he bid me strike on ye. It's not me that would do the dirty thing to all the money in America!"

"Well, Biddy, then after this day we will try the non-starching system."

"And, by the powers, Mr. Penrywise shall be satisfied, but I won't promise to give him!"

The following conversation, which has just come to hand, will explain itself:

"DEAN CORNER.—I saw a very good thing done at a concert the other night. Tickets were one dollar. And there were twelve places on the programme. Eight cents and a third apiece. Rather high. But after the good pieces the audience all clapped their hands, and stamped their feet, and cried 'encore!' until the singer or the player came back again and gave another piece. So we got sixteen pieces instead of twelve. Not price six cents and a quarter each, which, at three per cent, is cheap."

"It strikes me that would be a good remedy for high prices. When the milkman brings a quart of milk and asks ten cents for it let the servant girl clap her hands, and let the milkman immediately pour in a pint more gratis. When a lady goes to Stewart's, and buys a silk dress at three dollars a yard, she should give a few words of applause, and the dressman should immediately cut her off another half dozen yards free of expense. When a gentleman visits the shoemaker's and gets fitted with a pair of boots let him cry 'encore!' and let the shoemaker throw in a pair of slippers. In like manner when a subscriber to Harper's Magazine writes in enthusiastic commendation of the work you should send him the Weekly without charge."

It appears to me that the general adoption of this principle would open the way for arriving at all the evils of high prices. Will you not urge it upon the public?"

"Yours truly, CORNER."

"P.S.—The topic suggests that what has led to the extensive feeling that it can't be applied in church is, that it would lead to the milkman's presiding his sermons over eggs."

A young man in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on a wager of \$500, recently walked a hundred miles in an easy consecutive hoar without sleep. Throughout the time his nervous excitement was kept up by strong tea. His head was bandaged and bathed frequently with rum and salts. He often stumbled from weakness and weariness. The fourth and last day was one of weariness, aching limbs, aching head, and prostration. He required to be supported as he went his hoary rounds. In the fifth hour he was faint and fell. Every hour of the last four he was bathed all over with rum and salts. In the fifth hour he again fell in faintness. The last hour at length arrived, and with his assistants he completed his mile in 33 minutes. A terrible reaction took place afterward, and constant medical attendance and careful nursing alone saved his life. The only sensible thing in connection with this foolish and wicked expenditure of strength is the resolution in which the misguided young man arrived when the affair was over: "That ten times the amount of money he had received would not induce him to make a like effort."

The following singular romance originates in Connecticut.

Newark is exercised about body-snatchers, who, on Monday night last, dug up the body of a young lady who had been buried that afternoon, and succeeded beyond their anticipation. She had been buried while in a cataleptic fit, and, upon being exposed to the night air, animation was restored. The resurrectionist fled, and she walked home. Her parents refused to admit her, believing her to be a ghost. She then went to the house of a young man to whom she was engaged. He took her in, and on Monday morning they were married.

Under the head of "Tale Notes," Martha E. Loomis publishes the following apt paragraph in the San Jose (California) Courier:

"My husband, Robert Loomis, having advertised me in last week's paper as having left his bed and board without just cause, and forbidding the public from trusting me on his account, I wish to state that the bed was mine before I married him; and as for board, he never gave me any since he married me. He has spent a fortune since I married him; and as for credit, I could not get the returns of my children's shoes on his word. I hereby declare the public not to trust him on my account, as I shall pay no debts of his contracting."

It is stated that the United States Telegraph Company have reduced their rates for messages between New York and Eastern cities fifty per cent. The rates are now for ten words to Boston, thirty cents; to New Haven or Hartford, twenty cents. It may be hoped that this telegraphic so as a general fall in prices.

It would that the last male aboriginal inhabitant of Tasmania, or Van Diemen's Land, was present at a coroner's inquest held by three women, the only living representatives of their tribe, who numbered in the first of this century about 3000 to 4000.

Strange as it may seem, the following shrewd epitaph is said to have been actually copied from a tablet in a Massachusetts church-yard:

This is the memory of Ellen Hill, A woman who would always have her will, She worked her husband, though she made good bread, And on the whole he's rather good who's dead. She whipped her children (and she drags her girl) Whipped virtue out, and whipped the devil in. May all such women go to some great fall Where they through all eternity may wail!

In pleasant remembrance of this curious epitaph, found in Cornwall, England, to the memory of Rev. Mr. Colton and wife:

Forty-five years they lived, man and wife, And what's more rare, so many without strife, She first departing, he a few weeks tried, To live without her, could not, and he died.

Coleridge classifies readers as follows:

- 1. Sponges, who absorb all they read, and return it nearly in the same state, only a little dirtied.
2. Sand-glasses, who retain nothing, and are content to get through a book for the sake of getting through the lines.
3. Shovel-bugs, who retain merely the drops of what they read.
4. Wood-choppers, usually rare and profitable, who profit by what they read, and enable others to profit by it also.

In the latest fashion-prints from across the water we find that for some time past blue has decidedly been the favorite color among young ladies who have cultivated an belletristic. White muslin or white silk dresses on the one side have been, trimmed with blue, blue muslin or the white, and blue flowers in the hair, had become a sort of fad among them. Blue appeared to be the color selected as a matter of course. The favorite hue is at last losing its place—probably it has been used too long, or possibly the winter season has had something to do with its being cast aside; but, decidedly, it is now giving place to the warmer and more glowing shades of scarlet and erie.

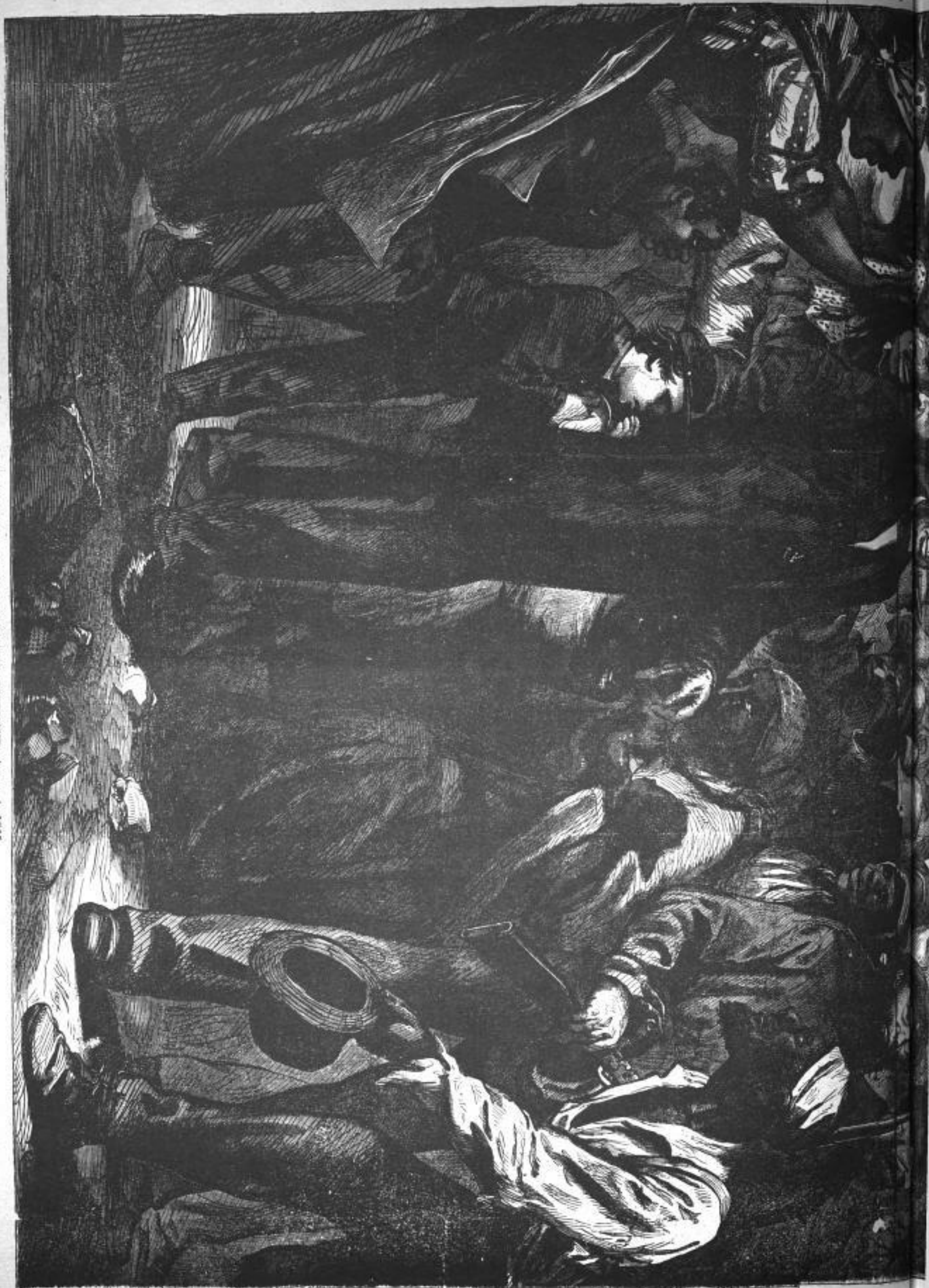
We have been present at several fashionable weddings of late, and have remarked that not triflingly of woad shade have been invariably selected by the bride-maids as ornaments to their white dresses. The woads retain their whiteness upon white silk dresses more vigorously, and are particularly appropriate to the present dreary season of the year.

As a recent fashionable wedding in London the bride-maids wore rich white gowns trimmed, trimmed round the skirt with two graduated rows of erie ribbon velvet; scarlet flama mantles, trimmed all round the edges and up the centre of the back with an inch or two of white Chapeau guipure; white lace bonnets, with scarlet ribbons. The bride's dress was magnificent in material as well as in proportions. For the skirt instead of ordinary more than one yard and a half along the side as the fair lady walked up to the altar. It consisted of rich white satin, cut out in wide deep scallops round the edge of the skirt, each scallop measuring more than twelve inches in breadth. Dozens of erie ribbons followed the outline of the scallop a short distance up the skirt, and above the bonnetings were rappings of satin and a splendid flower-like bustle.

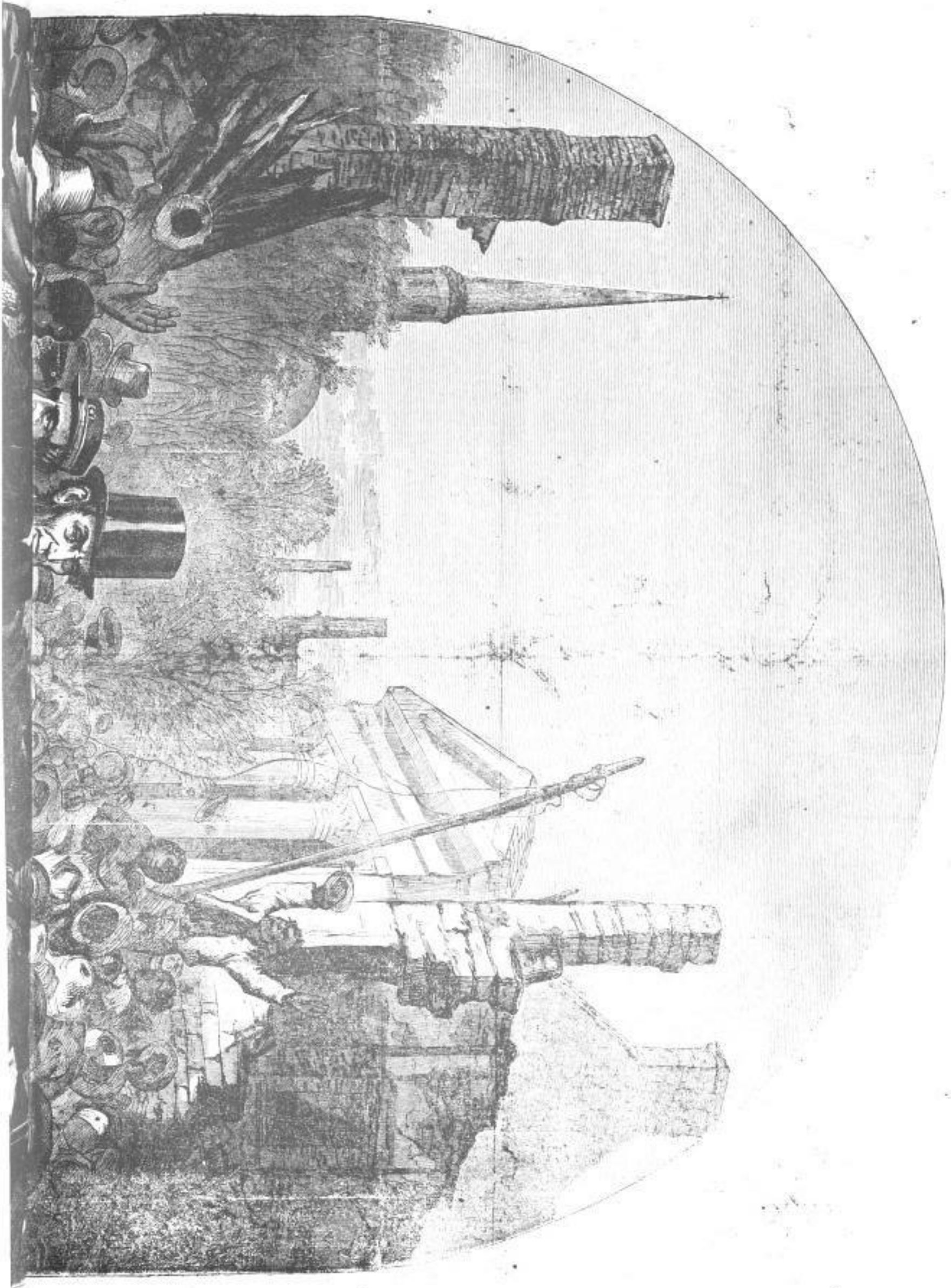
We may be permitted to question whether a bride's dress cut with a train a yard and a half long is not very inconvenient in the weather. With its Court train, which, as every one knows, is separate from the dress, it is a manageable subject, for in getting in and out of a carriage it can be thrown over the arm and carried gracefully; but when the skin itself is cut with a train twenty yards long, then it appears to involve a necessity of rolling and unrolling previous to entering the church and ascending to the carriage, which must be even more embarrassing to the lady who wears it than to the operators who witness the ceremony.

At a proposed Fancy Ball in Paris, it is announced that two phantoms, one married and the other single, are to appear as birds. The widow is to represent a crow, and the youngest a humming-bird. The first will wear a white satin dress, with swallows round the lower part of the skirt, arranged as a trimming; the front of the bodice will be white satin, and the back black velvet, cut about with erie, so as to represent the long-pointed bill of a swallow; one swallow with out-stretched wings is placed on each shoulder, and a large one will form the head-dress.

The humming-bird will be much more brilliant. The young lady wears a short emerald-green satin dress, ornamented with humming-birds, the throat and sleeves of which are made up with veritable feathers from the most gorgeously-colored singing-birds. The wings and breasts are placed flat upon the material, and at a short distance here all the effect of a flight of birds suddenly stayed in their passage through the air by the green stuff. The bodice looks as though it were fastened with knotting-birds of almost microscopic dimensions, so minute are their proportions. These birds are represented, not in feathers, but in brilliant metallic substances, which seemingly change color with every position they are placed in. The bodice is made of ruby velvet, embroidered with white beetle beet, and the head-dress consists of three small humming-birds lighting amidst the curls.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN ENTERING RICHMOND, APRIL 4, 1865.





KATTIE AND "THE DEIL."

In a certain village of Bohemia lived a peasant woman called Kattie. She possessed a little bit of her own, a garden, and a small incense; but had she rolled in wealth, not a lad would have ventured to say—"Kattie, will you be mine?" for she was snappish as a cat of the woods, and owned a tongue which worked like a fall. She had an old mother, provisionally as deaf as a log, and her she scolded from morning till night, so that her voice was audible half a mile off. If any neighbor entered her cottage, she spat, and set up her back, and hissed so that the intruder was only too glad to escape without a scratched face. When any one passed her door, Kattie fung him a spiteful word; and was only too glad if the passer stopped to retaliate, for if he had an ugly expression to cast at her, she had a dozen to put him with in return.

By the time that she had reached the age of forty, without having found a lover, all the—milk of human kindness she never had, which might adulterate—but all the vinegar of her nature had become Concentrated Sulphuric Acid, ready to blacken and burn any thing with which it came in contact.

It is the custom in Bohemia for young people to resort to the tavern on Sunday afternoon for a dance. As soon as the fiddle or bagpipe is heard, the lads run into the streets, the girls appear at the cottage doors, and the children peep out of the windows. Young men and women then follow the musicians to the inn, and the dance begins.

Kattie was always the first to follow the fiddler, and to appear in the public house. There she saw the lads whirling about with the lasses, but never in all her life had she been invited by any one to dance: Sunday after Sunday she tried her luck, and hoped against hope; no man solicited her hand as a partner. "Well!" said she, impatiently, one Sunday, "here am I getting an old woman, and I have never danced yet! never saw any thing like the lads here! Such a set of clowns! This is provoking. I'd dance with any one—with the old Deil himself, if he were to ask me!" and she snapped her fingers, and stamped on the ground.

She bustled into the inn, sat down, and looked about her at the whirling, merry figures. Suddenly a gentleman in business suit came into the room, seated himself at the table, called for beer, and had a tumbler filled. Ruminating over the assembly, he rested on Kattie. He "rang to his feet, walked across the room, and with the most graceful bow, and with the most courteous air, offered her the glass.

Kattie, delighted at the attention, drank the beer with avidity, and used room for the gentleman to seat himself at her side. After a few words had passed between them, the stranger fung some silver to the fiddler, and asked for a "solo." The dancers deserted the centre of the room, cleared the area, and the gentleman led Kattie forth to dance.

"Bless us all, it will rain to-morrow!" exclaimed the old people, opening their eyes wide with astonishment.

The lads bit their fingers and the girls hid their faces to conceal their laughter. But Kattie saw no one; she was radiant with joy, now that she had a chance of dancing; and danced the would have, in spite of the whole world laughing.

All that afternoon and all that evening the strange gentleman danced with Kattie, and with her alone.

He brought her gingerbread, almond-rock, and lemon-drops, and she ate and sucked to her heart's content.

As soon as the dancing came to an end the stranger got escorted her home.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Kattie; "would that I might dance with you forever!"

"That is quite within the range of possibility," replied the stranger.

"Where do you live, Sir?"

"Put your arms round my neck and I will whisper to you," Kattie did so, and presto! the stranger had become a devil, and was flying with her to his home—a place which need not be specified. In he came at the door, lashed in a profuse perspiration; for his neck was a heavy one.

"Now then, Kattie, let go," said he.

"Oh, never! never!"

"Come, there's a dear soul, take your arms off."

"Dearest, never!"

"Why, whom have you got here?" asked the Master of the spirit, in a voice of thunder which had in it a faint thrill of dismay.

"K-K-K-atie," panted the unfortunate devil, struggling to shake his fair load off.

"Kattie!" echoed his Majesty, leaping off his throne, casting aside his bifurcated sceptre, and turning—not exactly pale, but Oxford mixture; "Kattie! here's an end to our quiet life, if that woman becomes an inmate of Pandemonium. She'll bring the place down about our ears. Away with you, Moloch, and do not show your face in here till you have shaken off your dreadful encumbrance."

So there was nothing for it but that the quondam Jager should return to earth and free himself from the embrace of Kattie as best he might.

He flew back wearily and dependingly, with a decided creak in his neck. On reaching earth he seated himself on a flowery bank, and putting on a solemn expression, said, in a hollow voice:

"Kattie, if you do not let go I shall plunge you in molten leimstone!"

"Oh," replied she, with exultation, "I feel no pain so long as I am with you!" and she laid her head on his breast.

"Ah!" Moloch looked vacantly at the landscape. "Kattie!" he resumed, as a brilliant idea entered his head, and illumined his countenance with a momentary gleam of ghastly joy; "Kattie, I am so rich; I will give you a mountain of solid gold if you will only let go."

"What! leave you for filthy lucre? Never, never, never!" and she buried her head in his breast.

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish," said the spirit; "what is to be done now?"

He rose and wandered despairingly over a desolate moor which lay stretched before him.

Presently, staggering under his load, he came upon a young shepherd, in a sheep-skin with all its wool upon it. The evil spirit resumed his former human form, and the shepherd was consequently quite ignorant of who he was.

"Why, my good Sir, whom are you carrying?" asked the shepherd, in perplexity.

"Ah, good friend, I scarcely know! why look you: I was walking peacefully along my way, without thinking of any thing in particular, when, with a hop, skip, and jump, this woman fastened herself to my neck, and will on no account let me go. I want to carry her to the next village, and

there obtain my liberation: but I am scarcely in a fit condition to do so, my knees are shivering under me."

"Come now," said the compassionate peasant, "I will help you; but I can not carry her for long, as I have my sheep to attend to: half the way—will that suit you?"

"Ah! I shall be thankful!"

"Now then you! hang yourself to me!" cried the shepherd, addressing Kattie.

The woman looked round, observed that the shepherd was infinitely preferable to Moloch; he was good-looking and young. She let go her hold on the Deil, and click—she was fast as a spring-collar round the shepherd's neck.

The man had now quite enough to carry, what with Kattie, and what with his immense sheep-skin dress; and in a very short while he was tired, and strove to disengage himself from his encumbrance. In vain! Kattie would not listen to his remonstrances, and the more he struggled the tighter she clung.

Presently he came near a pool. Oh, if he could but cast her in! But how? Could he manage to slip out of his sheep-skin? No harm trying; but it must be done very cautiously—very gently. Hist! he has slipped one arm out, and Kattie is none the wiser. Hist! he has slipped the other arm out, and Kattie has not observed it. Now then! he slides his hand stealthily up his breast, and unlatches the collar. He has undone one button, two, three—a heave of the head, a splash, and Kattie and the sheep-skin are in the pond. She sinks—she rises; and her exulting eyes rest upon the shepherd and the evil spirit dancing in an ecstasy of delight on the bank.

"My best friends!" exclaimed Moloch, enthusiastically, "you have laid me under a lasting obligation; you have imposed upon me a debt of gratitude which I never can adequately discharge. But for you I might have had Kattie hanging round my neck through eternity; I might never have been able to shake that woman off; and never," continued the spirit, musingly, "never is a very long word! Now, look you here, shepherd—I am—" In fewer words than I could express it the spirit had described his nature to the young man. "Well, and being what I am, it lies in my power to repay you, in my poor way, for what you have done. I will forthwith proceed to the next town, and will enter into and possess the Chancellor. As soon as all doctors and exorcists have failed to free the Chancellor from me, do you go to the town and offer, for the recompense of two bags of dollars, to liberate the Chancellor from the evil spirit which torments him. Then come up to the bedside, say 'Hocus pocus!' and I will fly away out of the window, and enter into and possess the Prime Minister. When all other means of cure have failed, do you volunteer, at the price of two sacks of gold pieces, to free the Prime Minister. Come to him, say as before, 'Hocus pocus!' and I will fly from him through the window, and possess the King. And now, I warn you, beware how you venture to attempt to expell me from the body of the King. Should you, notwithstanding this caution, risk the attempt, I shall infallibly tear you in pieces, limb from limb."

The shepherd expressed his acknowledgment in the best and most appropriate terms of which he was master. "Ta, ta!" said the Deil, as he spread his wings and flew away.

"Ta, ta!" replied the shepherd, gravely, looking after him. Shortly after this a rumor spread through the country that the Chancellor was not quite—to put it mildly—what he should be. It was whispered aside that the Chancellor had been playing pretty pranks, and that it was asserted by professors of medicine and of theology that he was possessed by a bad spirit. All medicines, allopathic and homoeopathic, having failed to cure the Chancellor, the clergy took him in hand and tried the last approved forms of exorcism, but the Chancellor, or rather the Chancellor's tenant, was proof against all ecclesiastical demonstrations.

The young shepherd now came to the town, and loudly proclaimed his power to cure any one of diabolical possession. All other resources having failed, the King determined to give the shepherd a try, and so ordered him to visit, and prescribe for the Chancellor. As soon as the peasant entered the room he saw that the condition of the highest law officer of the Crown was critical. He was kicking his attendants, abusing them in language hardly consistent with the dignity of his position, and foaming at the mouth.

The shepherd demanded as his fee for curing him two sacks of dollars, and they were readily promised. He now approached the unhappy man, whose convulsions became more terrible as he drew near.

"Hocus pocus!" said the shepherd *en retentivo* and with a solemn face, at the same time making various fanciful signs in the air with his hand. Away flew the spirit, shivering the panes of glass in the window into countless fragments on his way. The shepherd received his fee, and returned to his cottage.

But it was soon noised abroad that something had gone wrong with the Prime Minister, and it was surmised that the demon which had been expelled from the Chancellor, had entered into the keeper of the King's conscience—awkward, decidedly. What was to be done? Regular practitioners were applied to first, as a matter of course, the allopaths tapped the Minister's constitution with violent medicines without expelling the evil spirit. The homoeopaths did nothing at all, and the divines sent the devil to sleep. When all had failed, recourse was had to the quack, and at the price of two sacks of gold pieces the shepherd agreed to perform a cure. The circumstances resembled those in the former case, with one exception: the window was prudentially opened, and a glazier's bill saved. But now the evil spirit struck at higher game, and took full and undisturbed possession of the King.

As might be expected, people—not one allopathic, homoeopathic, and ecclesiastical systems were tasked to recover the King, and proved, as ev-

ery one knew would be the case, a failure. Then they sent for the shepherd, but he refused to come. They sent again and offered a room full of gold dust, but he persisted in his refusal, remembering the Devil's warning. The Prime Minister now ordered out a regiment of horse, and had the shepherd-exorcist brought with him. In vain did the poor man protest his inability to cure the King; the Prime Minister insisted, and the Chancellor threatened to put the law in force, which required that the bird which could sing and wouldn't sing should be made to sing. Covered by this threat the shepherd determined to do his best.

He entered the royal apartment. The King was howling and frothing at the mouth, and looked desperate. "Halloo!" roared the spirit within; "you here, shepherd? did not I warn you not to attempt to cast me out of his Majesty?"

"Steady," said the shepherd, putting on an expression of awe; and, stealing on tip-toe across the room, with his hand to his mouth, he whispered: "Do you think me such a fool as to attempt any thing of the kind? I'm only come to tell you, dear friend, that—that—KATTIE IS OUT OF THE POND, AND IS ISQUATTING AROUND YOU!"

"Kattie!" gasped the devil. "Then I'm off!" and away he flew.

IN JEOPARDY.

I'm a bricklayer, I am; and, what's more, I live in the country, where people ain't so particular about keeping trades distinct as they are in the great towns. This may be seen any day in a general shop, where, as one might say, you can get any thing, from half a quarter of butter up to a high lantern; and down again to a hundred of short-bills—well, down in the country I've done a bit of a job now and then as a mason; and not so badly, neither, I should suppose, for I got pretty well paid, considering, and didn't hear more than the usual amount of growlin' arter it was done—which is sayin' a deal. Once ain't the most agreeable of lives, and if it warn't for recollectin' a little about the dignity of labor, and such-like, one would often grumble more than one does.

Some time ago—it don't matter to you, nor me, nor yet any body else, just when it was—work was precious slack down our way—all things considered, I ain't a-going to tell you where our way is. A day's work a week had been all I'd been able to get for quite two months; so Mary, that's my wife, used to pinch and screeve, and screeve and pinch, and keep on squeezing stillin' arter shillin' out of the long stocking, till at last it got so tight that one morning she lets it fall upon the table, where, instead of coming down with a good heavy spring, it fell softy and just like a piece of cotton that was empty. And then, poor lass! she hangs on to my neck, and burst out a-cryin' that pitiful that I'm blest if I didn't want my nose blowing about every quarter of a minute. I hadn't minded the screevin' and pinchin', not a bit of it. First week we went without our puddings. Well, that wasn't much. Second week we stopped my half-pints of beer. Third week I got my pipe out. Mary kep' on sayin' that things must look up soon, and then I should have an ounce of the best to make up for it. But things didn't look up, and, in spite of all the screevin', we got down to the bottom of the stocking, as I said just now.

I hadn't much cared for the pinchin', but it was my poor lass as got pinched the most, and she was a-gettin' paler and thinner every day, till I couldn't bear to see it. I ran out of the house, and down to Jenkins's yard, where I'd been at work last. I soon found Jenkins, and I says to him, "Governor," I says, "this won't do, you know; a man can't live upon wind."

"True for you, Bill Stock," he says.

"And a man can't keep his wife upon wind," I says.

"Right you are, Bill," he says; and he went on and spoke as fair as a man could speak, and said he hadn't a job he could put me on, or he would have done it in a minute. "I'm werry sorry, Bill," he says; "but if times don't mend, I tell you what I'm a-going to do."

"What's that?" I says.

"Go up to London," he says; "and if I was a young man like you, I wouldn't stop starrin' down here, when they're giving first-class wages up there, and when there's building going on all round, as thick as thick, and good big jobs, too: hotels, and railways, and bridges, and all sorts."

I fees round sharp, and walks off home; for when a feller's hungry and close up it lays hold on his temper as well as his stomach, more especially when there's somebody belonging to him in the same fix. So I walks off home, where I finds Mary a-lookin' werry red-eyed; and I makes no more talk but I gets my pipe, and empties the bit o' dust there was in the bottom of the jar into it, lights up, and sits down side of Mary, and puts my arm round her, just as I used in old courting times; and then begins smokin' an' thinkin'. Werry slow as to the first, and werry fast as to the second; as smokin' costs money, and the dust was dry; whereas thinkin' came cheap just then—and it's cur-purin' how you can think on an empty inside. I suppose it is because there's plenty o' room for the thoughts to work in.

Well, I hadn't been settin' above a minute like this, when my lass lays her head on my shoulder, and though she wouldn't let me see it, I knowed she was a-givin' way; but I didn't take no notice. Perhaps I had her a little bit tighter; and there I sat thinkin' and watching the thin smoke, till I could see buildings, and scaffolds, and heaps o' bricks, and blocks o' stone, and could almost hear the ring o' the trowels, and the "sur-jar" o' the big stone saws, and there was the man a-runnin' up and down the ladders, and the gaugers a-givin' their orders, and all seemed so plain that I began to grow warm. And I keeps on smokin' till it seemed as though I was one of a great crowd o' men standing round a little square wooden office place, and being called in one at a time; and there I could see them a-takin' their six-and-thirty shillings and

two pounds apiece as fast as a clerk could book it. And then all at once it seemed to fade away, like a fog in the sun; and I kept on drawing, but nothing came, and I found as my pipe was out, and there was nothing left to light again. So I knocked the ashes out—what there was on 'em—and then I breaks the pipe up, bit by bit, and puts all the pieces in my pocket—right-hand trousers-pocket.

"What for?" says you.
"Not for a thing, as I know; but that's what I did; and I was a-telling you what happened. Perhaps it was because I felt uncomfortable with nothing to tattle in my pocket. However, my mind was made up; and brightening up, and looking as cheerful as if I'd six-and-thirty shillings to take on Saturday, I says to her as was by my side: "Polly, my lass, I'm a-going up to London!"

"Going where?" she says, lifting up her head.

"London," I says; at (then I began to think about what going to Lon'on meant. For, mind you, it didn't mean a cheap in a rough jacket making up a bundle in a clean blue sashkercher, and then shovin' his stick through the net and sticking it over his shoulder, and then a fling his hands in his pockets, and taking the rest upwards, white as like a blackbird. No; it meant something else. It meant breaking up a tidy little home as two young folks—common people, in course—had been a-savin' up for years, to make so; it meant at half breaking a poor simple lass's heart to part with this little thing and that little thing; leaving up the nest that took so long a-building, and was all as snug arter a cold day's work. I looked at the clean little windows, and then at the bright kettle on the shiny black hob, and then at the werry small fire as there was, and then fast at one thing, and then at another, all so clean and neat and homely, and all showing how proud my lass was of 'em all, and then I thought a little more of what going up to London really did mean, and I suppose it must have been through feeling low and faint and poorly, and I'm almost ashamed to tell it, for I'm such a big strong chap; but that's the truth. Well, somehow a blind seemed to come over my eyes, and my head went down upon my knees, and I cried like a school-boy. But it went off, for my lass was kneeling aside me in a minute, and got my thick old head upon her shoulder, and began a-doin' all she could to make-believe it was all right, and she wouldn't mind a bit, but we'd get on wonderful well up there; and so we talked it over for long enough, while she made-believe to be so cheerful, and knelt at my side, a-sippering away—a-pouting down tonight for herself, and a-carrying I don't know how much for me—till I grieved up, under the discovery that whether work was plenty, or whether work was slack, I, Bill Stock—christened William—was rich in my good wife.

That was something like a thought, that was, and seemed to stiffen me up, and put lone and muscle into a fellow till he felt strong as a lion; so we set to talking over the arrangements; and two days arter, Polly and I was in a halpin' in Lops' den.

Nex' morning I was up at five, and made myself smart; not fine, but clean, and looking as if I warn't afraid of work; and I finds my way to one o' the big work-shops, where the bell was a-ringing for six o'clock, and the men was a-scaffolding in; while a chap with a look was on the look-out to time the late ones, for stepping on pay-day out of their wages—which is but fair, yer know, for if two hundred men lost a quarter of an hour apiece in a week it would come to something stiff in a year. Well, there was a couple more chaps like me standing at the gate, come to see if they could get took on, and one of 'em slips in, and comes out again directly a-swearin' and growling like any thing, and then t'other goes in, and he comes out a-swearin' too, and then I feels my heart go stinking down ever so low. So I says to the first:

"Any chance of a job?" I says.

"Go to—" says he, cutting up rough; so I asks t'other one.

"Any chance of a job?" I says.

"Not a ha'p'orth," he says, turning his back, and going off with the first one; and I must say as they looked a pretty pair of blacks.

So I stood there for quite five minutes wondering what to do; whether I should go in and ask for myself, or go and try somewhere else. I didn't like to try, arter seeing two men refused. All at once a tall sharp-eyed man comes out of a side place and looks at me quite fierce.

"Now, my man," he says, "what's your business? What do you want?"

"Job, Sir," says I.

"Then why didn't you come in and ask?" he says.

"Saw two turned back," I says.

"Oh! we don't want such as them here," he says, "but there's plenty of work for men who mean it," and then he looks through me a'most.

"I suppose you do mean it, eh?"

"Give us hold of a trowel," says I, spitting in both hands.

"Bricklayer?" says he, smiling.

"Right," says I.

"From the country?" says he.

"Yes," says I.

"Work slack there?" says he.

"Awful," says I.

"Ye'll do," says he. "Here, Jones, put this fellow in number four lot."

If you'll believe me, I could have taken hold of him and hugged him; but I didn't, for I kep' it for Polly.

Well—I wonder how many times I've said well since I began!—I was in work now, and I meant to keep it. Didn't I make the bricks and mortar for 'em? My bossman did his day's work that day, if he never did it afore. Then some of the men began to take it up, and got to chaffing; one says there'd soon be no work left; and another says I'd better have a couple o' Paddies to keep me going, one for bricks and another for mortar; while one fellow makes himself precious unpleasant by keeping on going "poff! puff! puff!" like a steam-engine, because I worked so fast. But I let them chaff as

long as they liked; and him-by I comes to be working alongside of my steam-engine' friend, and just as he'd been going it a little extra, I says to him quietly:

"Ever been out o' work, mate?"

"Not to signify," he says.

"Cause if ever you are, and come down werry close to ground, you'll be as glad to handle the trowel again as I am." He didn't puff any more that day, not as I heard.

London work was something fresh to me. I need to think that I'd been about some tidy buildings down our way, but what was the tallest on 'em to the London jobs I was put on! Jobs where the scaffolding must have cost hundreds upon hundreds of pounds more than the house, land, and every thing else put together, of the biggest place I had ever worked upon. I used, too, to think I was pretty strong in the head; but I soon began to sing small here—specially when I had been up about a week and was put on at a big hotel. Right up so high that one turned quite creasy, and used to get thinking of what would be the consequences if a sharp puff of wind came and upset one's balance. I could never have believed neither that such a Jacob's Ladder of scaffold-poles could have been built up to stand without crashing and snapping these at the bottom like so many reeds or tobacco-pipes; but I suppose them as builds them knows best what should be done, and what they'll bear. But though I did not like it much, I took good care not to mention it to my lass, for I knew she'd have been on the fidget all day if I had told her.

By degrees I got to stand it all pretty well; and we began to feel a bit settled in our one room. Not that we much liked it, but then it was werry pleasant to go in the evening on pay-day and draw your week's wage, good wage too, just as I had seen it when settin' in my own place at home. We still called it home, for we couldn't get to feel that we were at home in London, and Polly she said she never should, after having a little house of her own; but as there was only our two selves we made things pretty comfortable.

The big hotel was getting on at a tremendous rate, for there was a strong body on us at work, and it used to make me think and think of the loads upon loads of stuff the hotel swallowed up, and how much more it would take before it was finished. One day when I was bricking up at the top—I don't know how many feet from the ground, and I never used to care to look to see for fear of turning giddy—one day it came on to blow a regular gale, and blew at last so hard that the scaffold shook and quivered, while, wherever there was a loose rope, it rattled and beat against the poles, as if it was impatient of being tied there, and wanted to break loose and be off.

It blew at last so werry hard that I should have been precious glad of an excuse to get down, but I couldn't well leave my work, and the old hands didn't seem to mind it much, so I kep' at it. Whenever the wind blows now, and I shut my eyes, I can call it all back again; the creaking and quivering of the poles, the rattling of the boards, the howling and whistling of the gale as it swept savagely by in a rage because it could not sweep us away.

A high wind is pretty hard to deal with sometimes on the ground; and I have seen folks pretty hard driven to turn a corner. So it may be guessed what sort of fun it is right up on a spidery scaffold, where a man is expected to work with both hands and hold on by nothing, and that, too, where a single step backwards would be—there, it's a thing as allus makes me nervous to talk about.

It was getting to be somewhere about half past three, and I was working hard, so as to keep from thinking about the storm, when all at once I happened to turn my head and see that the men was a-scaffolding down the ladders as hard as they could go. And then, before I had time to think, there was a loud crash, and a large piece of the scaffolding gave way and crept with it poles, boards, and bricks right into the open space below.

I leaped up at a pole which projected from the roof above me, just above my head, caught it, and hung suspended, just as the boards upon which I stood but an instant before gave way and fell on to the next stage, some twenty feet below. Tightly clasping the rough fir pole I clung for life.

Think? I did think. I thought hundreds of things in a few seconds as I shot my eyes and began to pray, for I felt as I could not hold on long, and I knew as I should fall first on the stage below, when the boards would either give way or shoot me off again with a spring, and then I knew there would be a crowd round something upon the ground, and the police coming with a stretcher.

"Creep out, mate, and come down the rope," cried a voice from below. I turned my head, so that I could just see that the pole I was hanging to had a block at the end, through which ran a rope for drawing light things up and down to the scaffold. For an instant I dared not move; then, raising myself, I went hand over head toward the polly, and in another instant I should have grasped it, when I heard a rattling sound, and the creaking of a wheel, as the rope went spinning through, and was gone; the weight of the longer side having dragged the other through. As I hung I distinctly heard it fall, perhaps a hundred and fifty feet.

As the rope fell, and I hung there, I could hear a regular shriek from those below; but nobody stirred to my assistance, for I was beyond help then; but I seemed to grow stronger with the danger, though my arms felt as if they were being wrunged out of their sockets, and my nerves as if they were torn with hot irons. Sobbing for breath, I crept in again till I was over the stage first; then close into the face of the building; and there I hung. Once I tried to get some hold with my feet, but the smooth bricks let my toes slip over them directly. Then I tried to get a leg over the pole as to climb up and sit there; but the time was gone by far that. I had hung too long, and was now growing weaker every moment.

I can't describe what I felt. All I know is, that it was terrible, and that long afterward I used to

jump up in bed with a scream; for so sure as I was a little out o' sorts came a dream of hanging to that scaffold-pole, expiring every moment to be one's last.

I can't say, either, how long I hung; but feeling at length that I was going, I made one last try for it. I thought of my poor lass, and seemed to see her a-looking at me in a widdler's cap; and then I clenched my teeth hard, and tried to get on to where the end of the pole was fastened. I got one hand over the hard bricks and hooked my fingers and held on; then I got the other hand over, and tried to climb up, as a cheer from below encouraged me; but my feet and knees slipped over the smooth bricks, and in spite of every effort they hung down straight at last, and I felt a sharp quiver run through me as slowly, slowly, my hands opened, my fingers straightened, and, with eyes blinded and bloodshot, I fell.

Fell what seemed to be an enormous distance, though it was only to the next stage, where boards, bricks, and tools, shaken by the concussion, went with a crash below. The deal planks upon which I lay, still kep' in their places, but with their ends jolted so near the edge that it seemed to me that the least motion on my part would make them slip, and send me off again. I was too exhausted and frightened to move, and lay there for some time, not knowing whether I was much hurt or not. The first thing as recalled me to myself was the voice of a man who came up a ladder close at hand; and I could see that he had a rope and pulley with him, which he soon had hooked on to the ladder.

"Hold on, mate," he says. "If I throw you the end of the rope, can you tie it round you?"

"I'll try," I says. So he makes a noose, and pulling enough rope through the block, he slides it to me, but it wasn't far enough. So he tries again and again, and at last I manages to catch hold on it. But now, as soon as I tried to move, it seemed as if something grabbed me in the side, and, what was more, the least thing would, I found, send the boards down, and of course me with them.

"Toll them to hold tight by the rope," says I; and he passed the word, while I got both arms through the noose, and told him to tighten it, which he did by pulling, for I could not have got it over my head without making the boards slip.

"Now, then," he says, "are you ready?"

"All right," I says, faintly, for I felt as if every thing was a-swimming round me; but I heard him give a signal, and felt the snitch of the rope as it cut into my arms above the elbows, and then I swung backward and forward in the air; while, with a crash, away went the boards upon which I had been a-lying.

I couldn't see any more, nor hear any more, for I seemed to be sent to sleep; but I suppose I was lowered down and took to the hospital, where they put my broken ribs to rights in no time, and it wasn't so werry long before I was at work once more; though it took a precious while before I could get on to a high scaffold again without feeling creasy and shivery; but, you know, "use is second nature."

Polly showed me the stocking Cother day, and I must say it has improved wonderful, for wages keep good, and work's plenty; and as for those chaps who organize the strikes, it strikes me they don't know what being out o' work is like. But, along o' that stocking, one feels tempted very much to go down in the country again, but don't like to, for fear o' things not turning out well; and Polly says, "Let well alone, Bill." So I keeps on, werry well satisfied, and werry comfortable.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The Latest Thing Out—The policeman.

What length ought a lady's criminal to be?—A little above two feet.

Reason!—The nearest reason for getting married that we ever heard was from a man who said he wanted some one to part his back hair for him.

"The rich," said the Jew, "was venison because it is dear; I eat venison because it is cheap."

Why was the giant Goliath very much astonished when David hit him with the stone?—Such a thing had never entered his head before.

Maxim's Law.—The Law of Libel does not apply to a "missing word" case. The parties are not in the same boat.

TRISTE THOUGHTS.

It is quite a mistake, with respect to certain heavenly bodies moving in a brilliant circle, to suppose that is direct proportion to their circumference is their power of attraction.

Matrimony one of the liberal arts? We ask this lawyer in view of two young persons who are all in all to each other, and whose hearts are already united as often as they can be conveniently. This sweet pair propose in a forthcoming announcement to couple with the polite economy of "No cards" the tender detail of "No company."

There is something academic and significant in those feminine titles which have been bestowed on Woman by Man—such gorgeous nomenclature. Matrimony, of course, is her perpetual target, and if a lady does not hit it, she continues till eternity a Miss.

A Testament to the Dams.—The honored chamber is often hung with tapestry. Obedience of dams.

If a man simply asks you to be his enemy, he will probably pay. If he makes you a solemn speech of thanks, saying that he is your debtor forever, he most likely speaks the truth. But if he writes you a touching letter, assuring that he will have his right hand burned off before you shall be hurt, you had better lay aside the money as soon, as you are able to be let it.

A former who had passed unnumberable sleepless nights agonizedly harassed by discovering a method for keeping babies quiet. The mode of operating is as follows: "As soon as the smaller awakes, set it up, propped by a pillow, if it can not sit alone, and smear its fingers with thick molasses; then put half a dozen feathers into its hands, and it will sit and pick the feathers from one hand to the other until it drops asleep. As soon as it wakes a gain, molasses and more feathers, and in place of the seven-monthing yola, there will be silence and enjoyment unexpressible."

Man-hood, a hat; woman-hood, a bonnet!
The man who takes things easy—The city plebeian.



PADDY MAKES HIS ECHO.

In the gap of Paddy's
There's an echo or so;
And some of them believe in very surprising
You'll think in this state
That I came to believe—
For a laddie's a thing you expect to find lies in
But earth and these
In that hill forest you
There's an echo as sure and as wide as the bank too;
If you civily speak,
"How do ye do, Paddy Bickler?"
The echo politely says, "Very well, thank you."

One day Teddy Keogh
With Kate Connor did go
To hear from the echo this wonderful talk, Sir;
But the echo, they say,
Was contrary that day,
Or perhaps Paddy Bickler had gone out for a walk, Sir.
"Now," says Teddy to Kate,
"The one best to be laid
By this God and dumb bairn of an echo, so say;
But if we both speak
To each other, no doubt
We'll make up an echo between us, my daisy!"

"No, Kitty," says Teddy,
"To answer, be ready."
"Oh, werry well, thank you," cries out Kitty, then, Sir,
"Would you like to be werry,
Kitty Bickler?" says Ted.
"Oh, werry well, thank you," says Kitty again, Sir.
"Do you like me?" says Teddy.
And Kitty, quite ready,
Cries, "Very well, thank you," with laughter beginning;
I think you'll confess
Teddy could not do less
Than pay his respects to the lips that were smiling.

Oh, dear Paddy Bickler,
May you never forsake
Those lips that return as such replies extracting;
And may girls all tremble
Their soft answers like Kate,
No faithless fading, no treacherous feeling,
And, best, be you ready,
Like Paddy Bickler—
Be scarce in being, though given to joking;
And those who're inclined,
May all true lovers find
Sweet echoes to answer from hearts they're loving.

One of the editors of a New Orleans paper, when at the beginning to learn the printing business, used to visit a printer's daughter. The next time he attended the meeting he was taken down at hearing the minister utter as his text, "My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."

Two lawyers, when a kindly citizen died, took heads, and were about to sit in a row.
"Round!" said the leading client, "How come you to be such friends, who were both engaged to my daughter?"
"That fool!" says one: "We lawyers, then, have no like share, or'er our cat o' nine tails—what wife's concern?"

Presch gives some good advice to women in looking for suitable husbands. Among other things he says: "The man who don't take tea, or drinks the tea, takes snuff, and stands with his back to the fire, is a brute whom I would not advise you to marry on any consideration, whether for love or money, but do not let me see you. For the man who, when tea is over, is discovered to have had some, is very sure to make the best husband—fairness like his deserves being rewarded with the best of wives and the best of mother-in-laws. My dears, who a you seek with such a man, do your best to marry him. In the severest winter he would not mind going to bed first."

The best way to expand the chest is to have a large heart within it.

"Dar' er," said a sabbie orator, addressing his brethren, "Two minds are the world. He who has a broad and narrow mind do't leads to perdition, and do oder a narrow and broad mind do't leads to destruction." "If dat can be case," said a sabbie hearer, "dis sabbie individual takes to de woods."

All Out.—A man asked a servant, "Is your master at home?" "No, he's out." "Your mistress?" "No, she's out too." "Well, I'll just step in, and take a name as the fire till they come in." "Faith, Sir, and that's out too!"

"I wish to look at some shoes for my wife," said a very important-looking lady entering a shoe store.
"Yes, ma'am," replied the obliging clerk, instantly displaying a dozen pairs of any make to suit lady shoes. In five the second-best dress.

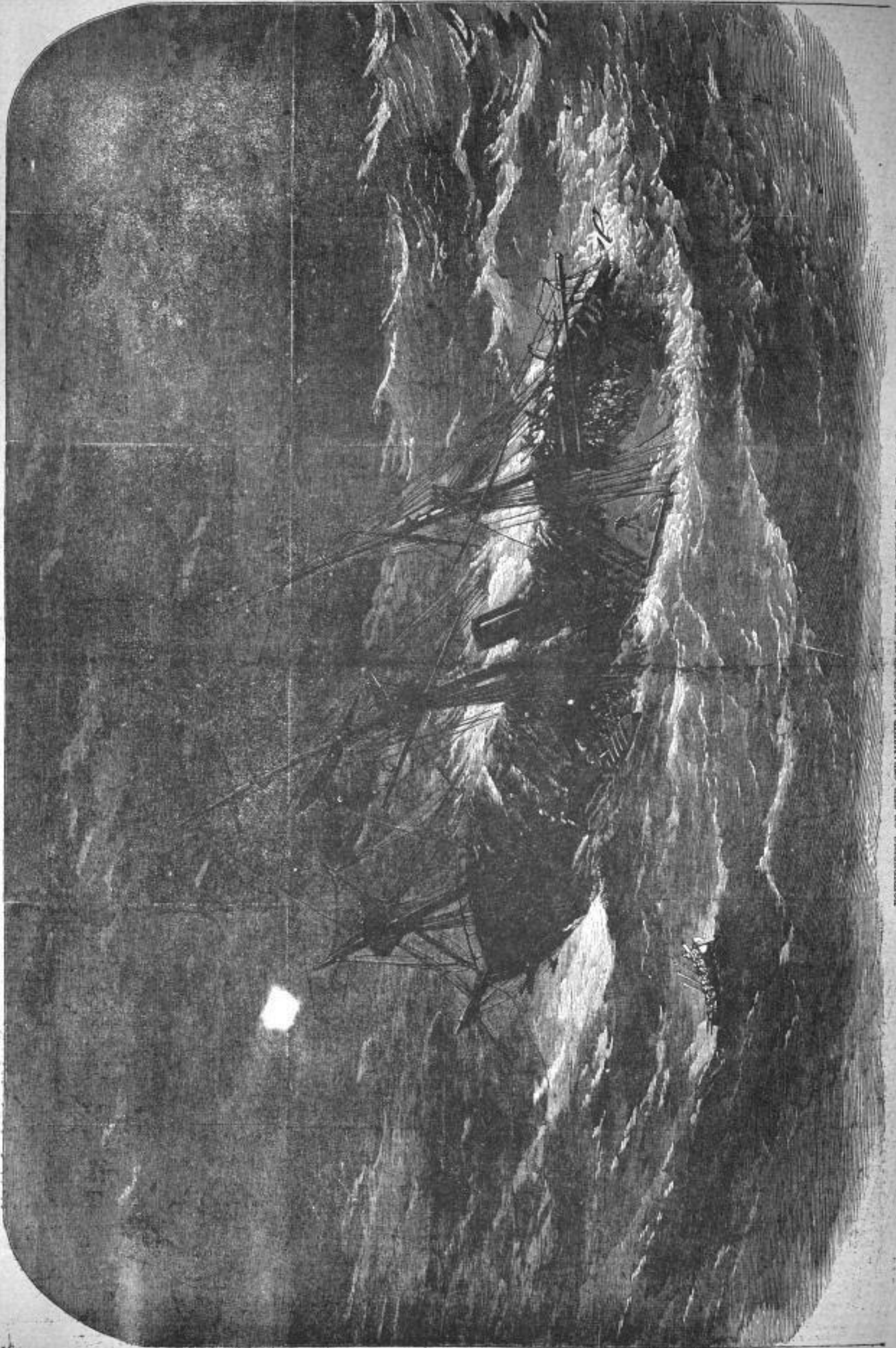
"I don't want these, Sir. What shoes is my daughter in a greenish army woman, and some faded slippers number 4-4."

"No more can be any thing against his will," said a metaphysician to an Irishman. "By Jove, I had a brother," said Pat, "that with to Henry John, and both I know it was greatly against his own will."

"I will let you a bottle of wine that you shall descend from that chair to see I ask you, Sir." "Then," said the gentleman, who seemed determined not to obey the command so obediently, "I'm down." "I'm in bed," was the reply. "How long till I ask you a second time?" The gentleman, having no desire to repeat his fall, took that perch, came down from the chair, and his next was the wagon.

Why is a letter like a flock of sheep?—Because it is penned and led.

A Doctor.—An opinion laid down with a scarf.



FOUNDERING OF THE STEAMSHIP "LONDON" IN THE BAY OF BISCAY.—[See Page 190.]



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL PRIM.—[Photographed by FERRISS & Co.]

GENERAL PRIM.

Don Juan Prim, the leader in the late attempt to overturn the Spanish Government, bore the rank of Lieutenant-General in the national army of Spain. He is Viscount del Bruch, Count de Reus, Marquis de Los Castillejos, and Grande of Spain of the first class. He was born at Reus, in Catalonia, December 6, 1814. He fought against the adherents of Don Carlos in the six years of civil war, terminating in 1839. At the close of the war he was elected Deputy to several successive Parliaments. In 1844 he is said to have been seriously implicated in a conspiracy against NARVAEZ, then at the head of the Government, the upshot of which was an attempt to assassinate the Prime Minister as he was driving to the Opera one evening, by firing at his carriage in the Calle de Ballesta. NARVAEZ himself fell the person killed by the shot. NARVAEZ, DON CARLOS, who sat in the front seat with him, escaped with their lives. Not so NARVAEZ's aide-de-camp, BARRERA, who was in the back seat and was shot dead on the spot. PRIM was tried with others, convicted of participation in the murder, and condemned to death; but NARVAEZ, either out of a very extreme magnanimity or possibly from some intimate conviction of PRIM's innocence, induced the Queen to cancel the sentence.

In 1854 General Prim was sent as Spanish Military Commissioner to the camp of the Allies during the Crimean war. On his return from the East he passed through Paris, where, in 1856, he married a Mexican lady, Senora ESCOBAR, who brought him a dowry of \$600,000, with expectations of no less a fortune from her mother, and \$1,000,000 from each of her two uncles. He was promoted to his present rank in the army in 1856, and in 1858 was raised to the Senate. In 1861 the joint expedition to Mexico of England, France, and Spain was projected, and Prim was sent out in command of the Spanish contingent, being charged at the same time with the duties of a Minister Plenipotentiary. How Prim proceeded to Mexico with the French and English contingents, and came back with the latter, leaving to the former alone the task of a complete subjugation of Mexico and the installment of a Mexican dynasty there, are matters of well-known contemporary history.

Under the Ministry presided over by Sator Mox, Prim was again implicated in some underhand manœuvre which caused him to be banished or "confined" to Oviedo. He was recalled by NARVAEZ, during his last Administration, and is nevertheless said to have joined O'DONNELL in the efforts made by the latter to cast his rival, by fair means or foul. Soon after O'DONNELL's accession to power, howev-

er, Prim seemed to recall to memory his former political predilections; he joined himself with ESPARTECO, and threw himself with all his influence into the interests of the Progressistas.

It was on January 3 that General Prim left Madrid on his "shooting excursion," and placed himself at the head of the mottos cavalry regiments at Aranjuez. His insurrection has not been supported with any great force, and he has retired to Portugal.

SAILING ON THE ICE.

An engraving which we publish on this page illustrates one of the most exciting of winter recreations on the Hudson. It represents a boat on skates, as it is spoken, and impelled by the wind in the same manner as an ordinary yacht. With a strong wind and smooth ice these novel craft glide along with almost fearful velocity, attaining a speed said to equal, if not exceed, a mile per minute, or greater than that of the most rapid locomotive.

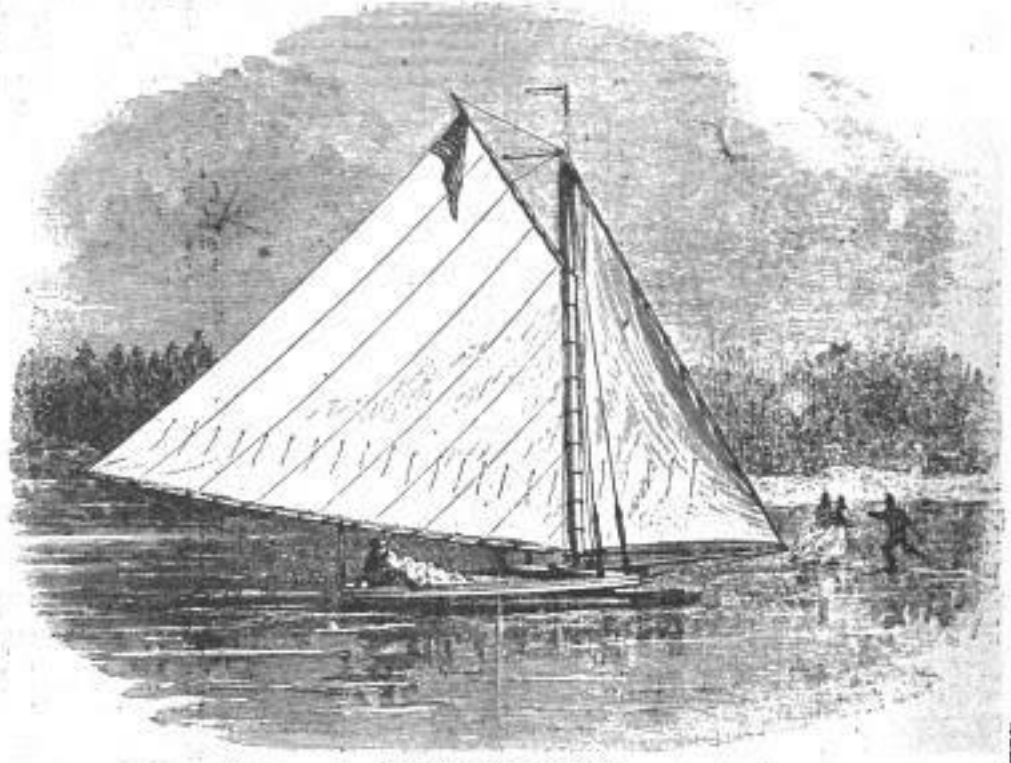
These ice-yachts on the Hudson are all made on the same general plan. A light frame, 13 feet long, partially floored, is secured to a transverse plank, 13 feet in length, by two bolts and rubber springs. To this movable runners are attached, thereby giving an easy motion to the boat. The stern rests on a

third runner, which forms the apex of an equilateral triangle. By this the helmsman guides his boat in perfect safety while flying literally with the speed of the wind.

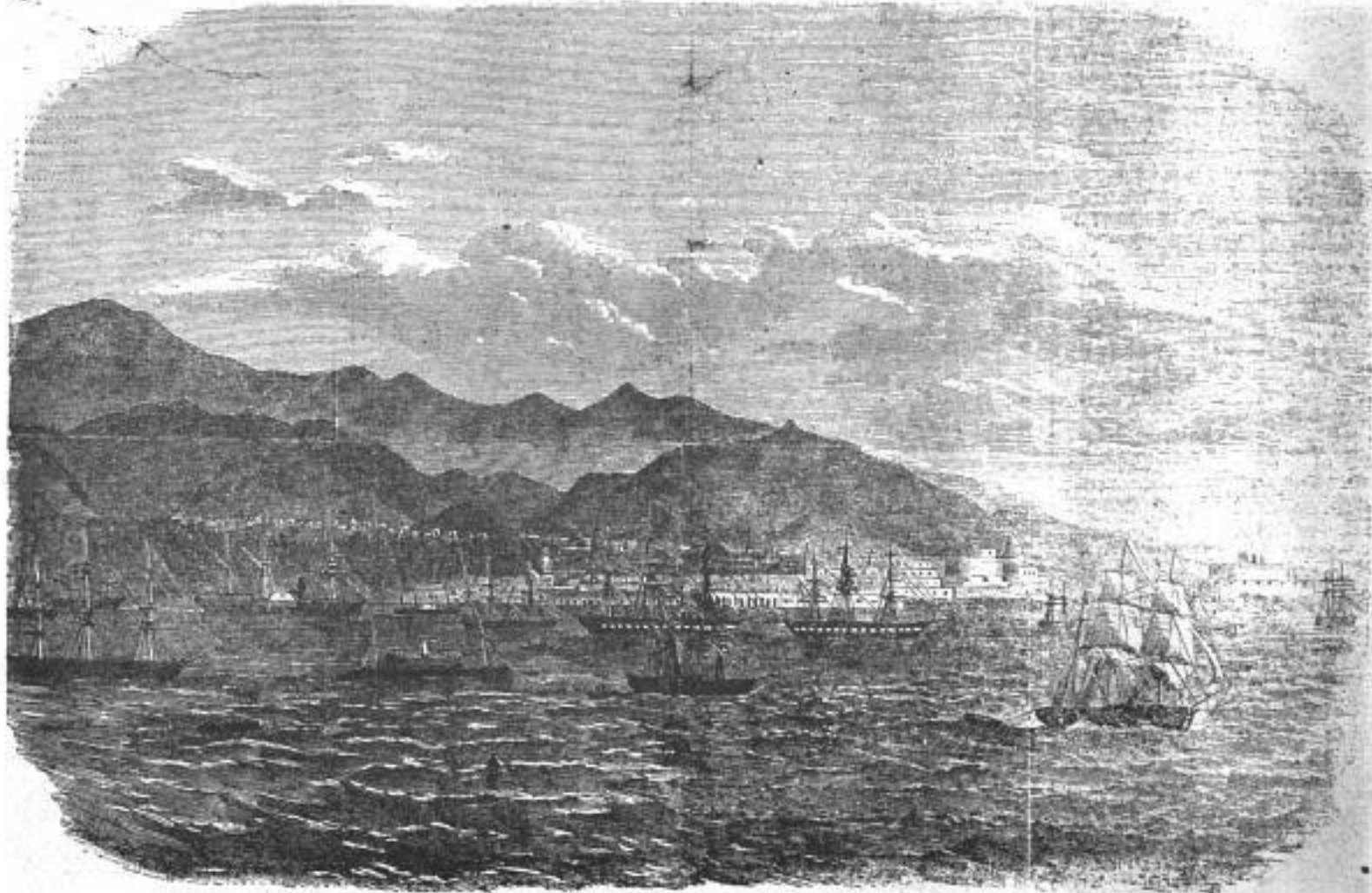
Poughkeepsie, New York, claims precedence in the proper construction of these glacial yachts. Great rivalry exists among the ice-boatmen, each striving to lead the "fleet" in the constantly-occurring races during the winter season.

THE HARBOR OF CALLAO.

Prim, having entered into an alliance with Chili, has declared war against Spain. The Peruvian and Chilian fleets have effected a junction, and all Spaniards residing in the province of Lima have been forbidden to leave the country. We our readers are aware this war is in consequence of the seizure of the Chincha Islands, with their valuable deposits of guano, by the Spanish fleet, as a material guarantee for the compensation which is claimed on behalf of some Spanish subjects lately resident in Peru. These circumstances give some additional interest to our engraving of the Harbor of Callao, the chief Peruvian seaport. The town of Callao, when not covered with mist and cloud, which is too often the case, presents a pretty and pleasing aspect



ICE-YACHT ON THE HUDSON.



THE HARBOR OF CALLAO—THE PERUVIAN FLEET AT ANCHOR.

from the water. The streets, indeed, are dirty in the extreme; but the view of the country around, studded with trees and verdure, and bounded by ranges of deep blue hills in the distance, is agreeable and picturesque. One clear day the towers of Lima, the metropolis of Peru, may be seen at the base of the hills sparkling in the sun, as shown in our engraving. The two forts on the right were built by the Spaniards before the era of Peruvian independence. They form a prominent feature of the town, being constructed of stone and colored a bright yellow. The Peruvian fleet consists of a frigate, an iron-clad ram on the *Nesvise* principle, and one or two gun-boats and mail-packets converted into war-ships, besides a sailing fleet. The Peruvians have also attempted to build a Monitor, carrying a revolving turret; but though now afloat, and with her turret fixed, she is capable of doing an amount of speed as to be of little or no service should the Spaniards take it into their heads to bombard the port of Callao.

WRECK OF THE STEAMER "LONDON."

For many years no shipwreck has created a more profound sensation than that of the steamship *London*, bound for Australia, which foundered at sea soon after leaving the British Channel, and on the 11th of January went down with over two hundred souls on board. The late fearful gales off the European coast have left behind them many a signal monument of their power for destruction, but none other so remarkable as the disaster which forms the subject of our illustration on page 128.

The *London* was one of the finest ships for strength that ever left the Thames. She belonged to Wigham & Son, and was of nearly 3000 tons burden. She had been built about a year, and had made two voyages to Melbourne and back, and her success had raised the great expectations which had been entertained respecting her as a vessel competent to steer around the Southern Cape to Australia. But the gales off the British coast proved fatal to a vessel that had successfully encountered the difficulties of this southern voyage.

The *London* left the East India Docks December 28, commanded by Captain MARTIN, an Australian navigator of great experience, and, as the event proved, a man of great moral courage. As the night of the 10th was unusually wild, and the wind dead ahead, the vessel brought up at the Nore, and remained there the whole of the next day, which was Sunday. There were two clergermen on board, the Rev. Dr. WOOLLEY, Principal of Sydney University, and the Rev. Mr. DEANES, and both took part in the usual Sunday services. At daybreak on Monday, the 1st of January, the anchor was weighed, and the ship steamed down the Channel still against a head wind, but making fair way. While passing outside the Isle of Wight the wind increased to half a gale, and Captain MARTIN deemed it prudent to put back and lay to for the night in St. Helen's Roads.

On the morning of January 2 the vessel proceeded into the open Channel; and as she ran down, the wind, which was at first light, increased blowing a gale right ahead, with a rolling sea all the way to Plymouth. Here she took on the first and second class passengers who had arranged to join her at Plymouth. Some incidents in connection with this halt—this interlude between the storm which had been already encountered and the storm that was to come—are worthy of record as illustrating the apparently fortuitous disposition of our lives by the hand of Providence. How fortunate for the second-class male passenger who, apprehending the possible fate of the vessel, resigned his passage at Plymouth and returned home! How fortunate, also, for the lady who, after repeated applications to the owners' agents at Plymouth, was finally excluded from among the doomed passengers by the Captain on the ground that his cabin was already full; and for a young man who had taken passage on account of some family quarrel, and who at Plymouth was induced to forgo his voyage! But, on the other hand, what a fate it was that, with the persistence of Nemesis, had followed, and on this occasion succeeded in overtaking, a poor old couple with their three children, who had, on two occasions previously, attempted in vain to go upon the voyage, and each time in a vessel that was wrecked before it reached its destination, but who succeeded the third time in gaining a passage upon the *London*, and were drowned with their unfortunate companions!

At midnight, on Friday, January 5, the *London* proceeded on her voyage, and on Sunday the wind again threatened, with a head-sea rising. In the night the wind increased to a gale, and the sea still rose. On the morning of Tuesday, the 8th, while the Captain was endeavoring to keep the ship in her course by means of the screws, the violence of the gale carried away at one sweep the jib-boom, the foretop-mast, the gallant-mast, and the royal-mast. It was impossible to again secure these. At this crisis, the gale all the while continuing to increase, with a sea running mountains high, the Captain seems, for the first time, to have become seriously alarmed, though he had not been in bed the previous night. Still the engines were kept steaming ahead, and there was no anxiety felt as to the ultimate safety of the ship. About the middle of the afternoon a tremendous sea struck the ship, carrying the port life-boat clean away from the davits.

The next morning, the 10th, the Captain turned the ship about for Plymouth. In half an hour after the ship's course had been altered another blow from the sea carried away a second life-boat and stove in the starboard center. At noon a heavy cross-sea was running, with the wind dead astern, which caused the ship to roll heavily and much impeded her progress. But no danger was even now anticipated, and all through the evening of Wednesday and long after midnight the ship continued to steam slowly ahead, the Captain and his officers remaining steadily at their posts and the passengers ap-

pearing to have full reliance upon the skill of Captain MARTIN to bring them safely to port. At 10.30 P.M., the ship still rolling deeply in a heavy cross sea, and the wind blowing a whole gale from the southwest, a mountain of water fell heavily over the waist of the ship, and spent its destructive force upon the main hatchway over the engine-room, completely demolishing this massive structure, measuring 12 feet by 8 feet, and flooding with tons of water this portion of the ship. Instant endeavors to repair the hatchway were made, with a promptitude and vigor eddying round with the imminent crisis. Every spare sail that could be got at, and even blankets and mattresses from all parts of the ship, were thrown over the aperture, but each succeeding sea stepped by the vessel drove away the frail resource of the moment, and not more than ten minutes after the hatchway had been destroyed the water had risen above the funnels, and up to the waists of the engineers and firemen employed in this part of the ship. The lower decks were also now flooded with the rush of water the ship was continually taking in. The chief engineer remained at his post until the water had risen above his waist, when he went on deck and reported that his fire was out, and his engines rendered useless. Captain MARTIN, with calm composure, remarked that he was not surprised; on the contrary, he had expected such a result. Finding his middle ship at length little more than a log on the water, Captain MARTIN immediately ordered his main-top-sail to be set, in the hope of keeping her before the wind. The difficult work had scarcely been accomplished when the force of the wind tore the sail into ribbons, with the exception of one corner, under which the ship lay throughout the remainder of the night. The dock-ey-eyes, supplied with steam by a boiler upon deck, and all the deck-pumps, were kept going throughout the night, and the passengers of all classes, now aroused to a sense of their imminent danger, shared with the crew their arduous labors. Notwithstanding every effort the water still gained upon the pumps, and the gale continuing at its height, cross seas with tremendous force were constantly breaking over the vessel, which at length succumbed to the unequal conflict. From this moment the motion of the ship was low and heavy, and she refused to rise to the action of the waves. At a quarter after 4 o'clock on Thursday morning she was struck by a stern sea which carried away four of her stern posts, and admitted a flood of water through the breach. From this time all efforts were useless; and at day-break Captain MARTIN, whose cool intrepidity had never for a moment forsaken him, entered the cabin, where all classes of the passengers had now taken refuge, and, appealing to the universal appeal, calmly announced the cessation of all human hopes. It is a remarkable fact that this solemn admission was as solemnly received, a respectful silence prevailing throughout the assembly, broken only at brief intervals by the well-timed and appropriate exhortations of the Rev. Mr. DEANES, whose spiritual services had been necessary during the previous twenty-four hours.

The next morning the fatal 11th, the Captain informed those in his charge that the ship was sinking and they must prepare for the worst. A life-boat was lowered with five men in her, but was immediately swamped, though the men were got on board again. Was there no hope, then, in that last resort, the life-boats? Then indeed the situation was desperate. All the passengers and crew gathered as by one consent in the main saloon, weeping and with pale, panic-stricken faces, but with no tumult, no frantic exhibition of terror.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the water gaining fast on the ship, and no signs being apparent of the storm subsiding, a small band of men determined to trust themselves to the mercy of the waves in a boat rather than go down without a struggle. Leaving the saloon, therefore, they got out and lowered away the port cutter, into which sixteen of the crew and three of the passengers succeeded in getting, and they launched her clear of the ship. These thirteen men shouted to the Captain to come with them; but with that heroic courage which was his chief characteristic, he declined to go with them, saying, "No, I will go down with the passengers; but I wish you God-speed and safe to land!" The boat then pulled away, tossing about helplessly on the crests of the gigantic waves. Scarcely had they gone 80 yards, or been five minutes off the deck, when the fine steamer went down stern foremost with her crew of human beings, from whom one confused cry of helpless terror arose, and all was silent forever. Those in the boat were saved, being rescued the next day by the Italian bark *Adriano*. Among those lost, numbering all together 238, was the distinguished actor GREYVES VANDAN BROOK and his sister. The cause of the wreck of the *London* was probably the large amount of iron on board.

PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON.

THE PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON, nine in number, which we give on our first page are now for the first time grouped together in a single series. Two of these portraits have, we think, never been engraved before. One of these, painted by JOHN CATRAN, represents WASHINGTON in the regalia of a Freemason. It was for many years in the BARNARD family mansion, at Frederickburg. The other is a copy of one painted soon after the battle of Princeton (whether by CHARLES WILSON PEALE or V. M. POLK is uncertain), and believed to be the only original picture of WASHINGTON in his full uniform as Commander-in-Chief, except that in possession of the ARDENSON family. The original painting was housed in the house of EMERSON J. LEE in 1864 by HENRY'S firemen. But two years before an excellent copy of it was painted at Washington for Hon. CATRAN LIVES, of Lyonsville. This and the ARDENSON picture were painted at about the same time, while General WASHINGTON was on the AUDUBON farm, after the battle of Princeton. The ARDENSON picture, we understand, is for sale. These two pictures were considered to be the best portraits of WASHINGTON during the active portion of his life.

The portrait which is known to have been painted by C. W. PEALE, in 1772, represents WASHINGTON at forty years of age, in the uniform of a Virginia Colonel of that day. PEALE was a remarkable man. He entered the Revolutionary War at an early period of the contest, and from studies commenced at Valley Forge he painted another full-length portrait of WASHINGTON as Commander-in-Chief at the battle of Princeton. This latter portrait is in the National Institute at Washington.

Dr. MANN'S portrait represents WASHINGTON as a young man of twenty-five. The portrait of WASHINGTON which is most familiar to every body is STRAUB'S, which represents him at a very late period. This is more massive and grand than any of the others. The original head is in the Boston Athenaeum in an unfinished state. The celebrated "Pierler" portraits were copied from STRAUB'S.

The portrait by STRAUB'S, painted in the latter part of the last century, was considered by his family the most faithful likeness of any extent.

A COMFORTABLE DOCTRINE.

When Dr. Livingstone was sleeping one night in the course of his explorations a lion seized and shook him, with a view to further proceedings. It is not many men who can say with Miss Peck-will that they have "lived to be shook" in such a style as this. The doctor records it as his experience that the result of this shaking was to superinduce a sort of comatose state—a feeling half of numbness, half of contented repose—in which he disregarded pain, and had no considerable dread of the tearing of flesh and limbs which was to precede his death. Thereupon he suggests the idea that, perhaps, the practice of shaking their prey which is observed in all feline animals, as well as in dogs and in some of the more violent fishes, is a Providential arrangement to spare the necessary victim pain. If we look into tales of death by violence, we shall see in very many cases some such preparation for a comparatively easy death; easy, that is to say, as compared with the horror which the account excites in those who hear or read of them. This would appear to be notably the case in some kinds of railway accidents. The shock and jar of a collision has something peculiarly numbing about it. Passengers who escape unhurt from such a catastrophe relate that they suddenly became conscious of something happening or being about to happen, and knew nothing more till they found themselves faced round the other way, or heels upmost, or entangled in some of the many strange ways in which the human body is found to be contorted after accidents of this kind. There has been no blow to account for a loss of consciousness; there is no bruise to show, no outward injury done, and yet locomotion of a very complicated and difficult nature has been collected, and a space of time has passed which can not by any means be called instantaneous, for it has sufficed to crush and twist or to roll and to come to an end, and the transported passenger finds himself settled and stationary. A Scotch physician who was in a bad railway accident some years ago discovered himself sitting at the top of the cutting in which the accident occurred, externally unharmed, as if he could not have been thrown there; indeed, from the nature of the case, he could not have been. How he had got there he had no conception; and it seemed quite certain that he had not been carried or in any way helped there. His nervous system was so completely thrown out of gear that he never recovered from the shock. It can scarcely be doubted that had death come upon him in any form whatever during the interval which elapsed between his leaving the carriage and his finding himself quietly seated on the cutting, many yards away from the ruined train, he would have met it without conscious suffering. And, without going through such a hazardous ordeal as this, large numbers of persons have had experience which points in the same direction. A man who is a bad sailor, and has crossed the Channel in really dirty weather, sitting on the deck, knows what it is to be suddenly lifted, as it were, from his seat by some strange power, such as that which carried the prince and princess in the "Arabian Nights" backward and forward through the air, and deposited ever so far off in a heap, among various *obvols* of umbrellas and chapeaux, and other impediment of a sick passenger on a stormy day. At the moment of his deposit, and for some moments after, no imminence of death in any form could have much effect in rousing him even to a struggle to evade it. And such the same result follows sometimes from what the Irish call a gentle tap on the head; so that in many very horrible accidents resulting in prolonged "agenies of death," which make every nerve of one's body quiver at the bare recital, there are great chances in favor of the victim's having received just some preparatory jerk, or shock, or blow which paralyzes that part of his system to whose sensitiveness pain is due, and so render him unable to feel the lengthened passage. And this may very well hold in the case of those who struggle and cry aloud in their apparent torture, even as the "subject" under the surgeon's knife makes signs of pain when his nerves are under the blessed influence of an anæsthetic. It is a comfort to think of such things in these days, when steam locomotion and steam machinery bring to so many households the horrors of a dreadful death to enhance the usual sorrow for death. And, in face of the terrible catastrophe in the Bay of Biscay, it is a great comfort to think that a similar effect is often produced, though perhaps not to so high a degree, by fatigue, by exposure to wet and cold, by prolonged and anxious doubt. Sea-sickness has especially, and to a very high degree, this effect. A man under its influence will constantly say, "Do with me what you will." If he were to fall overboard he is sure he should make no effort to save himself. If he is told that the ship is sinking, the announcement has but little interest for him. In that storm in which the *London* went down, long before a tenth part of the passengers could have become accustomed to the motion of the vessel, we may be sure that there were many whose ordinary sufferings rendered it impossible for them to have that keen perception of

the horrors of the situation which each fresh detail brings to us on land. And of the rest large numbers must have been tired into resignation, tired by the efforts at self-preservation and the preservation of others they had so spiritedly and so nobly made, tired by exertions the very intention of which precluded the possibility of much agony of anticipation while such exertions lasted. Many again of those whose sex or age or infirmities forced them to be somewhat inactive spectators of all that went on, were doubtless only half alive to their trials. The discomforts of a vessel on which the sea was making clear breaches, the numbness of cold and the results of exposure to wind and spray, the deafening noise of the elements and the confusion of all within the ship—all these and many more influences would be at work to reduce periods of weak constitution to a half-regardless state, some time before death was known to be inevitable.

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Vol. X.—No. 479.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. \$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

STARKWEATHER THE MURDERER.

On the last day of January of the current year was concluded at Hartford, Connecticut, the trial of ALBERT L. STARKWEATHER for one of the most horrible murders on record. The prisoner, whose portrait we give on this page, was convicted of murder in the first degree. The sentence was postponed until the meeting of the Supreme Court of Errors on the third Tuesday of February, before which there was to be a new trial; but the evidence of the prisoner's guilt is so overwhelming that to reversal of the verdict could have been expected.

The circumstances of the murder were as follow: Young STARKWEATHER was unmarried, but had been paying attentions to a young lady in Manchester named EMERETT CAMPBELL, who had refused her consent to an engagement, apparently on account of his embarrassed circumstances. According to STARKWEATHER'S OWN CONFESION:

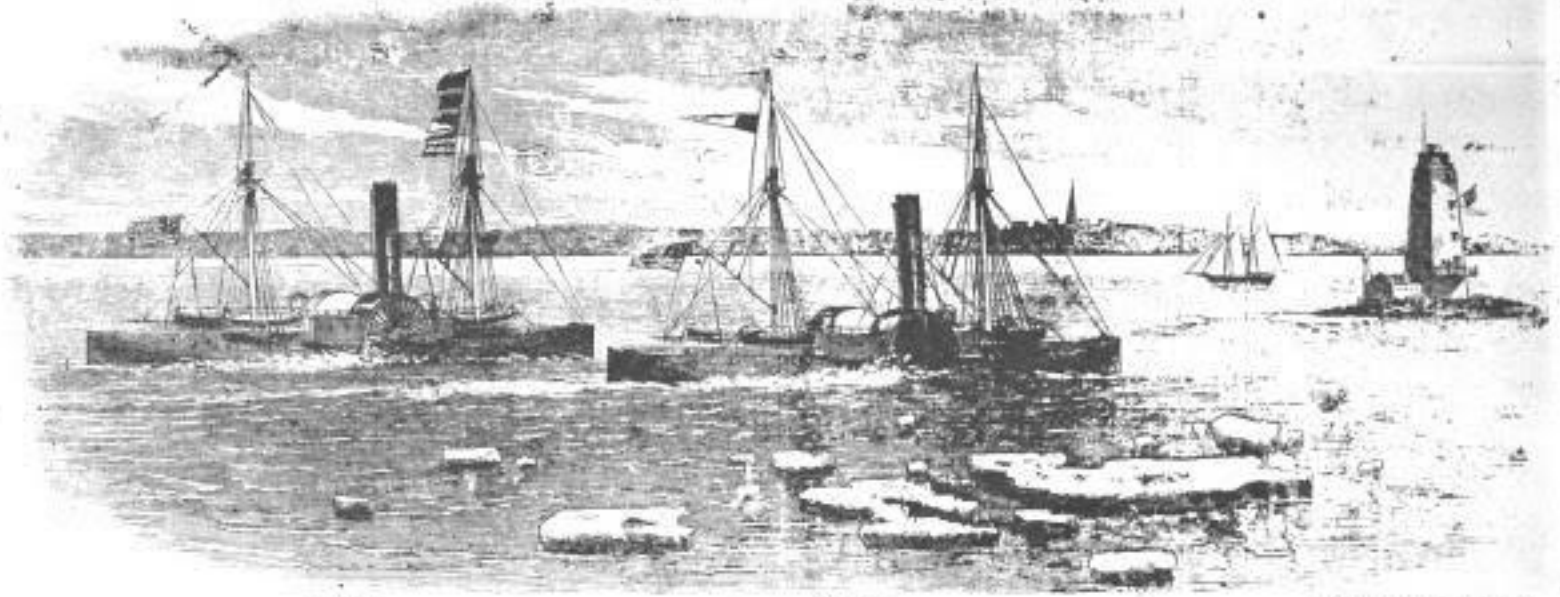
In the early part of the week preceding the homicide his mother, he said, came to Hartford and executed a deed to him of the homestead. Previously (in 1862) she had delivered to him a deed of a lot containing 60 acres, though the deed had never been recorded. In giving him the deed of the homestead she had required him to give in return a mortgage note for \$1500 in favor of ELLA, his sister. On the Saturday following, he said, he went to Rockville, and, securing the services of a lawyer there, had the 60 acres of land given to him in 1862 and the homestead which had just passed into his possession deeded by a warranty deed to EMERETT CAMPBELL, thus disposing of her of all the estate to which he held title. On his return home that evening he stopped at Mr. CAMPBELL'S house and gave the deed to EMERETT. When he reached his own home he told his mother what he had done, and she, very naturally, censured him for doing what she pronounced to be a very foolish act, and expressed herself in strong terms. She finally told him, however, that if he was willing to take the deed of the place, as previously agreed upon, and let the note of \$1500 in favor of ELLA stand as it was drawn, and would keep the deed in his own name and live on the premises, the arrangement she had made with him with regard to property might remain binding, and if EMERETT would marry him she could come there and live; but if he chose to treat the matter as he had—feeding away all he was worth—he should not have "an inch of the ground."



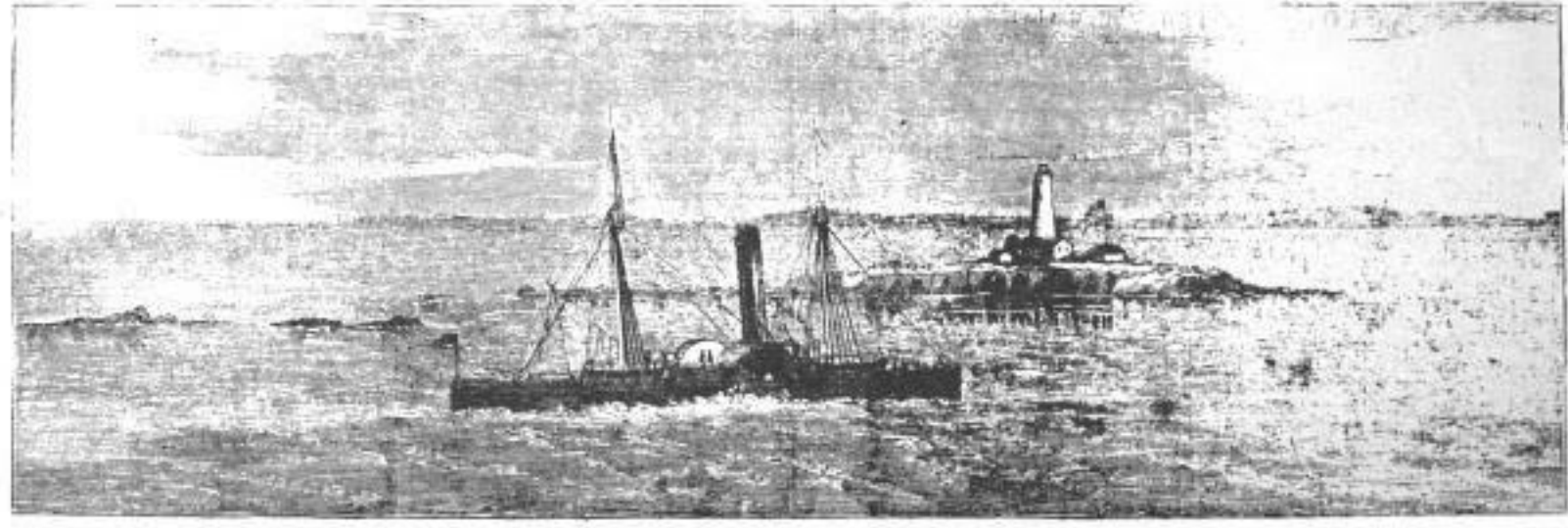
ALBERT L. STARKWEATHER, THE MATRICIDE.
 (Photographed by E. H. WAITE, HARTFORD, CT.)

The words quoted are precisely those used by her, as stated by FRANK WATSON in this confession. He told her that he would do nothing of the kind—would not take back the deed he had given to EMERETT—and then accused her of interfering with his own and Miss CAMPBELL'S arrangements. Some further conversation of an excited character ensued, which resulted in his mother's going and getting the deed and note (which was in her possession and tearing them up in his presence. High words followed, "and I told her," said he, "that I would be revenged." The destruction of the deed and note rendered the deed he had given to Miss CAMPBELL totally void. "From that time," he added, "until the time of the murder the idea of killing neither did not leave my mind." He said he thought of it constantly—all night Saturday, and Sunday and Monday night, and all the following day, "and the more I thought of it the madder I grew," were the words he used. Monday night he made up his mind to do the deed, as a favorable opportunity was presented by the absence of the hired man and boy. His mother and sister sat up to a very late hour, so they were frequently awakened by him. Toward morning, about 3 o'clock, the house became quiet, and he took the axe from the wood-shed and the knife from a drawer, and proceeded to the bedroom of his mother's sister. On getting there he immediately struck her blows upon the head with the axe, and in so doing started his sister ELLA, who was lying in the back part of the bed, and she sprang up and jumped toward him. He did not expect to kill her, but, snaking as she did, and, as he supposed, striking her, he was led to knock her in the head in order to put her out of the way, that she might not be a witness to his crime against her. To make certain work he used the axe freely, and then stabbed the victim with the knife. Having done this work he says he knocked his head against the wall, and made a bubble on his forehead and ran on the side of his face, and then took his jack-knife from his pocket and cut his shirt and his trousers, so that the entry he had decided to tell, relative to his being attacked by two men, might be believed. After this, in order to cover up the crime, he set fire to the bed, particulars of the burning of which by Mr. WAITE, to whom loans the wardrobe repaired and gave an alarm, appeared in the evidence on the trial.

This is the story as given by the prisoner himself. His counsel put in the usual plea of insanity as the only defense; but the deliberation with which the crime was committed, and with which the attempt at concealment was made after the act, destroy the plausibility of such a supposition, for which the very enormity and unreasonableness of the crime might otherwise have elicited some degree of credence.



NAVAL RACE BETWEEN THE "WINOOSKI" AND "ALGONQUIN"—THE START, 5 P.M., FEBRUARY 13, 1864.—SKETCHED BY R. S. OSKIN.—[SEE PAGE 142.]



NAVAL RACE BETWEEN THE "WINOOSKI" AND ALGONQUIN"—THE "WINOOSKI" OFF FAULKNER'S ISLAND, Feb. 14, 1865.—SKETCHED BY R. S. OSKIN.—[SEE PAGE 142.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1866.

CUSTOM-HOUSE FRAUDS.

THE Report of the Revenue Commission, which should be carefully pondered by every citizen, and whose admirable philosophy and simple and wise suggestions we have already commended, is fully sanctioned by the Secretary of the Treasury. There are some statements in it which are startling to every taxpayer. Thus the Commission affirms that in its judgment

"the actual losses experienced by the Government through the frauds perpetrated in connection with the New York Custom-house range from twelve to twenty-five millions of dollars."

Now the revenue collected at this post during the last year was about \$60,000,000, so that the loss by fraud amounts to from one-fifth to five-twelfths of the whole amount. The largest year exceeds the entire estimate for the Naval Department for the coming year, and is about two-thirds of the sum asked either for the War Department or the Civil Service. The Commission adds:

"A very large part of these frauds arise from the introduction of invoices, excepted with the register and inspectors in the Department of Appraisers."

Here is a very distinct charge. The Appraisers' Department deals mainly with articles upon which an ad valorem duty is imposed. These are probably about one-third of the whole amount of duties; and if we estimate them at \$20,000,000, the frauds perpetrated in and through this Department are fully equal to the entire sum collected. The Commissioners cite several instances of the "common, systematic, and shameless manner" in which these frauds are accomplished. Thus they inspected

"two invoices received during the past few months from one of the leading and most respectable houses in one of the chief cities of Europe, one of which contained 25,000 lbs. of the payment of duties was nearly 40 per cent. less in amount than the other which was transmitted for the private account of the importer."

The Champagne makers at Rheims have lately been exposed in this way, and the Commissioners mention half a score of invoices of Rhine wines, in none of which was the amount shown to one-half of the real market value, and in some cases barely one-third.

The case of the *Slovak Magazine*, to which we have before called attention, is an instance in point. The English publisher of that periodical, we are informed, denies the truth of our statement that the *Magazine* was entered in our Custom-house at the sum of three farthings. Our English correspondent says: "Mr. STEVENS assures me that this is untrue, and that the work is invoiced unbound at 24 pence," that is, ten farthings. We trust, however, upon the authority of the Commission, that the work was entered at our Custom-house at the sum of three farthings, less than one-third of the sum at which Mr. STEVENS declares that it was invoiced, and, as we are prepared to show, not more than one-sixth of its true market value at the place of production. Certainly if any Custom-house appraiser passed this sum of three farthings he was either grossly dishonest or utterly incompetent; and in this case incompetency is hardly to be supposed, for the price at which the *Magazine* is sold is plainly printed on the cover. That price is seven-pence, or twenty-eight farthings; and if we deduct one quarter for the difference between the wholesale and retail price, we have twenty-one farthings instead of three as the true market value in London.

Probably the management of the New York Custom-house is no worse than it has been for years, and certainly there are gentlemen of the highest character and capacity in its various departments. But these enormous frauds are the natural result of the system of filling responsible and difficult offices by persons who have no special fitness or training for their work, and no interest in it whatever except to draw their salaries and to make hay while the sun shines. The honest men in the Custom-house with these things reformed as much as any body can wish it. They know how outrageous the swindling is. But it is not enough to know it. It has been long proverbial, and we shall not hesitate to press the matter upon the public attention that something effectual may be done. A new Collector is to be appointed. If he be the right kind of man he will save the Government and the tax-payers millions of dollars. He will do this in three ways:

First—In being by character, experience, and capacity fully competent to manage such an institution.

Second—By displacing first the knaves and then the fools in the different departments.

Third—By sharply watching the invoices of representatives of many "respectable houses" in the chief cities of Europe.

The man who is fit to be Collector of New York will "feel at-risk" with the Revenue Commission, "that the necessity of reform in the management of this institution is more than at present."

THE VETO MESSAGE.

THE Senate did wisely in adjourning after the Veto Message was read. Legislation under such excitement is not likely to be dignified or sagacious. That the Message was a sore disappointment to the true friends of the President can not be denied. Their regret may be measured by the rejoicing of those who would fain use him for their own purposes. Whether those friends are to be found among those who most earnestly advocated his election, or those who most strenuously opposed it, whether those who were in bloody rebellion at the South, and those who heartily supported them at the North, or really the wisest advisers upon the great problem of reorganization, are questions which time will adequately answer.

Of the President's sincerity there is no doubt. That he honestly wishes, as he says, to secure to the Freedmen the full enjoyment of their liberty we fully believe. But he seems to us not entirely master of his own positions. Thus he acknowledges the usefulness of the Freedmen's Bureau as established by the act of last March. But he regards it as a war measure, and war having ceased, he is of opinion that the matter should be left to the States. Yet, if war has ceased, why does he support General Terry's military order reversing the action of the Virginia Legislature? So the President says that in his judgment the late rebel States "have been fully restored, and are to be deemed to be entitled to enjoy their constitutional rights as members of the Union." Yet if this be so, why in his late proclamation restoring the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* did he except the late rebel States? The Constitution defines the conditions under which the right of suspending the privilege may be exercised. It is only when in case of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it. Yet he expressly exhorts us in the Message not to suppose that the United States are in a condition of civil war.

The Freedmen's Bureau is exceptional, but it is so only because the condition of the country is exceptional. All the President's acts in initiating the reorganization of the late rebel States were exceptional. But the question of the hour is very simple in itself, however difficult it may be to answer. How can the United States most surely and judiciously and temperately secure the fruit of the victory they have won? Having given liberty to millions of slaves, how can the authority that conferred it maintain its perpetuity? To suppose that a revised adoption of the Emancipation Amendment, without any specific method of enforcing it, will produce this result is as absurd to imagine that a declaratory resolution would effect it. The Constitution itself contains a guarantee of free speech for every citizen, but it did not secure it in half the country. Why should we expect of an amendment a virtue which does not inhere in the original instrument? The President says that a system for the support of indigent persons was never contemplated by the authors of the Constitution. Certainly not, and this bill is no more such a system than an appropriation for military hospitals would be. It is a simple necessity of the situation. Shall these homeless, landless, forlorn persons be left to the mercies of those who despise and hate them, or shall the United States say, "We cut the bonds that bound you to the ground, and we will protect you while you are struggling to get upon your feet?"

If the President believes that the word of the nation sincerely pledged to the freedmen will be kept by the black codes of South Carolina and Mississippi, his faith would remove mountains. And if he proposes to abandon the freedmen to civil authorities created exclusively by those who think that the colored race should be eternally enslaved, who deny the constitutionality of emancipation, and who have now a peculiarly unconcerned hostility to the whole class, we can only pray God that the result may be what we have no doubt he honestly wishes it to be. We believe that he is faithful to what he conceives to be the best interests of the whole country. And while upon this question we wholly differ from him, we differ with no asperity or suspicion.

WAS Mr. BANCROFT DISCOURTEOUS?

THE charge of discourtesy brought against Mr. BANCROFT for speaking plainly of the position of foreign powers during the war in the presence of their representatives seems to us very superfluous. Congress invited Mr. BANCROFT to deliver a discourse in commemoration of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. To do it properly was to speak of the civil war of which the late President was a central figure; and it was certainly impossible to speak truly of the war without describing the friendly attitude of England and France. Sir FRANKSACK BACON probably remembered that it was his own chief, Lord RUSSELL, who was responsible for the situation in which he found himself. For if the Foreign Minister of England did not hesitate to speak of the United States in its fierce struggle to save its government as fighting for empire, the English Minister in Washington surely has no

reason to be offended if in a discourse commemorative of the Chief Magistrate during that struggle the fact was plainly mentioned.

Nor was it surprising that the orator should point the contrast between the American President and the British Prime Minister. They were the heads of the two chief constitutional countries in the world, and they died within a few months of each other. They were most striking and characteristic representatives of their countries and of their differing political and social systems, and the parallel drawn by the orator was entirely natural, appropriate, and instructive. It is simply impossible that the true story of ABRAHAM LINCOLN's life should be agreeable to the spirit that controlled British or French policy during the war, and Congress invited Mr. BANCROFT to tell the truth. He did so with signal and memorable power and effect.

KING COTTON REDIVIVUS.

IN a late Number of this journal it was stated that there was reason to expect that this year's cotton crop would not, under favorable circumstances, fall short of 3,000,000 bales, and might exceed that figure. Further reports from the South, received since that statement was made, go to confirm the views then expressed. Throughout the South, with the exception of a few localities mostly outside of the cotton States proper, land-owners are straining every nerve to plant a great breadth of cotton, the freedmen are hiring readily, and the general report is that every acre cultivated will be planted in cotton to the exclusion of food. It must be expected of course that a certain proportion of the crop will be lost through disputes between planters and freedmen. A certain number of the former will try to cheat their laborers, and a certain number of the latter will desert their employer in the hour of his need. But the best judges do not estimate that the loss from this source will reduce the crop below 3,000,000 bales—if the weather proves favorable.

Assuming that this year's crop marketed between 1st September, 1865, and 1st September, 1867, will amount to 3,000,000 bales, what would be a safe estimate for the crop of 1867? And at what figure would it be safe to estimate the average price of raw cotton, with a three million crop this year, from 1st September, 1866, to 1st September, 1867?

For the ten years ending in 1857, the cotton crop of the United States averaged about 3,000,000 bales, and the price averaged about 10 or 12 cents per pound for middling uplands. In 1849 the crop was less than 2,100,000 bales, and in 1855 it was over 3,500,000. At times the price fell as low as 6 cents per pound, and at other times rose as high as 16 cents for middling uplands. In 1859 cotton culture was stimulated by an increased demand, both abroad and at home, and the crop rose to 3,851,000 bales; in 1859 it further advanced to 4,660,000 bales; and of the crop of 1860, had it not been for the war, it is believed that fully 5,000,000 bales would have been sent to market. The price was then 12 @ 13 cents per pound for middling uplands.

All estimates of the probable crop for 1867 must depend on: 1st. The willingness of the freedmen to labor; 2d. The willingness of the planters to employ them; and, 3d. The price of the staple when grown. No large crop can be made if planters and laborers do not work harmoniously together, and there will be no incentive to grow a large crop if the price of the staple be low. If, on the other hand, the price of cotton be high, planters will be tempted to offer laborers fair wages for fair work, and, according to the ordinary rules of human nature, laborers will be anxious to secure such wages. The "joint" of the question thus appears to be the price of cotton.

Middling uplands is now worth in this city 44 @ 45 cents per pound, nearly four times its value before the war. It seems natural to suppose that no such price can be maintained if we begin to produce crops on the old scale. But, on the other hand, it is equally unlikely that prices can fall to the old figures. Within the past four years the world has made large progress in numbers, civilization, and necessities. The United States alone, which used to require barely 700,000 bales of cotton each year, will now want over a million bales. It is reasonable to suppose that the wants of England, France, Germany, and Russia have increased in a corresponding proportion. This is proved in fact by the firmness of the cotton market in the face of a development of a cotton supply fully twice as large as was expected. Of the countries which, during our war, undertook to supply the world with cotton, Egypt alone succeeded to any extent, and the rapidly increasing consumption of cotton goods in the Levant and Southern Russia fully counterbalances this increased supply. India can never furnish any material amount of cotton to Europe. Nor can the West Indies or Central America until they are better furnished with labor than they now are, or have any present prospect of being. Should the price of middling uplands decline in New York to 25 @ 30 cents in gold, it is hard-

ly likely that the competition of these countries would be felt, and there is reason to believe that spinners at home and abroad would, at such a price, take every bale that could be grown here until the product far exceeded the crop of 1860.

Now, in the old days of slavery, a planter was said to be on the high road to fortune, and was willing to pay \$1,000 for adult field hands when he could sell his middling cotton at 12 cents per pound. It is hardly necessary to demonstrate, even to the planters of South Carolina, that free labor is cheaper than slave labor. That is now universally admitted. If then a planter could grow rich by growing cotton at 12 cents per pound with slave labor, what will be the result when he can grow cotton at 25 cents per pound with free labor? Will it not follow, inevitably, that whatever objections the planters may at first entertain to hiring their old slaves, and whatever restiveness the freedmen may evince in renewing their relations with their old masters, both parties will eventually, in view of the obvious profit to be made by harmonious co-operation, agree to work together to grow cotton for the world? To assume that they would not, would be to deny the natural tendencies of human nature.

If the crop of 1866 should amount to 3,000,000 bales, worth on the average 25 cents a pound in gold, it would be safe, in the opinion of sound judges, to look for an increase of 33 per cent. in 1867—say a crop of 4,000,000 bales. There are those who, believing in the broad common-sense of the planters and of the sound instincts of the freedmen, predict that the crop of 1867 will in effect prove the largest ever made—over 5,000,000 bales. But it is best to assume nothing but what can be demonstrated as certain or highly probable. If we raise 3,000,000 bales this year—and the very men who persisted that the negroes would not work in a state of freedom, and that we should not grow a million bales a year for ten years to come, now pin their faith to this estimate—it is reasonable to believe that in 1867 the increase will be as much as is stated. And if in 1859 the world consumed a crop of nearly 5,000,000 bales @ 12 cents per pound, it is also reasonable to believe that in 1867-8, with an advance in all prices throughout the world, and a general increase of population and necessities, a crop of 4,000,000 bales would be consumed without a decline in price below 25 cents a pound.

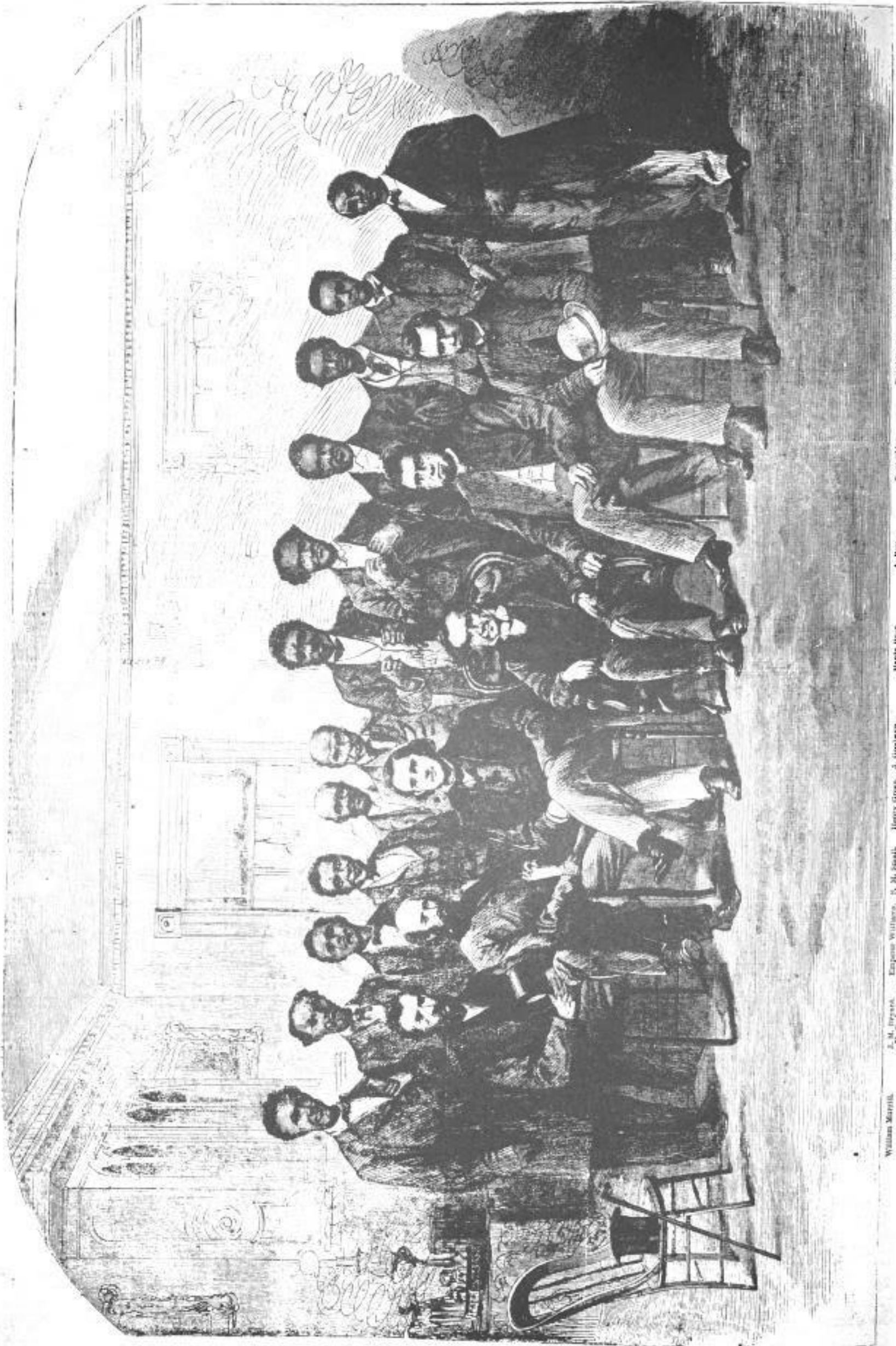
If these anticipations are realized the United States will be able to export in the fiscal year 1867-8, 3,000,000 bales of cotton worth \$100 a bale, say \$300,000,000—very nearly enough to pay for all our importations from every part of the world; and the United States Government will realize from the tax of 5 cents a pound, which it is proposed to levy on cotton, not less than \$80,000,000 a year—whisk, and tobacco, ought to suffice for its wants.

A MISTAKE.

THE House of Representatives plainly made a mistake in refusing Colonel JOHNSON, of Arkansas, the privilege of the floor, and we speak of the circumstance now because the error may be repeated if it is not exposed. The House has properly, indeed, intrusted to a Committee the investigation of the question upon what terms certain States may resume their relations in the Union, and until that Committee reports the House is honorably bound to take no serious action upon any vital point involved. There is no doubt that the resolution to admit Colonel JOHNSON to the floor was intended to feel the temper of the House, with a view to calling upon it for a snap judgment upon the question already referred to the Committee, and it was unflinchingly a natural indignation with such an effort that induced many members to vote against granting the privilege of the floor.

Yet we are very sure that there was not a single member who so voted who had not as hearty a feeling of admiration and respect for Colonel JOHNSON as any of those who voted the other way; and we should have been glad if Mr. STEVENS or Mr. JULIAN or Mr. KELLEY or Mr. BISHAM or Mr. ELIOT had plainly said so, and, as a mark of honor to a brave and noble citizen, who, under peculiarly trying and adverse circumstances, had been steadily true to the country, had voted to give him the privilege of the floor. That he had credentials as a Representative in his pocket was the proof that other good and true men would have been honored in honoring him. It would by no means have followed that the House was ready to allow Arkansas, without further consideration, to resume her old relations in the Union. The vote would have shown that while his unconditional reception as a Representative was not a point to be decided under the circumstances by his personal merit, yet that the respect of the House for him and his conduct, as well as for that of those who had elected him a Representative, was cordial and profound.

Meanwhile we have no fear that the moral will be drawn by the Union men of Arkansas which has been dolefully set forth. Men tried in the fire for the Union understand perfectly well that the delay in the admission to his seat



William Marshall. J. M. Bryant, Eugene Williams, R. M. Small, Henry Green, S. Goodwyn, R. D. Jackson, R. H. Honey, J. J. Sorensen, Harry Heath, Bishop Thomas, A. Row, Scott Child, S. L. Brakeman, David Lamb, Samuel Johnson, W. M. Henry, Thomas Kennedy.

THE MISSISSIPPI MISSION CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY T. LEITCHFIELD, NEW ORLEANS.—[SEE PAGE 142.]

[Based according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.
A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



THE SENATE CONSTITUTION.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE current of events presses more and more powerfully upon us as we near the roaring, foaming vortex of Secession. Let us resist it for a moment longer; for even in the waters, comparatively calm and smooth, just outside that vortex, there is a quickening and a current toward that fatal circle, and toward that circle's fatal centre, and all its disastrous result among the black rocks and the surging waters.

Months, and even years, had passed over the young minister at his work there in Somerville. His charge has increased wonderfully from the little seed of its organization. It is no longer an experiment, but a regularly established church

and congregation, having a strong family likeness to churches of the same denomination the land over. The old Major gazing down upon his family had heard Know Nothingism wondrously over as the last new thing under the sun. He had heard his daughter Alice say one night to the young minister, lifting her eyes from her slate after having satisfactorily reached the Q.E.D. of her proposition—she was getting fast toward the end of her schooling now—"Mr. Arthur, what is Know Nothingism?"

"I know nothing about it, Miss Alice."

"Oh please!" Miss Alice has said; and is engaged in making a rapid but not fluttering sketch upon her slate of her music-master as he appears at the piano.

"What an expression, Alice!" says Mrs. Bowles, looking up from her sewing. Her eyes are not as strong as they might be, as they were years ago when the Major overhauled first surrendered to them; but Rutledge Bowles must have his share. Rutledge Bowles has left college now—not graduated exactly, but left it. More than now had he consented to waive the post and return to Columbia from Charleston, in the earnest hope that the College Faculty had come to their senses. The last time, however, it was too much, really too much—their course—for him to endure. In company with the other students he again withdrew as to Miss Starr; but this time he could descend no more—could not even entertain such a proposition.

In fact there is, just now, no college at Columbia to descend to. For the time, Student-Secession has killed it. Rutledge Bowles is now in the law office, at Charleston, of one of his father's old friends. That is, he is occasionally in it. What with cigars and wine-parties, games at billiards and the like, he really has but little leisure for the office. Besides, politics must be attended to. Being in Charleston, the *Mercury* and the *Courier* must be read, at least glanced over, after breakfast, and an hour or two spent in discussing with the nearest friend the last points of the case. As Rutledge Bowles retires rather late of a night, and rises rather late of a morning, when he has done with the papers and the conversation thereupon after breakfast, it is altogether useless to go to the office that day at least.

Not that he has no purpose in life. Rutledge Bowles has plenty of talent, undisciplined as it is, and superabundance of fire to warm it. He has a purpose before him in life—a purpose to which he would gladly give all his energies. If he could only get to stand upon the floor in Congress, make one good, full speech containing all he would like to say against the North; see the Abolition Members writhe in their seats beneath it, and then have it printed and circulated over South Carolina and the rest of the South, a copy carefully mailed to his mother, he could be con-



THE WARNING.



A NIGHT ON THE PORCH.

tent to die, naturally or in any duel which might turn up. Rutledge Bowles has his ideal of human glory, too. Let him have justice done him. Congressman Brooks is the idol of the hour in his latitude—but not with him.

"No, gentlemen," he has said in his knot of friends, "you must permit me to differ from you. I perfectly agree in all you say or can say about that most contemptible fellow, Sumner. But Brooks was wrong to cane him. With all respect for Brooks, the club is not the weapon of a gentleman. Under no circumstances is cudgeling a gentlemanly deed. My idea is simply this: Calhoun would not have done it! If the fellow was a gentleman, call him out. If he is not a gentleman, be unaware of his existence."

But his friends can not agree with him for an instant. He does not know it; but it is the old Major, his grand old father, speaks out in him. And it is amazing in Rutledge Bowles. Not only the young approve the cudgeling; even white-headed men, members of the church, officers of churches, even venerable pastors, think, "under all the circumstances," that Brooks was right. They regret he was compelled to do such a thing in just such a place; but, as it was, he was right, Christ and all his apostles to the contrary notwithstanding. No; Calhoun is Rutledge Bowles's ideal of earthly glory. Not exactly Calhoun the hard student in his youth; nor Calhoun the cold dialectician; nor Calhoun the spotless husband and father; nor Calhoun the irreproachable gentleman only—but Calhoun the scourge of the North. More than once has Rutledge Bowles, strolling along the street there in Charleston, thrown down his freshly-lighted cigar at the door of the public edifice wherein it is enshrined, and gone in yet once more to have another good look at Powers's statue of the old Roman. And Calhoun is an awful presence, standing there in a marble coldness which harmonizes with his character. Only lava cold from Vesuvius could have been better and more significant material. There he stands, his outstretched arm shattered to the shoulder by raging waters and foundering ship. Did Rutledge Bowles read no omen in this of another tempest, another foundering bark, shattering in the future more than that?

"I am astonished at you, Alice," said Mrs. Bowles. "Mr. Arthur tells you he knows nothing of the matter about which you ask him, and you say, Oh please!"

"Yes; but, ma, the girls all say that is just what all their brothers and fathers say when they ask them—and they members of the Order all the time. That is the way it came by its queer name," said Alice, giving unnecessary length on her slate to the fringers of her music-master's widely-extended arms.

"You are right, Miss Alice," the minister replied. "But I am in earnest. And, what is

more, I never intend to know any thing more of this new party than I do now."

He was in earnest when he said it; yet we see how he afterward fell from this high estate. And it is almost a positive satisfaction to know that he did not herein. The weaknesses of these ministers are so often internal and undiscovered by the world around, that this error of the Rev. Edward Arthur will help the reader to believe the assurance of the writer of these pages that he was by no means an angel. On the contrary, a man, and a very imperfect one at that.

Yes; Know Nothingism had come and had gone, accomplishing its specific something for God in the land, certainly in this individual. It had been embosomed beneath beds of silk, pamphlets, speeches, as beneath autumnal leaves which had after been so fresh and flourishing. People had submitted somewhat to its merely youthful and unadorned, husbands and mothers, when suddenly they are brought back to their condition of citizens with a shock. In another excitement begins, literally, to riden the horizon!

It had amazed Mr. Neely very much—Mr. Neely was from New Hampshire, and taught school in Somerville—when he first arrived in the South, not to find the negroes working in, from all day and carefully he led up all night. Why they were not in a condition of incessant and universal insurrection had been a puzzle to him, and notwithstanding with him there, before he left the North. Mr. Neely had often read items in the papers before he left the North, and he met with them in the papers of the South after settling in Somerville, to the effect that the blacks in such a county and in such a State had been discovered to be in a conspiracy to rise on a certain fixed day, murder all the whites, plunder and burn all the houses, and—who knows or had any idea of what they would do next? It was a thing in which Mr. Neely took the liveliest, deepest, most nervous interest; yet, for the life of him, he could never get the exact facts of any such case. Every few months he would read of some such conspiracy being discovered, now in this county, now in that, in the State in which he had settled. Officers still he would hear accounts, to the same effect, of which the papers made no mention. It was always the same story—a conspiracy existing, embracing it was not known how many persons; a discovery thereof just before the day it was to break out; certain white men mysteriously involved therein; a dozen or two of the negroes hung in company with one or more white men.

Always exaggerated, the facts were in some cases substantially so. Yet Mr. Neely could not understand the matter for his soul. Who were the white men? What was their motive in exciting the negroes to insurrection? Was it hope of plunder? Was it revenge of private grudges against certain owners? Or was it nothing other than desperate fanaticism? There must be

some powerful motive to induce any one to undertake such terrible risk. What was the motive? The detected conspiracy was always followed by confusion on the part of some one or more of the parties involved. What was the confusion? Among so many discovered conspiracies, taking place during so many years, why was no more understanding arrived at of the germ, and process, and end aimed at? The fact and philosophy of the thing—that is what the inquiring mind of Mr. Neely wished to get at. But Mr. Neely never found any body who could cast the least light upon the subject.

Nor would he if he had sought for information throughout the entire South. When such things take place people in the immediate neighborhood thereof are terribly excited; rigid investigations are made; negroes and others are hung; but at last the whole matter remains as much as ever a puzzle and a mystery. A regular organization of white men to excite the negroes to insurrection, with agents abroad? or each case a private, isolated, spontaneous matter? The people of the South know no more on the subject than did Mr. Neely, or than the North from which Mr. Neely came.

So that when, one mid-summer morning, Mrs. Bowles asked her guest, at breakfast, "Mr. Arthur, what do you think of these dreadful burnings we hear so much about?" Mr. Arthur could only reply, "The accounts are greatly exaggerated, madam, I feel confident; beyond that I really do not know what to say or to think."

"We were speaking of the subject last night at Mr. Ellis's house," said Mrs. Bowles. "Mrs. Ellis told me about it before Mr. Ellis came in from his store, and he confirmed all she had said. Stables, mills, private houses have been burned in great numbers; all in different neighborhoods, but all about the same time. In every neighborhood, too, negroes have been arrested and hung. Mr. Ferguson happened to be in to supper. I believe it is the only place in Somerville at which he visits; and he says it is amazing sensible people should be such fools. He does not deny the many simultaneous fires, but accounts for them by the great heat of the summer, which has turned every thing to tinder. Under such circumstances, when the least spark will produce a conflagration, his only wonder is that there are not more fires. We all know Mr. Ferguson, however," Mrs. Bowles adds, with a smile.

"But how does he account for the torpedoes and matches which are said to have been discovered among the negroes—the arms and powder also?"

"Oh! you know Mr. Ferguson. All stuff and nonsense, he says."

"If you will permit me, here is General Lamun's view of the matter," said Mr. Arthur, unfolding a damp paper—the Somerville Star.

"We all know Lamun is a bold, unscrupulous man; but, Yankee as he is, nobody doubts him to be a genuine Southern man, as far, at least, as he can be, poor man!" said Mrs. Bowles. "Please read what he says."

"We have long looked for it," read Mr. Arthur—"have even wondered why the work was not begun before. It is fairly inaugurated, however, at last! True to their infernal principles, faithful, as madmen ever are, to their diabolical threats, the Abolitionists have entered upon their work of fire, and blood, and plunder at last! From innumerable parts of the South and of our own State we hear of awful conflagrations and of detected conspiracies among the blacks. That the whole North is entered upon a crusade against slavery we have no more doubt than we have of the shining of the sun. Advertisements from Texas are to the effect that over the whole of that State conspiracy reigns triumphant. From sources which place the information beyond all doubt we know that there exists a powerful organization, secret, and amply supplied with men and money, sworn to the work. This secret Order has no peddlers, map and look agents, furniture-varnishers, school-teachers, preachers, and the like, traveling over the entire South. Today are these infernal emissaries among us, in intimate intercourse with the negroes, poisoning their minds, supplying them with torpedoes, strychnine, and arsenic, preparing them for what is to come. The signal has already been given. Any night we may wake to fire and carnage unprecedented in the annals of the world. Our houses, our wives—" But here Mr. Arthur stopped. There was much more to the same effect.

"You need not fear my nerves, Mr. Arthur," said Mrs. Bowles, with a smile. "I have heard and read things to the same effect in South Carolina ever since I can remember. I am used to it."

"It reminds me," said Alice, after a pause, "of what you read to us, Mr. Arthur, in Carlyle's 'French Revolution' the other night. You remember the negro alluded to therein standing before the magistrate in St. Domingo, with black seed in his palm covered with a few white seeds. He shook his hand; the white seed had disappeared, only the black seed seemed left! And after that came the awful convulsions there!"

Mr. Arthur ate his breakfast in silence, the negro servant, a smart mulatto boy, waiting assiduously on the table, and hearing all that was said. That was never thought of by any one there. Talk about excluding Abolition emissaries from the South! No public speaker for years past has ever mounted the stump in any part of the South but he has had negroes by scores among his audience: negroes with white children in their arms; negroes attending to the horses; negroes bringing water; negroes loitering around from curiosity. And when, for years past, has any stump speaker filled in his speech to dwell upon Abolition, conveying to his negro hearers, and through them to every black in the South, all the information any human being

could convey to them on the subject? It had struck the young minister as a little odd, hearing, on a grand barbeque occasion, Colonel Ret Roberts deprecating from the stump this very thing, when, all the time he was speaking, half a dozen of the brightest mulattoes in the county stood in eager attention within almost arm's-length of him. Save beings to do the work, needing in consequence just so much food, clothing, and the like, the house-flies were little less hooded, save in parentheses of excitement about insurrection.

"For my part," said Alice, motioning Charles, the waiter, to hand her the sirup—she was school-girl enough yet for that—"I wish you had never read me that horrid book, Mr. Arthur. All that description of the peasantry of France in the first part, and how they rose afterward!"

"It was no selection of mine, Miss Alice—" began the guest.

"Oh! I know that, Mr. Arthur; but I do wish, with all my heart, all the negroes were in the Red Sea!" And none but a school-girl could have made such an irrelevant remark, with such singular emphasis too.

"One thing I hardly need say," observed the minister, as they lingered still around the table, "I am not a blood-thirsty character, I believe, and I abhor Lynch-law; but if there be agents among us inciting our servants to insurrection, they are guilty of the most terrible crimes against us, and against the negroes themselves. They can not be watched against too carefully, nor dealt with, when detected, too severely."

"Yes; but what I hate," broke in the impulsive Alice, "is, that we should be in a condition requiring us to be afraid of any body, requiring us to be keeping up a watch all the time. I am a genuine Southern girl," continued she, erect as an Indian, with glowing cheek and sparkling eye, "and I can't bear to think the South should have to be always in a panic about Yankees, and emissaries, and conspiracies. They want us even to be looking around to see if any of the negroes are near before we speak; watching lest they be peeping through keyholes and listening behind doors; whispering and talking low, and using all sorts of devices to hide our meaning. It's a cowardly condition to be in!"

"You foolish girl!" said her mother, smiling at her energy of manner. "Don't parents have things they never speak of freely until their children are sent out of the room? Do we say all we think before our acquaintances even, and friends? What a child you are!"

But, like a willful child, the young beauty only arched her brows and shook her head.

"I only know you always taught me, and you have always taught me, and all I have read has taught me to admire England; and I'm sure there's nothing of the sort—the continual trembling and apprehending I mean—there; is there, Mr. Arthur?"

"There is in Austria and in Italy," replied that gentleman. "I have read about the Charists of England, and the Irish, the French, too, over the Channel; but to what degree they are feared I really can not say. But I must go to my books."

As the weeks rolled by matters became more and more alarming. Every number of the Somerville Star was taken up with accounts of new burnings, new conspiracies, additional hangings. Several fires had taken place in the vicinity of Somerville. One day Somerville was thrown into the intensest excitement—a carpenter's shop was suddenly discovered to be in flames. Not a man of the many speedily on the ground but had his revolver girl beneath his coat. It was discovered, however, to be the work of poor Jack Sampson's children, the unfortunate carpenter himself. Like other unfortunates in this world, Jack had altogether too many children, and every one of all he had was perpetually in mischief and in trouble of some sort or other—a broken leg, or a chopped foot, or a blind eye, or a bad burn, or a "Deary me! something' gone" wrong all the time with them children; it breaks my back to nurse 'em, and breaks my heart to raise 'em!" was poor, slouchy, sailor, worked-to-death Mrs. Sampson's continual expression of the matter.

"Just as I knew!" said Mr. Ferguson. "And if every one of these fires could but be thoroughly investigated it would be found to be the same case in all. Incendiaries? Stuff and nonsense! Look at Sampson's shop; those piles of shavings baking under this hot, dry summer for months; the wonder is they have not caught fire long ago. All those fires in stables, too; any man in his senses must see that the heaps of straw and litter about such places are tinder during such a season as this."

Another fire in Somerville! A dwelling-house this time, and by a negro boy of some ten years old. He was seen to fire the building in broad day! In fact, he never denied the thing. The town authorities had prohibited the usual services for the blacks on Sunday afternoon at the churches; and the boy avowed that he did the deed partly because they had stopped his going to church, but chiefly on account of the overweight of the white babe he was required to nurse.

"I hear tell of de black folks burnin' houses all de time, dar's what made me first tink of it," was his candid explanation to Mayor and Council. "Nobody put me up to it," he persisted. "Mass George he say sha'n't go to church, an' dar baby weigh five hundred pound!"

Now what to do with this negro boy? that was the question. For four weeks Scip lay in the jail; that was all. Longer than that his owner could not do without him. Hired to somebody else, bearing a lighter infant, he sinned no more. But for months he considered himself rather a hero than otherwise. More than once, as he drifted about Somerville on warm Sunday afternoons with his charge, in answer to the

question, "Whose baby is that boy?" "Mass Bolling, what lives down by de steam-mill, an' I is de boy what burned down de house by de gully," was his prompt reply.

Another fire! This time it originated in a grocery. By this time Mr. Withers had fallen from being only a drinker of whisky to the lower degradation of being a seller thereof; and "All I know about it is this, gentlemen. Late one night I fell asleep against the counter, by George! There were a good many newspapers, I know, lying on it. Was a candle any where near? Of course there was! Do you think I was sitting, by George! in the dark? I don't pretend to say how my place caught afire," continued Mr. Withers; "but one thing I do know, Jim Budd's gun-shop is next door—was, by George!—to my place, and we can easily guess why any incendiary would want that burned down. The other thing I know is, that I am regularly cleaned out this time—nary red! Not able to get even my daily liquor except on tick!"

Another fire! A cotton-gin this time, a few miles out of Somerville. The excitement was becoming fearful. Could Lamun's explanation be the true one? Was the country really filled with incendiaries? It certainly looked like it. Mr. Arthur found no satisfaction in Mr. Ferguson's theory. Dry and hot as the summer was, there were altogether too many fires. To do Mr. Ferguson justice, with every new conflagration he became more positive upon the subject, frictions even. It had become one of his storm reefs, which his pastor had learned to avoid.

Another increase of excitement! Mr. Isaac Smith, the painter, had been out of his shop all day painting at Colonel Ret Roberts's new office. He did not return to it until bedtime—Mr. Smith was a bachelor, and slept in his shop. After entering it, and while groping about in the dark for his candle and matches, he was astonished to observe flashes of light under his feet. On lighting his candle he found scattered over the floor white grains little larger than the head of a pin, which burst into flame on being trodden upon or rubbed in the hand. Not that Mr. Arthur himself got to see any of these torpedoes, but the story was told him by a dozen lips.

By this time the panic was fairly under way. Even Mrs. Warner disappeared, so to speak, in the universal excitement. Lying Sam Peters, lingering about street-corners, found himself singularly tame and uninteresting where every body was talking. Every fresh number of the Somerville Star was filled with the topic, to the exclusion of every thing else; conspiracies detected, men hung, the whole North engaged systematically in the work of Southern destruction. The paper was frenzied in its descriptions, assertions, incentives; and it was but one of hundreds of sheets employed, few with equal, none with greater ability, to the same end.

"What do you think about it?" asked Mr. Arthur of his friend Gay Brooks. "It is impossible for any human being to live for any length of time amidst universal and intense excitement and not be affected thereby. Physically, mind, as well as mentally, the human magnetism, electricity, sympathy, whatever you may choose to call it, which binds men together, insures that."

"I have my own deliberate opinion on the subject," replied the lawyer. "But we won't bring it up just now. Let us keep cool, and wait a little. The temperament of Somerville just now is too much that of Sam Peters; the whole place talks too much like Mrs. Warner to believe all we hear. No man likes Dr. Warner more than I do," said the lawyer, apologetically; "but Mrs. Warner is really, really—ah, well, we all know Mrs. Warner!"

"But, Mr. Brooks," persisted Mr. Arthur, "I would like to know what you do think upon the subject. It certainly is a mysterious matter, one affecting us very—"

"It certainly is," interrupted his friend, gravely. "But we won't venture an opinion just now. My case is not quite made up, as we knaves at the bar say. Wait. I certainly have my fearful opinion on the subject. But it is really too bad to utter. I may be mistaken. God grant I am! If I'm wrong I'm glad of it. If I'm right time will show." And that was all the generally frank lawyer could be induced to say.

It was the next Sunday night after this conversation that Mrs. Bowles was aroused by a tapping on her chamber window.

"Don't be alarmed, Madam; it is me—Mr. Arthur," said that gentleman, in answer to her hurried exclamation. "Please get up and dress yourself—Miss Alice, too—and don't be alarmed; I trust there is no occasion to be. I will be out upon the front porch."

There Mrs. Bowles and Alice found him when they had hurried on their dresses. But no need to ask him why they had been aroused. Even before they left their bedroom the ruddy glare upon the walls told them of another fire. As they stood upon the front porch the whole conflagration was distinctly visible, tarring night into day, and throwing the shadows of fence and trees darkly upon the ground. Full in view from the eminence on which it stood, the Somerville Factory was one vast blaze from the ground, and with flames which towered high above the lofty roof. A six-story edifice, recently completed, thoroughly furnished, and owned by a Northern Company, the establishment, a good deal sneered at as "that Yankee concern," was none the less the boast and pride of the place.

For a time not a word was spoken as they stood gazing upon the sublime spectacle, listening to the hiss and roar of the steam from the heated boilers. It was remembered by all of them afterward that no shouting was heard, no one was seen hurrying past their house to the scene. In fact, though all in Somerville knew of the fire, few besides those immediately connected with the mill were there.

"You need not remain with us," said Mrs. Bowles, at last. "Perhaps you would like to assist at the fire. The Major always hurried to them when we lived in Charleston; he liked the excitement. If Rutledge Bowles was here he would not even have stooped to awaken us."

"I have no desire to go, I thank you," said Mr. Arthur, quietly; and Alice noticed now that her brother's double-barrel shot-gun, rusty from long disuse, was leaned in a corner of the porch behind him. Beneath his hastily-buttoned coat, too, she saw the butt of a revolver gleaming in the light of the conflagration. And not a man or boy in Somerville that night but remained at home armed to the teeth. It is strange the new and singular emotion which stirred in the bosom of this young and impulsive girl as she stood beside Edward Arthur that night, aware, she hardly knew how, of his pale face and set lips and fixed resolve. Not that he said any thing. Mrs. Bowles engrossed the conversation with reminiscences of South Carolina, and the magnificent scale on which that State indulged itself in its conflagrations.

Like all the other school girls, Alice had made abundant fun of the young preacher among her companions, the truth being that reverence was a trait as yet undeveloped in her character. Her novel emotions are easily accounted for. You have often observed that when you are suddenly awakened at midnight from a sound sleep by music there is a freshness of feeling about you which makes the music far sweeter to you than the very same strains heard on any other occasion; and it was out of a very sound sleep that Alice had just awakened. It might be incidentally remarked that these young people had been closely associated now for some time, not only as dwellers under the same roof. It is amazing how much of history and poetry they had read together; how much, in consequence of that, they had conversed, thought, and felt together—all in a natural, imperceptible way—from week to week. We will say nothing about any impression which may possibly have been made upon her by Mr. Arthur's purity of character and refined breeding, and, above all, his enthusiasm in his profession. You may not have thought of it before, but an honest enthusiasm in any good cause is one of the most beautifying things in this world; it imparts a light to the lip and to the eye, an uplift to the whole person! A quiet, unobtrusive enthusiasm is the light and bliss, the element of heaven.

Not a more unpopular man existed than was Mr. Ferguson the next day, when, true to his native feather, he was as Scotch in his belief of the accidental nature of the fire as ever. There is nothing people in a panic hate more than the man who coldly refuses to go with them therein; there is an affected superiority to every body else, a self-assession in such a course which is positively insolent.

"Every sensible person in Somerville has expected the burning of that factory from the outset of the summer," said Mr. Ferguson. "It was one pile of tinder from top to bottom: cotton, wool lying all about, and a raging furnace in the centre of it. Incendiary? Stuff and nonsense!"

Not an adherent did Mr. Ferguson have to his theory. He only held to it with the zeal of thousands concentrated in himself. Besides, he had entered upon a new collection. It had occurred to him during the last few days to collect and preserve all things in his reach which had so far been published upon the subject of the burnings and conspiracies. "A rare treat it will be to read them after the delusion is over," he said to himself; and he entered with an enthusiasm upon the subject which he had not experienced even in making up his treasure of documents relating to Infant Baptism.

But the excitement in Somerville, as well as throughout the whole region, who can describe! Nothing else was thought or talked of. Arms of all sorts were cleaned, loaded, and laid in readiness. Hardly a lady in Somerville but took lessons, with a hundred "Oh my's!" and "Oh, I am so afraid!" in the art of using the rifle and the revolver. You could not walk past a doorway without hearing the crack! crack! of pistol practice on the part of the inmates of the house.

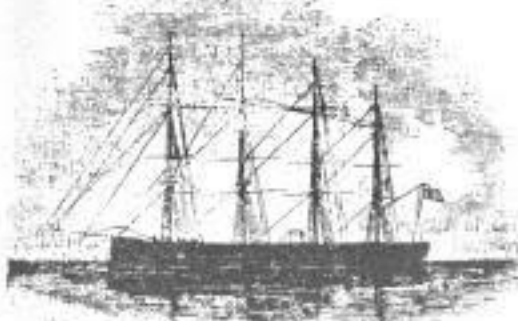
As to the blacks, the Sunday afternoon service had been long stopped. Now patrols scoured the streets from dark till broad day, firing promptly upon all negroes attempting to run when ordered to stop. By an arrangement of Mayor and Council the rooms and trunk of every negro in Somerville was searched at the same hour by a large committee.

"And nothing found—nec a thing!" said redbreasted Mr. Ferguson, in triumph.

But at least some few arms, boxes of caps, even powder, were found, was the general rumor. In one case, at least, several glass bottles of powder were certainly found in a negro's cabin. Very promptly was he had up before the Mayor, but as he seemed more amazed at the discovery than any one else, he was as promptly released. "I need not say, gentlemen," remarked puffy Dr. Ginnis, the owner of said boy, during his examination, "that if Jim had any hand in putting that powder there, you may string him up, and welcome. But my boy Jim! I'd take my oath he knows no more about it than I do. Why, gentlemen, Jim was raised with me! Nursed by the same mammy; wrestled together a thousand times. He thinks more of me than if I was his own brother." And while Dr. Ginnis waxed short of breath, and ruder in the face, and puffier even than before upon the subject, Jim stood beside him open-mouthed, thoroughly bewildered, undeniably innocent. It was singular the lack of definite, decisive, undoubted proof upon any one point in the whole mysterious matter.

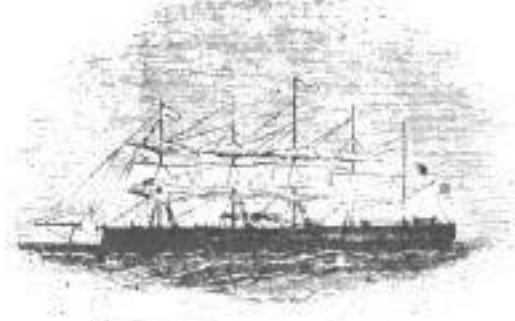
"I am more and more convinced," Gray

THE IRON-CLAD F



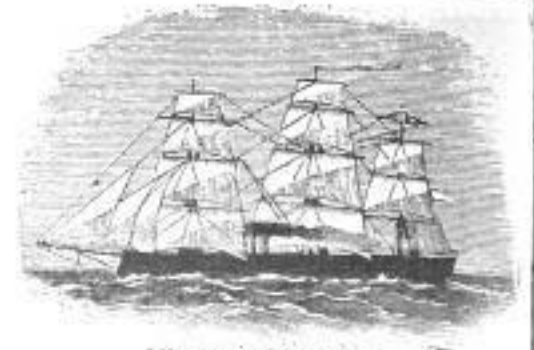
ACHILLES, 26.

Iron Ship. 6121 Tons; 1250 Horse-power; Length 380 ft.; Beam 58 ft.; Armor $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Backing 18 in.; Four masts; Built at Chatham 1863; Armed with $6\frac{1}{2}$ -ton 100-prs. and $6\frac{1}{2}$ -ton rifled guns.



AGINCOURT, 26.

Iron Ship. 6621 Tons; 1350 Horse-power; Length 400 ft.; Beam 59 ft.; Armor $5\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Backing 10 in.; Five masts; Built at Birkenhead; Armament, 4 $12\frac{1}{2}$ -ton 9 in. rifled guns, and 22 $6\frac{1}{2}$ -ton 7 in. rifled guns, all muzzle loaders.



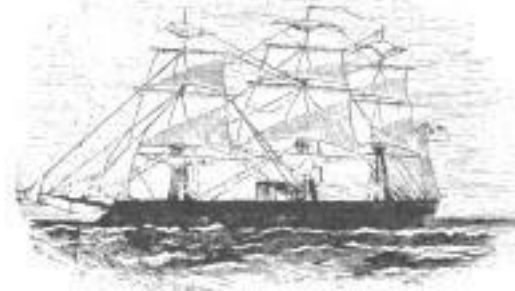
BELLEROPHON, 16.

Iron Ship. 4270 Tons; 1000 Horse-power; Length 300 ft.; Beam 56 ft.; Armor 6 in.; Backing 10 in.; Armament, 3 300-prs. in protected battery, and 6 110-prs.



ENTERPRISE, 4.

Iron-cased Sloop. 933 Tons; 100 Horse-power; Length 180 ft.; Beam 36 ft.; Armor $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Wood ship side $19\frac{1}{4}$ in.; Armed with 4 $6\frac{1}{2}$ -ton guns, 100-prs.



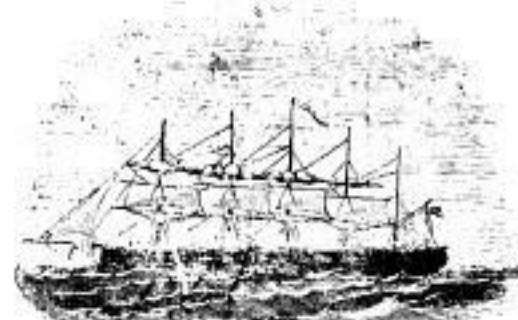
FAVORITE, 10.

Iron-cased Corvette. 2094 Tons; 400 Horse-power; Length 225 ft.; Beam 47 ft.; Armor $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Wood ship side 22 in.; Armament, 8 100-prs., in battery wholly protected, and the bow and stern each armed with a 68-pr. shunt gun.



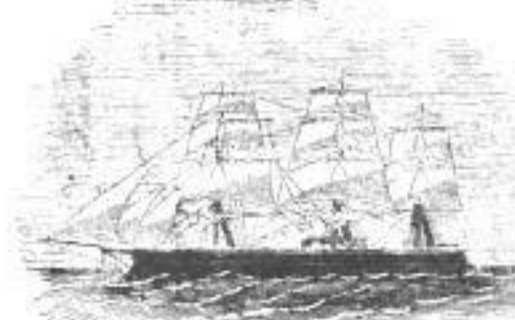
HECTOR, 24.

Iron Ship. 4089 Tons; 800 Horse-power; Length 280 ft.; Beam 56 ft.; Armor $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Backing 18 in. This ship has a powerful armament of 68-prs. and 110-pr. Armstrongs.



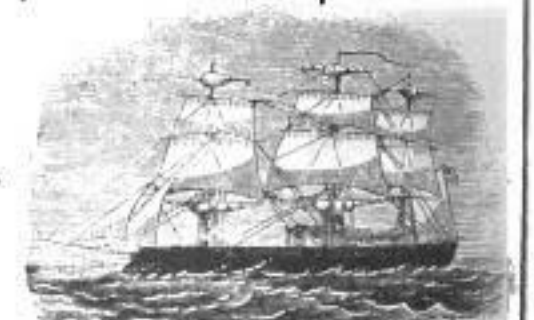
NORTHUMBERLAND, 26.

Iron Ship. 6621 Tons; 1350 Horse-power; Length 400 ft.; Beam 59 ft.; Armor $5\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Backing 10 in.; Carries 4 300-prs. and 22 100-prs.



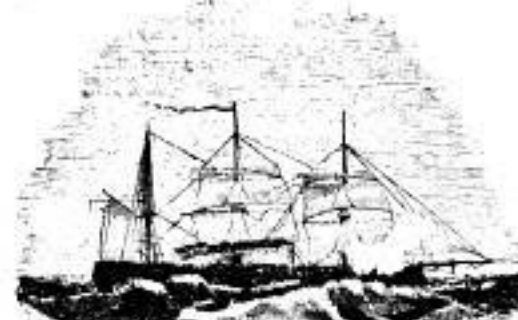
OCEAN, 23.

Iron-cased Ship. 4047 Tons; 1000 Horse-power; Length 273 ft.; Beam 58 ft.; Armor $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Wood ship side $29\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Armament, upper-deck 3 110-pr. Armstrongs, main-deck 20 7-in. 100-pr. rifled guns.



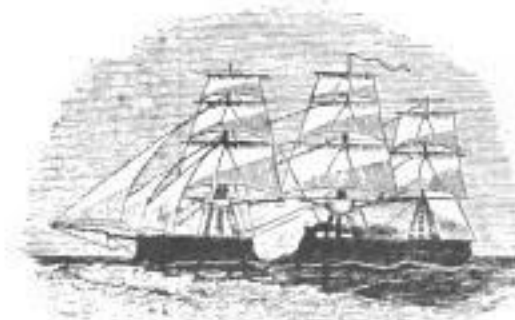
PALLAS, 6.

Iron-cased Corvette. 2372 Tons; 600 Horse-power; Length 225 ft.; Beam 50 ft.; Armor $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Wood ship side 22 in.; Armament, 4 $6\frac{1}{2}$ -ton guns, and 2 110-pr. Armstrongs.



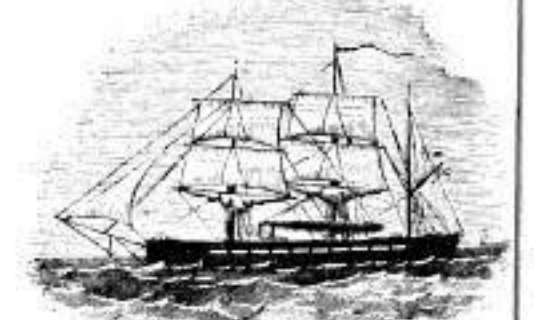
RESISTANCE, 16.

Iron Ship. 3710 Tons; 600 Horse-power; Length 280 ft.; Beam 54 ft.; Armor $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Backing 18 in. This ship is heavily armed, and has a protruding stem for use as a ram.



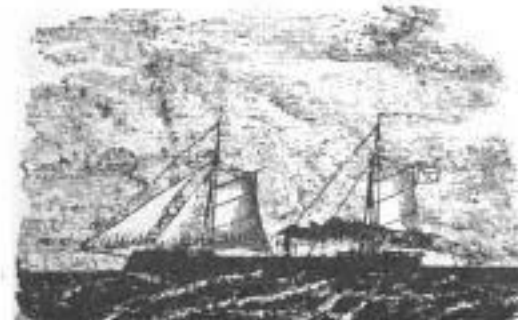
ROYAL ALFRED, 35.

Iron-cased Ship. 4045 Tons; 800 Horse-power; Length 273 ft.; Beam 58 ft.; Armor 6 in. and $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Wood ship side $29\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Armament, 10 12-ton 150-prs. inside battery on main-deck, 4 $6\frac{1}{2}$ -ton 70-prs. outside battery, and 4 $6\frac{1}{2}$ -ton guns on upper-deck.



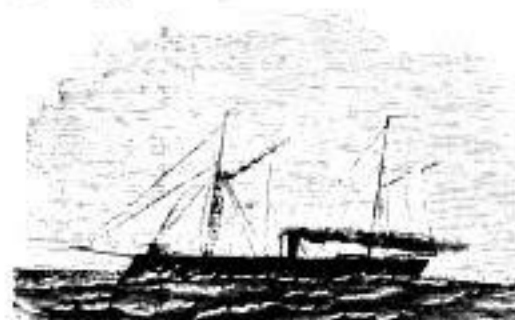
ROYAL OAK, 35.

Iron-cased Ship. 4056 Tons; 800 Horse-power; Length 273 ft.; Beam 58 ft.; Armor $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Wood ship side 29 in.; Carries 24 68-prs. and 11 110-pr. Armstrongs.



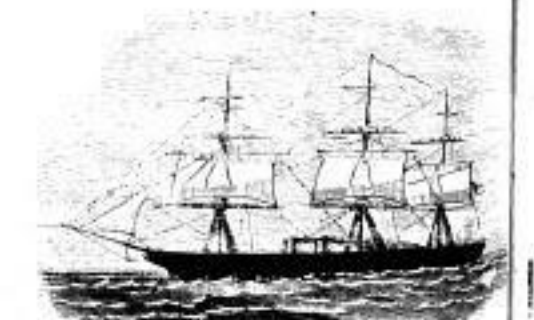
VIPER, 2.

Double-Screw Iron Gun-Boat. 737 Tons; 167 Horse-power; Length 160 ft.; Beam 32 ft.; Armor $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Backing 10 in.; Armament (probable), 2 7-in. guns; Building at Poplar.



VIXEN, 2.

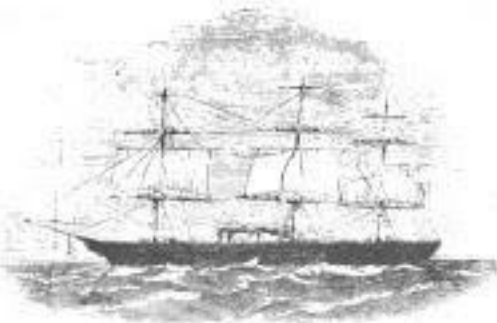
Double-Screw Iron and Wood Gun-Boat. 754 Tons; 160 Horse-power; Length 160 ft.; Beam 32 ft.; Armor $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Backing 10 in.; Armament, 2 7-in. guns.



WARRIOR, 40.

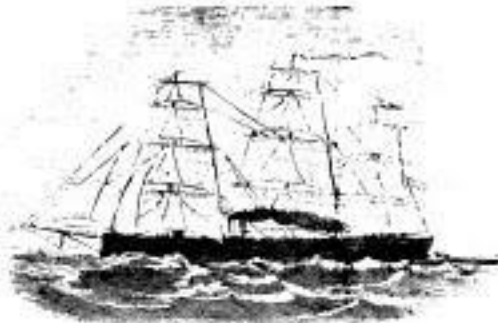
Iron Ship. 6109 Tons; 1250 Horse-power; Length 350 ft.; Length over all 420 ft.; Beam 58 ft.; Armor $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Backing 18 in.; Armed with 68-prs. and 100-pr. Armstrongs.

D E E T O F E N G L A N D .



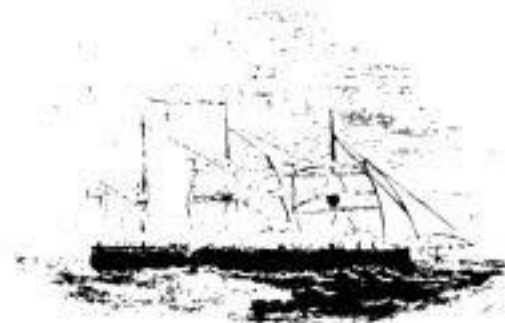
BLACK PRINCE, 41.

Iron Ship. 6100 Tons; 1250 Horse-power; Length 360 ft.; Beam 58 ft.; Armor $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Backing 18 in.; Sister ship to the *Warrior*; Armed with 68-prs. and 100-pr. Armstrong guns.



CALEDONIA, 31.

Iron-cased Ship. 4125 Tons; 1000 Horse-power; Length 273 ft.; Beam 59 ft.; Armor $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Wood ship side 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Built at Woolwich. Armed with 68-prs. and 110-pr. Armstrong guns.



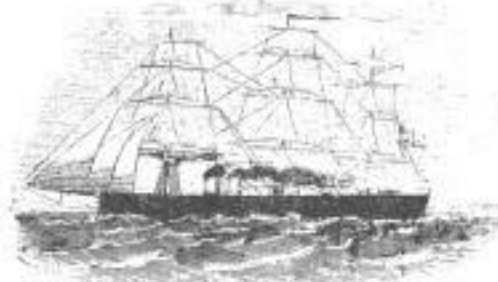
DEFENCE, 16.

Iron Ship. 3720 Tons; 600 Horse-power; Length 280 ft.; Beam 54 ft.; Armor $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Backing 18 in. This ship has, like many others of the fleet, a formidable projecting beak for use as a ram, with a heavy armament.



LORD CLYDE, 24.

Iron-cased Ship. 4067 Tons; 1000 Horse-power; Length 280 ft.; Beam 59 in.; Armor $4\frac{1}{2}$, $5\frac{1}{2}$, and 6 in.; Wood ship side $3\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Built at Pembroke; Armament, main-deck 20 $6\frac{1}{2}$ -ton 7-in. rifled guns; upper-deck 4 7-in. rifled Armstrong breech-loading guns.



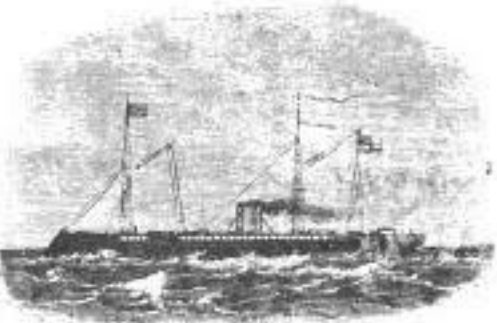
LORD WARDEN, 24.

Iron-cased Ship. 4080 Tons; 1000 Horse-power; Length 280 ft.; Beam 59 ft.; Armor $4\frac{1}{2}$, $5\frac{1}{2}$, and 6 in.; Wood ship side $3\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Built at Chatham; Armament 110-prs.



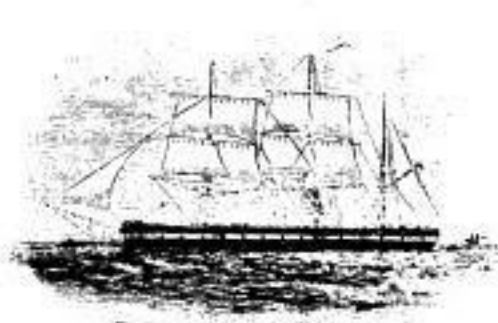
MINOTAUR, 26.

Iron Ship. 6621 Tons; 1350 Horse-power; Length 400 ft.; Beam 59 ft.; Armor 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Backing 10 in.; Built at Blackwall; Armament, main-deck 4 150-prs. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. 12-ton guns, smooth bore; 16 100-prs. 7 in. $6\frac{1}{2}$ ton rifled guns; upper-deck 4 100-prs.



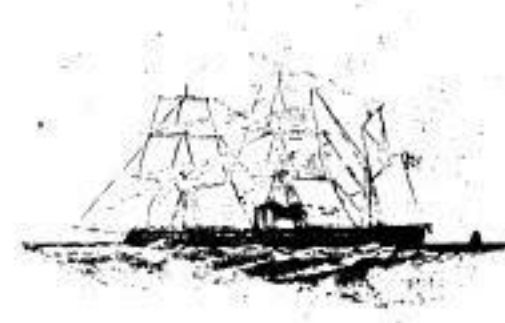
PRINCE ALBERT, 4.

Iron-cased Capital Ship. 2537 Tons; 500 Horse-power; Length 240 ft.; Beam 48 ft.; Armor 4 in.; Backing 18 in. Armed with 4 12-ton guns in revolving turrets. The ship is represented as cleared for action with her bulwarks lowered.



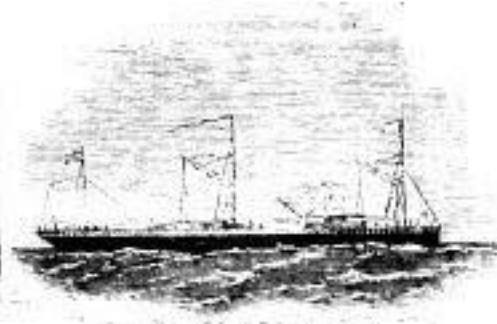
PRINCE CONSORT, 35.

Iron-cased Ship. 4045 Tons; 1000 Horse-power; Length 273 ft.; Beam 58 ft.; Armor $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Wood ship side 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Armament, 16 68-prs., 7 110-pr. Armstrongs, 8 $6\frac{1}{2}$ -ton guns; Crew 605.



RESEARCH, 4.

Iron-cased Ship. 1251 Tons; 200 Horse-power; Length 225 ft.; Beam 38 ft.; Armor $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Wood ship side 19 in.; Armament, 4 smooth bore 9-in. guns of 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ tons in a central battery.



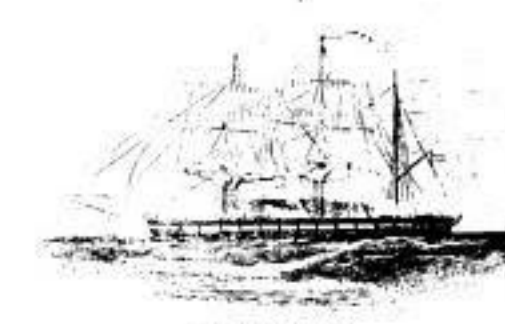
ROYAL SOVEREIGN, 5.

Iron-cased Capital Ship. 3765 Tons; 800 Horse-power; Length 240 ft.; Beam 62 ft.; Armor $5\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Wood ship side 30 in.; Carries 5 10-in. guns in revolving turrets. The bulwarks are represented as lowered to show the turrets.



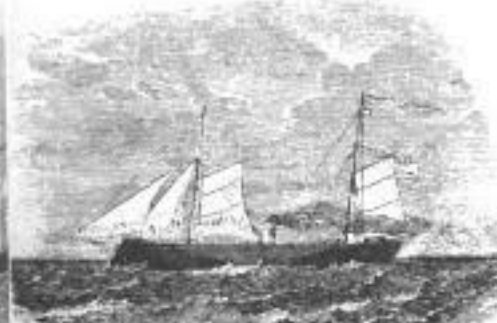
SCORPION, 4.

Iron-cased Capital Ship. 1833 Tons; 350 Horse-power; Length 220 ft.; Beam 42 ft.; Armor $4\frac{1}{2}$ and 3 in.; Backing 9 in.; Carries 4 300-prs. in revolving turrets; Fitted with tripod masts on Captain Cole's principle.



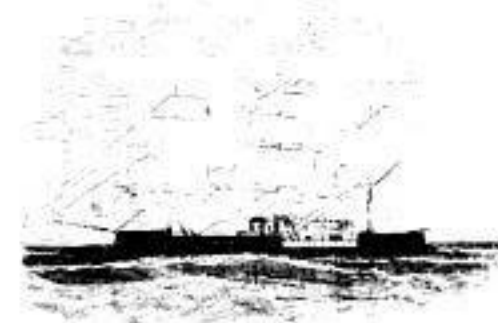
VALIANT, 24.

Iron Ship. 4667 Tons; 800 Horse-power; Length 280 ft.; Beam 56 ft.; Armor $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Backing 18 in.; Built at Millwall; Armament 68-prs. and 110-pr. Armstrong guns.



WATERWITCH, 2.

Hydraulic Iron-cased Gun Vessel. 778 Tons; 167 Horse-power; Length 182 ft.; Beam 32 ft.; Armor $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Backing 19 in.; Building at Blackwall; probable armament 2 7-in. guns.



WYVERN, 4.

Iron-cased Capital Ship. 1837 Tons; 350 Horse-power; Length 220 ft.; Beam 42 ft.; Armor $4\frac{1}{2}$ and 3 in.; Backing 9 in.; Carries 4 300-prs. in revolving turrets; Fitted with tripod masts on Captain Cole's principle.



ZEALOUS, 20.

Iron-cased Ship. 3716 Tons; 600 Horse-power; Length 252 ft.; Beam 59 ft.; Armor $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Wood ship side 30 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Armament, upper-deck 4 Armstrong 110-prs., main-deck 8 smooth-bore 94-prs. and 6 rifled shunt 100-prs.

THE STORY OF ERNST CHRISTIAN SCHOEFFER.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

I propose relating the story of Ernst Christian Schoeffer. In order to do this circumstantially, I will begin by stating that he was the only child of Dorothea and Wolfgang Schoeffer, of Ulm, and was born in an upper chamber of a house on the Graben, just thirty-two years since.

Wolfgang Schoeffer belonged to a somewhat better class than the majority of his neighbors. He was poor, but not abjectly poor; and he had seen better days. He was a second-hand book-seller by trade, and had begun life with some show of prosperity. He inherited his father's business and stock; and his wife—a pretty Bavarian with whom he had fallen in love while traveling to and fro among the great fairs of Augsburg, Munich, Bamberg, and Nuremberg—was reported to have had not only beauty but money. So when he brought home his bride and opened a shop in the market-place, his fellow-citizens looked upon him as a rising man, and approved of him accordingly. Their approbation, however, was not destined to be of long continuance. Wolfgang Schoeffer had started too ambitiously, and at the end of five years became a bankrupt. He left his shop in the market-place for one of the raiment little tenements on the Graben; and there, when the brief sunshine of his career was all past, and the bitterness of poverty was yet new to them both, Dorothea Schoeffer died in giving birth to the only child of their marriage.

From that day the bookseller was a changed man. He had borne his reverses with tolerable courage, but this last blow told heavily. He seemed to grow old all at once; he avoided his former acquaintances and friends; he ceased to frequent any place of public worship; he became daily more bent, more gray, more gloomy, more selfish in his clothing, and more solitary in his ways.

But not to name the wife of a poor neighbor for the first year or two of his little life, the child was brought home to his father's house almost as soon as he had begun to prattle; and there, under the care of a certain Frau Martha, who was very deaf, very pious, half lodger and half servant, spent all his motherless boyhood.

It would be impossible to conceive a more dismal home for a young child than bookseller Schoeffer's home on the Graben. The floors were never scrubbed, the stairs were never swept, the windows were never cleaned or opened from year's end to year's end, and it was filled with dusty books from top to bottom. The walls were lined, the floors were covered, the air was stale with them. The house contained little else; nothing for comfort, nothing for grace—not even a flower in a pot, or a pair bird in a cage. Books, books, every where books—yellow, dusty, worm-eaten, and unclean, like bones in a charnel house. As for the garden, it was a mere wilderness of nettles and leers.

All this, however, would have mattered little if the boy had known the happiness of being surrounded by kind parents and teachers, and children of his own age; but none of these blessings were his. His mother, really fond of him in her dull way, believed the duties to be all fulfilled so long as she kept him clean and quiet, washed his clothes, cooked his food, taught him the Lord's Prayer, and took care that he did not drown himself in the ditch at the bottom of the Graben. His father cared for him after a nervous, negligent, fitful fashion; but as he was more frequently absent from home than not, and spent his time chiefly in trawling from city to city, he was well satisfied to leave the care of his child's health to Frau Martha and his education to the government.

The painter, like the poet, is born, not made; and Ernst Christian Schoeffer was a born painter. He was endowed from his cradle with the gift of seeing—the precise gift that no mere training can do more than develop, and without which all the academies that ever were incorporated can achieve nothing toward the production of an artist. This privilege is his from very birth. He enjoys it even before he knows that he enjoys it. A brighter heaven than the heaven of other babes lies about him in his infancy; and for him alone of all the sons of Adam the "vision splendid" which even nature's own poet knewed as he traveled on to later life, never "falls into the light of common day."

Thus it was that Ernst was a happy child despite the squalor of his surroundings; thus it was that, even in the midst of these surroundings, he came to an instinctive sense of poetry and beauty. As he grew older he discovered an insatiable treasure in his father's books. A good third of Wolfgang Schoeffer's stock consisted of Bibles—Bibles of all shapes and sizes, in all languages, of all dates; some bound in wood, some in vellum, some in old brown leather; many of them illustrated with quaint wood-cuts, and some with colored maps and half-pieces of strange devices. Bibles, indeed, were the bookseller's specialty; and it was chiefly to buy and sell scarce and curious copies that he traveled so constantly from city to city.

From these—from the "storied windows" and altar-pieces of the churches round about—from the Gothic fountains at the corners of the streets—above all, from the cathedral, with its rich sculptures and traceries, and its wonderful tower like a hillside of old brown stone, the boy learned and studied every day of his life. He proved that cathedral each time that he went to his school, and lingered before it each time that he returned on his homeward journey. He came to know every stone of it by heart—every niche and saint and canopy; every tuft of wind-blown grass that waved aloft on battress and pinnacle. He knew it in the morning light; in the afternoon, when the shadows lay richer and deeper; in the evening, when the eastern front was golden with sunset. The rocks that built and subtended in the tower were his familiar friends. The great entrance peopled with quaint professions, and the bookseller in the spaniards of the huge Gothic arch above the triple doorway, filled him with a perpetual wonder and delight. There is God creat-

ing the earth, the air, and the sea; the Almighty artificer being represented each time as an old man dressed in a flowing robe with a globe in his right hand; the only variation in each repetition being that he holds a smooth globe for the earth, a curly globe for the air, and a wavy globe for the sea. Then comes the creation of man; Adam looking at his own shapeless legs with great astonishment, as well indeed he might. Then the creation of Eve, the temptation, and the banishment. Nothing in medieval art more naive and curious than these bas-reliefs above the principal entrance of Ulm cathedral! Few travelers turn aside from the beaten track to see them; few artists study them; but Ernst Christian Schoeffer learned all that they had to teach—all, indeed, that the great master had to teach both within and without. Messages written with the brush and the chisel, upon iron, stone, wood, he hearkened to them all with humility and reverence. The solemn triptych over the high altar, with its Magi garbous in gold and colors, which in very early childhood first fixed his wondering eyes; the slender, elaborate pyx, like a magnified ivory carving; the chair with its quaint, delicate, wonderful oak sculptures, its clustering fruits and flowers, its lace-like canopy, and its triple rank of herons, Pagan, Jewish, and Christian, each feature of whose unauthentic faces he knew by heart; the carved sculptures of dead and gone nobles hung all about the lower end of the nave; the monumental brasses, memorial portraits, and medieval frescoes scattered so lavishly about the private chapels in the side aisles—these things were his first masters in art, and upon them his genius fed and strengthened year by year. It showed itself, as the artist instinct generally does show itself, in all kinds of blundering first attempts. The boy tried his pen-and-ink upon every material that fell in his way. He scratched upon his slate and in his copy-books; he dabbled in clay; he dabbed a little in coarse pigments bagged from a neighboring house-painter; he carved rude statuettes in common fire-wood. These occupations kept him quiet in holiday hours, and his father, when at home, desired no more.

At length the time came when Ernst Christian's seven years of schooling were on the point of expiring. He was now fourteen, and of an age to be apprenticed to a trade. His father intruded him for his own business; but the boy had made up his mind to be a painter, and, foreseeing the struggle to come, had also made up his mind to be first in the field. There was fierce opposition to be encountered and there were insurmountable difficulties to be overcome; therefore, he argued, the sooner the opposition was combated and the difficulties were faced the better. It was characteristic of Ernst Christian Schoeffer's peculiar temperament that he should have so measured himself against these obstacles. It was especially characteristic that he should have the moral gallantry to face Frau Martha at once upon this matter so vital to his own happiness, and yet that his heart should beat and his breath come short as he went up to that father's chamber on the evening of the very day when his school term had expired.

It was about six o'clock on a bleak November night. The stairs creaked under his feet as he went feeling his way in the darkness, and rehearsing the words in which he meant to begin. On the landing he paused, and guided by a thread of light upon the threshold, tapped at his father's door. No reply came. He listened—he heard a sound as of something being closed and locked—he tapped again—he thought he was answered—he went in.

His father, standing by the table with a framed oil-painting lying before him and a key in his hand, turned upon the boy in a sudden paroxysm of anger.

"What do you want?" he said, furiously. "How dare you come in without knocking?"

"I knocked, mein Vater, but—Gott! what a beautiful picture!"

It was a beautiful picture. It represented a fair delicate-featured girl with down-looking eyes and pale golden hair woven into a profusion of soft braids, and a smile as peaceful, as sweet, as soft as that of the Madonna del Velo. The painter of this gracious head had done his work lovingly and happily. Though too cold in color and too hard in effect, the portrait was as highly finished as a miniature, and as perfect in detail as if it had come from the easel of Raphael or Giotto. It measured about twelve inches square, and was enclosed in a cloudy frame of plain black wood, the front of which was glazed, worked upon hinges like a little door, and locked with a small brass key.

The boy forgot his own purpose, his father's anger, and all else at the sight of this treasure. He pressed forward to look upon it, but the bookseller thrust him roughly back.

"The picture is nothing to thee," he said, harshly. "Get thee gone. Get down to Frau Martha. I am busy to-night."

"But, father—"

"Get thee down, I say. Go learn thy tasks for to-morrow."

"I have none. The Herr-president signed my certificate to-day; and he said, if you wished to enter me for another term—"

"Another term, indeed?" interrupted Schoeffer. "Who is to pay for it? Let the Herr-president tell me that. There is not a poorer man as Wurttemberg than myself."

"He said—"

"It is nothing to me what he said. There have been times when I scarce knew where to find food and clothing for thee."

The lad glanced round the squalid room, and sighed.

"I know it, father," he replied.

"It is well you do know it," replied the bookseller, sharply. "You have to earn your bread."

"That is what I came about, father. I wish to be a painter."

The Herr Schoeffer shook his head.

"A painter?" he said. "Eh! it is an unhealthy trade. Besides, I have not a groshen wherewith to apprentice thee. No, boy; thou

must follow thy father's calling—a poor one, but, at the worst, better than neighbor Strauss's."

"Neighbor Strauss!" echoed the lad. "Do you think I wish to be a house-painter, like neighbor Strauss? No, no—I mean to be a painter like our ancestor, Martin Schoeffer."

His father looked at him incredulously.

"The boy is mad," he said, with a contemptuous shrug.

"I am not mad. I would live on bread and water to be a painter. I would beg my way to Rome on foot, if you would only let me go."

"Rome! What would you do in Rome, pray, when you had begged your way there?"

"I would go to Overbeck's studio and tell him that I was a poor German boy who loved art, and wished to be a painter."

The bookseller struck the table angrily with his clenched fist.

"Let me hear no more of this," he said. "You talk like a fool."

"But—"

"Silence! Not another word. Get you down stairs and bid Frau Martha make the soup hot for supper."

The boy obeyed reluctantly. As he reached the door his father called him back.

"Hark you, Ernst," he said, more gently. "This portrait is not to be talked about. You must not tell any one that you have seen it. Do you hear?—not even Frau Martha."

"Whose portrait is it, father?"

The bookseller hesitated.

"You must give your word not to speak about it," he said, fixing a searching eye upon his son's face.

"I will never speak of it, father."

"You promise?"

"I promise. But whose portrait is it?"

"Your—your mother's."

"My mother's!"

The lad sprang forward—would have taken the picture in his hand, but that his father again put his back, and would not let him touch it.

"You can see it well enough where it is," he said, with a frown.

"Oh, father! was my mother so beautiful? Were her eyes so very and always?" And the boy's open eyes filled with sudden tears.

"She was very like it," replied the bookseller, solemnly. "There—you have looked long enough."

"May I see it again to-morrow?"

"No, not to-morrow—some day, perhaps. Now go, and remember your promise."

"I will remember it, and keep it," said Ernst, and left the room.

He made his way slowly down the dark stairs, thinking over all that had been said.

"My mother's portrait!" he muttered to himself. "To think that he had my mother's portrait hidden away all these years!"

When he had reached the bottom step he sat down, covered his face with his hands, and fell into a long reverie. His heart was heavy, and the future seemed to lie before him all dark and uncertain, like a scene in a dream.

At length he sprang to his feet, resolved and self-reliant once more.

"I will be a painter!" he exclaimed, half aloud. "I will be a painter; and I will paint as well as that too, some day."

II.

ERNST CHRISTIAN SCHOEFFER carried his point, and became a painter after all. Not, however, without a long and tedious battle—a battle against his father's imperious will; against poverty, prejudice, and obesity—a battle that lasted three whole years, and cost the victor many a fall and many a letter home before Frau was. Still he did win it. He became a painter. He even went to Rome.

A drawing made in secret, and sent up anonymously to the Government School of Art in Ulm—a prize carried off, and a year's gratuitous instruction gained thereby; a second prize achieved, and a second year gained; a third, and its results a gold medal and a purse of two hundred and fifty florins—these were the steps by which the youth struggled on to the fulfillment of his hopes.

His father sternly, ruled, argued, and finally yielded a sullen acquiescence.

That prize came as if dropped direct from heaven. Every thing in it was arranged for him with theologic sense of Rome. These two hundred and fifty florins represented in his eyes the inestimable riches of opportunity. They opened the gates of knowledge to his eager footsteps. They were his passport to the temple of Belshazzar.

Ernst Christian would not have spent a fraction of that prize in Ulm for all the temptations that assailed Saint Anthony. He regarded it as a sacred deposit—it was worth about twenty-two pounds of English money!—and having paid in two hundred of his florins at Herr Schliermacher's bank to be transmitted to Rome, he took fifty for his traveling expenses, and set out for the Eternal City with a light heart and a still lighter knapsack.

He did not liberally make his way from Ulm to Rome on foot. It would have cost him more than his fifty florins for food and lodging by the way if he had done so; but he traveled by the fourth class as far as any German railway would carry him; and he walked through Switzerland and over the Alps; and what with a lift in a peasant's cart now and then, or a cheap fare by rail or diligence, he found himself one evening, just at sunset, before the gates of the Porta del Popolo, with only a few pence left in his pocket, and the likeness of a pair of hoofs on his feet.

How he lived in Rome for the next five years—how, indeed, half the poor students live when one street in every gallery and every church—was, even to himself, a mystery. Thus, from time to time, from year to year, winning now a medal, now a scholarship, now a small sum of money, he made his way on inch at a time, and struggled at last into the foremost rank of student life in Rome. Then, just as his fifth year was drawing to a close and he was looking forward with something more than hope to the chances of achieving an

honorary rank to the Accademia, he was summoned home to the bedside of his dying father.

There was not an hour to lose. The elder Schoeffer had been smitten down by paralysis while traveling back from the great book-fair at Leipzig, and had continued slowly sinking ever since. His one prayer was that he might see his son once more before he died.

A poor man can not travel fast. His nearest and dearest may lie dying a thousand miles away; yet the slowest train and the cheapest carriage must bear him to them. Our poor young painter had almost to beg his way to Ulm. How his prayers, his hopes, his fears outstripped his weary feet—how his heart seemed to go on before him all the way—how he sickened at each delay, and counted the miles, the days, the hours, that lay between him and the only parent whom he had ever known, were tortures which only he who had experienced them could adequately describe.

At length, after nearly three weeks of painful journeying, he found himself once again traversing the blank expanse of country by which Ulm is approached from the side of Switzerland. Plodding on foot along a dusty road that seemed as if geometrically produced in one never-ending line, the young man toiled through this dreary landscape all-righ from dawn to sunset before the distant batteries, forts, and earth-works of Ulm became visible to his eager eyes. From that moment his fatigue was forgotten. He pressed forward as if he had but first set out upon the long day's march, and entered the gates of his native city about an hour after dark.

For several days past the conviction that he should be too late had weighed heavily upon him. He had repeatedly told himself that all would be over—that he should never hear his father's voice nor see his father's face again; but even those who are best prepared for the worst are never so fortified against it as not to feel the shock. Death is a surprise—a mournful, terrible surprise—whenever it comes; even though we may be sitting by the bedside waiting for it, watching for it, dreading it as each breath leaves the lips we love. This poor student had, as he thought, prepared himself manfully; and yet when he came to the old house on the Graben, saw no light in any window, heard the echo of his repeated knocking reverberate desolately through the empty floors, and was presently warned off by a voice from an upper chamber of some neighbor's house, with the information that Master Schoeffer was dead, and if any one wanted particulars he must go to the Policei, he felt as if he could hardly believe in the reality of his misfortune.

It was a hard blow. Although the bookseller had been so often absent from his home, although as a father he had been undemonstrative, careless, gloomy, and irritable, still, in his own strange way, he had loved his son, and the young painter felt his loss bitterly. All weary as he was, he sat down on the doorstep, thoughtful of what had once been, and wept in the darkness as if his heart were breaking.

Perhaps he had scarcely known till then that he loved his father so well.

He slept that night at a little Gasthof down by the Danube, and went next morning to the Policei to lay claim to Wolfgang Schoeffer's effects. The news which there awaited him was both startling and painful. His father, always a poor man, had been brought home, after his seizure, by easy stages, and what with the heavy expenses attending his journey, the cost of medical attendance, and the outlay incurred at his funeral, the bookseller had died in debt, and the whole of his possessions had been sold for the benefit of his creditors. Chief among these, it seems, was Herr Schliermacher, the banker and money-lender in the Anlage. Applied to by Frau Martha when her master lay ill, he had advanced a certain loan upon the bookseller's stock, and when all was over had peremptory claims to his money. A valuation having then been taken, the stock and household goods were sold, and the money-lender, doctor, and undertaker took what they could get, which, after all, fell below the amount of their several claims. So poor Ernst Christian Schoeffer found himself homeless and penniless in the streets of his native city.

At length, when the first burst of anguish was past, the young man turned his face toward the Anlage, and presented himself at Herr Schliermacher's office.

The banker, a small, plump, pleasant-looking Jew, with a shining bald head, and a pair of brilliant black eyes, received him civilly enough, and ushered him into his private room. The painter informed him that he had come to inquire into the particulars of the sale.

Herr Schliermacher elevated his eyebrows, shrugged his shoulders, shook his head significantly, and thrust his hands into his pockets.

"The particulars, Herr Schoeffer," he replied, "are told in a dozen words. I advanced certain moneys upon your father's goods, three hundred florins in all; our excellent friend the Herr Doctor Philippart furnished him with medicines and attendance to the amount of fifty florins; his funeral expenses came to one hundred florins. There was also a half-year's rent owing for the house on the Graben, besides a few trifling bills for smaller items, making about thirty florins more. Taken altogether, the liabilities fell little short of five hundred florins, and the effects realized just three hundred and forty-five. Not a kreutzer more or less. Here are the accounts. You can examine them at your convenience."

The young man's hand closed convulsively upon the papers.

"Then my father's creditors are loath to the extent of one hundred and fifty-five florins," he said, in a tremulous voice.

"Just so."

"I please myself to repay them. I will work day and night to it."

The Jew nodded pleasantly.

"We expect no less from you, Herr Schoeffer," he said.

"And I may take these accounts to look through at—"

He was going to say "at home," but remem-

being that he had now no home, checked himself, and substituted "at my leisure."

"By all means."

He rose—he hesitated—he had evidently something still to say.

"There is one very precious and sacred relic," he faltered, "which I would give much to possess."

"If it be any thing which I can assist you to recover I shall be happy to do so," replied the banker, politely.

"It is my mother's portrait."

"Will you be good enough to describe it?"

The painter, with visible emotion, described the picture minutely. The banker listened, looked down, coughed dubiously, and rubbed his little fat hands slowly over and over.

"Dear me!" he said, "is that a portrait of your mother? How handsome she must have been!"

"Then you recognize it?"

"Perfectly."

"And can you tell me what has become of it?"

The young man's question came with hot eagerness; the Jew's reply with cool composure.

"Why, yes—no one better. That picture is in my own possession."

"In yours?"

The tone, the look of entreaty, were alike unmistakable; but Herr Schliermacher met both with the coldest imperturbability imaginable.

"Exactly so," he replied. "It is a charming little thing, and I really value it."

"But Herr Schliermacher—my good Herr Schliermacher, you do not value it as I do?"

"I value it too well to part from it," said the banker.

"Herr Schliermacher, I would serve you for seven years to earn back my mother's portrait."

Herr Schliermacher shook his shiny head.

"I regret to refuse you," he said; "but it is quite out of my power to grant your request. I like the picture—my daughter has taken quite a fancy for it—and I have been too busy a loser in this matter already."

"It is worth more than the whole of my poor father's debt put together!" cried the young man, impatiently.

"Not as a work of art. If it were I should not feel justified in keeping it."

"What would you do with it?"

"Sell it, of course, my good Sir; and when I had repaid myself from the proceeds, refund the surplus to yourself."

The painter turned pale.

"For God's sake don't do that!" he said, quickly. "I do not mean to do it. I mean to keep it."

The Herr Schliermacher uttered these last words in a tone that rendered further discussion impossible, and the young man reluctantly took his departure.

He came back, however, the next day at the same hour.

"Herr Schliermacher," he said, "I have come to ask what price you set on my mother's portrait."

"I set no price upon it, Herr Schliermacher. I do not mean to sell it."

"But you would not—you could not—refuse to sell it if I could afford to pay for it?"

"If I understood you rightly when you did me the favor to call upon me yesterday," said the banker, very stiffly, "you are not even in a position to pay off the residue of your father's liabilities."

"That is true; but—"

"Excuse me, Herr Schliermacher. It will be time enough to enter on this topic when you come to me with your one hundred and fifty-five florins in your hand. I wish you a good-morning."

Again the painter turned away dejectedly; but again the next day, at the same hour, he returned to the charge.

"Herr Schliermacher," he began, "will you let me own that portrait? Will you take me into your office? Will you receive me as one of your clerks? I write a good fair hand, and I am a tolerable accountant. If you will agree to this, I will work for you without salary till I have earned the picture back at whatever price you choose to set upon it."

The banker laughed outright.

"My dear Herr Schliermacher," he said, "gentlemen in your profession are the very worst stuff in the world to cut bankers' clerks from! No, I thank you. No aesthetic accountants for me. Besides, if you worked without pay, how would you live?"

"I would rise at dawn in summer, and work by lamplight in winter, and so earn a few florins a week. I can live on dry bread; I have done so before now."

"Yes, you are a most energetic young man," said Herr Schliermacher; "and you deserve to succeed in life. What a pity you were not brought up to business!—you would have made a fortune."

"I do not want a fortune. I only want my mother's portrait."

The Jew shrugged his shoulders.

"Will you try me for a week, Herr Schliermacher?"

"Not for a day. Your proposal, Herr Schliermacher, is wholly impracticable."

For the third time the poor painter went his way sorrowing. He desired the picture passionately, and each fresh refusal only quickened his intense longing for it. He remembered how his father had treasured it, and he also remembered how it was the dear earthly record of a mother whom he had never been so blest as to know.

The next day he was back again at the money-lender's office with a fresh scheme.

"For the fourth time," he said, "I come to appeal to you. If you have the heart of a man you will not refuse what I am now about to ask from you."

The banker tapped impatiently upon his desk.

"Be brief, if you please, Herr Schliermacher," he replied. "My time is valuable, and I warn you that this is the last occasion on which I can listen to you."

"This, then, is what I have to propose. Give me three years in which to earn the one hundred and fifty-five florins, and promise me that you will neither sell the portrait nor give it away during that time!"

The banker leaned back in his chair, and seemed as if he were taking this request into consideration.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Ernst, impatiently, "is it possible that you hesitate? Do I ask any thing unfair—any thing unreasonable? Think, Sir—think if it were your own mother's portrait—a mother who had given her own life for yours—"

His voice broke, and he turned aside to conceal his trouble.

Herr Schliermacher looked grave.

"I hesitate," he rejoined, "because it has occurred to me that there may possibly be some other way. Do you paint portraits, Herr Schliermacher?"

"Of course I do! May I paint yours? Oh, my dear, excellent, amiable Herr Schliermacher, let me paint your portrait!"

The Herr Schliermacher smiled, and shook his head.

"Not mine," he said. "I would not give a kreutzer for my own portrait; but my daughter—"

"I will paint her for you in any style you please. Only tell me what you wish done, and I will do it."

The banker was excessively amused.

"I must speak to Salome first," he replied. "Call upon me to-morrow at the same time, and I will tell you more about it."

He returned the following day, as he was bidden, and to his supreme joy the banker informed him that his daughter was willing to sit, and that he might begin on the morrow.

"As for terms," said he, "we will make it picture for picture. You shall paint my daughter's portrait, and when it is done you shall receive your mother's in exchange. Will that content you?"

"Perfectly."

"And you will not object to paint my Salome on a somewhat larger scale?"

"You shall have her at full-length, life-size, after the manner of Van Dyck."

And Herr Schliermacher was well satisfied, knowing that he had the best of the bargain.

III.

Poor Ernst Christian Schoeffer! It was his destiny. He fell desperately in love with Salome Schliermacher. She was very lovely—lovely with the dazzling oriental loveliness of Rebecca of Rachel-of Martina. He had not seen a woman in Italy to compare with her. Her skin was of that soft, rich, tender brown which so enchants us in the Madonna della Saggiola. Her eyes were as brilliant and bewitching as those of the Fomarina in the Palazzo Pitti. Her smile was stolen from Leonardo's portrait of Joanna of Naples. Her hands, long, white, slender, were Van Dyck's. Her gestures, her attitudes, were Titian's. The young painter, to the destruction of his peace, beheld in her the rare and perfect epitome of all that he had admired in art and despaired of in nature. And Salome Schliermacher was so charming as she was beautiful, and so capricious as either. It seemed as if he were to be enchanted, to torment, to bewilder her unfortunate victim. To-day she would be all mirth, to-morrow all gravity; to-day all affability, to-morrow all reserve. Sometimes she would talk of poetry, of music, of art, and talk of them, too, with intelligence and enthusiasm. At other times she would prattle of none but the most childish matters, and peep at a serious woe.

Then she was the most tiresome of sitters. She changed her mind about the dress in which she would be painted, about the attitude, the background, the accessories, fifty times, at least, during the progress of the work. She would be taken in her ordinary dress; she would be taken in her riding-habit; she would be taken as Jessica with the casket; as Bath with the corn-shell on her head—there was no end to her caprices, and there promised to be no end to the picture.

And all this time the interested young painter thought each new dress and attitude more becoming than the last, and, Penelope-like, spent as much time in undoing his work as in doing it.

"When it is once finished," thought he, "all will be over. I shall no longer hear the daily music of her voice; I shall not dare to intrude upon her privacy; I shall be as much parted from her as if we lived in two separate hemispheres. What better, then, can I desire than that the picture may stay in progress forever?"

He was ready, in fact, to spend his life upon it; and I am by no means prepared to say that the beautiful Salome was not quite as well disposed to prolong the task as himself.

Meanwhile Ernst Christian was living within an inch of starvation. Having once been a pupil in the local school of art, he had been able to procure his painting materials upon credit; but he found it far more difficult to get food and lodging on the same terms. There were days when he warmed bread. There were nights when he knew not where to lay his head. His clothes were worn so threadbare that he was ashamed to be seen in them. Let those who have read the lives of Savage, of Chatterton, of Hayne, supply the painful details of starvation.

There must be an end to all things mortal, and despite alterations and delays insupportable, the portrait of Salome Schliermacher at length approached completion. There could be no question of the artist's perfect success. He had been painting with his heart as well as with his hand, and the result was a portrait of such force, such delicacy, such complete and life-like portraiture, as would have made the fame and fortune of a painter in any city less hopelessly stagnant than Utopia. The beautiful Jewess, holding a fan of peacock's feathers in her hand, and dressed in a rich robe of white satin brocade with gold, seemed almost to be stepping from the frame. The smile flickered on her lips; the fixture of her eye had motion in it. It was a portrait that Paolo Veronese might have designed and Rubens painted.

"Herr Schliermacher," said the banker, when he came in one morning to observe the progress of the work, "I am so well content—say, so much more than content—that I will not keep you longer without your mother's picture. You can take it home with you, if you choose, to-day."

Ernst was as grateful as if he had not already

craved it ten times over. He grasped the banker's hand; he thanked him with tears in his eyes; and he went home to his parrot that afternoon happier than a king.

The dear, dear portrait! The portrait that he had first seen in his father's chamber that memorable night, now more than eight years ago, when he first announced his desire to become a painter! It was not in the least faded or changed. The eyes had the same sad sweetness as of old. The pale golden tresses shone with an undiminished lustre.

He sat it up before him on the table and set down to eat his evening meal before it. It seemed to light the smouldering embers like a glory. It gave quite a delicious flavor to his soup of stale bread and his slice of mutton. It tarred the water in his pitcher into wine. Thus munching and meditating, with his eyes fixed all the time upon his newly-recovered treasure, he observed that the canvas seemed to have warped away from the stretcher at one corner, and that the picture bulged in the middle, as old pictures are sometimes apt to do. He had long since resolved to carry an exquisite frame for it some day; now it occurred to him that the painting would be improved by what is technically called "backing." That is to say, by being relieved from tension, and pasted down upon a freshly-strained canvas.

"It would preserve as well as improve it," he muttered to himself, as he swept the crumbs from the table. "I will do it to-morrow, and give it a coat of varnish at the same time."

And with this he drew the picture toward him and proceeded to break open the front of the frame with his knife. The little brass key had doubtless been lost long since; at all events Herr Schliermacher had not given it to him. So he forced the case off at the hinges and proceeded to remove the picture. It was held in its place by two little brass buttons greased with vasoline, and came out when those were turned quite easily.

Then he saw what it was that had lodged the surface of the canvas. No wonder, indeed, that it had warped away from the frame! It was crumpled—literally crumpled—between the canvas and the back of the old wooden case with scraps of dusty paper.

Ernst Christian Schoeffer felt quite indignant with the perpetrator of this unnecessary mischief.

"The Goth!" he muttered. "This must have been done in Bavaria. I don't believe there is a frame-maker in Ulm who would have been so ignorant of his business."

He laid the picture tenderly aside, and shook out the contents of the empty frame. As he did so he suddenly changed color, and began trembling from head to foot.

"Gracious Providence!" he exclaimed aloud, "what is this?"

It was a little bit of yellowish paper that had rolled over toward him from the rest of the heap—a dirty, oblong, yellowish scrap, filled with several lines of close printing in the middle, and adorned at each corner with a little engraved initial. He took it up—he laid it down—he snatched it up again. Then he plucked his hands wildly into the folds of the heap, and took up first one little crumpled scrap, then another, then another; then drew the whole heap toward him, and examined it with a strange, frantic, feverish avidity that was almost terrible in its intensity.

Every one of these papers lying piled before him on the table was a bank-note. There were hundreds of them—hundreds and hundreds; many adorned with his father's own writing; some Austrian, some Prussian, some Slavonian, some French, some English. And they were as various in their value as in their nationality. They represented sums ranging from one thaler to five hundred, from a hundred francs to a thousand, from five pounds to fifty.

The half-starved heir to all this wealth felt at first as if he must go mad with joy. He laughed—he cried—he shouted scraps of songs. At length, to sober himself, he plunged his head into a tubful of cold water, and then sat down to add up his money.

It was a complicated task. In order to accomplish it with any degree of accuracy he had to translate the language of each currency into dollars; and this was a feat almost beyond his knowledge. Morning at length surprised him asleep in the night of his riches, his head resting on the table, the pen fallen from his hand, and the sum total still un-written.

Wolfgang Schoeffer, the landman book-keeper, the poverty-stricken inhabitant of the old house on the Graben, had just been a miser after all. Nothing, when we come to think of it, was ever done for him to accumulate wealth while seeming, albeit poor. His special branch of trade, he it remembered, was the sale of old Bibles, and there are certain very rare and curious old Bibles—such, for instance, as the Coverdale Bible of 1535, with wood-cuts by Hans Sebald Beham—which are, when perfect, of almost incredible value. It came out on inquiry that the painter's father was believed to have known more of this branch of bibliography than any German of his time; that for the last fifteen or twenty years he had been known to all the principal collectors and book-sellers of the Continent; that hundreds of precious volumes had passed through his hands; and that, on more than one occasion, he had both received and paid some of the highest prices on record for certain famous early editions. Perhaps one of the oddest parts of the story lay in the fact that, among all the old books which numbered the house on the Graben from basement to attic, there was not found one volume of any importance. It appeared to have been his habit to deal, as it were, in only one valuable book at a time, and always to have the book in his own keeping. As soon as he had succeeded in picking up a scarce volume he knew precisely by whom to take it, and what price to set upon it, and so, by ever turning his money, journeying from place to place, and laying up riches of which no living soul in his own native city so much as suspected the existence.

Allen Hanson, when he woke up that fine morning in Bagdad and found himself Commander of the Faithful, scarcely opened his eyes upon a more astounding change in the aspect of his private affairs than did Ernst Christian Schoeffer when he lifted his head from the table of his wealth and found the morning sunshine tinging all his notes to gold. His brain was clearer now, and his pulse steadier, than either had been the night before; and again, therefore, he set to work, like the mathematical geometer of the nursery-plot, "to counting up his money."

It came, when so counted, to no less a sum than one hundred and twenty thousand dollars; that is to say, to about ten thousand and two hundred pounds of English money.

How the painter deposited his fortune in Herr Schliermacher's bank; how that excellent gentleman marveled at the sum, and took a quiet paternal interest in the young man from that moment; how he invited his dear young friend to dinner that very evening; how Ernst Christian made his appearance in the banker's drawing-room at six o'clock punctually, dressed in a suit of super-fine black, and looking as if he had never known what it was to be hungry or shabby in his life; how the beautiful Salome, grown suddenly quite the modicum, colored her face in the course of the evening to a state of knowledge more perfect than ever; how the story of the picture bulged with bank-notes flew through the country and made its appearance in every newspaper where the German tongue was written and spoken; how, finally, before three months of wealth had passed over his head, the painter became the happy husband of his beautiful sister, and facts which here can receive no more than a passing mention. We have given the outline; those who desire to fill it in with detail must seek in the cradle of his time and the centre of his affections for all that is yet left untold of the story of Ernst Christian Schoeffer.

IRON-CLAD FLEET OF ENGLAND.

Almost a month ago we gave a double-page engraving of the iron-clad fleet of the United States. This week we give a similar illustration on the same scale of the iron-clad fleet of Great Britain. The whole number of vessels, wooden and iron, in the British fleet at the present time is 175, of which 30 are iron-clad. Our illustrations include every one of the latter class.

There can be no doubt that while the whole number of vessels in our navy is less by a few ships than the number of vessels in the British navy, our iron-clad fleet is largely superior to that of England in numbers and far more efficient in character. In this connection we quote from a recent issue of DEWEY'S WEEKLY, the editor of the Boston Commercial Advertiser, speaking of the iron-clad fleet of England and France, by way of comparison.

"With-visioning these, their type of construction, equipment, etc., it felt good that our Navy Department since 1860 have constructed, built, and equipped an iron-clad fleet, both for local defence and sweeping service, more powerful than all the iron-clad navies of the world; and I strongly recommend to the Government, as a profitable and patriotic expenditure, and one which will prove to be the strongest guarantee of peace and just neutrality, a more thorough building and arming of our iron-clad navy; short, then, keeping pace with other nations."

"I can whole-heartedly concur in the recommendation of Bureau chiefs, the first-class, now in process of construction by Mr. William H. Murray, at New York. It is probably the most powerful of the iron-clad fleet of England and France, but I have not seen one of them which, in originality of design, power and equipment of deck, battery, or equipment with her. She combines the impossibility of the turret system with the advantage of the broad-deck and ends. In short, it seems being produced from every point of the compass without changing its position. From the appearance of her model it is evident to me that the most important features of superior speed and, last, withstanding her great iron, were surpassed. It is said she will cost over two millions of dollars. But this is a high when compared with the same vessels of the iron-clad fleet of the world, which are far inferior to her as a vessel of war. Consider her a model for a fleet of such vessels as one of the best produced in France."

Mr. MURRAY especially recommends the suggestions of Secretary WELLES as to the enlargement of our iron-clad, work-shops, dry docks, etc., and a building-plant of proper size for the construction and fitting-out of the largest iron-clad ships, for the machinery and fixtures for lifting and pulling plates, equal in size and thickness to those used by the English navy.

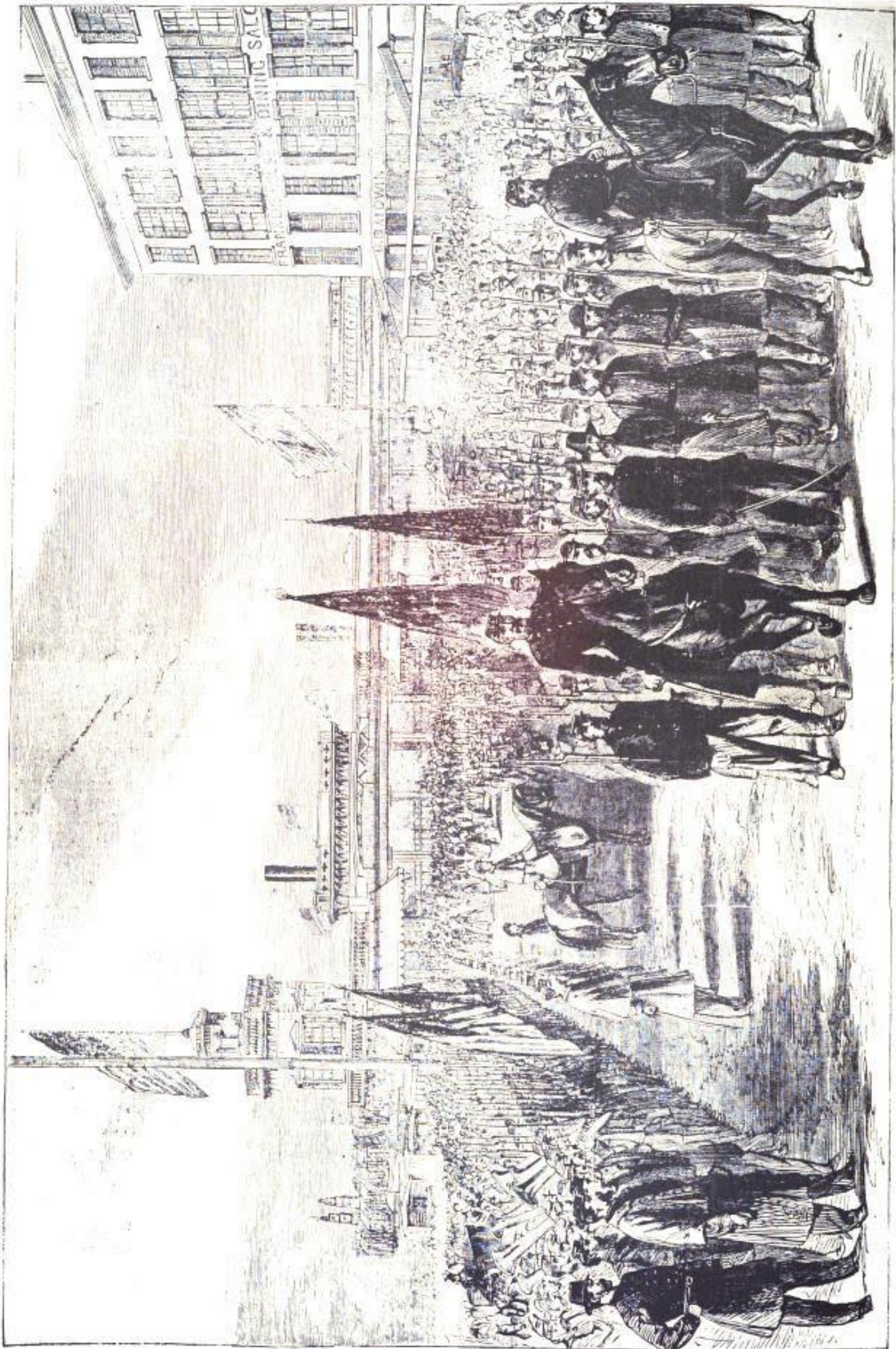
In regard to dry docks Mr. MURRAY says:

"With all that we have done and are doing in the improvement of our navy, I say with our honorable Secretary, we should definitely include in our dry dock. Supposing that we had a few more iron-clad vessels, resulting in the destruction of some of the, we have only dry docks enough to repair a few. It is, and for this reason we would at once become completely work at sea, and this is a matter which should receive our early attention. Both France and England, while adding to the strength and number of their ships, keep pace with the increase of their dry docks and berths. Unless we adopt this system, the additional force we are able to multiply by Congress will be of little use. The French dry docks contain space equal to the fifty of the largest ships of our line, and the last is but approaching this size."

The iron-clads of the British navy more recently constructed are the *Albatross*, *Comet*, *Parade*, *Palmer*, *Zouave*, *Lord Clyde*, *Lord Warden*, *Hell-gramite*, *Uper*, *Uran*, *Parakee*, and *Reverend*. The *Albatross* was purchased by Admiral Bessy D'ALMEIDA, the Commander-in-Chief of the Channel Squadron, after many sea trials, the best recorded in the navy, as regarded sea-going qualities, manoeuvring, ventilation, etc.

"The *Albatross* differs from the *Albatross*," says Mr. MURRAY, "chiefly in the fact that the upper deck was lowered in the former, and the armor continued up to it, instead of the armor of the side being a mere breast-plate. This, we think, makes the former a stronger vessel, notwithstanding its inferiority in armor, but it has made her a comparatively well-ventilated vessel, although many officers of our navy, who have had experience in our Monitor, would perhaps consider her efficient when they learn that her upper deck is four and a half feet above the water at its bow, and that the whole length of the deck is protected by a breast-plate 18 to 24 inches, and that in the widest part of the ship's length she carries a 300-ton battery of iron-clad guns, and a half-deck, at which height it is decked over with her iron covered with bar-iron plating."

The *Lord Clyde* and *Lord Warden* are vessels of light draught. The *Palmer* was constructed as a defense against future Alabama and Florida.



RECEPTION OF THE NINETY-NINTH NEW YORK VETERAN VOLUNTEERS IN BROOKLYN, FEBRUARY 15, 1866.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 142.]

HON. EZRA CORNELL.

Hon. EZRA CORNELL, the founder of the Cornell University, was born in the town of Westchester, New York, January, 1807. His father and more remote ancestors were Quakers, and young Ezra was brought up under the teachings of this peculiar sect. His father, ELIJAH CORNELL, was a potter by trade, but was a man of considerable culture and strongly-marked character. He attained the age of ninety-one, and reared a family of eleven children, of which EZRA was the oldest son. When the latter was about twelve years old the family went to De Ruyter, New Hampshire. At the age of sixteen EZRA and his younger brother wishing to attend school in the winter, obtained permission to do so if, by the next planting-time, they would have cleared off five acres of timber. They went to school, and the five acres were cleared.

In 1828, at the age of nineteen, Mr. CORNELL commenced life for himself. He left home and worked for two years as a carpenter and joiner in Syracuse and Hersey, in this State. In 1828 he removed to Ithaca, which became his permanent residence. Here he commenced work in the machine-shop of a cotton-factory. In 1831 he married. His wife not being a Quaker he was expelled from that sect. In 1840 he purchased the right of a patent plow for Maine and Georgia, and traveled in those States to sell this improved implement of agriculture. It was about this time that Mr. CORNELL entered into the telegraph enterprise. The first method proposed for the construction of telegraph lines was to lay the wire underground. Congress had appropriated \$30,000 to lay such a line between Baltimore and Washington. Mr. CORNELL invented a plow for the special purpose of digging the trench for the wire and laying it at the same time. His project was a success, but he also discovered that the wires were not perfectly insulated. Finally the whole scheme of an underground telegraph was given up, and the plan now at the present time was adopted. Mr. CORNELL, from his contract for the New York and Buffalo line, made \$9000, his first success in business. Since then, from various telegraphic contracts and speculations, he has realized several millions of dollars.

Mr. CORNELL first entered into political life in 1861, when he was elected to the Assembly of this State by the Union party. In 1863 he was elected to the Senate. But it is not Mr. CORNELL's political success or his large fortune with which we have to do in this sketch. It is the manner in which he has used his wealth that entitles him to the gratitude and esteem of his countrymen.

In 1830 he appropriated \$100,000 to establish a free library in Ithaca. His recent splendid donation of \$500,000 to establish a University in Ithaca illustrates his benevolence. He has also given his home farm of 200 acres as grounds upon which to build the University buildings. He has purchased for the institution the Jewett Paleontological Cabinet at Albany. The buildings will be erected at a short distance northwest of Ithaca, on an elevation of 400 feet above Cayuga Lake. The Bible has ap-



HON. EZRA CORNELL.—(Photographed by ALLEN & DEWITT, ALBANY, N. Y.)

propriated for the support of Cornell University the income to be derived from the Land Grant Fund, permanently invested for that purpose. The number of acres appropriated in this State is 380,000. This land scrip is now worth only fifty cents per acre. Mr. CORNELL has begun to buy it and locate the scrip, and hopes by thus increasing its value to secure for the University the princely endowment of \$3,000,000.

CASTING AT THE ETNA WORKS.

On Saturday, the 31 of February, a cylinder for one of the largest marine engines in the world was cast at the Etna Works in this city. This enormous cylinder weighs 35 tons, is 35 feet by 10 feet long, 27 inches in diameter, and 2 1/2 inches thick. It is five inches longer in diameter than any cylinder made for a propulsion steam engine having an equal length of stroke. Cylinders have indeed been made larger than this in diameter, as was the case recently for one of the English iron-clads, but they had only one-third the length, the engine having a stroke of only four feet.

The largest cylinders in the world heretofore were those in the steamer *Metroplitis*, of the Fall River line, which, having a stroke of 17 feet, had a diameter of 100 inches. Cylinders of the same size were afterward used by some of the vessels belonging to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, but they have all been cast into the shade by the enterprise of the Merchants' Steamship Company, who are now constructing two vessels for a new route to Boston via Bristol, R. I., at the yard of WILLIAM B. WYMAN, near the foot of Sixth Street.

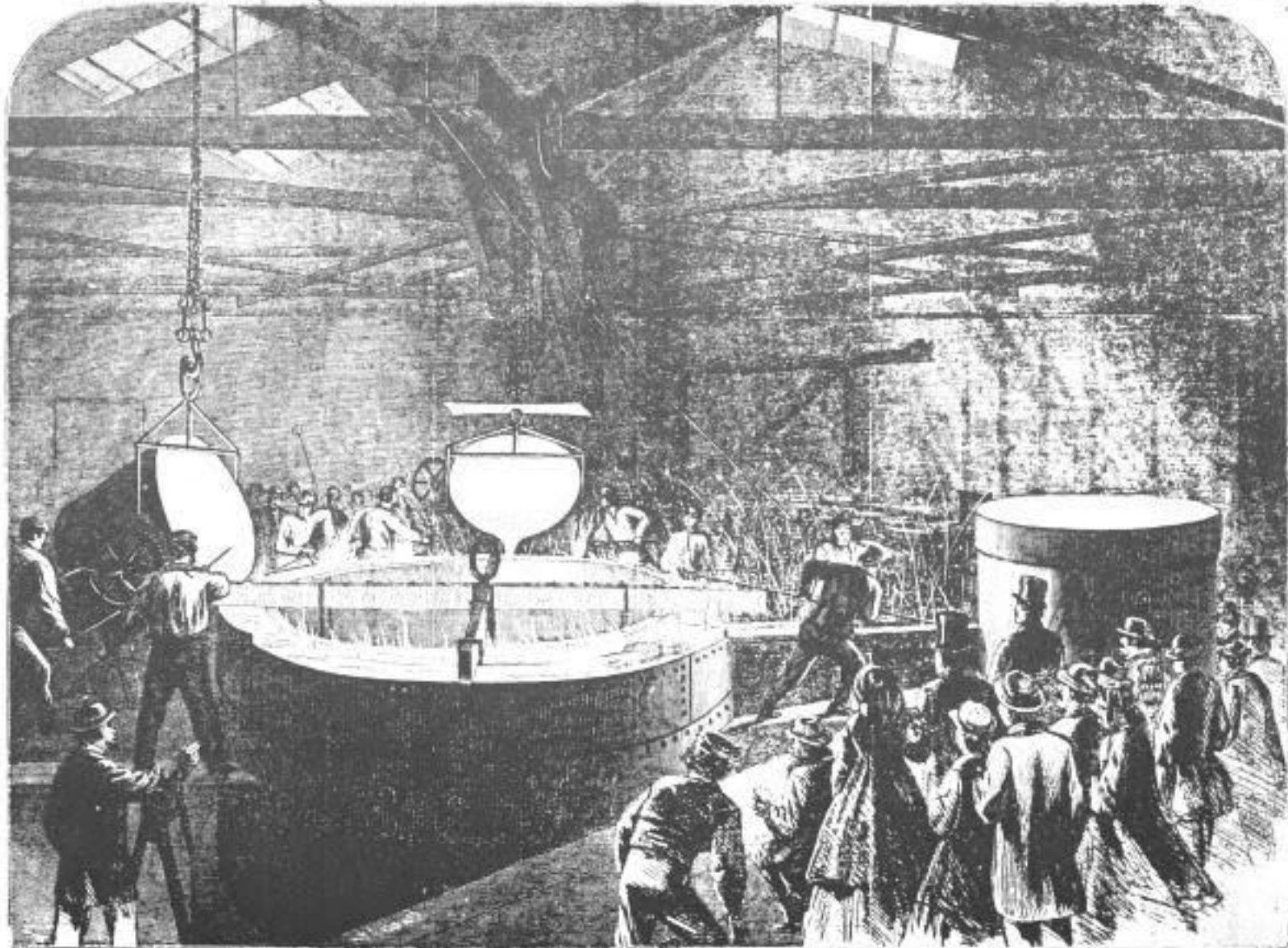
For the purpose of casting this cylinder a pit was dug near the centre of that part of the establishment used as a foundry, into which the mould was placed, leaving about one-third of its length above the ground. The main reservoir for the melted iron, which contained nearly eighteen tons of hot metal, stood near, with a duct leading from it to the mould. At equal distances around the circumference of the mould two immense pots, containing five or six tons each of melted iron, were suspended from huge cranes—which served, by-the-way, was held as a kind of reserve, to be used in the event of an insufficiency in the main reservoir, or in case all the iron should not be filled from that source. The act of casting was an occurrence of but a moment or two in duration. The engine when constructed will weigh 1,200,000 pounds. EZRA W. SUTHER, Esq., is the contracting engineer.

The boats for which these enormous engines are intended will be spacious, and when completed will be equal monuments of the enterprise and skill of our master mechanics.

RECEPTION OF THE NINETIETH REGIMENT.

We give on page 140 an illustration of the reception of the Ninetieth New York Veteran Volunteers in Brooklyn, February 15. The Ninetieth Regiment is the last Brooklyn regiment to return, and the Thirtieth Regiment, National Guard, declined to give them a proper reception, in which they were very efficiently aided by the War Fund Committee of Kings County. The regiment, numbering 180 muskets, was conveyed from Battery Barracks to Brooklyn. The Thirtieth Regiment, under the command of Colonel J. B. WOODRUFF, was drawn up to receive them on the south side of the street. A section of artillery from the Seventieth Regiment was detailed for the purpose of firing the salute, which was the signal of the arrival of the regiment. As soon as the regiment landed they formed in column and exchanged with the Thirtieth the usual courtesies.

Both regiments then marched up Myrtle Avenue to the arsenal in Portland Avenue, where the reception ceremonies took place. Along the line of march every body who had a flag displayed it, while



CASTING OF THE ENORMOUS CYLINDER FOR MARINE ENGINE AT THE ETNA WORKS, NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 3, 1866.—(DRAWN BY A. R. WARD.)

the side-walks were lined with the friends of the regiment, all eager to welcome them and do them honor. At the arrival, both regiments paid Major-General H. B. DIXON the compliment of the marching salute. The large drill-room was set apart for the dinner, which was served on four long tables, and was such as to do great credit to all concerned in getting it up. The Mayor and Common Council of Brooklyn, the Police Justice, the veteran officers of other organizations, the Thirtieth and Ninetieth regiments, all occupied seats at the tables. After the regiments had assembled about the tables, Hon. J. S. T. STRANAHAN welcomed the returned regiment, in behalf of the War Fund Committee and the citizens of Brooklyn, in a very appropriate speech, to which Lieutenant-Colonel STRANAHAN, the regimental commander, responded. S. R. CURRIE, of the War Fund Committee, also made a speech of welcome, but it was so long that it was necessary to postpone to make the speech of the occasion. The General was frequently interrupted by the applause of his hearers, whose sympathies he was very successful in touching. The reception was excellently managed, and was worthy of Brooklyn.

The Ninetieth was recruited in Brooklyn in the fall of 1863, and on the 6th of January, 1864, sailed for Key West, Florida. In January, 1865, the regiment went to Beaufort, South Carolina; and subsequently joined the Department of the Gulf, taking part in the siege of Fort Hudson and the Red River campaign. In July, 1864, the Ninetieth joined the Sixth Corps in the Shenandoah Valley. The men fought at Fisher's Hill, at Cedar Creek, and in many other engagements under Sheridan. The regiment re-embarked in February, 1865. It has had about three thousand men in its ranks, including recruits.

RACE BETWEEN THE "ALGONQUIN" AND "WINOOSKI."

Our readers will remember that last summer there was a trial between the *Winooski*, a Government vessel, and the *Algonquin*, to test their comparative economy in the consumption of coal. They will also remember that in this trial the latter vessel, though she managed for several hours to maintain a nearly equal competition with the *Winooski*, finally broke down, being unable to bear the severe strain upon her machinery. It was then arranged that there should be another trial to test the speed of the two vessels. After numerous disappointments, the long-expected race was entered upon on the 13th of February.

The race was not run the entire distance, which should have been 1000 miles; but was, owing to the furthest stern on the night of the 14th, ended in the most summary manner, after running 250 miles. At 11:30 a.m. the two vessels left Wallcut Bay, and steamed up that river and through Hard Lake. The race commenced at Execution Rocks, opposite Rards Point, at seven minutes past 3 p.m. Before passing the light-house the *Winooski* was more than a ship's length ahead. At 7.40 p.m. the *Winooski* passed the light-house for the first time; and at 8.38 passed the *Algonquin* going toward the island as she herself was coming from it, the *Algonquin* being about fifteen miles behind. About an hour and a half after turning Fisher's Island for the second time the *Winooski* was thirty miles ahead of the *Algonquin*. The most rapid increase of the distance between the vessels by ten miles. On the completion of the third round the *Winooski* was seventy miles ahead. The total number of revolutions made by the wheels of the *Winooski* since starting was forty-one thousand nine hundred and ninety-two, averaging twenty-one and a half turns per minute. The pressure of steam was uniform throughout the three first rounds, and averaged thirty-five pounds on the engine and forty pounds on the boilers. The consumption of coal averaged about three thousand five hundred and fifty-seven pounds per hour. Going about twenty miles farther on a fourth round, the steam and the darkness rendered further progress dangerous, and the *Algonquin* came to anchor in Huntington Bay. The *Winooski* also anchored about a mile from Stamford Point. The race was not continued.

As might be expected, the *Algonquin* claims to have had a misunderstanding about the start, and when the signal was given her fires were low; by wheelmen were inefficient; her engine broke down, etc.

Fisher's Island, shown in our second sketch, lies fifteen miles east of New Haven, and ten three miles from the main land. It is one mile long and three-quarters of a mile wide, with a light-house on its extreme southern end.

MISSISSIPPI MISSION CONFERENCE OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

The progress of the war early revealed the probability of the emancipation of the whole colored population of the South. A very large portion of this population was in religious communion with the Methodist Episcopal Church South. But as the idea and hopes of liberty took possession of their minds, they naturally inclined to renounce the communion of the pastors and people who had not only justified their bondage, but many of whom had actually held them in slavery and profited by their unregarded toil. The progress of our arms brought many of these colored people within our military lines, and their pastors fled from them. Thus the way was opened for the ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church to come to these people and assume the pastoral care of them. In order to do this more effectually, the Rev. J. P. NEWMAN, D.D., of New York, moved by Bishop ADAMS, in 1864, to New Orleans, with instructions to make arrangements for ministering the word and ordinances of the Gospel to both the colored and white congregations, or to mixed congregations. Until the close of the war all received his ministrations gladly. But when peace came, and the ministers of the Church South returned to Louisiana and Mississippi, the white people almost universally with-

drew from the services of the Methodist Episcopal Church and returned to the pastoral care of the Church South.

The colored people still cleaved to the Methodist Episcopal Church. This was more or less the case throughout the South, but was especially so in Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas. In order more effectually to serve these people, the Bishops have divided the whole Southern country into four Mission Districts—two of which comprehend Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas. Rev. Bishop TROST has charge of this District, and made a tour through it in December last. He found a goodly number of intelligent colored Local Preachers, and also excellent white Missionaries who had been transferred to the work. On the 25th of December, 1865, in the city of New Orleans, he organized them into a conference, of which our engraving on page 132 gives a view, with the Bishop in the center. It ought to be carefully noted that white persons are admitted to these mission churches on the same terms as are the colored people; so that there is no distinction of caste.

We look upon this organization of colored men into churches, under the care of colored pastors, as a much more important movement than at first may appear. It will bring the colored men into the sphere of self-government, and powerfully tend to elevate the race. The Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church aids them, to a limited extent, in building plain yet comfortable churches, and gives employment to all colored preachers whose piety and intelligence will justify it.

The Conference contains 17 preachers, 12 colored and 5 white; 29 pastoral charges, most of them being large circuits; 1266 church-members; and \$47,000 worth of church property. It is the beginning of a self-governing movement that will bear precious fruit in years to come.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"What are you thinking about, my dear?" inquired Mr. Jones, glancing at the parrot's face of his better half as she sat typing with her toe upon the dittoed duster.

Mrs. Jones looked up with a preoccupied air, but smiled as she met her husband's gaze, and answered, "Considering what we shall have for breakfast."

"For breakfast? Why—how—how—some coffee, to be sure. Wouldn't you wish breakfast?"

Mrs. J. laughed. "You'll think differently tomorrow morning. You like something good to eat as well as any body. As for me, before I half finish my dinner I begin to wonder what to have for breakfast. I declare it puzzles me more to plan varieties for breakfast than to arrange for dinner twice over."

Mr. Jones was an excellent housewife. She did not, like many fine ladies, leave domestic affairs wholly to her servants, however faithful they might be; but gave orders respecting meals personally, and took special care that the dishes should be well prepared and nicely served. Yet she often worried of the perpetual thinking "what to have"—especially for breakfast. Many ladies find themselves in like dilemma. In summer, when nobody but the cooling iced-tea, fresh bread and berries and cold milk make a nice breakfast. In winter when the frost has never more substantial food to fortify the system against the blasts of weather and business.

It is not that the good housewife don't know, but she can not think what to have for breakfast. Every little while she "gives a shiver" as Mrs. Jones used to say, "chops, stews, boiled eggs, omelet, griddle cakes, and toast—I am tired of all. What else can I have?" There are many simple articles which a little ingenuity can easily vary. The simple hot-water bread, and eaten with sugar, is a delicious dish. It is better still with sugar and cream, if you can procure your milkman to serve you with cream. The baked hamlet, cut up cold, and fried, is excellent, either with steak or cream. What our called trapezoid fingers make a nice breakfast dish. Take fresh-cold soda crackers, let them soak five or ten minutes in cold water, then fry in a little lard on a griddle or in a frying-pan. These are also very suitable as an accompaniment to the meat at dinner. Cold chicken, turkey, veal or lamb, and even beef, left over from the previous day, may be minced up fine, warmed in gravy, and served on toast. But in order to avoid this or any other such makeshift article, extra work be given to the griddle and steamer; than scraps will ordinarily give without special instructions.

Breakfast may be wonderfully varied in the article of bread alone. Of course, good homemade bread is generally preferred for ordinary use. But for a change one may put on the table a different kind every day for a fortnight, and not exhaust the resources, if a good bakery is in the vicinity. Boston brown bread is excellent. Not cold—as we have frequently seen it served—but thoroughly heated through. This, with some nicely brewed coffee, makes a very palatable breakfast. But your coffee-balls must be carefully prepared and scented, and stirred up well before frying, or nothing is more tasteless. The Boston brown bread is excellent with cream. It is somewhat difficult to procure this kind of bread, yet away of the larger bakeries supply it. It can be made easily at home, if you want, one of the principal ingredients, can be obtained. But that is difficult. Eye does not get the article needed. Common Graham bread is much more healthful than a constant diet of baked wheat bread. "Bobby Jones" split open, loamed, and buttered, are excellent; so also both wheat and corn waffles. "Johnny Lind Cake"—so called—is very appetizing. This is the recipe:

One quart of flour, four table-spoonsful of sugar, two eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Mix with milk enough to make a rather stiff batter; put it in cake-pans, and bake twenty minutes in quick oven.

If you choose, bake in small muffin-cups, and call them "Goldsmiths' Ovens." This will give a variety, and they are really never made in that way.

Perhaps Mrs. Jones has decided on her breakfast by this time; but we must recommend one other article, a favorite for breakfast in some parts of New England. Though called these "pancakes," they are very unlike the "pancakes" of New York. They may be made plain or rich, at pleasure, but the following recipe is a good one:

Half a pint of milk. Three eggs. Table-spoonsful of melted butter or lard. One cup of sugar. A little nutmeg. Half a tea-spoonsful of salt. One half tea-spoonsful of soda. One tea-spoonsful of cream of tartar. Of course the cream of tartar should be added in the flour. Make the batter rather stiff. Have ready a little of boiling lard and drop the batter from a table-spoon into it. In order that these don't be successfully made, the batter must be just stiff enough and the lard just hot enough—otherwise they will "soak," as it is termed. A little ex-

perimenting will enable one to decide these points. Too many must not be put into the kettle as they rise a great deal. In order that the batter may slip easily, dip the spoon into the hot lard occasionally. When the pancakes look done try them with a knitting-needle; if it comes out smooth they can be taken up. If rightly prepared these are served or neatly so contradicting the phrase, "fat as a pancake," of a beautiful crisp brown outside, and light and also within. With warm bread and coffee—and a bit of cheese is a good addition—they make an excellent breakfast. These may also be used, with lemon and sugar as a condiment, for a dinner dessert.

It is stated that 68,500 valentines were delivered by the New York letter-carriers on the 14th and 15th of February.

A lady coming on from Montreal to Portland had bought a box of silk at the former place, and after entering the cars, a custom-house officer asked her if she had any thing that required examination. Very innocently she produced her valise, the maid strolling in her lap all the while, done up in a coarse brown paper, and asked the officer to hold that parcel while she exhibited the contents of the valise. The innocent victim, not suspecting that custom-house parcel of being an offender, allowed her to go on her way rejoicing.

At a lecture recently delivered at Cooper Institute on "The Philosophy of Smoking," in enumerating the advantages of using tobacco, the lecturer recited an instance in the case of a crew wrecked among the Feejee Islands. All were eaten by the Islanders except one man, and him they declined to touch in consequence of his fresh smelling so strongly of tobacco. Hence the lecturer argued that all travelers should at once commence the use of tobacco, as they never could tell among what company they might fall.

In the Court of Special Sessions, a few days ago, a Cuban, who claimed to be unable to speak English, was tried for stealing, there being also evidence that he was not unacquainted with the ways of burglars. As he signified that he did not understand the evidence against him, a woman who stated that she knew the prisoner, having done washing for him, proffered her services as interpreter. On being questioned, after having given her name and residence, she stated that she was born on the rock of Gibraltar, was a widow, and supported herself and children by taking in washing. She spoke English with great correctness, and said that she could speak fluently and translate correctly French, Spanish, Italian, and Arabic. She had formerly been a governess, but, being without friends in this city, was reduced to the greatest distress. Her child, whom she had not found time to teach the alphabet, could speak three languages. She had taught him while busy at the wash tub. She was undeniably perfect in both the English and Spanish languages. The answers and explanations of the prisoner were given with a quickness and clearness seldom found in interpreters.

The following statement, if true, certainly indicates a wonderful change in the times. We cut it from a Boston paper:

"A Southerner has been boarding in his own house in Beaufort, South Carolina, and paying the negro occupant \$1 per day."

In the enlightened State of Delaware there is a law authorizing the sale of negroes convicted of crime into slavery. Four victims recently sold under this statute in Wilmington, brought only from twelve to twenty-five cents each. In view of this deplorable condition we should think the lawless would hardly pay, and that the law might be repealed.

A peculiar pair of 14 and 35 years respectively, residing in Baltimore, took it into their heads to get married, which they did secretly, and started for the congenial society of Washington. The parents followed, and found the youth selling papers and the girl sewing for a darning store, both happy as cooking doves.

The manufacturers are now busy with spring goods. We may state, for the benefit of such of our readers as like to be beforehand in their information on fashions, that stripes prevail on all the silk materials which have as yet been prepared. Not that the spring dresses will be made up from one piece of goods, the design on which represents stripes of equal width, but with three or four different pieces, the ground-work of which is similar, but the stripes are of different widths. The skirts will be composed of three different pieces, but the bodies will be made of self color, matching the ground-work of the skirt, and they will be trimmed with the stripes. Buff or pinkish color, as last spring, will be fashionable for morning wear, and the spring will not be soiled from either broad or narrow, but clusters of fine lines, which are softer in effect than when the lines are solid.

For morning promenade dresses the patent velvet or velveteen has superseded tulle, net, poplin, cashmere, and serge, in popular favor. The velveteen dresses, with pale pink to match, are decidedly the favorite toilets for morning outdoor wear—not that they are by any means common, but, on the contrary, are extremely fashionable, and have, so to speak, been well patronized. The cotton-backed fabric is of English manufacture, and although it pretends to be what it is not, it has many qualities to recommend it. For the effect it produces it is not costly; then it wears well—that is, it does not become either white or shaly quickly; and lastly, in some colors it is very brilliant and rich-looking; such hues as Italian white, dark blue, ochre, or either a shade of golden brown, and maroon; the black inclines to brown, and may be said from the first to look shabby. Then those velveteens require but little or no trimming, which can not be said of either tulle or serge.

Shoes for evening wear are made either of white gros grain or satin, or of silk to match the dress, elaborately embellished with beads. For evening home wear male slippers are generally made either of velvet or of unglazed kid, also embroidered with crystal beads. White shoes are trimmed round with ribbon ruffles of a gay color, generally selected to match the flowers in the head-dress—such male slippers are reached with garters over either corse or blue satin ribbon. For outdoor wear, in dry, fine weather, brown kid boots, with black patent leather tips, are general; they are fastened with black buttons, and ornamented at the top with black tassels. For children this style of boot is particularly fashionable; it is more youthful in character than black kid.

A deliberate act of crime was recently perpetrated near a village on the Jobalpeire line, about twenty-five miles from Alshland, on the border of the Welsh territories. The subject of the sacrifice was the wife of a barber, who, on his death, declared her intention of not surviving; and on her steadily refusing to the expectations of her neighbors, they at last yielded to her impatience, and assisted at the brutal ceremony. The woman did not appear to be under the influence of Aberg, but simply acted on the promptings of what—for want of a better term—we must call religious fervor. She sat upon a pile of wood with her dead husband across her knees, while fagots were piled up to her shoulders, and her hair saturated with grease, continuing to converse with the by-standers while her arms were burning, and only ceasing to do so when flame and smoke choked her utterance.

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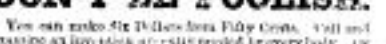
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. X.—No. 480.]

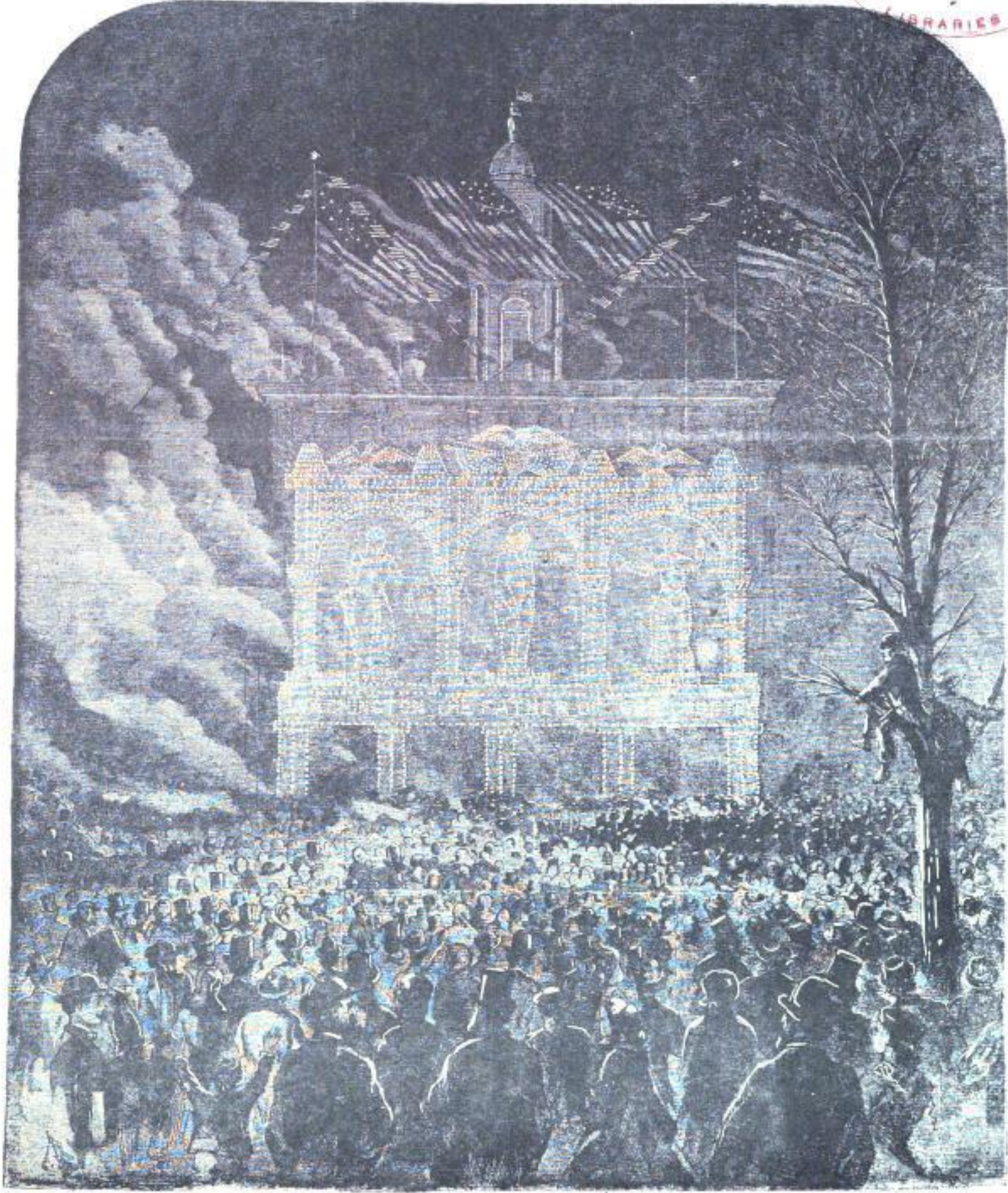
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DISPLAY OF FIRE-WORKS IN CITY HALL PARK ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1866.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOL.—[SEE PAGE 156.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1866.

THE PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS.

IT is a matter of the gravest regret that the President and Congress should differ so decidedly at this most important moment. It was clear, however, from the day that reorganization became a practical question that great forbearance would be necessary in each branch of the Government, and it is painfully evident that neither has exercised it. But we are inclined to believe that the events of the past fortnight have taught both the President and Congress, as they have taught the country, that a different spirit must prevail upon both sides at Washington, or very serious consequences will follow. Thus, upon the cardinal point of the admission of members from the late rebel States, the President is powerless if Congress persists; and, on the other hand, measures which Congress deems absolutely essential may be nullified by the President's veto.

When the last rebel surrendered, and the States whose secession had been prevented by the national arms were left without other government than the military authority of the United States, it was necessary that steps toward the civil reorganization of those States should be taken by the Commander-in-Chief. The President, therefore, acting under no special verbal warrant of the Constitution, but by its undoubtedly implied authority and from the necessity of the case, appointed Provisional Governors and authorized them to call primary elections of delegates to Conventions, indicating at the same time who should vote. In this last point of his instructions the President was governed by the view which had been kept steadily prominent through the war, that no State could lawfully secede from the Union; and as it was conceded that, under the Constitution, the suffrage should be conferred by the State alone, he refrained from disturbing that understanding, naturally anxious to follow as far as practicable the normal traditions of the Government. He excepted, however, certain classes of those who by the old State laws were entitled to vote, while he refrained from creating new voters.

Undoubtedly this whole proceeding was exceptional. He acted as an absolute military commander, and might, at his discretion, have imposed other conditions and adopted a different system. If he forbade voting to any whom the local law had formerly empowered to vote, the local law was really repudiated. His will was the only law in the case, and he had the same right to authorize WARD HAMPTON'S late slave to vote as he had to prohibit WARD HAMPTON from voting. WARD HAMPTON was no more a traitor, according to the Constitution, although he was a more conspicuous one, than any of his soldiers; and if the Commander-in-Chief could authorize a traitor taken in arms to vote because he had been formerly a voter, he could certainly permit a loyal soldier of the Government to vote who had not hitherto enjoyed that right. But in this matter the President was guided by the plain consideration that it was desirable to make no fundamental changes which he could avoid; and although the true grounds and limits of his authority in the case do not seem to us to have been very clear to the President himself, he proceeded upon his conviction of the indestructibility of a State in the Union, and his action was perfectly intelligible.

The Conventions having met, he stated certain conditions which he, at least, deemed essential precedents to a resumption of the relations of the States to the Union. These were substantially the revocation of the acts of Secession; the repudiation of the rebel debt; the formal adoption of the Emancipation Amendment; the guarantee of all civil rights to the freedmen; and the election of truly loyal representatives to Congress. All of these but the two last were generally accepted by the States in question. But none, we believe, have fully guaranteed an equality of civil right before the law, although in one of the Southwestern States it has been held by a Court that the overthrow of Slavery carries with it all legal distinctions based upon color. One or two loyal representatives were also elected from the late rebel States.

This was the condition of the case when Congress assembled. The point to decide was exactly that stated by the President in his late unfortunate speech: "When those who rebelled comply with the Constitution, when they give sufficient evidence of loyalty, when they show that they can be trusted, when they yield obedience to the law that you and I acknowledge, I say extend to them the right hand of fellowship, and let peace and union be restored." Congress met and found representatives of the rebel States awaiting admission. Congress said at once, "Let us see and see if they can be trusted, and whether they give sufficient evidence of loyalty." "Congress was not bound to take the President's opinion as a precedent. It

would doubtless give it great weight; but the power already exercised by the President in the reorganization was so enormous that it was desirable another authority should intervene. The President had certainly no reason to be angry with Congress for exercising the very discretion which he claimed for himself; and it seems to us if the President had been more patient, if he had reflected that it was not for him alone to decide without appeal the conditions of reorganization of the Union, the collision might have been avoided.

It was the evident determination of the President that his view should prevail which excited the jealousy of Congress. How could he expect that General GAUNT's report of a few days' excursion to Charleston would be accepted as a conclusive statement of the actual condition of public sentiment as against the evidence of prolonged and faithful observation presented by CARL SCHURZ? Mutual defiance was exchanged almost at the very opening of the session. The House instantly allowed its most unfit member for the office to be its leader, while the unfortunate expression of Senator SUMNER indicated a hostility and impatience which could only lead to mischief. With an equally unfortunate want of reticence the President talked freely and warmly of the action of the House; and the House had not dignity enough to rebuke THOMAS SWAYNE when, in return, he grossly insulted the President by comparing him, for expressing an opinion, to CHARLES I. subverting the fundamental law. The heat grew. The President, in his Veto Message, most unwisely engaged in an untimely exposition of his views of general policy. The Senate failed to sustain its own bill by the necessary two-thirds. The House, stung with disappointment at the defeat of its favorite measure, and incensed by the untimely remarks of the President, needlessly declared that, whatever his opinion might be, no rebel State should resume its relations in the Union except by permission of Congress. Again THOMAS SWAYNE talked wildly about usurpation at the very moment the President was refusing enormous power, and as if the President's opinion could admit a representative to Congress, and then followed the melancholy scene in the White House grounds.

If this hostility continues, practical reorganization of the Union will be delayed for two years certainly. A political revolution will inevitably arise which will return the late rebel States to Congress without the oath of loyalty, and transfer the Government to the present Opposition. Now Congress, it seems to us, for reasons which must be apparent to every thoughtful man, must take the initiative in returning to co-operation with the President. It must consider what is called his policy totally irrespective of his personality. "The central idea of that policy is, that a change of feeling can not be wrought by law. We must remember that we are to live with the people of the late rebel States as fellow-citizens, not as subjects; and wise men will see many reasons why it is better to leave many things that we might now wish to effect directly to the surer accomplishment of indirect methods." Congress is undoubtedly the judge when the unrepresented States may safely resume their relations in the Union. But the decision should be based upon common-sense and a generous faith in the logic of events, in the progress of human development, and in the wisdom of the American system.

THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.

IN our remarks last week upon the Veto Message we assumed from the President's remarks that he proposed to leave the freedmen to the care of the States in which they live. We did so because he spoke of some of those States as in his opinion entitled to resume their normal relations with the Union, and consequently to the right of caring for all their people. He spoke of the present Freedmen's Bureau as still existing; but as that is to expire a year after the end of the war, and as he told us war was now ended, it was fair to assume that the present arrangement would end by the first of May. Moreover, he did not say that he approved such a Bureau, and by insisting that the freedmen were not so forlorn as has been represented, and might emigrate if they were dissatisfied or appeal to the courts, he very plainly intimated, as we inferred, that their rights were not to be defended by the United States. We therefore said nothing of his objections to the particular bill presented to him, but simply expressed our profound sorrow that, in his judgment, the emancipated slaves ought to be abandoned homeless, homeless, landless, and at an inconceivable disadvantage to those who are peculiarly hostile to them.

That our view was not singular was proved by the universal excitement that followed the Message. The party of hostility to human rights, the "Democracy," whose sole article of faith is contempt of negroes, fired their leaden guns at the pleasing prospect that the loyal people of South Carolina who had fought for the Union were now to be turned over to the retreating heads of those who had fought against it. The extreme opponents of this

party, true friends of the people and of equal rights, also generally hung their heads in speechless sorrow and amazement. But the Evening Post, which is edited by men as faithful to justice and equal rights as men can be; HENRY WARD BEECHER, whose tongue flames and sparkles against the enemies of man; and many a private citizen not less constant in the good faith, openly asserted that they did not understand the President to be opposed to any bill, but only to the present one, and for reasons which were in some points very weighty. But such was the doubt of the President's position arising from the want of precision of statement, and from the mixed discussions of his Message, that it was immediately announced that the Secretary of State would come to New York and speak upon the subject. Under such circumstances a speech could only be an explanation, and we waited patiently the Secretary's coming.

Mr. SEWARD's reception was deserved. It was a triumph of enthusiasm. Every man in the audience remembered his services and his sufferings, and forgot every thing else. The important part of his speech was this plain declaration:

"Both the President and Congress agree that during the brief transition which the country is making from civil war to internal peace the freedmen and refugees ought not to be abandoned by the nation to persecution or suffering. It was for this transition period that the Bureau of Freedmen was created by Congress, and was kept and is still kept in effective operation. Both the President and Congress, on the other hand, agree that when that transition period shall have been fully passed, and the harmonious relations between the States and the Union fully restored, that Bureau would be not only unnecessary, but unconstitutional, demoralizing, and dangerous, and therefore that it should cease to exist."

He added that the President thought the transition period was nearly passed, and that the original provision is sufficient for the end desired. That provision is for a year after the end of the war; but the war does not end, he said, until a proclamation is issued by the Government; and if, as the year closes, it is found necessary to continue the provision, it is for Congress to continue it. Mr. SEWARD confirmed our view that in the President's judgment the war of the rebellion is "not yet fully closed."

General HOWARD was equally uncertain of the President's meaning, and asked an explanation. The General subsequently issued a letter to the agents of the present Bureau informing them that the President regards the law as continuing "at least a year from this time;" and Senator WILSON, who has wisely maintained pleasant relations with the President, has introduced a bill extending the operations of the present bill for two years.

We are sincerely glad that this is the truth. The national disgrace of an abandonment of the freedmen in their present condition to those who lately held them as slaves would be overwhelming. They are our wards, and we have no moral right to relinquish their hands until we leave them as fully secure in every civil right as every other citizen. Upon this point there is no difference of opinion among Union men. It is the "Democracy" only which would abandon them. The President, in his conversation with Governor COX, of Ohio, speaks of his resolution to see justice done with a distinctness which we should have been glad to find in his Message. The case is unprecedented, and we must treat it accordingly.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Bull speculators in gold are having a hard time. For three years they have fought the Government with vigor and success. But their glory is departing. They thought 140 quite a moderate price for gold, in view of the \$750,000,000 of currency afloat; and when the Government began to sell its surplus gold, some three weeks since, they merely laughed at the Government broker, and took, day after day, all he had to sell. It was not till he returned to the charge day after day, and week after week, each time seemingly with an increased supply of gold for sale, that they lost heart, and, after a few ineffectual struggles, fled in dismay from the field. The premium dropped to 1304, and would have gone still lower, but that at that point the Government broker, not caring to press the market, withdrew for a time.

In days gone by the supply of gold in the Treasury was so small that the price of its actual wants that every one could calculate to a nicety how much the Government could afford to sell. This ascertained, the Bull speculators would make up a "pool," take all the Government gold at a price, and then, when the Government dared sell no more, would run up the premium with perfect impunity, and compel the merchants who required gold for duties to buy it of them at the advance. Now the reserve of gold in the Sub-Treasury is so far in excess of the wants of Government, and the revenue from customs so far beyond general expectation, that there is practically hardly any limit to the quantity of gold which Government can afford to sell. During the month of February it is safe to say that the Government broker must have sold from \$28,000,000 to

\$20,000,000 of gold, and if the speculators had had the courage to keep up the premium above 140 he might have sold much more. By the last official report of the Treasury Department Government held over \$50,000,000 on 1st February, and since then the customs have yielded about \$15,000,000 more. Fighting a "pile" of this magnitude is a very different matter from fighting poor Mr. CHASE, with his beggarly reserve of five or six millions.

The decline and the increased supply of gold are very distasteful to most of our foreign merchants. When the banks suspended specie payments most of these gentlemen put their capital into gold, and have held it in gold ever since, borrowing currency on the pledge of the gold for the transaction of their business. In ordinary times these gentlemen have done very well. In the first place, their business has been safe from the perturbations and uncertainties which have embarrassed all trades prosecuted on a currency basis. And, next, gold having generally been scarce for delivery owing to the small volume of floating gold, and the large short sales by speculators and merchants, these foreigners have, during a large part of the time they have held their gold, been able to make something by lending it out. It has been quite common for them to get all the currency they wanted on the pledge of their gold free of interest; and it has not been uncommon for speculators to pay them $\frac{1}{2}$ and even $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. a day for the use of their gold. During the first days of February, before Government began to sell, the stock of floating gold had fallen so low that speculators were obliged to pay $\frac{1}{2}$ and even $\frac{3}{4}$ of 1 per cent. a day for the use of gold for delivery. There were halcyon days for the foreign houses which held their capital in specie. Since Government has supplied the market times have changed. Gold is now quite abundant, and holders who want to use their money in business are compelled to pay full 7 per cent. interest for the use of currency.

It need hardly be observed that these merchants had a perfect right to invest their capital in gold. In one point of view the operation was eminently business-like and judicious. But as it somehow generally happened that men who had thus invested their capital in gold became imbued with a deep distrust of the national currency, and as they generally lost no occasion of expressing that distrust, spreading it through society, and impressing it upon all with whom they came into contact, they came, rightly or wrongly, to be regarded as unfriendly to the national cause, and to be classed among the sympathizers with the rebellion. That injustice was herein done to many holders of gold is quite likely. But, in the main, the chances are that the popular theory was just, and that merchants who held their capital in gold were not, as a rule, friends of the national currency or of the country in which it was issued. For this reason there is the less regret felt that this class of persons should now be suffering loss in consequence of the Government sales of gold.

Of the future of the gold market nothing can be said except that gold ought to steadily decline, and probably will. There is no reason why it should be maintained at its present premium. The currency has reached and passed the maximum point of expansion. More compound legal-tenders are now passing out of circulation than Government is issuing of national bank notes. In the course of a few weeks, of the entire issue of \$185,000,000 of interest-bearing legal tenders, there will not be \$15,000,000 in circulation. At the same time a lively demand for currency at the South is drawing to that section a considerable proportion of the existing national bank notes and plain legal tenders. The currency is still far larger than is required for the business of the country. But it is not as large, in fact, as it was three or six months ago, when the bulk of the interest-bearing legal tenders circulated as money, and few or none of the national bank notes went South.

Serious differences of opinion have been developed in Congress with regard to the Financial Measure, sometimes called the Morrill Bill. It is of very little importance whether Congress passes the bill or not. Under the acts now in force Mr. McCULLOUGH can contract the currency just as fast and as thoroughly as he requires. The new measure would certainly enlarge his powers. But it is open to objections to which existing statutes are not obnoxious; and if the work to be done can be accomplished without creating Mr. McCULLOUGH Director of the money market scandal will be avoided, and the reputation of the Secretary will be spared speculations otherwise inevitable. It seems probable that Congress will pass a law excluding interest-bearing legal tender notes from the reserve which the law compels national banks to keep on hand for the redemption of their notes. Such a measure would restore compound legal tenders to the category of investments, to which they fairly belong—would at a blow curtail the currency by \$85,000,000, and would compel some of our national banks, which have been doing business on a grand scale, and declaring enormous dividends, to convert a large proportion of their assets into legal tenders.

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The great balance in the Treasury—\$110,000,000 at this point, and probably not less than \$150,000,000 at all the various Sub-Treasuries and depositories—continues to attract attention. Merchants can not understand why Mr. McCulloch should be willing to pay 5 @ 6 per cent. interest for money which he doesn't want, can't use, and keeps idle. Possibly a solution to the problem may be made public within a few days.

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.

THAT the President of the United States should have been incited by a shouting crowd of his fellow-citizens to denounce by name a Senator, a Representative, and a private citizen, and to speak of another citizen in the slang of the stump, is something so unprecedented and astounding that, while every generous man will allow for the excitement of passion, there is no self-respecting American citizen who will not feel humiliated that the chief citizen of the Republic, in such a place, on such a day, should have been utterly mastered by it.

Yet the servility which actually defends and approves such an outburst of passion is even more deplorable. The President, excited and exasperated, may be charitably supposed unconscious of the real scope of his words when he accused Mr. SUMNER and Mr. STREISSNER of inciting to his assassination. It is conceivable that he was too angry to weigh his words when, after calling for justice upon traitors—meaning the gallows—he denounced those gentlemen as traitors. But for an editor to sit deliberately down and elaborately justify so tragical an outrage of the plainest official propriety upon the ground that the speaker said that he should "stand by the Constitution," is an offense so contemptible as to be ludicrous. The President has taken a solemn oath to "stand by the Constitution," and nobody supposes that he intends to perjure himself. But the Senator and Representative have taken quite as solemn an oath, and their purpose is no less undoubted. Is it treason and deserving of death to differ from the President's view of constitutional duty? How if, because of a difference of opinion as to constitutional obligation, the Senator and Representative had denounced the President by name as a traitor like JEFFERSON DAVIS? Would they be excused on the ground that they declared they would "stand by the Constitution?"

This is not a question of President against Congress, or the reverse. It has nothing to do with the merits of different views of reorganization. It is an offense unprecedented in our history, which we fervently trust may never be repeated.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN BOOKS.

Messrs. STRAHAN of London, whose exports of books to this country were arrested at the New York Custom-house for apparent undervaluation of invoices, are naturally angry at the interference with their very pleasant and very profitable business, and, being angry, are naturally indignant. The practical discrimination in favor of the foreign producer which at present exists, under the heavy accumulation of excise dues and the light of untaxed duties, encourages them in the belief that the American market is at the mercy of the London publisher. Serenely confident in this advantage given them by the much lower wages of their workmen, they haughtily predict, in a letter published in the London *Bookeller*, of January 31, "Americans may ignore all the teachings of economic science, and may refuse to believe that Commerce and Industry ever lived; but this must happen nevertheless, that the useless employment of men in the manufacture of books that are already manufactured will cease, and that there will no more be an English and American edition of the same book than there are just now an English and Irish, a French and Belgian, or a Prussian and Austrian."

But besides being very petulant Messrs. STRAHAN & Co. are, as we said above, very indignant. The lesson they have received has led them to examine the United States Custom Laws, and they boast that if one of their games can be stopped they can still play another unchecked. They have found that, under the law, if they export as manufacturers to their New York agent they are bound to invoice their books at the "actual market value thereof at the time and place when and where the same were manufactured," but that if their books undergo an intermediate sale they can be invoiced by the buyer "at the actual cost thereof." This opens a new door to them, and they thus cheerfully point out to their broker publishers the mode by which they propose to make America the literary Ireland of England: "Can we not make the question one of 'actual cost' instead of 'market value'?" The New York house of STRAHAN & Co. (which, by-the-way, has interests separate from ours) can cease dealing with us and order their goods from an expert house in London, to whom we can sell for one-eighth per cent. profit, and who on their part can sell for the same. This is quite according to the statute, and if the New York publishers will in-

sist on our playing at business we may have no objection to do so."

We admit that all this is perfectly feasible, and further, that men who boast that they will commit two fictitious sales to bolster up an invoice of this kind are just as likely to make these sales, nominally, at twenty per cent. loss each as at one-eighth of one per cent. profit, and thus deplete the revenue still more. Messrs. STRAHAN & Co. have our thanks for the openness with which they avow their design of reducing us to literary bondage and the means by which they hope to effect it. We trust the confession will not be without weight with our legislators when they come to revise the tariff.

A PUNGENT QUESTION.

Hon. JOSHUA HILL was a representative in Congress from Georgia when the State seceded. He held fast to the Union, and while withdrawing to his home did not disguise his loyalty during the war. He was a candidate at the late election of a United States Senator by the Georgia Legislature, but the fact of his loyalty was successfully urged against him. In a speech to the Legislature which is remarkable for dignity, force, and fidelity to the country, he told his fellow-citizens many valuable but not agreeable truths, and said to them with a stinging emphasis what is well adapted for other meridians than Georgia:

"You all profess to love the President and to sustain his policy. If I may be allowed to compare large things with small, let me inquire how it is that you can forgive Andrew Johnson for making war upon the Confederacy, and exhorting himself to crush it, and yet reprove me for my peaceful opposition to your revolution? His children fought you while mine fought for you. Are you quite certain that your love for the President is heartfelt and sincere?"

DR. DRAPER'S "CIVIL POLICY OF AMERICA."

THE interest with which books in relation to America are now read all over Europe is strikingly shown by the publication of Dr. DRAPER'S work on "The Future Civil Policy of America" at Leipzig, by Otto WUNDERLICH & Co. This German translation is published in a style calculated for extensive circulation, and is made by Mr. BASTERT, Librarian in Wittenberstel.

Dr. DRAPER'S previous work on "The Intellectual Development of Europe" has had extraordinary success. It has been reprinted in England, and translated into Dutch, Italian, German, the latter edition being published in two volumes by the above-named Leipzig house. The German critics speak of it with unqualified praise. One of the ablest of them in his review describes it as "one of the most masterly and profound presentations of the course of European mental progress that has yet appeared."

Dr. DRAPER'S forthcoming "History of the American Civil War" will be reproduced in England, France, and Germany, simultaneously with its appearance in America. It is expected to be ready the ensuing summer, and doubtless will do much to disseminate in Europe just views of the principles of that great conflict.

LEFT-HANDED WRITING.

The specimens of writing by soldiers and sailors who have lost their right arms during the war are well worthy inspection at the hall corner of Twenty-third Street and Broadway. They are generally "back-handed," but legible and comely, and it is plain that a left-handed clerk or book-keeper can write as fairly as any other. The specimens are another illustration of the character and talent of Yankee volunteers.

IN PEACE.

Oh leave me to my reveries,
My own pure sky, my valleys fair,
My streamlets running where they please,
My flowery hills, my forest trees,
My blue-waved river flowing there.

And let my life that stream beside,
Like it pursue its onward way,
Far from the loud world's pomp and pride,
Not deep, but ever clear its tide,
And careless of the future day.

Thus let it glide on, sweet and slow,
Bordered with flowers, the hills between,
Playing with moss abroad in its flow,
And grasses waving to and fro,
With willow branches dropping in.

My hours rocked by each wind that blows,
Linked hand in hand steal soft away,
In their light track my thoughts unclose,
As fast and fresh as grass that grows
Beside the trodden public way.

They say that life is hard to bear;
My God! it is not so to me,
Two angels—poetry and prayer—
Like sister's love, like mother's care,
Cradle and keep it pure for thee.

Childlike, it still pursues a dream,
A hope, a wish, a memory,
Like butterfly beside a stream;
And in each morning's sunny gleam,
It sees its whole fatality.

Drop upon drop, but heavy-sweet,
Thus to us share the days are given;
There is not one it fears to meet,
Oh God! thus doubtless at Thy feet,
The angels live in heaven.

And when this happy life is run,
Death must draw very gently nigh,
Like flowers half-faded by the sun,
When the long summer day is done,
We only beg our heads and die!

And if not Faith and Hope be there,
Why what is Death? To close our eyes,
To concentrate ourselves in prayer,
To yield our souls to angels' care,
And sleep, to 'waken in the skies.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 20: In the Senate, Mr. Wade introduced a joint resolution in amendment of the Constitution so that no President shall be eligible for a second term, and made a speech in denouncing that the President was too ambitious of power. The question then came up whether, notwithstanding the President's objections, the President's Bureau bill should be passed, and was decided against the passage. There was a two-thirds majority. The vote stood yeas 36 to nays 13. Among those voting in the negative were Senators Sargent, Dixon, and Doolittle. Vice-President Foster voted in the affirmative; also Mr. Fessenden and Mr. Wilson.

In the House, the entire session was taken up in noisy discussion on a motion of Mr. Stevens, that "in order to close agitation upon a question which seems likely to disturb the action of the Government, as well as to quiet the uncertainty which is agitating the minds of the people of the several States which have been declared in insurrection, no Senator or Representative shall be admitted into either branch of Congress from any of the said States, until Congress shall have declared such States entitled to such representation." Mr. Stevens moved the previous question. For several hours a persistent attempt was maintained to prevent a vote, but Mr. Stevens triumphed at last, and the resolution was adopted, yeas to 60.

February 21: In the Senate, Mr. Fessenden attempted in vain to introduce the secessionist resolution which Mr. Stevens had moved through the House the day before. The Constitutional Amendment was then debated.

In the House, the great topic of discussion was the Loan Bill, authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury, when he deems it expedient, to convert obligations not bearing interest, and also to dispose of any of the Government bonds, either in this country or Europe, for the purpose only of retiring other obligations, but not for any increase of the public debt. Mr. Morrill favored the bill. Mr. Stevens proposed to amend the bill by striking out the discretionary power of the Secretary and the foreign loan clause. He contended that the bill placed six hundred and forty-four millions at the absolute control of the Secretary. Mr. Hooper spoke in favor of the bill at great length. He reviewed the financial history of the country for the past five years. He said: "According to the estimates of the Treasury Department, and the actual results of the first half of the present fiscal year, the revenue of the Government from the existing system of taxation, and from other sources, will not be less than \$200,000,000; while the annual expenditures for the fiscal year ending on the 30th June the next, including the interest on the public debt, is \$254,317,181 58. It is apparent, therefore, that the present rate of taxation will, under any circumstances, yield an amount of revenue much in excess of what is necessary to secure the amount required for the ordinary expenses of the Government, the interest on the public debt, and a reasonable appropriation for its extinguishment within the lifetime of many of those who now bear the burdens of this taxation."—Mr. Hooper thus summed up the terms of our debt: "It may be well to recapitulate the statement of the different forms of obligations which now represent the debt of the country; and also to state the amount of debt existing in each of these forms on the 31st of January, 1866:

Bonds, the principal and interest payable in gold.....	\$1,120,786,700 00
Legal tenders of Government notes, including the fractional currency, but excluding the gold coin.....	482,381,810 37
Seven or a three-tenths Treasury note payable in three years, and convertible at maturity into six per cent. bonds.....	880,000,000 00
Legal tender compound interest Treasury notes, bearing interest payable with the principal three years from date.....	193,540,941 00
Certificates of indebtedness, payable one year from date, with interest.....	60,867,500 00
Certificates of deposit of temporary loans, payable with interest on demand, or in ten days from demand, after thirty days.....	97,257,124 50
Amount of the war debt.....	\$2,740,491,745 87
Adding other Government debts.....	50,591,473 29
Total amount of debt Jan. 1, 1866.....	\$3,200,923,217 66
At the same time there was in the Treasury, in coin.....	\$45,738,520 00
Less gold certificates of deposit.....	7,285,160 00
And in currency.....	\$38,453,360 00
Total amount to the credit of the United States in the Treasury.....	\$84,491,880 00

It was essential, Mr. Hooper said, that our currency should not be subject to fluctuation. This could only be done by a gradual reduction of its amount until the remainder shall constitute the equivalent of coin. The first step in that direction should be to exchange the interest-bearing legal-tender notes for long bonds; and at the same time to reduce the rate of interest on temporary loans to at least four or five per centum. This reduction of the rate of interest on temporary loans would enhance the value of certificates of indebtedness, which bear six per cent. interest; and, being payable at a period fixed by the Treasury Department, they are a more convenient form of loan, while at the same time they provide a mode of anticipating the revenue at times when it may be needed. What the only unfunded obligations of the Government are the legal tender notes and fractional currency, noting nothing for interest, we can more easily determine to what extent, and when, they should be withdrawn from circulation. They now constitute a fund or loan amounting to over \$400,000,000 without any cost to the Government for interest. They constitute a loan from the people; and before I consent to their conversion into bonds that will require the addition of \$21,000,000 to the annual payment for interest, I wish to know how such benefits are to be derived by assessing so large an increase to the amount of interest we now have to pay; and also, by whose hands it will be done. My chief objection to withdrawing the United States notes from circulation by converting them into bonds are, besides the expense that would be incurred for interest on the bonds, my belief that a larger amount of money than formerly is now required for the business of the country, and my fear that some other paper-money not so good may be allowed to take their place, by which the country would be further than ever from a currency convertible into coin."

February 22: Congressional proceedings were interrupted to give place to the national service in honor of the late Gen. Henry W. Wadsworth. The eulogy was pronounced by Mr. Casswell, Senator from Maryland.

February 23: In the Senate, a new Freedmen's Bureau bill was intro-

duced by Mr. Wilson, and was referred to the Committee of Finance.

In the House, Mr. Washburn was declared entitled to the contested Indiana seat by a vote of 57 to 24.

February 24: In the House, Messrs. Clark, Platts, Beaman, and Brown will make speeches on the subject of reconstruction.

February 26: In the Senate, the collection of the Arkansas Senators were laid upon the table, 20 to 17.—Mr. Sherman spoke against the resolution for the indefinite extension of Senators' representatives. He held that the latest rebel States were State still. He showed that President Johnson's policy only differed from Lincoln's in being more lenient against rebels. He deprecated a resolution to impeach the President. No act of the President's, he said, up to the present hour had been inconsistent with his obligations to the great Union party that elected him.

In the House, Mr. Hingham reported back the Constitutional Amendment that "Congress shall have power to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper to secure to the citizens of each State all the privileges and immunities of the citizens of the several States, and to all persons in the several States equal protection in the rights of life, liberty, and property." The amendment was laid over.

NEWS ITEMS.

During his last visit to New York General Grant has been presented by several of our leading wealthy citizens with a purse of one hundred thousand dollars.

The winter on the Pacific coast has been even more severe than heretofore reported. Communication with Mexico has been cut off by the great depth of snow, and it is feared there has been great suffering and loss of life. It is said that two hundred Mexicans on the way to San Francisco are known to have perished.

The Georgia Legislature has sent Commissioners to Washington for the purpose of requesting the Government to remove colored soldiers from the State.

The chief medical officer of the Freedmen's Bureau reports that during the month of December the total number of freedmen treated at the various hospitals throughout the Southern States, principally for malarial diseases, was 13,173. The deaths during that period were 680; discharged, 12,493.

Major-General John M. Palmer, commanding in Kentucky, has been urged by the publishers of the Louisville Journal to urge the restoration of the Auburn prison to that State. He answers that he can not do so, and gives reasons therefor, which are as follows:

"More than 20,000 persons, who were for a longer or shorter period of time in prison for the avowed purpose of overthrowing the Government of the State of Kentucky, and forcing its unwilling people into subjection to a local revolutionary government, have returned to the State, welcomed back to their former homes in many cases by communities that regard them as patriots and heroes. In many such communities loyal citizens and soldiers are objects of prejudice, dislike, and often of persecution. Courts organized under the laws of the State for the equal distribution of justice in many instances have perceived themselves to be used as the mere instruments of the vengeance of those who are hostile to the Government, so that loyal men are still, in some parts of the State, compelled to leave their homes, or, if they remain, are constrained to feel that their lives and property and all their dearest interests are insecure. The duty of protecting all the people of the State, and especially those who have perished their lives in its defense, is one that no Government can neglect, and, at the same time, escape the imputation of ingratitude, and subjecting itself to justified contempt. It is also true that upward of 200,000 of our people who were until lately slaves are now free. As slaves they were governed by a system of law adapted to their condition, but the same laws were intended to embrace them as freemen. I assert, with as much earnestness and with as high regard for the honor of the people of my native State as any one possesses, that the general treatment of slaves in Kentucky was humane and kind, and that the people generally recognize the fact that slavery has ceased; but that many outrages have been committed upon persons in every part of the State in violation of the law; and, after the most careful inquiries I have been enabled to make of a single instance in which the civil authorities have punished the aggressors."

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

The Queen of England's address to Parliament was delivered on February 6. We quote those paragraphs which have most interest on this side the water:

"My relations with foreign Powers are friendly and satisfactory, and I see no reason to fear any disturbance of the general peace."

"The meeting of the States of Friesland and England in the parts of the respective countries has tended to increase the unity of the two nations, and to prove to them their friendly concert in the promotion of peace."

"I have observed with satisfaction that the United States, after terminating successfully the severe struggle in which they were so long engaged, are hereby enabled the ravages of civil war. The abolition of slavery is an event calling forth the cordial sympathies and congratulations of this country, which has always been foremost in showing its abhorrence of an institution repugnant to every feeling of justice and humanity."

"I have at the same time the satisfaction to inform you that the enterprise and perseverance of my naval squadrons have reduced the slave-trade on the West Coast of Africa within very narrow limits."

"A correspondence has taken place between my Government and that of the United States with respect to injuries inflicted on American commerce by pirates under the Confederate flag. Copies of this correspondence will be laid before you."

In regard to Friesland she says: "A conspiracy, adverse alike to authority, property, and religion, and disapproved and repudiated alike by all who are interested in their maintenance, without distinction of creed or class, has unhappily appeared in Ireland. The constitutional power of the ordinary tribunals has been carried for its repression, and the authority of the law has been finally and impartially vindicated."

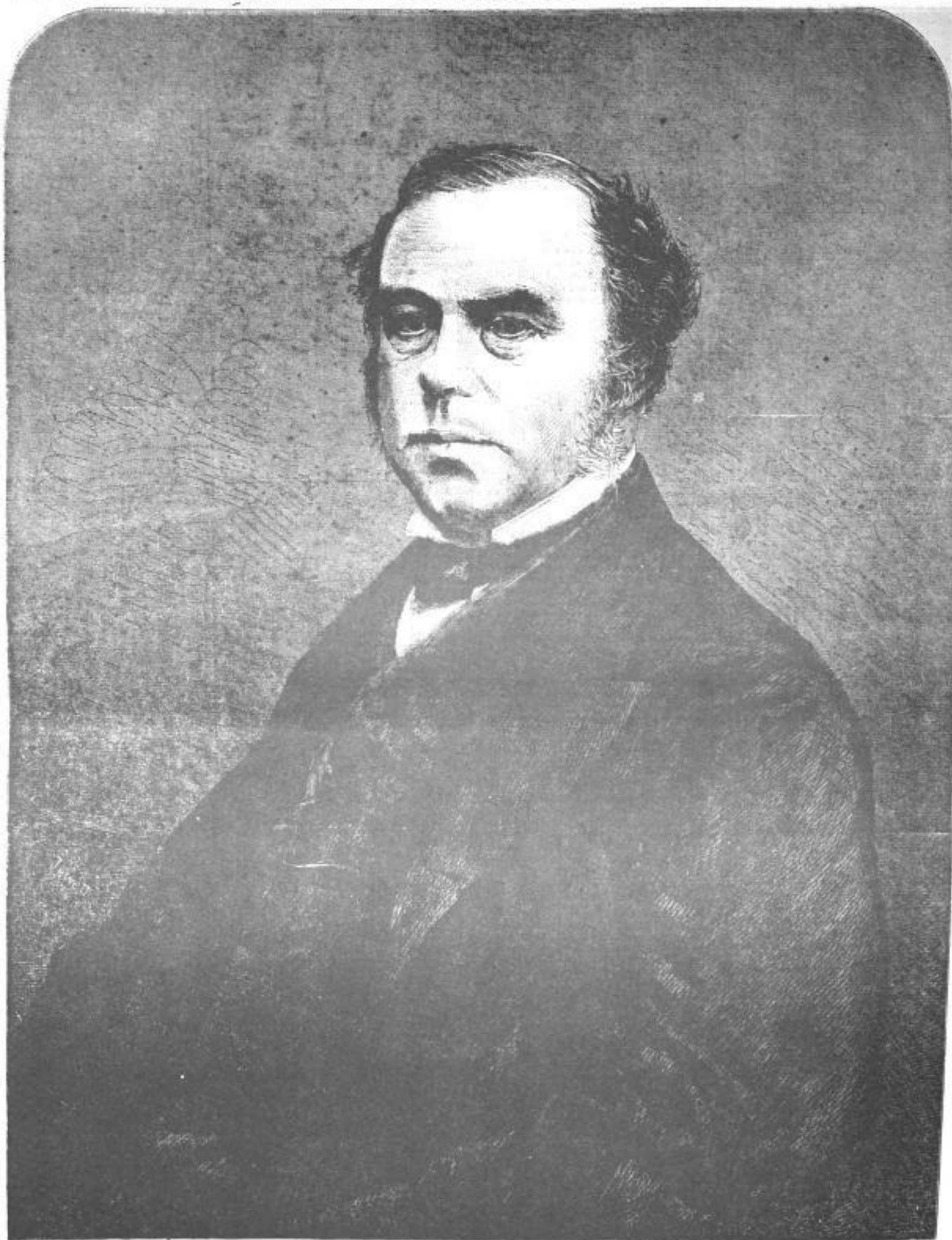
In considering their reply to the Queen's speech some members of the House of Commons thought that Ireland had grievances which ought to be redressed. To these Mr. Gladstone replied, taking exception to the remarks that the evils which afflicted Ireland were the result of legislation, and objected to pledge Parliament to redress evils which were in some degree beyond their power. He also objected to the amendment, on the ground that the Government had in the address desired to denounce Parliament, and said the more clear and unambiguous their language was the better it would be.

ITEMS.

Spain has issued letters of marque against Chile. The Prussian Chamber of Deputies have passed a resolution, by a large majority, protesting against the attempt of the Supreme Court to restrict liberty of speech.

With regard to the Mexican question, the address of the Senate, in reply to the Emperor's speech, says:

"Your Majesty informs us that the memorable expedition to Mexico approaches its termination. This is esteemed to satisfy France that the protection of her commercial interests is assured in a vast and wealthy market now returned to security. As regards the United States, it, from misconception, the presence of the French flag in America appeared to them less oppressive than at a previous and most illustrious period of their history, the firm stance of the commissioners made by your Majesty's Government has demonstrated that bright and menacing language will not decide us to withdraw. France is accustomed to move only at her own time, but she nevertheless wishes to remember the ancient friendship between herself and the United States. What your Majesty asked of the United States is security and observance of international law."



JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER.

DR. DRAPER, whose portrait we give on this page, was born near Liverpool, in 1811. His educational education was much more varied and extensive than is commonly the case. He had every advantage that could be obtained from public and private instruction, and, as was at that time the custom, especially directed his attention to classical and mathematical studies, in both of which he became very proficient.

Selecting the profession of medicine as his vocation, he commenced his studies in the University of London, and subsequently completed them in the University of Pennsylvania, where he graduated in 1836. At that time there were very few persons in the United States who had turned their thoughts to Chemistry, and scarcely any who had had the great

advantage he possessed of a thorough drilling in European laboratories. His inaugural Thesis for the degree of Doctor of Medicine, which was altogether experimental, received from the Faculty of the University of Pennsylvania the unusual distinction of being published at their special request.

For some years after graduating Dr. Draper practiced medicine in Virginia. He then became connected with Hampden Sidney College in that State, having received the appointment of Professor of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy. In 1838 he was elected to the Professorship of Chemistry in the University of New York, and has remained connected with that institution ever since.

His original contributions to science are very varied and voluminous. They are mathematical, chemical, physiological, botanical, geological. His medical writings were published for the most part

in the "American Journal of Medical Sciences," Hay's Journal, those on non-professional subjects partly in *Silliman's Journal*, and more extensively in foreign Reviews. If collected together they would make several volumes. They have been translated into French, German, Italian, and extensively republished in England. Indeed so identified is Dr. Draper with the scientific reputation of our city all over Europe, that his experiments and memoirs are constantly referred to as those of "Dr. Draper of New York," as though the name of our city was a part of his name.

Many of these publications contain experimental solutions of difficult problems in Chemistry and Physiology. There is probably no private person in America who has expended more money in a purely scientific direction than Dr. Draper. Whatever discoveries he has made, and they have been

very numerous, he has freely given to the world. He has never taken out a patent for any of them, nor sought to make them sources of personal emolument. He took the first photographic portrait of the human face, at a time when the possibility of doing so was universally denied. Had he sought to secure all the advantage from it, he might have made from that alone an enormous fortune. Probably more than ten thousand persons in the United States are obtaining a living from that invention.

Twenty years before general attention was directed to what is termed "Spectrum Analysis" in Europe, he had published some very important monographs in relation to it. They were, however, in advance of the times, and their value is only now beginning to be appreciated. Thus Professor Tyndall, in his "Rede Lecture," last year, before the University of Cambridge, shows that these experi-

ments are at the basis of the modern theory of the Radiation of Heat. Professor Youmans, in a recent review of Dr. DuRoi's "Civil Policy," mentions that one of the most distinguished scientific gentlemen in England said to him, "You Americans have a very remarkable man in Dr. DuRoi; beyond all question your first physicist. He is a most original and consummate experimenter, and I can not but regret that he leaves the field for which he is so eminently fitted." The regret was but natural in a passionate lover as well as an illustrious cultivator of Physical Science.

To the advancement of Physiology Dr. DuRoi has contributed probably as much as any living man. Thoroughly skilled in Anatomy, there is scarcely one of the animal functions which he has not made the subject of experimental investigation. Of his treatise on Physiology, published eight or nine years ago, it may be fairly affirmed that it contained more new discoveries and explanations than any other similar work. It became at once the text-book of many of our medical colleges. It showed that its author belonged to the party of progress in science, as other later works have shown that he does in politics and history.

Dr. DuRoi is a member of the leading scientific and philosophical societies in America and Europe. Honorary degrees of all kinds have been conferred on him by various colleges. For many years he has been President of the Medical Department of the University of New York, and has given much of his time to the administration of the affairs of that institution. His physiological studies and scientific ideas have led him almost necessarily to the cultivation of History. His "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe" and "Thoughts on the Future Civil Policy of America" have had an extraordinary circulation, the former having been translated and reprinted in many different languages. These books have made him more extensively known to the general public than any of his former physical, mathematical, or medical writings.

In these books is recognized at once the same turn of thought that gave such celebrity to his Physiology. He belongs to the party of Progress, the party of the Future. His views are those of the school which insists on the application of exact science to questions of Politics and History. One of the recent English Reviews, comparing his writings with others of that school, says: "In part, perhaps, from his medical education, and in part from the original constitution of his mind, Dr. DuRoi is more predominantly scientific than Mr. Buckle. The latter was essentially a literary man, his scientific knowledge mostly acquired by reading, being simply an accessory. But with Dr. DuRoi it is the basis of his intellectual attainments, the fundamental principle which tends to shape all else into its own likeness." Hence his clear perception of the presence of law, and his unwavering reliance on the regularity and cyclical repetition of historic events—less which generally appear vague and

hypothetical, if not absolutely chimerical, to a mind cast in a purely literary mould."

His last work, "Thoughts on the Future Civil Policy of America," has attracted more attention than usually falls to the lot of such books. Originally nothing more than half a dozen fugitive lectures delivered before a miscellaneous audience, and, as its title of "Thoughts" indicates, not intended as a complete or systematic production, the ideas it conveys on matters of public policy have been received as of very serious import. Whatever their intrinsic value may be, it is undeniable that they have made a very profound impression. It is understood that in his "History of the American Civil War," now in preparation, these views will be extended and systematized, and their application in the case of the United States more completely shown.

Dr. DuRoi spends most of his time not devoted to professional pursuits in retirement, at his country seat at Hastings, in Westchester County. He married a Brazilian lady. Of his three sons, one is Professor of Physiology in the Free Academy of this city and in the Medical College; another is Adjunct Professor of Chemistry to his father in the University; he it is who constructed the great reflecting telescope—the largest in America—at the Observatory at Hastings; the third is an engineer of rising eminence.

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**INSIDE
A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.**

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IX.

AND so we return at the point from which these pages set forth—the fall of Fort Donelson, and all the boundless astonishment which followed it. We untipped our bark and set sail under the strong wind beginning to blow at that date; and though we have been compelled to reef sail, and lie by for the last few chapters in order to get our ship's company thoroughly acquainted with each other, we will from this moment spread all sail, drive before the ever-increasing blast, and gain such haven in the end as it may please Heaven to grant.

"Exactly as I have all along said it would be, only far worse," Guy Brooks, Esq., is remarking to his pastor in the study of the latter at the very hour Brother Barker is reasoning over the same topic—the fall of Fort Donelson—with



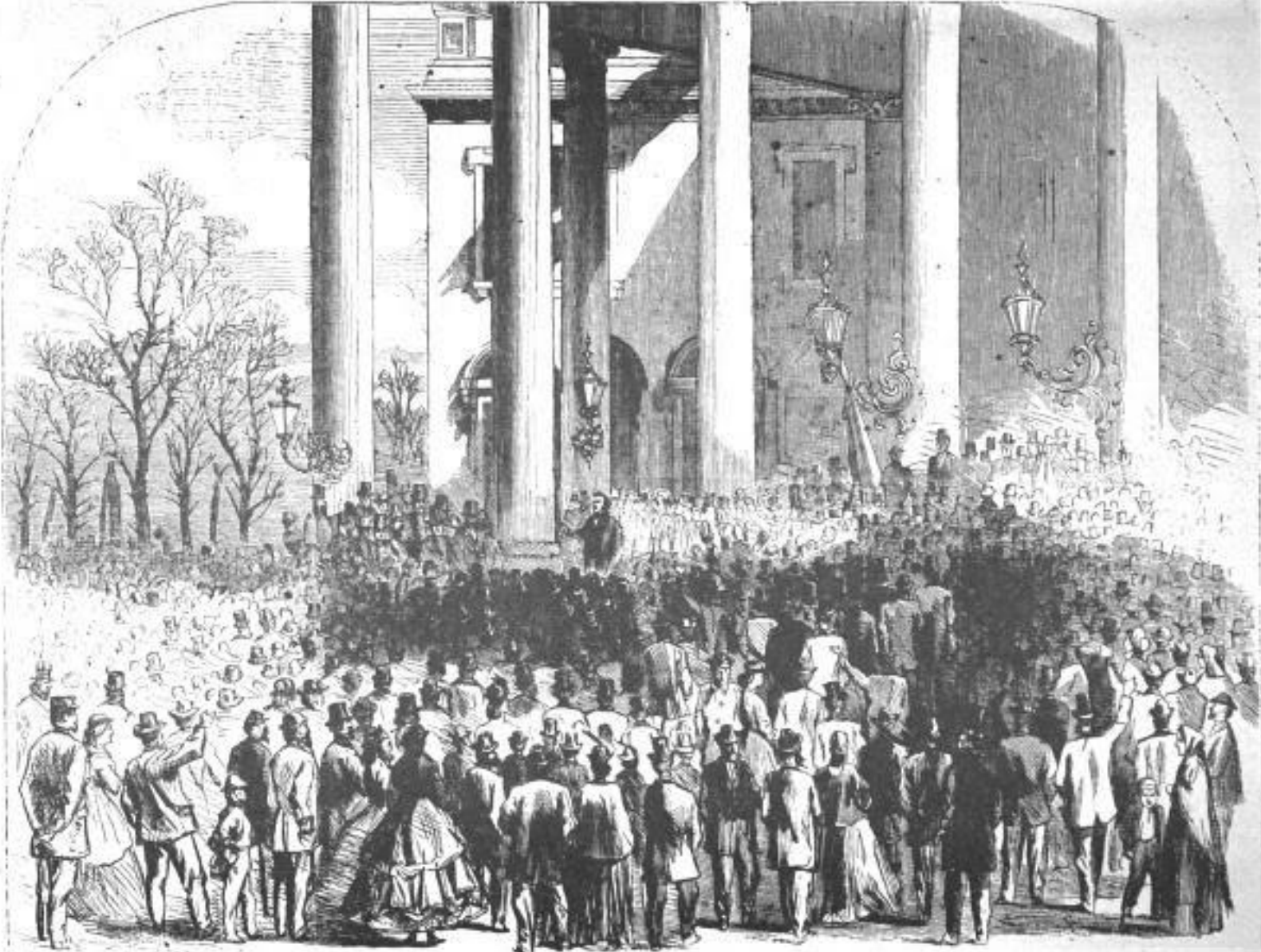
placed Mrs. Scree under Colonel Juggins's hospitable though somewhat leaky roof. In fact, every person in the South—outside in the North also—over ten years of age is eagerly engaged at this instant upon this same theme. There in Somerville, the excitement being so intense, it is but natural a warm-hearted, large-souled Kentuckian like Guy Brooks should feel deeply also. And strongly disposed to converse, too. Not in public, however. The time had been when you men spoke his mind more warmly and freely before Bob Withers, Sam Peters, Brother Barker, Colonel Bat Roberts, Colonel Juggins—ay, even before the dread Lamson himself, apt to put it all in savage print ten minutes after; before all Somerville, for that matter, than the lawyer. On the streets, in his own office with his heels upon his table, in good Mrs. Ella's score, and every where else, the Kentuckian was wont to give his opinion upon whatever the topic might be.

Not so in these days. The lawyer has altered into a grave and silent man, with only occasional eruptions, showing that the fires within are only assuaged for being smothered. What he would have said every where before, he now utters only when with such intimate friends as Mr. Ferguson and his pastor.

In every city, village, and neighborhood throughout the South it is touching to see how the Union men cling to each other. The ship having passed completely into the hands of secessionists, these poor disarmed passengers in the cabin below, the hatches battered down upon them, cluster instinctively together for comfort, speculating with each under their breath upon the storm raging around and the breakers ahead. One of the cruellest effects of Secession was the breaking up on every square mile throughout the South of many a friendship between even the oldest and most intimate friends. Worse still, families were broken up, son turned against father, brother against brother, wife against husband. In this latter and worst case, in nine instances out of ten it was the wife who was the Secessionist, while to many a husband nothing was left but either to engage in bitter and unceasing strife at home, or to play as well as he could the patient part of poor Dr. Warner. Yet it would be telling only half the truth here if we did not add that, where friends and relatives did hold to their country alike, the ties between them were immeasurably strengthened thereby; friend loving friend, father loving son, brother esteeming brother, wife valuing husband just so much the more as they thought alike, felt alike here, where thought and feeling had their intertwined roots about the soul's very centre. "Ay, and persons never before acquainted, at enmity even, came now together into capital friendship upon this one and sufficient ground.

"I frankly confess," said Edward Arthur, drawn toward his barly friend as he had never been before, "every thing is altogether unlike what I anticipated."

"Of course," replied the lawyer. "You ministers are only too ignorant of human nature, especially its darker side—which is all over," added the lawyer. "You preach total depravity from the pulpit as an abstract doctrine, yet ignore it in all your dealings with men or expectations from them. Do you remember that day I brought the first phrelog here for you to read? I prophesied then how it would be. As I knew at the time, the whole programme had already been arranged by Lamson and Colonel Bat Roberts, the Colonel at the very time solemnly sworn as a member of the United States Senate to uphold its Constitution—only one instance of a thousand similar perjuries. And yet we were all so horrified at Louis Napoleon! As we all know, there is a Colonel Bat Roberts and a Lamson, in some stage of development, in every town throughout the land. The meeting called and held by them in our Court-house here, not a corporal's guard of the people there; the furious resolutions adopted calling a State Convention; the blazing account thereof in the paper, was but a specimen of like meetings engineered by like men over the State. And this



PRESIDENT JOHNSON ADDRESSING HIS FELLOW-CITIZENS AT WASHINGTON, FEBRUARY 22, 1865.

was the spontaneous, indignant, unanimous uprising of the people! You know it all. Before the masses can realize it, no! a Convention is in actual session—a Convention voted for, and delegates thereto elected, by only a miserable minority of the people.

"And who composed that minority?" said the Kentuckian, becoming more and more excited. "First, the politicians themselves—men whose trade and living is politics—men who saw their power and plunder passing forever from their grasp unless they made just that last desperate move. And even they accomplished their end only by superhuman exertion through the press and from the stump. Next come the set in every neighborhood, following their party leaders from the very force of habit. Last, the people, fancying Secession the only remedy against the North. Remedy? Good Heavens!"

"You forget, Mr. Brooks," said Mr. Arthur, "there were really sensible and excellent men—" "Who voted for the Convention, and for delegates to that Convention?" interrupted the lawyer. "Yes; Colonel Juggins, for instance, and all his class; and why? Because Lamson assured them Secession was only a step to Reconstruction—merely a peaceful Secession! He and his no more voted for the dissolution of the Union, and for war if necessary, than did you or I, or Ferguson, Warner, Ellis, and the rest of us who refused to vote about a Convention at all."

"I half thought at the time a terrible mistake was being then made," said his companion. "If Union men throughout the State had all suddenly come into the idea of a Convention when it was first proposed by the Secessionists, had voted for it, had voted true men into it, then—" "We would have seized their one piece of artillery, turned it upon the Disunionists, and with it blown them to the moon!" said the lawyer.

"Ah, it is easy to talk! Or, if the Governor had but placed himself upon the Constitution from the first. But what is the use of talking about that now?" "You know Secession was submitted to the vote of the people afterward," suggested the minister.

"And with great difficulty was that precious Convention induced to do it," said his friend. "And when it was done! By that time hadn't the politicians fanned the fire into a conflagration? You remember how it was commonly declared then that the man who refused to vote Secession was a base submissionist. As to him who voted against it, that man was an Abolitionist, and the sooner hang the better. Freedom! And yet tens of thousands of the best men in the State, scattered apart as they were among the excited, infatuated—"

"Don't let us say fools," interrupted the minister. "We can not keep our tongues too carefully from the violent language of the day." "Did not dare vote," continued Mr. Brooks. "You and I, Ellis, Warner, Ferguson, and the like, did vote against Secession; but I know, and you know, many a man who dared not go to the polls; was sick himself, or had a sick child or wife, or had pressing business somewhere, some cowardly excuse of the sort. Even of those who did go to the polls, how many were prevented by the crowd about the boxes, and couldn't wait, or who disliked going into such excitement, and all that, didn't vote at last. I tell you, Sir," said the excited Kentuckian, "the Signers of the Declaration of Independence left an illustrious name; but I will hand down the fact that I voted against Secession to my posterity as the noblest act of my life; my declaration of independence of falsehood and folly, made when at their highest flow."

"But a majority of the votes cast were for Secession," said the minister, after a pause. "A majority of the votes cast you may well say," replied Guy Brooks. "But you know as well as I whether it was a majority of the voters in the State."

"And then came the marching of troops against the South," said Mr. Arthur, reflectively. "Yes; and no man in the South had, in the flush of the moment, more disposition than I to meet force with force," began the lawyer. "At first it was a feeling sudden and universal. I think you were not altogether un-alarmed in your language, Mr. Arthur, my friend, as you might have been," he continued, with a smile. But there he stopped.

Ah, that terrible test of conviction and principle! Guy Brooks sat in silence, tugging gloomily at the hair behind his right ear with restless fingers, his broad, brown face no longer open, but full of such anxious thought as men know only when bosom and brain are at cross purposes, when feeling and principle are at strife for ascendancy.

He said nothing, but he thought, thought! And multitudes at the South were at the same instant thinking, thinking, thinking—not saying a syllable of their thoughts even to brother or wife.

If his disjointed thoughts could have been written down they would have run somewhat in this manner: "We of the South—Southern! Democratic rights of self-government. But that democratic old Andrew Jackson and his native South Carolina in 1832? Hump! The old General would not have actually fought Carolina? Perhaps. South fighting for its very existence as a nation? Yes; and the United States Government fighting, since need is, for its prior existence. Secession in this case? Then Secession legitimized at the North, East, West, in the South over and over again. Hump! Universal, disintegration, dissolution, death! Wrong to fight against that!"

And on and on—millions at the South on the same track that instant with him—plodded Guy Brooks slowly, painfully through mire and fog. Alas, the systematic effort to drown one's own

soul with the clamor of the times! Multitudes of the noblest men of the South were forced to conceal their trains of thought from others, from themselves. Alas, for the laborious process of self-silencing! Miserable dissembling to one's own self as well as to others.

With some it became settled into a hopeless habit, for which "the peculiar times are to blame, Heaven knows, not I; I can not help it!"

With many, very many, the soul came out of the mire at last, to see clearly, to stand firmly, to speak boldly. But that daylight has not arrived as yet to Guy Brooks, sitting there that hour in his pastor's study.

"I am as well satisfied as a man can be on any moral question that Secession is a great wrong, a crime against man, a sin against God." The minister, as he says it, walks to and fro across his study, his hands clasped behind him, his chin drooped upon his bosom. "But then the Battle of Manassas! At the time it seemed to me God's approbation of Secession. Not that I thought for an instant the Almighty approved of Secession," said the minister, hastily correcting himself; "that I never can bring myself to believe. I mean, it began to seem as if the Almighty intended permitting the deed, as he permitted the partition of Poland. So far as we could gather from our papers, the North had pretty much given the South up. But now this sudden, determined, apparently overwhelming advance upon the South—"

The speaker hardly uttered to himself even the rest of his sentence. You who know, could you have found just at that date a Southern-born man at the South who would then have intimated even to himself, much less to his dearest friend, a wish for the success of the Federal arms?

Gay Brooks and Mr. Arthur never were more busy than in keeping themselves from distinct thought upon the matter.

"And do you suppose," said the lawyer, at last, "that the politicians did not know all this time of the immense preparations being made by the Federals on shore and sea at the North? No, Sir. It was no ignorance on their part. From the first they have studiously kept the people at the South in profound ignorance. Look at Bowling Green! Who dreamed the Confederate Army there was so small?"

"It certainly was poor policy," said his companion. "Knaves are always fools in the end," was the lawyer's remark. "It is all of a piece. You remember that summer of the burnings?"

The minister nodded his head to this altogether unnecessary question. If no one else remembered it Edward Arthur certainly did, the memory of his heart assisting therein the memory of his head. That scene, starlight night upon the front porch sparkled in his memory amidst that dark time like a diamond set in jet.

"You may remember," continued his friend, "I had my idea then, as well as Ferguson his, as to those fires, poisonings, conspiracies, book agents, and all. I did not utter my suspicion then to a soul. I could not believe it possible. I do believe it now," he added, with a blow of his huge fist on the pastor's table, sending his heavy Concordance inches in the air.

"Well?" inquired the other. "I confess I am just as much puzzled this hour upon the subject as I ever was." And he paused in the midst of his walk before the lawyer with curiosity in every line of his face.

"Sir, I suspected it then; I know it now," said the lawyer. "The whole excitement in the South then was the result of a regular conspiracy."

"So Lamson said at the time," not so innocent, however, of his friend's meaning as the words would indicate.

"And the unprincipled—yes, it is better to use no epithets; it may become a habit these awful times, and become catharsis—the unprincipled man," continued the lawyer, "was right. Only he was himself one of the conspirators. The whole plot was devised and worked by him and his masters. I tell you, Sir, not more than a dozen or two of the ablest and most desperate of the leaders may have been in the secret; but as I believe in the existence of Satan, so do I believe that the whole excitement that summer was plotted and carried on by them and by their agents to prepare the people at the South for Secession. It was not enough to split the Baltimore Convention, and so bring about the election of Lincoln—that was in the programme. But they knew that even if Lincoln was elected—a Black Republican I mean, whatever his name might be—the South was not ripe for Secession even for that; and that is the way they ripened the South, as by a hot-house process."

"And the John Brown Raid?" asked Mr. Arthur, with a smile. "No, Mr. Brooks, I can not agree with you there. I have long thought that political ability, and political success, too, whether on the part of Louis Napoleon, or of Jeff Davis and his set, consists not so much as people suppose in creating or even in anticipating events. No; it consists rather in instantly and adroitly seizing upon events, even altogether unforeseen events, as they arise, exaggerating them, turning them, working them toward their own end. The destruction of the Union being the end fixed upon, the politicians in Congress, from the stand, by the papers, and in every other way, have strained every nerve to make every event a help toward that."

"And all the time the people, intent only on their daily matter, dreamed of nothing about their country but that it was the greatest and most permanent government on earth!" said Guy Brooks.

And yet a great many people at the South

hold with the lawyer upon that incendiary summer up to this hour. Not Mr. Ferguson, of course. As to every thing being worked by the Disunionists to their own deadly end, he believed that as firmly as any man. But for those burnings, the excessive dryness and heat of the season is the full and sufficient explanation.

"Look at the papers if you doubt there being a systematic conspiracy as I say," urged the lawyer. "Do you not see how invariably they are exaggerating into the utmost importance every thing favorable to their Confederacy—invariably, systematically distorting or suppressing every thing in the least degree unfavorable to it? The tremendous clatter they keep up on the bells at every rumor of victory, only a part of the same thing. They desire to establish a manufacturing interest at the South; they have begun it with a vengeance in the manufacturing of lies—out of all material, and out of no material at all."

As we have observed, it was just after the fall of Fort Demolition that the lawyer held this conversation with his pastor. Time was to teach him something of the capacity of human nature to produce, and to believe in, falsehoods beyond what he or any other man could at that day have deemed possible.

"NASHVILLE OCCUPIED BY THE FEDERALS! NOT ONE SOUL THERE SO BASE AS TO WELCOME THEM. INHUMAN ATROCITIES ALREADY COMMITTED THERE! NORTH ALABAMA THREATENED! GRAND ADVANCE UPON VIRGINIA! FLEE! TO DESCEND THE MISSISSIPPI! ATTEMPT SOON TO BE MADE ON NEW ORLEANS! OUR ARMED PEOPLE READY TO MEET THEM BACK. THEIR VERY ADVANCE PERMITTED BY OUR GENERALS AS PART OF A BRILLIANT STRATEGY SOON TO BE SEEN IN ITS FRUITS!" read Mr. Arthur from the headings of the last Somerville Star lying on the table. "It really does seem as if the North was about making a determined effort," he continued, after a pause.

"It does indeed; you may well say so," replied his friend, with tones in singular contrast with the gloomy shake of the head which accompanied them. And it was not only singular, but to the last degree exasperating to Lamson and his set, the way in which the Union people began to swarm out into the streets from their retreats, like bees on the first burst of summer, and the frequency and fullness and unctious with which they spoke of "the late most disastrous news."

Good Secessionists shrank instinctively from all conversation with them; but there was a wonderful degree of sudden visiting among themselves on the part of the Union people. No two of them could meet on the street, or upon the roads around, but they must stop to shake their heads together in sad concert over the "terrible intelligence," and to agree that "matters must be much worse even than our papers represent them, if we only knew." Very sad their brows, very doleful their tones, very depending their hearts, like to the grief of the next heir beside the dying couch of the present owner.

"I lay awake last night thinking, and I am ready to make you a prophecy this morning about this war," said Mr. Arthur, slowly tearing the disastrous news into strips.

"No, Sir, I had rather not," said the lawyer, promptly. "I had enough of prophecy last night to last me a long time. Brother Barker dropped into my room at the hotel last night, and kept me up till midnight. 'I am not speaking with an infidel, but with a believer in the Scripture; and I feel to believe I can convince you from the Bible the Confederacy is of God, and that God is going certainly to establish and bless it,' he said. With that he whips out of his pocket his little black Bible, and goes at me exactly as he used to do about points of doctrine, only with far more zeal."

"I do not remember any Scripture bearing upon Secession," began Mr. Arthur.

"You are behind the times, Sir. You have seen a book, written by a Dr. Baldwin, showing how the United States is clearly alluded to in Scripture. Since Secession Baldwin's idea has been seized upon and arranged to admit Secession and all its glorious results. Oh, I can not remember half the man's nonsense! I listened to it as part of the levity of the times with some curiosity. Alas, and better men than poor Brother Barker originated the idea; he has jumped upon it as his last hobby, and is riding it to death. Even Captain Simmons has caught the infection. Fullest of memories of Sabbath-school and Scripture when drunk, the Captain's religious knowledge until so warmed being as invisible as the writing in lime juice, he now brings, when drunk, an amazing number of scriptures to illustrate the subject in hand."

"Can you not remember at least one of his texts?" said the minister, all the theologian beginning to stir within him. "I am curious to know what even insanity can find to favor the Confederacy in Scripture."

"Well," said the lawyer, his fingers busy behind his right ear, "there is the stone cut out of the mountain without hands which smote the image—in Daniel, I believe. The stone is the United States Government; the stone is the Confederate Government, which is to grow into a great kingdom, and in some way or other fill the whole earth. Ah, yes, the stone being the Scripture emblem of the Confederacy, you have only to turn to the places in which it occurs in Scripture to find plenty of reference to that Government! Whoever fell upon the stone was to be broken; upon whomsoever it was to fall it would grind him to powder—I do not remember where it occurs in the Bible—emblematic of the victorious strength of the Confederate Government. 'The North and Europe sneer at us on account of slavery. Very well,' says Brother Barker, 'the Bible expressly says of the Confederacy, it shall be a stone of stumbling and a rock



THE PARSON AND THE LAWYER.

of offense.' All the rest of the world is infidel, is his notion, because it rejects the Bible doctrine of slavery as a divine right. In other words, the Confederacy is the last, lingering abode on earth of pure religion. 'Perfectly clear that,' says Brother Barker; 'does not Scripture say on this rock or stone I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it? which settles the result of this war upon us by the North,' he said. Yes, he thinks when one you have what he calls a key, like the symbolical meaning of the word stone, you can unlock all prophecy. There is the word seven also; he makes it refer in Scripture to the seven States which first seceded; and he runs that word down through the Bible. Seven women shall lay hold on one man; that means those seven States laid hold upon, to feed and protect them, a Confederate Government over them all, and so on. Then there is a prophecy about the Mount of Olives; mountain in Scripture, he says, means the old United States Government splitting asunder by a line running east and west, referring to Secession. 'Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind; Europe lying to the east of us, this is a prophecy of the raising of the blockade by the European states. There was a vast deal more to the same effect, but I have forgotten it. But to do every body justice,' continued the lawyer, 'though people rather like to hear Brother Barker's expositions of prophecy, feel strengthened by them, I have not heard of any one as yet decidedly embracing them. They may be correct; we hope they are correct, is what his hearers say, but that is all.'

'To me such a thing is one of the darkest features of the times,' said the minister, very sadly. 'If ever there was a time when religion and the ministers of religion should hold themselves aloof from the infatuation of the hour it is now; for if there is no restraining influence exerted on the rising tide of worldliness and wickedness by these, what is left under heaven to restrain? I know of no other influence used of God for this purpose.'

'I fear matters are going to be far worse than you or I have ever imagined. And this brings me to the matter I called this morning especially to see you upon,' continued Gay Brooks, rubbing his upper lip with his neural finger.

Ah, that sinking of the heart, which tells more surely in the bosom of impending evil than does the mercury in the barometer of approaching storm! Not yet had Edward Arthur got used to it; though he was to be made a stronger man, and by this very process.

'What do you mean?' he asked.

'I fear we are going to have trouble in our church—great trouble,' said his friend.

'I think not,' said the minister, earnestly, but with more hope in his tones than in his heart. 'You remember I announced from the pulpit, at the outset of Secession, that I intended to confine myself exclusively to the peculiar duties of my calling, and to keep politics utterly out of my sermons and my prayers.'

'It doesn't matter,' replied his friend. 'Do you suppose there is a person in Semerville but knows your views in regard to Secession?'

'I can not help that,' replied the minister.

'I have the deepest and clearest convictions on the subject—how could I but have? I have all my life been accustomed to express myself frankly to my friends in conversation on every topic which came up. Upon this topic, one so continually up, one in which I can not but feel the deepest interest, I have done the same. What else could I do? You would not have me dissemble my honest convictions, I know. I have sometimes wished I had been able from the very first never to have uttered a syllable on the subject one way or another to a human being.'

'You would have possessed supernatural strength to have done so. And even if you had,' continued his friend, 'your very silence would have had the worst possible construction placed upon it. How could you be silent, people would have said, amidst the universal enthusiasm, unless because you could not, would not join in it?'

'But what have I done to imperil the church?' asked the young pastor.

'You do not pray for the Confederacy.'

'Why, Mr. Brooks, you know how often we have discussed that question. "The powers that be are ordained of God," and to the present powers that be I have submitted as to the providence, for the time, of God. The Bible commands us to pray for these powers. So I do every Sabbath from the pulpit in the exact language of the Scripture.'

'You have never prayed for the success of the Confederate Government,' said the lawyer.

'No, Sir,' said Mr. Arthur, 'I never have in private nor in public. What is more, I never will. Mr. Brooks,' continued the minister, deeply agitated, 'I believe in my soul, as before God, that this whole movement is a wrong, a crime, a sin. Men better than I may not believe so, but I do believe so. For my life, after all the thought, reading, and prayer I have given for years to the subject, I can not but believe so, always have believed so, always will. Can I, then, pray for the success of a wrong, a crime, a sin? I believe this whole movement is ruinous in every sense of the word to the whole land. I believe its success would be specially disastrous to my native South. Can I stand up, then, and ask the Almighty to bless, to prosper, to grant success to the movement? No, Sir, I would die first! Scripture distinctly commanded what Timothy and every other minister then was to do, Nero being then on the throne, a usurper, and the vilest of tyrants. The command is left for the guidance of every Christian now. I obey that command literally and fully in my prayer every Sabbath in the pulpit—more than that I can not do.'

'I perfectly agree with you; I heartily and

entirely approve your course," said his friend. "The plain truth is, I would not, a good many of us would not, enter the church if you pursued any other course. Yet it will not satisfy the Secessionists in our church. They have been growling at it for some time. As the excitement deepens, and it is deepening every hour, they will not stand it. They—"

"You know I have often offered them my resignation. It is ready at any instant," interrupted the young minister.

"Yes, and your resignation is the closing of the church," said his friend, gloomily.

"I had thought my course met the approval of at least the overwhelming majority of the church," said the minister.

"So it does," said the lawyer; "but times are rapidly coming when even those entirely with you in sentiment will not dare to say so. You see I know men better than you. And I may mistake, but I dread even more than that. You who by habit give yourself to religion, and keep aloof from the excitement of the streets, can not imagine how this excitement is beginning to eat into the very piety even of those who entirely agree with you in political sentiment. Unless I mistake, you will find even they will cease taking any interest in religion; will cease from attending public worship even, such is the paralysis creeping over even the best Christians."

The heart of the pastor had been already too full of forebodings not to acknowledge the truth of all this.

"But what do you advise?" he asked at length, so sick, so deadly sick at heart.

"Simply that you pursue the even tenor of your way," said his friend. "I have told you all this in order to keep you thoroughly aware of the exact state of matters. You should feel no mortification at it as at a matter personal to yourself. You need not I should tell you the sentiment of the church toward you. But we are passing through a terrible revolution—a revolution social and religious as well as civil. Your trial will be that of, I suppose, every pastor in the land. If you were a Secessionist that would not mend matters, for then the Union people would be against you. Let us bear up as we best may; no man in the land but is smitten in some shape by the accused step we have taken off the precipice," said the lawyer, disregarding in his excitement all the rules of rhetoric.

"I am sorry you are so cast down; you are as pale as a sheet."

And long and sad was the conversation which followed between the friends, drawn now nearer together than ever before.

"There is one thing I hardly need say," added the lawyer, as he rose at last to leave. "We are entering on times of great scarcity and pressure. At least do not let your trouble weigh. To my last cent you may depend on me. There is Ferguson, too—but I am ashamed even to suppose you do not know all this without being told. Good-by!"

With the door locked, the curtains down, all the raging madness shut out, Edward Arthur sank upon his knees before One nearer to him and more to him than all the universe beside. Amidst the wreck of all else, this seemed all that was left him. It was not only his church, his old friends, Alice too—Alice? But he never dreamed of regretting his opinions. They had been as much a matter of course to him as his breathing. Long he knelt there in earnest, fervent prayer. He had had troubles before, but here was the wreck to him of all things at once. Alice, he was only entering upon the trial! It was to him but as Gethsemane; the awful remainder of Agony was yet before him.

"I fear you are unwell, Mr. Arthur," said Mrs. Bowles to him that night at supper. "We wondered you did not come to dinner." But Mrs. Bowles was not in her manner and tones the Mrs. Bowles of other days. And Alice, too!

"But I can not help it!" groaned Edward Arthur.

THE DEAR PRESIDENT.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the Dear President, Lay in the Round Hall at the Capitol, And there the people came to look their last.

There came the widow weeping for her mate; There came the mother sorrowing for her son; There came the orphan moaning for its sire.

There came the soldier bearing home his wound; There came the slave who felt his broken chain; There came the mourners of a blacken'd land.

Through the dark April day, a ceaseless throng, They pass'd the coffin, saw the sleeping face, And, blessing it, in silence moved away.

And one, a poet, spake within his breast: "It harm'd him not to praise him when alive, And ne'er it can not harm to praise him dead."

"Too oft the muse has blush'd to speak of men— She need not blush to speak her best of him, And still to speak her best of him is dumb."

"O lefty wisdom's low simplicity! O awful tenderness of votal power! No man e'er held so much of power so weak."

"He was the husband of the husbandless; He was the father of the fatherless; Within his heart he weigh'd the common weal."

"His voice was like a father's to his sons; As to a father's voice they, hearing, came— Eager to offer, strive and bear and die."

"The mild bond-breaker, servant of his Lord, He took the sword, but in the name of Peace, And touch'd the fetter and the bond was free."

"He shall not stand among the historic kings, Strong barbarous chiefs and bloody conquerors, But with the pure and great Republicans."

"Those who have been unselfish, wise, and good, Bringers of Light and Pines in the dark, Bearers of crosses, Servants of the World."

"And always in his Land of birth and death Be his fond name—warm'd in the people's hearts— Abraham Lincoln, the Dear President."

WASHINGTON, February 12, 1866.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The Laundry Room by the Women—The "room for improvement."

Shooting Jolly as it flies is, of course, a spontaneous work, but it is well to take an occasional shot at William as it struts.

PROVERBIAL EPIGRAM.

You should never a ducky with cavier feed, Nor cast forth your pearls before swine; The one will love better a plain bluish weed, And the other on o'ffal to dine.

BALANCE OF EVILS.—"It is a painful thing," said JESSA, who had been despondent, "to have prospected friends, and to find them out." "Yes," said BROWN, "but that can happen seldom. The plague of life is that you are always liable to find them at home."

A NEW CRY.

In England the question is, "Where are the Poller?" In Ireland it is, "Where's Stephen?"

A physician of Magdeburg, who has just died prematurely at the age of 106, has left in an record in his will that his longevity was due to his having always slept with his head to the north and his feet to the south, so that the magnetic current passed through him and increased his vitality.

Why is a church stinging look like a school-house?—Because it is full of little boys.

A FEW CORRELATIVE THOUGHTS.

The best sort of woman is one who can turn her hand to any thing, trim a boat and a house too. There is a bankruptcy even in the natural world. The day breaks and the light falls.

Are jury-masters regulated by the law of storms? Are you wedded to your own opinions? Then cover your inquiry.

Did you ever meet with a "sudden sword"? How well one would match with a single stick! A gig-sling does not suit a broken arm. It may be easy to cook accounts, but it is a very hard matter to digest them.

How odd, yet how appropriate it would be, to go to a tavern to get a glass of beer. Some people like to argue in a witness stand; we prefer to talk in a witness square. If you jump at conclusions, you may take a leap in the dark.

It is quite possible to have a brown study in a green room. What corresponds to an Ambassador?—A cunning priest.

"John, has that party fellow cleared off the snow from the pavement?" "Yes, Sir." "Did he clear it off with slattery, Japs?" "No, Sir, with a shovel."

We have been asked the question, What material makes the best bed-spreader? Being inexperienced in such matters we refer the querist to the Committee of the Hudson County Fair, who put it this way: "Best bed-spreader—Miss Jane Van Hook's."

THE HARVEST IN IRELAND.—Two or three hundred young aristocrats have already been cut in Wicklow, on a plantation of Earl Fitzwilliam's at Stillingsh. Brick bats, it is in consequence to be looked for at the markets, and there will be a fine show of heads at Donnybrook. A riotous display may be expected there, followed in most cases by a fall.

What comes after cheese?—Moose. Stupid people may eat, but shouldn't talk. Their mouths would do well as hooks of Deppit, but not noise of brass.

Why is a swarthy man like a candle?—Because he sometimes goes out at night when he ought not to.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.—A smart young lawyer hearing he stood by a lecture first "man is nobody a machine," remarked, "Then I suppose an attorney may be said to be a being machine."



JUNIA, AS HE ATTENDED WATER BEING TOLD THAT HE WAS "SO BEAUTIFULLY NATURAL."

A School Committee once writes: "We have a school-house large enough to accommodate four hundred people four stories high."

The Allies of Spain in her war against her South American dependencies—Black and red and blood-red.

Why are young ladies like straws?—Because they never go off without a few (leaves), and they are always in a quiver till they get one.

On a fence in Berkshire is painted in glowing capitals, "Use Dr. Price's Cough Syrup" and just below, "My post-garden-stones in Plumb's."

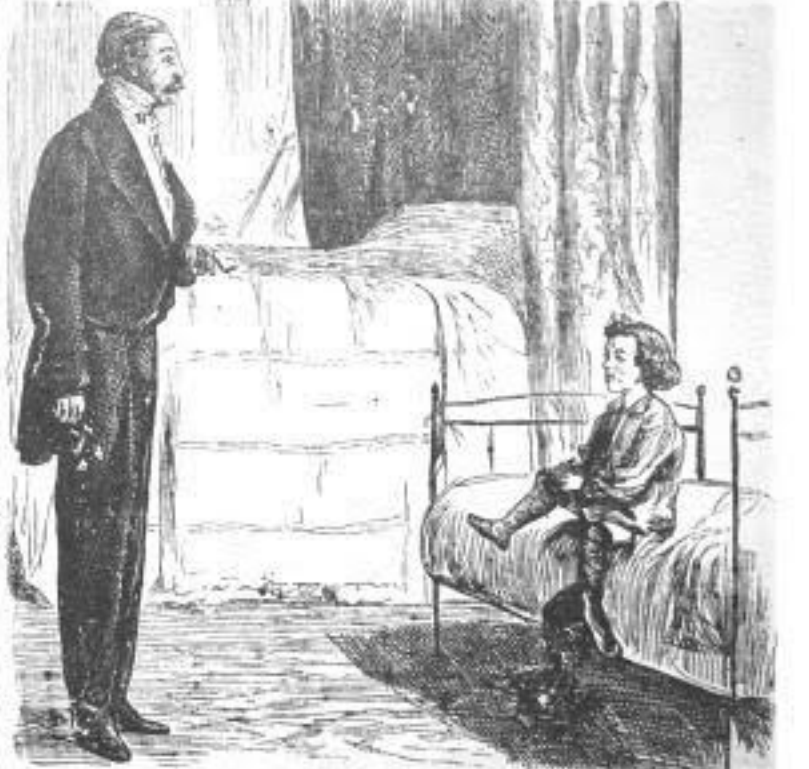
EPITAPH ON A COQUETTE.

Fair as a rose, when first it smiles, In the green earth—then pretty well—in childhood's shadow'd garden walk, But oh, how late all things of earth! Sleep on, my mate, we pray you, Anna, Your grave has ended many a quest; Coquette you lived and flirt you died, Death made you his unwilling bride.

"Are you a skillful mechanic?" "Yes, Sir." "What can you make?" "Oh, almost any thing in my line." "Can you make a devil?" "Certainly, I just put up your feet and I will split it in three seconds. I never saw a chap in my life that required less attention."

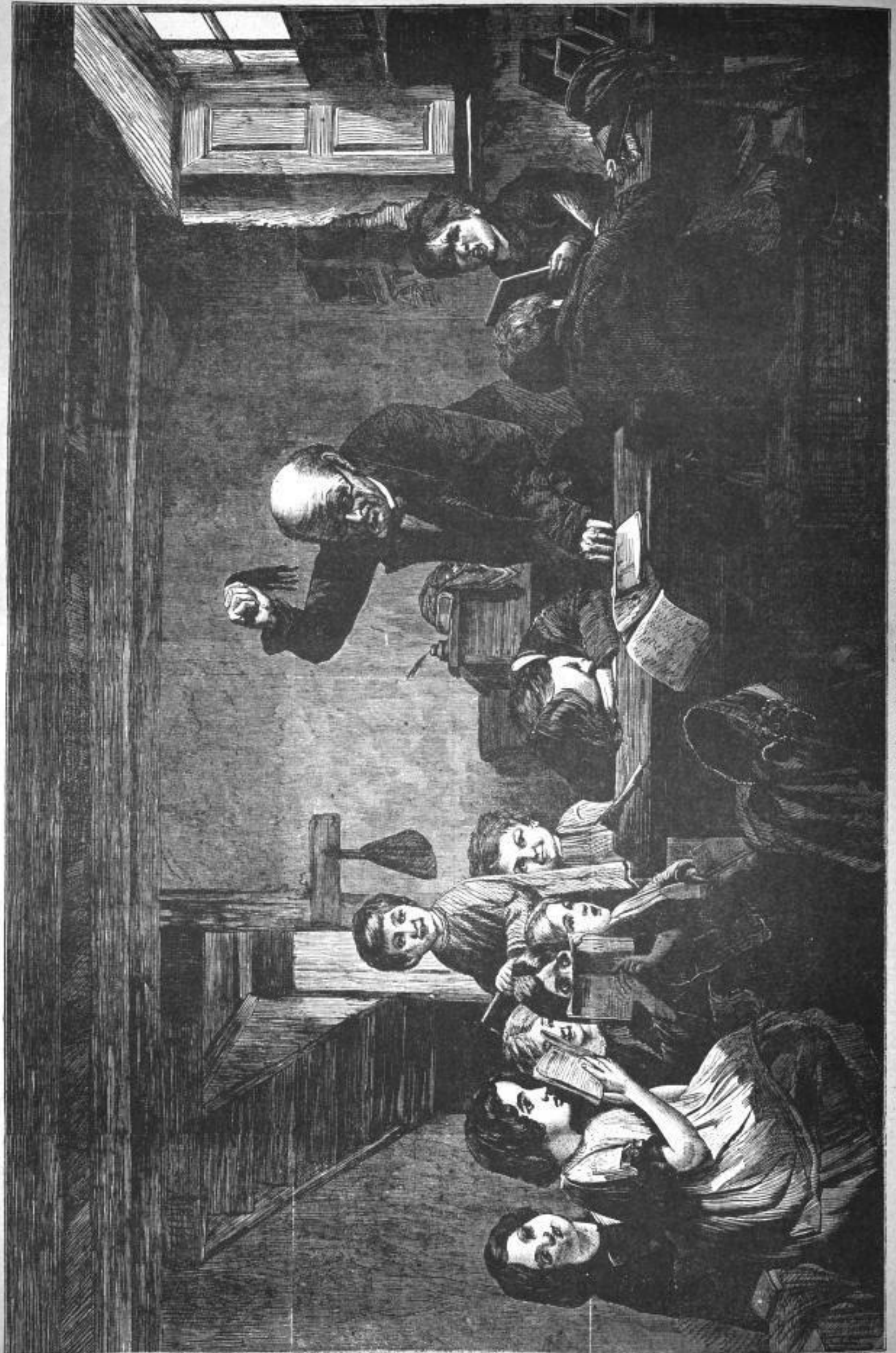
A good story is told of a country gentleman who, for the first time, heard an Episcopal clergyman preach. He had read much of the sermons of the church, and when he returned home he was asked if the people were "gave it up." "Gave it up," replied he; "why, the saintly preacher in his discourses!"

In a town in which they were building a railroad was employed a party of Irishmen, one of whom went to a neighboring town, kept by a Yankee, and asked for a "yard of pork." The Yankee deliberately cut off three pigs' feet and gave them to him. "Sure, is this what y'r'd be after callin' a yard of pork?" "Yes, indeed; don't three feet make a yard?" The Irish was hit.

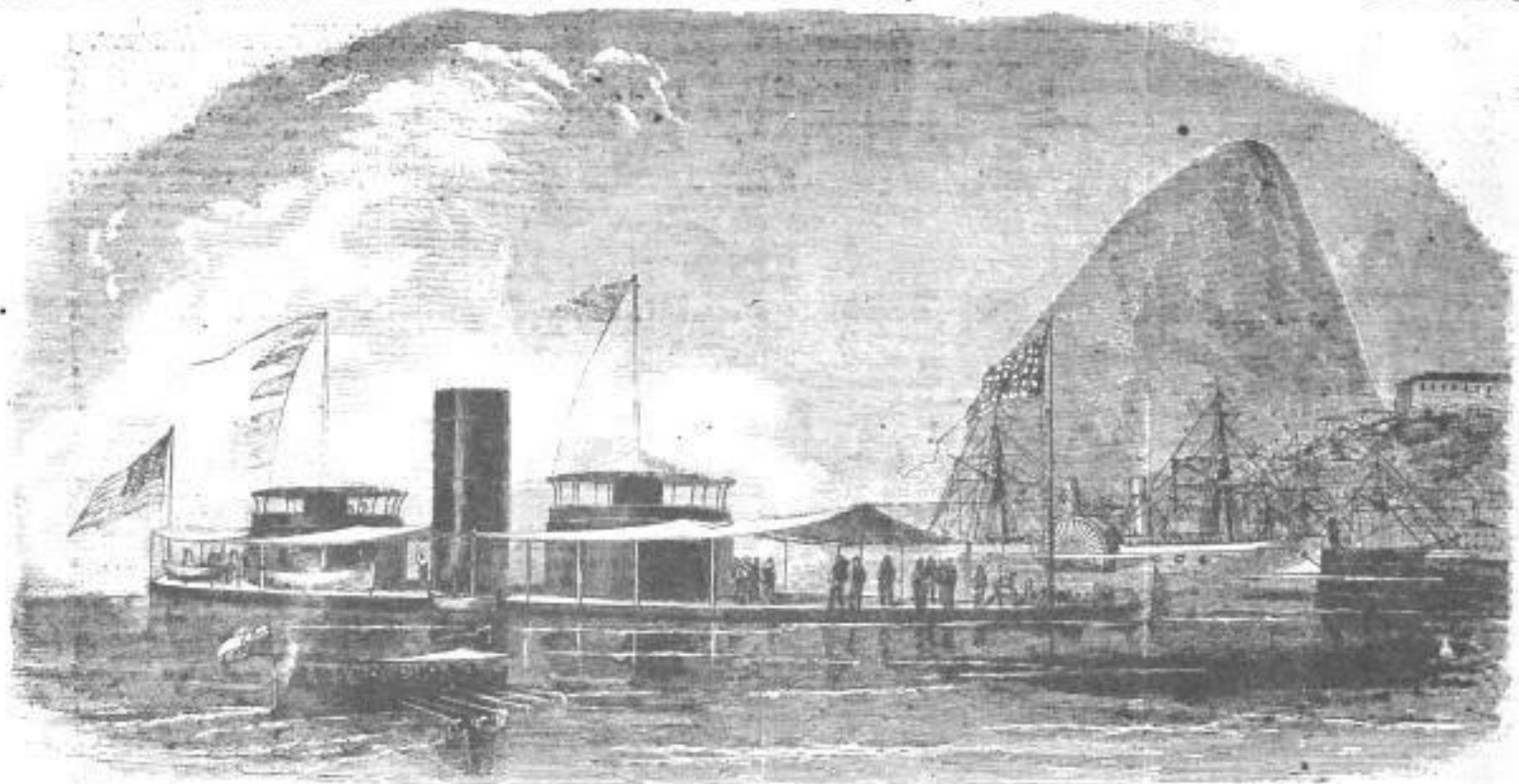


AFTER THE BALL.

(REGINALD SACKS IN HIS FATHER'S BEDROOM.) PAPA. "Why, how's this, Reginald? Not in bed yet? It's nearly four o'clock! You should have been asleep hours ago!" REGINALD. "How! And pray, why me in particular, Papa?"



"CAUGHT NAPPING."—(See Page 106.)



THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL VISITING THE UNITED STATES IRON-CLAD "MONADNOCK" IN THE HARBOR OF RIO.

VISIT OF DON PEDRO TO THE "MONADNOCK."

A LETTER from Rio Janeiro of January 9 thus describes a visit made to the United States iron-clad steamer *Monadnock* by Don Pedro, the Brazilian Emperor:

"On the arrival of the imperial party the vessels of war and the forts heeled forth a salute. It is unnecessary to state that in this the American war-vessels had the lion's share. His Majesty was accompanied by his son-in-law, the Comte d'Eu, and his officers of state and of his household. He was received by Commodore Henshaw and Lieutenant-Commander Bowen, commanding the *Monadnock*.

"The Emperor passed around the vessel on deck, followed by his suite and courtiers. After this his Majesty

inspected the interior of the two turrets, and listened with much attention to the explanation given him in regard to the turret and the system of pointing the guns.

"After exploring the mysteries of the engine-room and lower decks the imperial party partook of refreshments in the cabin of Captain Ripley, when sentiments of respect between the two nations were interchanged. His Majesty and attendants left under a shower of artillery, after a pleasant visit of about two hours. His Majesty expressed himself highly satisfied with his visit."

FIRE IN THE OIL REGIONS.

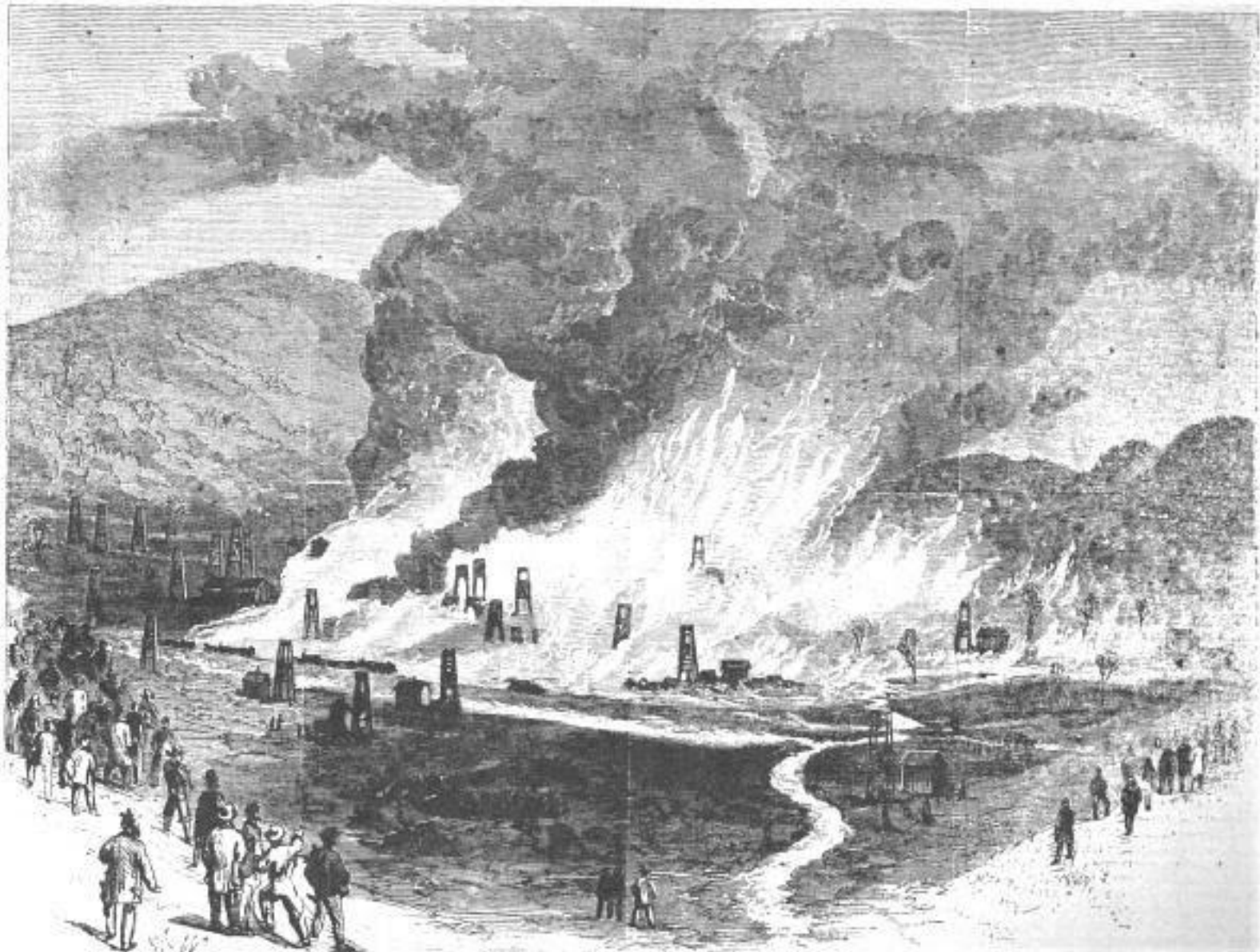
We give on this page an illustration of the recent conflagration which occurred on *Bennedof Run*, Venango County, Pennsylvania, February 2.

The fire originated from a spark from the smoke-stack of the *Getty Well*.

The scene of the conflagration was in the very heart of the oil regions, being a short distance north of the *Hyde and Egbert Farm*, on which is situated the *Maple Shade Wells* and the *Copette and Jersey Wells*, which were at one time in great danger from the burning oil running down *Oil Creek*.

The progress of the fire was stayed at *Well No. 23*, partly because this well was not yet in operation, and partly from the persistency with which an Irish laborer, at the risk of his own life, poured water down the sides of the tank. At least half of the wells farther up the creek were saved. It is supposed that the carpenters engaged about the

Getty Well had been working, and thus originated the fire. So soon as the tanks burst the liquid flames rolled down the valley of the *Run*, licking up the water and every thing in its career. In half an hour from the first outbreak a stream of fire nearly half a mile in length extended down the stream, wrapping in flames no less than nine of the best wells on the *Run*, and several engine-houses and derricks were thus consumed. The bridges both on the railroad track and highway were generally burned. Burning pools of oil, from dory to their tops, mouldering masses of ruined machinery, twisted tank-tops and blackened stumps, offices and hill-sides tell the sad tale. Some of the wells destroyed produced from 200 to 250 barrels per day.



THE GREAT FIRE ON BENNEHOF RUN, VENANGO COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, JANUARY 31, 1866.—[SKETCHED BY W. W. GOODWIN.]

CHRISSEY HUNTER.

It was a well-known and accredited fact that, in connection with those old English festivities known as "Yeomanry Weeks," more marriages were made up in this brief interval than during any other period of the year. Match-making individuals seriously counted on the Yeomanry Weeks; and probably far-seeing young ladies had fitting matches in their eye, as well as the fire-works and the introductory gawdy, when they came in troops to Priorton to entertain the lucky yeomen.

"My dear," said Mrs. Spottiswoode, the wife of the chief magistrate, who was likewise banker of Priorton, to her spouse, "your cousin Bourhope has asked his sister with us: I must have my sister Corrie in to meet him."

Mrs. Spottiswoode was a shrew, smart, good-humored woman, but not over-scrupulous. She was very ready at adapting herself to circumstances even when the circumstances were against her. For that reason she was considered very clever as well as very affable among the matrons of Priorton. Mr. Spottiswoode was "slow and sure;" and it was because of the happy alliance of these qualities in him that the people of Priorton had elected him chief magistrate.

"My dear," deliberately observed long, lanky Mr. Spottiswoode, "would it not be rather late-faded to have Bourhope and Corrie here together?"

"Oh, I'll take care of that," answered the lady, with a laugh and a toss of her ribbons. "I shall have some other girl of my acquaintance to bear Corrie company—some worthy, out-of-the-way girl, to whom the visit will be like entering another world," continued Mrs. Spottiswoode, with a twinkle of her black eyes. "What do you think of Corrie and my cousin Chrissy Hunter of Blackfauld? The Hunters have had such a deal of distress, and so much fighting with embarrassment—though I believe they are getting clearer now—that the poor lassie has had no amusement but her looks, and has seen absolutely nothing."

Mr. Spottiswoode had no inclination to contradict his wife for contradiction's sake, and as he could rely on her presence as an her other good qualities, he said: "Well, Agnes, I have no objection; Hunter of Blackfauld is an honest man though he is poor, and he is righting himself now."

The invitations were dispatched, and accepted graciously. The guests arrived before Bourhope occupied his quarters; ostensibly they came so soon in order to prepare for him. Corrie had nothing to say about her cousin, her name, Corolla. She was tall, well made, fair-faced, serene beauty, the only remaining maiden daughter of a Scotchman who had returned from the Indies with a fortune, as so many returned then. Chrissy, again, was one of a large, straggling family—a small girl, a very little crooked in figure, and with irregular features and a brown complexion. If she had not possessed a bright, intelligent expression she would certainly have been plain—as indeed she was to those who did not heed expression. It was a delightful chance to her, this brief transplanting into the boom-bing, cheerful town-house, amid the glowing gaiety of the Yeomanry Weeks. Accordingly she was constantly engaged in checking off every little detail on the finger-points of her active mind, in order that she might be able to describe them to her secluded sisters and her sick mother at home. She was determined not to miss one item of interest; never to sleep in so as to lose the moment; never to stray in her walks and fall to be in the house for the return from the afternoon drill. She would pace the meadows among the gay promenaders even when the evening was cloudy, and would not care though she walked alone; she would enjoy the play when Mrs. Spottiswoode chose to take her, and not even object to a squeeze in the box. The squeeze was really part of the fun! But she did not care to have her attention distracted from the stage, even by the proffer of fruit from the yeomen. As to the ball, she did not allow herself to think much of that. Who would ever have dreamed of Chrissy figuring at a fine yeomanry ball? She would not trouble herself because she had only an old wadded white frock of her mother's, when up by ticks to suit her, and yellowed by frequent washing and long keeping; she would not fret because she could not spend money upon a hair-dresser. She must dress her own hair—which was rusty, like every other outward adornment of hers. This was little matter, she reflected, for it would cost dress under the most skillful artist into those gorgeous bows on the crowns of the head which every body then wore; it would only go into comb-lets like little hair-turkeys on each side of her round, full forehead, which was by no means scanty. She had no ornaments in the way of jewelry, save a coral necklace; while Corrie had a set of amethysts—real amethysts—ear-rings, brooch, and necklace, and a gold cross, and a gold watch which she rarely wound up, and which was therefore, as Chrissy said, "a death-like affair." But Corrie was a beauty and an heiress, and ornaments became her person and position; while on Chrissy, as she herself admitted with great good sense, they would only have been thrown away.

Bourhope came with his fellows, and was specially introduced to Corrie and Chrissy. He had had some general acquaintance with both of them before. He gallantly expressed his pleasure at the prospect of having their society during his stay at Priorton. He was a farmer, whose father had made money at war prices. He had bought his own farm, and thus constituted his son a small laird. He had an independent bearing, as well as an independent portion of the world's goods; he was really a manly fellow, in his brown, ruddy, curly, strapping comeliness. But, better still, was an intelligent fellow, who read other things than the newspapers, and relished them. He was a little conceited, no doubt, in consequence of comparing himself with others, but he had a good heart. Corrie and Chrissy both regarded him with scarcely concealed interest and admiration. Chrissy wished that the lairds at home would grow up to be as comely and manly; Corrie

made up her mind to have just such a husband as this Spottiswoode of Bourhope.

It was evident the very first night that Bourhope was taken with Corrie. He stared and stared at her, admiring her waven complexion, the bend of her white throat, and the slope of her white shoulders; and even changed his seat at one time, as it seemed, in order to see her better. He quickly claimed her as his partner at loo, and engaged her to walk out with him to hear the band practicing next evening. Chrissy thought it all very natural, and all the more enjoyable. But she caught herself fancying Bourhope and Corrie married, and rebuked herself for carrying her speculations so far. Only she could not help thinking how Bourhope would weary after the marriage—say when there was a snow-storm, or a three-days' fall of rain at the farm-house. But that was Bourhope's affair; if he was pleased, what business was it of hers? Bourhope had this in common with Chrissy—he could entertain himself.

During the first three days of the week Bourhope was zealous in attaching himself to Corrie. But a sharp observer might have remarked that after this he flagged a little, taking more as matter of course and politeness the association he had established between her and him at tea, loo, and the evening promenades. He would even stifle a yawn while in Corrie's company, though he was a meddlesome and not a listless fellow. But that was only like most, to prize less what they had coveted when it was half won.

At this juncture it struck Bourhope, riding home from the morning drill, to ask himself what could possibly take Chrissy Hunter out so early every morning. He had already seen her once or twice looping out of the way of him and his companions, and returning again from the opposite end of Priorton, which was forked by the doctor's house. Corrie, he noticed, was never with her. Indeed, Bourhope had a strong suspicion that Corrie retreated to her pillow again after showing him her lovely face—lovely even in the pink curl-papers. But Chrissy certainly dressed immediately and took a morning walk, by which her complexion, at least, did not profit. Not being a very strong little woman, her brown face was apt to look jaded and streaky when Bourhope, resting from the fatigues of his drill, bugged with the girl in the early forenoon in Mrs. Spottiswoode's drawing-room. So it was worth while, he thought, to spur up to Chrissy and inquire what took her abroad at such an untimely hour.

When Bourhope caught a nearer glimpse of Chrissy he was rather dismayed to see that she had been crying. Bourhope hated to see girls crying, particularly girls like Chrissy, to whom it was not becoming. He had no particular fancy for Cinderellas or other beazar maids. He would have hated to find that his kindfolk and friendly host and hostess, for whom he had a considerable regard, were mean enough and base enough to maltreat a poor little maid of their own location. Notwithstanding these demurs Tom Spottiswoode of Bourhope rode so fast up to Chrissy as to cause her to give a violent start when she turned.

"Hallo! Do you go to market, Miss Chrissy, or what on earth takes you out in the town before the shutters are down?" pointing with his sheathed sword to a closed shop.

Chrissy was taken aback, and there was something slightly hysterical in her laugh, but she answered frankly enough, "I go to Dr. Stark's, Mr. Spottiswoode. Dr. Stark attends my mother, and is at Blackfauld every day. I wait in his laboratory till he comes there before setting out; he goes his rounds early, you know. He lets me know how mother was yesterday, and as he is a kind man he carries our letters—Maggie and Arabella and I are great writers, and postage comes to be expensive—a great deal too expensive for us at Blackfauld; but the doctor is a kind man and he 'forwards' our letters. And Mr. Spottiswoode," she said, warning with her subject, and impelled to a bit of confidence, "do you know, Dr. Stark thinks my mother will be about again in a few months. You're aware her knee-joint has been affected. We were even afraid she would never put down her foot again. It would have been a dreadful trial to all of us." Chrissy spoke simply, in a rather moved voice.

Bourhope was slightly moved, too. He had never heard much about Mrs. Hunter of Blackfauld, except that she was a woman who had been long ailing; and also occasional remarks about the consequences of her being lost or spared to her family.

Chrissy was grateful for his evident sympathy, and gratified by it; but, as if half ashamed of having elicited it, she at once began to pebble to him on other subjects. Bourhope had leaped from his horse, and was doing her the honor of walking at her side, his hand's handle over his arm, and his spurs ringing on the pavement. A sparkling prattle that was of Chrissy's, about the fine morning, the town, and the yeomanry—few topics, but well handled and brilliantly illustrated. Bourhope dared to confess to himself how sorry he was when he reached Mr. Spottiswoode's door.

Next morning Bourhope detached himself from his comrades when he approached the town, and looked narrowly for Chrissy. It would be but civil to inquire for poor Mrs. Hunter. So bent was he on being this civil that though Chrissy was far in advance he knew her by the pink gingham trimming of her morning bonnet, fluttering like rose-leaves in the morning sun. He came up to her, and politely asked after her mother. Chrissy was a little confused, but she answered pleasantly enough. She was not nearly so talkative, however, as on the preceding morning, though Bourhope made witty comments on the letter she held in her hand, and pertinaciously insisted on her telling him whether she mentioned him in her return letters! He reminded her that they were cousins in a way. This was the first time Chrissy had known of any one hunting up a relationship with her, and though pleased in her humility—Chrissy was no fool in that humility of hers—Bourhope she knew was destined

for her cousin Corrie. He was out of Corrie's way just now, and was only courteous and cordial to her as living for a time under the same roof. She liked the ruddy, curly, independent, clever fellow of a farmer laird who, out of the riches of his kindness, could be courteous and cordial to a poor, plain girl. But Bourhope could never overtake Chrissy coming from Dr. Stark's again. He spied and peeped and threw out hints, and hurried or loitered on the way to no purpose. Chrissy took care that people should not notice the fact of her being escorted home in the early morning by Bourhope.

A chance conversation between Mrs. Spottiswoode and Corrie was overheard one day by Bourhope, when they imagined him deep in Blackwood. Mr. Hunter of Redraigs, Corrie's father, had not been well, and a message had been sent to that effect to her. But she was philosophic and not unduly alarmed. "Papa makes such a work about himself," she said, candidly, to Mrs. Spottiswoode. "Very likely he has only taken lobster to supper, or his Jamaica rum has not agreed with him, and he is bilious this morning. I think I will send out a box of colocyth, and a bit of nice tender veal, to put him in good-humor again. You know, Agnes, if I were to drive out I could not get back in time for the evening walk in the meadows. Besides, I was to see Miss Aldin about the change in the running on of my frills. It would overturn all my plans to go; and my head gets so hot, and I look so bloomy when my plans are disarranged," Corrie concluded, almost piteously.

"Yes; but, Corrie," hesitated Mrs. Spottiswoode, "you know Dr. Stark is not easy about papa just now. I think I had better go out myself. It is unlucky that Spottiswoode is to have several yeomen, who do business at the bank, at dinner to-day with Bourhope; but I dare say Mary will manage that, as Chrissy will mix the pudding for her. So I will go myself to Redraigs; all things considered, it would be a pity for you not to be in your best looks."

Bourhope, at this point, fell into a fit of coughing, and lost the rest of the dialogue; but perhaps his occasional scowl of disapprobation was called forth as much by this interlude as by the audacious judgments of the Shepherd and Ticker.

The day suddenly turned out very rainy, and the drill was gone through in a dense white mist which caused every horse to loom large as an elephant, and every rider to look a Gig or Magog. The young ladies, so fond of a change of costume at this time in Priorton, could do no shopping; the walk in the meadows at sunset with the laughing yeomen had to be given up. The green meadows were not bright, the grass was dripping, the flowers closed and heavy, and the river red and drizzly. All was disappointing, for the meadows were beautiful at this season with their summer snow of daisies—not dead-white snow either, for it was broken by patches of yellow butter-cups, crocuses, lady's fingers, and vetch, and by the crimson clover flowers, and the rusty red of sorrel, and the black post heads of the nitwort plantain, whose black upon the white of ox-eye daisies has the rich tints of crimine.

Instead of walks there were gatherings round shivering tables; and bottles and glasses clinked cheerily in many a parlor. But Mr. Spottiswoode was sober by inclination. The impressiveness of office, which had quite the contrary effect on many persons of his era, only added to his characteristic caution. The yeomen, too, knew well where hilarity ended and excess began. So there was little fear of excess in Mr. Spottiswoode's house. Mrs. Spottiswoode, a prima in her own line, had a cheerful fire in her drawing-room, and sat by the hearth, with her children tumbling round her; while Corrie, fairer than ever in the blinking fire-light, and Chrissy, brown and merry, sat on either side of her. She invited the farmer laird to enter that charmed ring, which of course he could not help contracting with the loneliness and comfortlessness of Bourhope. But though he sat next Corrie, a certain coldness crept over the well-arranged party. He caught himself glancing curiously at the book Chrissy Hunter had been almost burning her face reading by the fire-light before he came in. Mrs. Spottiswoode did not much care for reading aloud, but she took the hint in good part, and called on Chrissy to tell what her book was about, and so direct Bourhope, without wholly monopolizing his attention.

Chrissy was rather shy at first. She never told stories freely away from home; but she was now pressed to do it. After a little, however, she put her own sympathetic humor and pathos into the wondrous narrative, till she literally held her listeners spell-bound. And no wonder. Those were the days of Scott's early novels, when they were greatly run after, and the price of a night's reading was high. Chrissy's cousin "Rob" was a bookseller's apprentice, and his master, for the purpose of enabling Robbie to share his enthusiasm, would lend the apprentice an uncut copy. Robbie brought it out to Blackfauld, and then all would sit up, sick mother among the rest, to hear it read aloud, till far into the small hours.

Who can tell what that cordial of pure healthful intellectual diversion may have been even to the burdened father and sick mother of Blackfauld, and to Chrissy! The very speaking of it made her deep her hands over her knees, and her gray eyes to shine out like stars—as Bourhope thought to himself.

The assembly paid Chrissy the highest compliment an assembly can pay a speaker. They forgot their schemes, their anxieties, themselves even, to fasten their eyes and hearts on the brown girl—the book dropping from her hand, but the story written so graphically on her memory. Corrie was the first to recover herself. "Oh dear!" she cried, "I forgot I was to take down my hair for Miss Lothian to point it at eight o'clock!"—and hurried out of the room.

Mrs. Spottiswoode roused herself next, and spoke a few words of acknowledgment to Chrissy. "Upon my word, Chrissy, your recital has been quite as good as the play. We are much obliged to you. I am afraid your throat must be sore; but stay, I

have some of the theatre oranges here. No, haime, you are not to have any; it is far too late for you to be up. Dear me; I believe you have been listening to Chrissy's story like the rest of us!" But Mrs. Spottiswoode was not under any apprehension about the success of Chrissy's reading. She proved this by immediately leaving Chrissy sitting with Bourhope while she went to put the children to bed, and see if Mr. Spottiswoode, who was doing a quiet turn of business in his office, would have a game of cards before supper. She had really never heard of a girl being married simply for her tongue's sake! Perhaps she knew the line in the song too:

"Very few marry for talking."

and had found its truth in her own experience, for she was a shrewd, observant woman.

Bourhope, it should be understood, was longest subjected to the influence of Chrissy's story-telling power. Indeed, when he did somewhat recover from it, his fancy created fine visions of what it would be to have such a story-teller at the farm-house during the long, dark nights of winter, and the endless days of summer. Bourhope was no ignoramus. He had some acquaintance with "Winter's Tales" and summer pastorals, but his reading was bald and tame to his inspiration. He thought to himself it would really be as good as a company of players purely for his own behoof, without any of the disadvantages. He stammered a little in expressing the debt he owed to Chrissy, and she could only eagerly reply by saying: "Not to me, not to me the praise, Mr. Spottiswoode, but to the Great Unknown. Oh, I would like to know him!"

Bourhope was stimulated to do at once what he was sure to do ultimately—he presented his hospitable entertainers with a box at the play. No doubt this was a great delight to Chrissy, for it was in the days when actors were respectable artists, and play-going was still universal. Chrissy in her freshness enjoyed the provincials as well as if they had been first-rate performers, took the good and left the bad, and sat quite entranced.

Bourhope, although he was decidedly intellectual for his calling, watched Chrissy rather than the stage. He read the feeling of the moment reflected in her sagacious yet sensitive face. Once he turned round and tried the same experiment with Corrie. He might as well have expected to borrow a living soul from well-moulded stucco or marble. He now realized in a more lively manner than ever that grace may look as fair and white, and soft and shapely as swans till they expose their wadding. He tried in church the process he had learned at the play, and it must be confessed, not without effect. Chrissy's expression giving a fair notion of the good Priorton minister's earnestness and eloquence.

But at length Chrissy, aware of the liberty Bourhope took in thus making her his study, yet restless and troubled in her soul and warm heart. She was no fool in her simplicity. She knew that Bourhope did not in any sense belong to Mrs. Spottiswoode and Corrie, and she had shrewdly suspected of late that their anticipated project would not be carried out. She could not help occasionally turning over in her mind the circumstance that Corrie was very plain, but that depressed Matrimor Delville nevertheless bestowed his heart on her, though the girl like her fortune was disagreeable to her for many a long day. Chrissy thought that if Bourhope were independent and original enough to like her—to love her—he was his own master, there was nothing between him and his inclination save her inclination and her father and mother's will. And there was little doubt about their will with respect to a man so worthy, so unexceptionable, and so well endowed as Bourhope.

Nor was there any thing like duty to the Spottiswoodes to stand between Bourhope and Chrissy. But still Chrissy's nice sense of honor was disturbed, for had she not a guess that a very different result had been expected? Nay, she had even a half-criminal notion that she herself had been expressly selected as a companion to Corrie Hunter during the gaieties of the Yeomanry Weeks to prove a sort of harmless foil. A dream of love was a grand shock to Chrissy's quiet life, making wild yet plaintive music, like all nature's true harmonies, within her; and filling her mind with tremulous light which clarified every object, and was fair even to dazzle herself. It was not unnatural that Bourhope should excite such a dream. But Chrissy was not completely dazzled. It was only a dream as yet, and she would be the mistress of her dream; it should not be the mistress of her. So she resolved, showing herself a reasonable, thoughtful, conscientious woman, as well as a loving, fairly-proportioned, and lovely human spirit.

Chrissy retained all her sober senses. She recollected what was due both to the hero and to the others concerned. She was neither a weak victim, nor a headstrong, arrogant, malicious coquette. Like all genuine women, she struggled against yielding herself without her due—without a certainty that there was no irreparable mistake in the matter. She was not a girl to get love-sick at the first bout, nor one to run even at a worthy lover's beckoning, though she would sacrifice much, and do it proudly, joyously, for true affection, when once it had confessed itself. So she shrunk from Bourhope, slipped away from him, and managed to avoid him. He was puzzled and vexed and almost exasperated by doubts as to whether she cared for or wished to accept his notice and regards. Little brown Chrissy taught the bold yeoman a lesson in her own quiet way. She slowly forced upon him the conviction that any gifts or attentions of his—the prosperous, cultivated farmer-laird—were as dross compared with the genius and acquirements of Chrissy Hunter, whom many short-sighted men called insignificant and plain amidst the poverty and cares of Blackfauld. Bourhope was not radically mercenary; he had no certainty that his superiority in worldly estate would secure the strange good upon which he set his heart, and he was at once stimulated and incensed by her indifference to his advances. So he had no communications with Chrissy, apart from a demure interchange of words in general conversation, for three days before the grand review and the

FREDRIKA BREMER.

In presenting our readers with the accompanying portrait of **FREDRIKA BREMER** a few words may not be unacceptable regarding the career of this remarkable woman, whose earthly life closed at Arta, the former residence of her family, on the 23d of December last. To the people of this country the career of Miss Bremer is especially interesting from the fact that she has lived among us, and is so well remembered here by thousands of loving friends.

It is now about a quarter of a century since the spirited publisher Brockhaus, of Leipzig, introduced to his countrymen and women a series of stories so truthful in their descriptions of simple, often homely life—their living portraiture of fathers, mothers, children, and servants, all the individuals of the home circle, in all their varieties—their tenderesses, their quiverings, their joys and their sorrows, their hopes and their fears—as to seize at once on the public heart. Nobody criticized them, nobody questioned whether they were good or bad; all they did was to read them, to laugh or to cry over them, and to feel astonished how pictures so simple could exercise such a fascination over them. These were the famous "Sketches of Everyday Life," by **FREDRIKA BREMER**, first and foremost of which stands her inimitable "Neighbors," with its charming *Francisca*, the excellent *Bear*, and the powerfully-drawn *Ma chère Mère*. Now that the once so greatly admired authoress has passed from earthly existence, we shall not attempt a criticism of her works, but remember how much we have loved her, how much we owe her, and how much has been accomplished by a woman of slight physical frame and in any thing but robust health through the greater part of her life, and for how much lasting good her name will be honored in her native land for generations yet to come. Twice she received the highest honor which the



THE LATE FREDRIKA BREMER.

Swedish Academy could offer—that of its gold medal. Besides the so well known "Sketches of Everyday Life," Miss Bremer wrote "The Diary," "Brothers and Sisters," and "The Midnight Sun," none of which, however, attained to the celebrity of their predecessors.

No doubt Miss Bremer felt this herself when she changed the pleasant fields of fiction for the more laborious ones of foreign travel. Her travels, to which five years were devoted—two in America and three in Europe and the Holy Land—fill about ten volumes, which contain much close study and deep reflection, and are remarkable for their vivid pictures of life and scenery.

It is not always that the author whose works have delighted and even edified the world lives up to the nobility and truth of his own teaching. This, however, was the case with this excellent woman, whose private life was as remarkable for its deeds of love and mercy as her literary life was for its industry. Those who knew her best loved her most. She enjoyed the society of the young, and surrounded herself by them, generally having one or more young ladies residing with her. One of these assures us that in the twelve months she was in daily intercourse with her she never saw her out of temper, never saw her otherwise than actively kind and assiduous in every way to add to the comfort and pleasure of those who surrounded her. She was received in the highest society of Stockholm, from the Royal circle downward. She was highly accomplished, and spoke several European languages fluently.

Miss Bremer was the means of establishing the *Seminarium* in Stockholm, an institution kindred to our Ladies' Colleges. She was at the head of every philanthropic work in Stockholm, and many a noble institution both there and in Copenhagen, as, for instance, the *Asylum for Destitute Children*, owes its existence entirely to her.



OPENING OF PARLIAMENT—THE LORD CHANCELLOR READING THE ROYAL SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—[SEE PAGE 154.]



PARIS FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1866.—[See Page 156.]



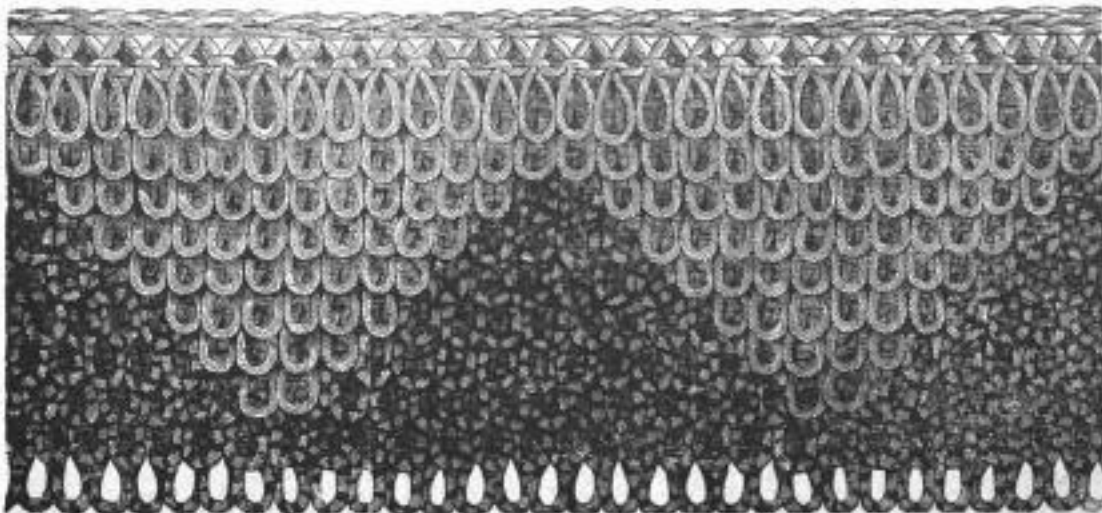
NO. 2.—MUFF WITH POCKET—BLACK VELVET WITH SILK TRIMMING



BANDEAU OR DEC. OF PEARL MORAIK.



NO. 1.—MUFF WITH POCKET—BLACK VELVET TRIMMED WITH FUR.



KNITTED BORDER FOR FELTINES, ETC.



FLOOSINE CROCHET STITCH.

LADIES' WOOL WORK.—[See Page 158.]

TWICE FIVE AND TWICE TEN.

Two children talking together
With the wisdom of twice five years,
And the simple inductive fancy,
That sees beyond what appears.
Said Charlie to little Bessie,
Abruptly ceasing to play,
'I saw Bertie's horse in the stable;
He comes nearly every day.'
'Don't you know he comes to see Annie?
Ah! ah! I was right in my guess,
I always know when he's coming--
Annie has on that pretty pink dress.
'She always makes a difference,
Be it only a ribbon or rose,
Whenever he comes, she wishes
To look her best, I suppose.'
'And do you think she's in earnest?'
'Oh! Charlie, how cruel to doubt--
Why they walk hand in hand together
When the stars are shining out.'
'Well that certainly ought to mean something,
But, somehow or other, I fear
He is not the first or the second;
There may be another next year.
'To-day a new dress or new ribbon,
To-morrow, perhaps, a new rose,
Next year, let us say, a new lover--
Or it may be a dozen, who knows?'
'Now, Charlie, don't be sarcastic;
Would you have her dress always the same?
What has dress to do with affection?
It may be she was not to blame.'
'Ah! Bessie, we birds grow cautious
When we see one or two in the net--
The bait may be very attractive,
And the snare very cunningly set.
'But those two or three victims before us,
They seem to whisper, beware!
The woodland berry is safer,
And, perchance, more wholesome fare.
'Give me the girl that has never
Lov'd any one else but me,
That changes not with the season,
Nor runs after novelty!'
'Ah! Charlie, it must be so trag' us
For love once settled to range;
Whatever the season or fashion,
The heart surely never should change.
Take care, Master Charles and Miss Bessie,
There are some things beyond your ken,
The pledges of twice five summers
Are not always redeemed by twice ten.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

No anniversary of Washington's Birthday has had so much significance as the last, which was celebrated in this city with unusual enthusiasm. Among the events of the day worthy of notice were the Military Parade and the presentation by the Union League Club to General Grant of a Portrait of General Scott. In the evening there was a display of fireworks in different parts of the city. Of the display in the Park in front of the City Hall we give an illustration on our first page. It was witnessed by about fifty thousand persons. The pieces, as designated by the pyrotechnists, are as follows: The Indian Palmetto, Golden Circle and Grecian Battery, Persian Rose, Cross of Peru, Yew-tree, Tribute to Ceres, Zania Peruvia, Saturn and his Satellites, Star of America, Star of Independence, Golden Waterfall, Yankee Wind-mill, Passion-Flower, Fairies' Frolic, and, lastly, a Grand Temple of Liberty, covering the entire front of the City Hall, and representing GEORGE WASHINGTON, flanked by Justice and Liberty. Over the heads of the three figures were three golden eagles; and underneath the whole were the words, "WASHINGTON, THE FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY." The pyrotechnic display was concluded without accident at about half past eight in the evening, when the great multitude dispersed.

THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND OPENING HER PARLIAMENT.

For the first time in five years, QUEEN VICTORIA met her Parliament in person on February 6. It was the opening of the Seventh Parliament of her reign. The last occasion of her personal presence in the House of Lords was to inaugurate the Session of a Parliament (the Sixth) which had been thrice honored in a similar manner. On that occasion the Prince Consort stood by her side. The following is an abridged description of the opening of the Seventh Parliament as taken from an English paper:
'Meanwhile an interesting scene had been for some time visible within the House of Lords. At noon a long line of carriages extended from Pall Mall to the port entrance of the Palace of Westminster, most, if not all, of which were occupied by ladies in full evening costume--the wives, daughters, and sisters of peers, and of members of the Government, and some few who were, perhaps, not so nearly connected with the Upper Chamber, but who had influence enough to procure the seats from the coveted distributor of such favors. One of the most notable of the arrivals was a lady who came into the House escorted by the Earl of Lovell, and who was recognized as Lady Anne Beaumont, Nov. Mrs. Nox, the grand-daughter of George Gordon, Lord Byron.
'The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Prince in the full uniform of a general officer, and the Princess tastefully attired in a dress of white tulle, trimmed with black lace, wearing a tiara of diamonds and a long flowing veil

of white gauze, covered side by side. The Princess was seated to the place of honor on the west side, immediately in front of the throne. The Prince of Wales took his seat beside the Duke of Cambridge, with whom he was speedily engaged in conversation. At twelve minutes past two the door on the right of the House was thrown open, and we had just a glimpse of the green-carpeted vestibule, with two gigantic Guardsmen standing by. Then the procession slowly entered. Preceded by the Gentleman-at-Arms, the chief officers of the household, and the bearers of the state sword and crown, her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Helena and Louise, Prince Arctur, and Prince Casimir of Schleswig-Holstein, walked round to the front of the throne. Ascending the dais, she was followed by the Princess, who, as soon as her Majesty had seated herself, partially drew round her the robes of state which had been hanging loosely on the throne. Her Majesty wore a velvet dress of so deep a purple that it almost seemed black, bordered with ermine, a mantle of the like material, a white lace veil falling from her widow's cap, and a heavy diamond necklace. The two Princesses, dressed in white, stood with Prince Casimir on the left of the throne, while on her Majesty's right were two ladies in waiting, dressed in black, the Princess of Wales, the Lord Chamberlain, etc.
'During the interval that elapsed between the entrance of the Commons and the reply, the Queen sat silent and motionless, with her eyes fixed upon the ground.
The Speech from the throne was then read by the Lord Chancellor.

"CAUGHT NAPPING."

THE picture engraved on page 152 is by a promising young English artist, Mr. A. H. BIRN. We must leave the reader to speculate how the little arch and deceiver of learning came to commit the outrage on all academic propriety for which he is about to be visited with condign punishment. Perhaps the dominion has been absent a short time and returned unexpectedly; perhaps the little culprit has fancied himself out of observation, beneath the desk of the despot immediately behind him. Possibly the Jews of this petty realm and half-bred wielder of the leatherh Nemeses has himself been nodding; if so, his anger would, of course, be heightened tenfold by the presumption of this little creature in following the example of irresponsible power. As the child is father of the man, so is the school an ante-room to the world. Here we find one bending manfully to his task, there another makes faces at it, either in disgust or for his own and others' amusement; and, yonder, a third neglects it altogether. While what more characteristic of adult nature than that we should make merry over our neighbor's misfortunes? Even some of the softer sex, it seems by this picture, are capable of sharing the tempting pleasure. Here and there, however, it also appears, there are little womanly hearts attuned to thrill with pity and compassion at misfortune and pain; and now and then beauty may be seen irradiated with the heavenly light of unselfish love.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIGURES 1 and 2 furnish two distinct representations of a costume known as "the Sappho," which has met with much favor in the grand mode, and promises to become very fashionable generally. It is made of black velvet, trimmed with a possession of black silk and jet ornaments, which terminates in a broad fringe, with a couple of tassels at the extremity. In the parts which are turned over by the collar and the cuffs is a fine and narrow galopure. The waistcoat is terminated with a galopure of similar pattern but of greater depth.
The bonnet adapted to this costume is extremely simple. It is composed of black velvet, with a black ostrich feather, and having a kind of diadem in front ornamented with small black comets.
Figure 2 is a ball-dress of straw-color satin, over which is a japon of white tulle, which covers the entire robe, with the exception of the corsage and the extremity of the train. The corsage and the bottom of the japon are trimmed with puffs of tulle, caught up by yellow roses. The train of the robe is scalloped. The coiffure is composed of a bunch of yellow roses, which descends as low as the waist.
No. 3 is an evening dress of points de soie, striped blue and white, with a large relevé fixed behind by a bow of blue velvet with very long loops. The relevé, which is of blue satin, is bordered--as well as the body and the bottom of the robe--with velvet to match. At the extreme end of the robe is a turgid idea.
The "coiffure Josephine" is composed of a chignon of small curls, covered with a net, and fastened on by a large gold comb. A diadem, also of gold, is worn in front.
On the same page with our Fashion cut we give several engravings illustrating specimens of ladies' wool work, to each of which we shall make separate allusion:
"BANDEAU GREC" OF PEARL MOSAIC.
This bandeau can be very easily manufactured at home out of chased bronze pearls, imitation coral, or any other fancy beads, in the following manner: The two inner threads, marked a in the pattern, are passed alternately, first through one, then through two beads, forming a diamond square. The outer threads, d, are then each passed through a single bead and crossed inside of the two inner beads in the middle of the diamond. A bracelet can be made to match the "bandeau" in the same manner with fine elastic cord.
"FLOCONNE" CROCHET STITCH.
This stitch is admirably adapted to coverings for the feet and traveling wraps, not only on account of its beauty, but its warmth and elasticity, and when worked in two colors--for example, black and white--forms a good imitation of fur for children's muffs and collars. It is set up in tolerably loose meshes and worked backward and forward, thus:
1st Row (A).--In each mesh of the original casting one ordinary close mesh.
2d Row (B).--One close mesh (passing the needle through both loops, which forms an open mesh), one half of mesh, to be repeated from * to the end. To form the left part the wool once around the needle, then make a loop through the next mesh; repeat this process three times, always using the same mesh for the three loops. Unite the loops and extra three threads of the left with one mesh, as is shown in the first row of the pattern, then make an open mesh and crochet it with that which remains upon the needle.

3d Row.--Slide mesh through every single and every half mesh.
4th Row.--Repeat the second, except that the loops for the left are passed through the second open mesh below the left, designated in the pattern by an asterisk (*). The hole for the close mesh in the one succeeding the left, and is marked in the pattern by a cross (+). The contrasting color may be worked in longer tufts or strictly according to the above design.
MUFF WITH POCKET.
This perfect protection against the severity of the winter furnishes a beautiful and suitable gift, and can be made at home. Its excellence consists in being manufactured of materials to match the dress, and being furnished with a pocket, the opening of which is covered with a lappet. The arrangement of this muff may be varied, but the above design is worthy a pre-eminence. The outer covering is made of black velvet laid in folds at the sides underneath the arm-holes, which are trimmed, as well as the lappet, with broad bands of fur. The whole is lined with white sarcenet. The lappet is adorned with a rich application of black satin, embroidered with pearls, in the middle of which is a shield with an initial letter. The lappet is closed with buttons, and the muff is furnished with rich cords and tassels.

A more simple style for children is shown in pattern No. 2. This consists of dark blue velvet, lined with blue silk, and trimmed around the arm-holes and lappet with double frills of blue silk bound with the same. The whole is completed with bands of blue velvet and mother-of-pearl buttons.
KNITTED BORDER FOR PELERINES, BASQUES, ETC.
Material: White angora worsted, pearl-gray worsted, two fine wooden knitting-needles, and a flat mesh, four-fifths of an inch wide, such as is used in netting.
This fringe-like border is peculiarly fitted for pelerines, basques, small rage, etc., and is knitted with white and pearl-gray worsted in interlacing points. The required amount of stitches is cast on with pearl worsted, always taking care that it be capable of being divided by 14, that number being necessary for each point; and it is knitted backward and forward like a garter.
1st Row (loop).--The first stitch is taken off without knitting. The setting wand is then placed at the back of the work, the needle is passed through the next stitch, and the thread thrown over it; this thread is then placed around the wand from above, again thrown over the needle, so that the latter has two threads, the wand only one, and the stitch is taken off. This process is repeated from * to the end.
2d Row is knitted regularly without drawing out the wand, every double stitch being made into one. The wand is then drawn out, and the 1st and 2d rows alternately repeated until the border, which consists of ten rows, is completed. In the 3d row of loops two after every twelve must be made of white worsted, and the same number of white must be added in each successive row, until in the 10th row two meshes of pearl appear between every twelve of white. Two rows of white loops finish the border.

The use for which the article is designed must determine the arrangement of the colors as well as the strength of the material to be employed.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1866.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1866.

THE SITUATION.

DURING the great debate in which the country is now engaged it is well to remember that temperance of tone and a careful regard for truth are always powerful allies. We have lately had signal illustrations of the folly of extravagant statements and personal aspersions; and there can be no more palpable absurdity than that those who stood steadily together against rebellion when rebellion was formidable are now anxious and plotting to surrender the Government to rebels defeated and disgraced. Yet these are charges gravely made against such men as CHARLES SUMNER on the one hand, and ANDREW JOHNSON on the other. Now either or both of these gentlemen may be mistaken in the policy of reorganization which they favor, but there is surely no reasonable ground for believing that they are hostile to the Union or Government. Their views of the true course to pursue may hopelessly differ, but certainly while their intentions are beyond suspicion the difference of their views may be discussed without acrimony. The situation is entirely without precedent, and denunciation, in-in-ation, and fierce partisanship merely confound the confusion and exasperate honest differences.

It is as unjust to assert that Congress is hostile to the loyal men at the South as it is to insist that the President is anxious to have disloyal men sit in Congress. It is as inaccurate to declare that Congress means to sustain a pauper class of freedmen at the expense of the Government as to argue that the President intends to betray the freedmen defenseless into the hands of those who hate them. It is as untrue to say that the course of Congress violates the Constitution as that the policy of the President overthrows it. The truth lies between all these extremes, as may be seen by looking at the last point we have mentioned. If, for instance, it be alleged, in defense of what is called the President's policy, that the war was to prevent secession; that it was successful; that secession was therefore prevented; that the States are now, as before, in the Union; and that, consequently, Congress has no constitutional right to prohibit their representation—it is no less true that if those States are in the Union they were equally so in May last, and that the President has no constitutional right to appoint a Provisional Governor of a State in the Union. The truth is, that the President acted from the necessity of the case; and that must be the principle of action until reorganization is complete. Then, and not before, the authority which is called the war-power ceases, and the normal habit of the Union is resumed. The argument is by no means ended, as Senators DOOLITTLE and JOHNSON seem to suppose, when it is proved that the late rebel States are not out of the Union. They were not out of the Union a year ago. Was any representative which South Carolina might have chosen to send to Congress at that time to be therefore admitted without question? No sensible man will affirm such an absurdity.

Neither the President nor Congress hold that the mere fact of laying down arms raised against the Government proves either the loyalty of those who surrender or the propriety of admitting without question the representatives whom they send. Senator BAYARD JOHNSON himself concurred in the report made to the Senate in February of last year that it was "improper for this body to admit to seats Senators from Louisiana till, by some joint action of both Houses, there shall be some recognition of an existing State Government acting in harmony with the Government of the United States and recognizing its authority." All that Congress asks is that the subject shall be investigated and the facts ascertained, and for that sole purpose was the Reconstruction Committee appointed. The President also reaffirms the same principle when he says, in speaking of the late rebel States: "When they comply with the Constitution, when they have given sufficient evidence of their loyalty and that they can be trusted, when they yield obedience to the law, I say extend to them the right hand of fellowship, and let peace and union be restored." So says the President; so say we all. But here are points to be decided, and by whom? Is it not evident that Congress must decide them for itself before it can admit a single member? The President may for himself be satisfied upon some of these points, and he says in his Veto Message that, in his judgment, "some" of the late rebel States may properly be admitted to representation. But surely neither he nor any other man can expect that his action will blind Congress. There was no subject, indeed, which required more careful consideration. The President is not to be regarded as the arbiter of the national will; the only duty which he owes to the Union is to see that it is not broken up by the hands of an ambitious man.

the danger of any risk of assumption of the rebel debt in any form—all require the most thoughtful care in legislation.

But the most truly patriotic men may honestly differ about methods, and if upon any point Congress and the President disagree, the Constitution indicates the course to pursue. He may interpose his veto. If Congress overcomes it by the Constitutional vote, its will becomes a law of the United States which the President is sworn to execute. If his veto prevails, the will of Congress so far fails to become a law. But the President, if he have any regard for the dignity of his office or for the just distribution of powers in this government, will be very wary of declaring that his view of the case shall prevail against that of Congress. The President is but a co-ordinate branch of the Government. He is not the superior of Congress nor of the Supreme Court. He is the executive officer of the laws. Meanwhile his veto of any measure is a deliberate appeal to the country upon the point of difference, and the country will decide the question at the ballot-box.

But we confidently trust that no such appeal will be necessary. The President and Congress have the same end in view. They both desire the resumption by every State of its relations in the Union at the earliest moment consistent with the general peace and security; and if Congress, accepting the facts of the situation, treats something to time, something to the traditions of the Government, something to the sure laws which, despite passion and prejudice, still control human affairs; and if the President, mindful of the equal dignity and responsibility of Congress, remembers that firmness is not inconsistent with forbearance, nor conviction with conciliation; and if orators and journalists reflect that rhetorical fury is always feeble and futile, the great party of loyal men who saved the Union will secure its peaceful perpetuity by mutual moderation and wise concession.

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

THE "lead and general cheers" that greeted Sir GEORGE GREY when he announced in the House of Commons on the 16th of February that he should bring in a bill next day for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus in Ireland; the remark of Earl DENBY, the Tory leader in the House of Lords, that he would not interpose a moment's delay; the special session of Parliament on the 17th, when the suspension bill was brought in; the ascent of Mr. DISRAELI, the Opposition leader; Mr. BRIGGS's protest without intention of opposition; and the passage of the bill by a vote of 364 to 0, and the Queen's approval on the same night, show that the British Government is seriously alarmed by the condition of Ireland, and that it means, if possible, to prevent, not to subdue, an insurrection.

The suspension of the great writ is a favorite method of prevention with that Government, and especially in Ireland. This is the seventh time it has been suspended during this century in that country. An act to that effect was in operation in 1800, at the very time of the Union; from 1802 to 1805; from 1807 to 1810; in 1814; from 1822 to 1824; and last in 1848, when the Irish people were arming and organizing and threatening, and were incited to massacre and plunder. In England also the suspension has been frequent. In 1745 the Solicitor-General stated that the act had been suspended nine times since the revolution of 1688. From 1745 until 1794 the law was inviolate, but in that year, amidst the wild turmoil of the French Revolution and the terror of the British Government, Mr. PITT moved its suspension. FOX, GREY, and SHERIDAN eloquently resisted. In one of his speeches FOX said that forcible opposition was merely a question of prudence. He declared that the suspension made the will of Ministers the real Government of England, and that it was Magna Charta itself which was to be suspended. Yet thirty-nine members only supported the opposition, and the writ remained continuously suspended for eight years. In 1817 it was again suspended; but for the fifty years since, as the Constitutional historian of England says, "Ministers, animated by a higher spirit of statesmanship, have known how to maintain the authority of the law in England without the aid of abnormal powers."

But Ireland is always an exception to all English rules. The sense of English feeling toward the unhappy country is generally, not always, harsh and hostile. The popular English conception of the island is that of a wretched people in a chronic state of oppressed or latent rebellion. The traditions of wrong and suffering, which would gradually perish in a thriving and intelligent community, are kept forever fresh in one which is ignorant and wretched whether the wretchedness be the result of human error or of unequal legislation. The problem of Ireland has never been solved; and Carlyle expressed doubtless a vague English sense of despair when he suggested that the only solution was the submersion of the island in the sea for twenty-four hours.

Now if the true view of international rela-

tions upon the globe were simply the devil-take-the-hindmost, we might complacently "chaff" England upon her late conduct toward us, and "thank thee, Jew, for teaching" as the word Neutrality. But acutely suffering as we are from the sorrows of civil war, it is impossible not to sympathize with a kindred nation which is menaced by it; and while the British policy in Ireland can not be approved by those who believe that justice is essential to peace, yet if the Fenians or Irish revolutionists propose to invoke the sympathy of the world in an appeal to arms, the world must distinctly know their grievances. A general plea for independence, a general protest against unjust laws, are not sufficient. Discontent with the church establishment and the land-tenure in Ireland are not enough to justify bloodshed, unless it is plain that legal redress has been sought and refused. All the Fenian fury of invective is impotent compared with one plain statement of the leading wrongs which the Government refuses to remedy.

It is true that England did not wait for such a statement from our late rebels before Earl RUSSELL declared that we were fighting for dominion. But if we can find no better example for our conduct than Earl RUSSELL and British neutrality during our war, we shall deserve the scorn which we lavished upon him. Sir GEORGE GREY, in moving for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, said that the Fenian movement was wholly disapproved by the American Government; and Mr. LAMARCA called attention to "the inadequacy of the laws to enable England to fulfill her international obligations toward foreign countries." There is our revenge, and it is a thousandfold sweeter than pettyfogging a Fenian Abolitionist out of New York Bay.

We need not fear to trust our principles or our traditions. The hostility with which so much of the world viewed our struggle to maintain free Government will change to admiration of the humane and honorable conduct of such a Government in all its domestic and international relations. If England falls into trouble our duty is to do what England ought to have done during our troubles, not what she did.

THE BEGINNING OF CONTRACTION.

WHILE Congress is disputing about the proper method of inaugurating a policy of contraction, this member declaring that the country will be ruined unless his scheme be adopted, and that member announcing that no other plan than his can save the nation, the Secretary of the Treasury, in the absence of appropriate legislation, is quietly in his own way curtailing the currency. On 1st November, a little over four months ago, the aggregate legal-tender currency was \$633,709,811. On 1st March the aggregate legal-tender currency was only \$605,954,414; a reduction, in four months, of \$27,725,197. It is true that during the same period the volume of national currency was increased more than \$10,000,000. But over these issues the Secretary had no control; and as the national banks are compelled to hold in their vaults legal tenders to redeem their notes on presentation, any substantial reduction of the former will quickly compel a recall of the latter.

It will be noted that this reduction of \$27,725,197 in the legal-tender currency in the course of 120 days was effected without any "funding loans." By offering \$50,000,000 of Five-Twenty bonds in exchange for compound legal tenders, in January or February last, the curtailment might easily have been raised to \$77,000,000 instead of \$27,000,000 without disturbing trade or industry.

"Not to put too fine a point upon it," the Secretary has ample power under existing statutes to curtail the currency—even though Congress should deny him the additional authority he has sought. He can go on quietly exchanging compound legal tenders, Seven-Thirty notes, and other short date obligations for long bonds, at the rate of at least \$15,000,000 a month throughout this year, without creating any very serious disturbance in the money market, and he can employ his surplus revenue in paying off debt certificates and call loans. In this way he can curtail the currency perhaps as fast as it would be safe to curtail it, and he can do it in a way which will not involve periodical spasms in the money market.

The two weak points in his position are the deposits on call and the debt certificates. Talk to a Bull in gold about contraction, and he responds triumphantly:

"Contraction, Sir! Impossible! Ridiculous! How can the Secretary contract when he owes \$118,000,000 on call after ten days, and \$60,000,000 more on debt certificates, maturing on the average within eight months?"

It can not be denied but there is a great deal in this reasoning. So long as Government may be called upon for \$118,000,000, on ten days' notice, the Secretary dare not create a tight money market. Such a money market as they have had in London for six weeks would—if established here—have brought the United States Government to the verge of bankruptcy. Every

dollar of the temporary deposits would have been called, and it would have taxed the resources of the Government to the utmost to have responded. Surely this is clear enough to dictate the necessity of at once abandoning the seductive but fatal expedient of receiving money on temporary deposit. We have drawn attention more than once of late to the bad policy, in a mere business point of view, of paying interest at the rate of 5 and 6 per cent. per annum on money which lay idle in the Treasury, and was not required by the necessities of Government. But if contraction be fairly adopted as the policy of Government, these temporary deposits will become an element of danger as well as expense. They constitute an impregnable bulwark behind which the banks can defy the Government. So long as they exist Government can no more afford to distress the banks by curtailing the currency than a debtor can distress his creditor by purchasing the latter's paper.

In war time, when the great object of Government was to get money at once in any way, and to postpone the day of payment, debt certificates and temporary deposits were a fair expedient. They answered very well, and more than once helped the Secretary out of grave embarrassments. But now the Government ought not to need to resort to such methods of finance. The revenue is in excess of the expenditure, and Government ought to occupy a position above and beyond the control of local banks or bankers. It is in the power of the Secretary to pay off the bulk of the temporary deposits, and to reduce the debt certificates to a small figure. Until he does so all the legislation in the world will not enable him to curtail the currency, because the parties to be injured by such curtailment will till then hold a call on him for currency to which he can not respond. After he has done so he will be in a position, without further legislation, to curtail the currency about as fast as it ought to be curtailed.

REMEDIES AGAINST FIRE.

THE complete destruction by fire in the daytime of Dr. TRAW'S Church and of the Assembly Rooms in Broadway, notwithstanding the best efforts of the Fire Department, and without any want of water, lead us to consider what it is in the construction of our buildings which exposes them to such certain destruction. The question involves not only the interests of owners and Fire Insurance Companies, but the safety of occupants and the contribution which the generation on the stage makes to the one that is to succeed in the shape of permanent improvements.

Buildings in the Old World are made to stand for ages. Their destruction by fire is as impossible as it is to save houses from being thus destroyed which are built on the American plan. A traveler walking the streets of Florence and Rome is not a little astonished at the preservation of the palace built by the Medici family about the year 1300, and of the Pantheon built for Pagan worship or some other purpose before the Christian era. St. Peter's, which has stood about three hundred years, is safe from destruction by fire, or indeed by any means short of an earthquake.

Although these specimens of architecture have been so long the subject of examination, and although the fire of 1835 swept over above sixty acres of the most valuable part of New York, we still build on the plan of Dr. TRAW'S Church and of the Assembly Rooms, which in a few hours became a mass of ruins. The feature about our houses which most exposes them to rapid and certain destruction by fire is the presence of lath and plaster throughout their interior, constituting with the joists on which lath are nailed a complete wooden structure incased in walls of masonry. The succession of wooden chimneys leading from cellar to roof thus formed, and of well-devised drafts or passages leading to them between the beams on each floor, constitute a perfect contrivance for the steady and rapid progress of fire, secure from streams of water aimed from without. Architects must know this difficulty full well, but yet either from the eagerness of owners to have cheap structures and large rents, or from the wish of architects to be constantly engaged in the work of rebuilding, no proper remedies are provided, and reliance must probably be placed on Legislative means to correct the fatal effects of their joint cupidity.

If those who are engaged in the business of insurance were equal to the necessities of their vocation, the great fire of 1835 would not have been without some value as a warning against a pernicious mode of building. A few buildings, it is true, have since been constructed which are proof against fire. Among these are the Merchants' Exchange, the offices on the southeast corner of Broadway and Liberty Street, the structure for brokers in Broad Street, and more recently the elegant house of Mr. STRAWAR in the Fifth Avenue. But take the mass of houses and churches built since 1835, and they all possess the same vice which exposed the city to a fire extending over sixty acres of valuable property. The loss on that occasion occurred before the introduction of the Croton

but it was due to the prevalence of extreme cold and a high wind, which made it difficult to subdue with water a fire which suddenly became extensive among houses favorably constructed for its ravages.

Take any ordinary corner house as an example of this peculiarity of structure. The walls—front, rear, and sides—are of brick, the front faced with stone. This is well enough. Behind the front and rear walls a series of joists about a foot back extend from cellar to garret. On these are nailed laths, and all the wood-work of inside shutters and a deep base. The open space, about a foot deep, forms a perfect draft or chimney of wood completely dried. The exterior side on the street is similarly constructed, except that the strips to which lath are nailed are inferior in depth to the ordinary joist, but there is nevertheless an open space, extending also from cellar to garret between the plaster and the external side wall into which the openings between the beams are conducted, thus extending the draft or chimney under every portion of the floor. In addition to all this staircases are universally built of wood, with the disadvantage, in case of fire, of a well protected open space between the treads and risers and the lath and plaster, which latter constitutes the finish at the back of the stairway. Although many houses have an inside wall along the main hall, yet more generally this and all other or most other partitions are made of joists resting on beams or on each other, covered on each side with lath and plaster, and constituting a further means of conducting the fire rapidly to each floor and to the roof of the building. The wonder is not so much that such structures are completely gutted—such is the well-known phrase—but that they are ever saved from this result if fire ensue.

The interior ornamentation of Dr. Tracy's elegant church consisted mainly of lath and plaster from floor to roof, constructed on an infinity of wood framed to represent solid work, but as ready for the flames as any thing which igneously could derive. This building and the Assembly Rooms, in open day, defied the skill and unremitting exertions of firemen. We can scarcely expect that the care and expense devoted by pagans to the Pantheon for the safety of their house of worship, or by the Catholics in the time of MICHAEL ANGELO in the construction of St. Peter's, will be displayed in our structures, but we can easily show that a very slight attention to details in building will prevent such complete destruction, and that without much expense beyond what is usually made.

In lieu of the system of joists and lath and plaster in the front and rear of ordinary houses it would cost but little more to construct a brick wall separated a few inches from the front and rear wall, to receive the plaster, and to have nailed to it the wood-work of inside shutters. The plaster would of course be perfectly dry. Houses in the interior of blocks would by this simple precaution be much more safe, solid, warm, and durable than are the usual structures, and there would be no loss of room. The outside and inside wall would not need to be tied to each other, but an occasional tie of iron or copper sloping downward from the internal to the external wall would convey any drip from the latter away from the interior, if a tie were supposed necessary, which we are sure it is not. We have closed the open space between these walls at the place where the work for shutters is affixed by a strip of tin, to exclude vermin from this retreat, which, when joists are used, constitutes the place in which they are secure from attack, and where they safely breed—rats, mice, and cockroaches. If, in addition to this, the interior walls were of brick and the main hall were of solid material, with a metal or stone stair-case rising to the second floor, such houses could be inhabited with safety from fire, and with the certainty, at all events, that no extraordinary efforts would be necessary to prevent any but a partial destruction of the building. A cheap class of tenement houses with narrow halls might have flagging in the halls from the partition wall to the external wall on every floor, and an iron staircase to give certain means of exit in case of fire. Such an assurance of safety would enable occupants to take means themselves to put out a fire which could generally be done with ease.

The interior of churches must be constructed on a plan wholly different from that which prevails, or their pastors must share in the anguish of the venerable Dr. Tracy, who, at a period of his life when he most required a secure roof for the worship in which he delights to engage, finds that his efforts to this end have been completely frustrated by the sacrifice made to appearances in the church which his congregation erected. Grand arches made of the flimsy material generally used must be dispensed with if we wish to make certain provision against the carelessness of a workman handling fire. Caen stone, such as we import from France, makes an elegant finish for the interior of churches; but an interior wall of brick, constituting with the exterior a double wall, would be less expensive, the interior wall to be plastered and painted. Where columns are necessary, iron may be used with advantage. It would be well

also, in important structures, to have iron rafters and iron lath, but perforated tin or galvanized iron may be used instead of wooden lath. In forming the interior arches galvanized iron may be used with benefit and pressed into whatever shape may be required.

So far as concerns houses built for occupation, the legislation of the State is defective in omitting proper provision for security against fire; and we hope to see such laws passed as may enable the present generation to transmit its industry in the shape of houses to its successors, as a substantial contribution to the wealth of the country. A Commission appointed by the Legislature to examine experts would afford the means for accurate and efficient legislation at the next session.

FOREIGN PROSPECTS.

THE Austrian Archduke MAXIMILIAN still remains in Mexico in his capacity of titular Emperor of that country, and LOUIS NAPOLEON has not yet begun to embark his troops for France. Marshal FOREY declares in the French Chambers that "the great idea" of the Mexican expedition can not be fulfilled without more French soldiers, and a minister of Napoleon's rises hastily and says that the Marshal speaks for himself as the Emperor has already spoken for himself. Meanwhile the Juarez Government of Mexico is both nomadic and shadowy, and—to use a droll expression of the prize-ring or the bar, we forget which—seldom puts in an appearance. This country continues placid, and satisfies itself with keeping an eye upon LOUIS NAPOLEON, and smiling at the Captain Bobodil statesmanship that would peremptorily order France out of Mexico. Mr. CONWAY, a trenchant American writer, now living in London, excites John Bull by arguing that, if we go to war by way of healing our domestic alienations, it will undoubtedly be a war to settle the Alabama claims, et cetera; while Mr. MATTHEW ANOLD, an accomplished and brilliant Englishman, does not reassure his countrymen by declaring that Lord PALMERSTON leaves Great Britain behind France and the United States in the estimation of the world.

It is very clear that none of the Great Powers wish to go to war. If France would fight for Mexico, she sees the United States, the Monroe Doctrine, three thousand miles of ocean, and a native population, all sitting like lions in the path. If England would haughtily decline to look at the little Yankee bill for the Alabama, she sees Ireland seething with discontent, and watchful France ready to turn all chances to account. If the United States would insist upon an Alabama settlement or a departure from Mexico, she sees her own military hand still stretched over a large part of her own domain, and a debt which she can not wisely increase. We believe, therefore, that all these questions will be peaceably adjusted; but we are quite sure they would be adjusted much more rapidly were our own position a little more harmonious. England will disregard the little bill, France will be more reticent than ever, when they hear the President and Congress of the United States mutually announcing and defying each other.

We must not be surprised if the remarkable prestige with which the event of the war invested us is diminished in the eyes of the world by our political discords. If the Union party had moved steadily and unitedly forward to the full reorganization of the Government the amazement and admiration of other nations would have been indescribable, and the triumph of the American system would have been complete. The foreign THOMAS always shook his head dolefully and bade us beware of the perils after the war. But they were not unforeseen by us, and our doubting critic may be very sure that the same intelligent persistence which finished the war will establish peace. He may remember that he was signally wrong in his calculations of the rebellion, and he will be no less so in his theories of the practicability of adjustment. The force of our system is shown quite as much by its capacity to bear undisturbed the strain of extreme opinions and hot differences as by its rapidity of adaptation to new circumstances. The war was truly effective because it did not end at Bull Run. The peace will be permanent and secure because it will spring from wise deliberation.

THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

THE spring is here and the cholera is in the West Indies. Up to the 1st of January there had been eleven hundred deaths from cholera in Guadeloupe. The pestilence had decreased there, but had appeared at Dominica; nor is there any reason to doubt that it will presently appear among us. Meanwhile an efficient Board of Health has been created, and is now organized and at work. We trust that that work may be relentlessly thorough; and that the owners of the tenement houses which are the hot-beds of disease and vice in this city may be rigidly compelled, as the law allows, to cleanse these disgraceful dens.

The usual method of arranging a tenement house in New York is as follows: Upon an ordinary lot of 25 by 100 feet, a front house 25 by 50 is built, and a rear house 25 by 25. There is a court between, 25 by 25 feet, containing hydrant, cess-pool, and privy. The houses are generally five and often six stories in height above the basement. The principal rooms, four upon each floor, occupy the width of the building, with small bedrooms between, one to each main room. Thus in a six-story building there are usually twenty-four families; each averaging five members and often more, as there are generally other lodgers. Each person has thus a little more than ten square feet of ground area, and 480 cubic feet of air space in the whole house. In the main rooms the air space is 317 cubic feet, and in the dormitories 89 feet to each person. This is stated by the careful sanitary report of the Citizens' Association as the average, but often the crowding far exceeds this. Light and air are well excluded. Garbage and slops of every kind are thrown into the street, tainting the atmosphere of the whole region, while the privies are filthy beyond description. The condition of the wretched people who inhabit these places is unspeakable, and it is among them that cholera runs riot. In the last great visitation of 1832 the great bulk of deaths was in quarters like those now filled with tenement houses. But the pestilence was not confined to them. Cholera in Greenwich or West streets is death in the Fifth Avenue, for when once it has taken hold of a city it is no respecter of persons.

The work before the new Health Board is enormous, but there is no reason to doubt that it will be well done. Mr. SCHURER, the President, is a gentleman noted for his energy and administrative skill. His medical associates are gentlemen of the highest professional distinction and personal character; and the Police Commission can at once bring their extensive and detailed knowledge of the city to the most efficient use. The responsibility of the new Board is very great. The City and the State will require rich results from them; but whatever a Health Board can do for a city like New York we are very confident this Board will do.

A COPPERHEAD HISS.

THE Chicago Times, one of the most conspicuous "Democratic" journals in the country, suggests that it is the duty of the President to command the arrest of Messrs. SCAMMEL, STEVENS, and PHILLIPS; and if Congress does not immediately obey the President, it is also his duty to turn the Senate and House out of the capital at the point of the bayonet.

This is a plain proposition that the President of the United States should arrest, during a Congressional discussion, those members who do not agree with his views. It is not a new thing. A little more than two hundred years ago CHARLES I., King of England, did exactly what the Chicago Times urges the President to do. He went to the House of Commons and ordered the arrest of five members. It was in consequence of this violent assault upon the fundamental law of the realm, and not as Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS foolishly said, because of the expression of an opinion, that CHARLES lost his head.

An act which was so intolerable in the English monarchy under the STUART kings more than two centuries ago that it plunged the kingdom into civil war, is now gravely recommended to an American President by a chief "Democratic" newspaper. Of course we do not assume that all "Democrats" are responsible for such folly, although GARRETT DAVIS makes a kindred proposition in the Senate of the United States. But it is instructive to observe the spirit of those who are most clamorous that the late rebels shall be at once restored and without conditions.

The Chicago Times was a steadfast and unscrupulous supporter of the rebellion; and as JERREMOX DAVIS failed to overthrow the Government, it is naturally very willing to see any body else undertake the work. The rebel shot upon the field and the tortures inflicted at Andersonville were constitutional resistance to coercion, thinks the Chicago Times; but the expression of opinion that loyal men should administer the Government it holds to be "Northern rebellion." We greatly misunderstand President JOHNSON if he does not entirely agree with General GRANT's expressed opinion, that such a paper as the Chicago Times is one of the chief hindrances of peaceful reorganization of the Union.

GOOD INVESTMENTS.

AT a time when the price of all kinds of property is declining, and investors are puzzled to know what to do with their money, it may not be out of place to draw attention to two classes of bonds offered for sale, in another column, by the bank of FISK & HATCH. These are, first, the new Thirty Year Six per cent bonds of the United States Government, issued to finance the construction of the Central Pacific Railroad; and, second, the Central Pacific Rail-

road Company's Sevens, interest guaranteed by the State of California. The former are the longest Six per cent bond yet issued by the General Government; and if, as seems probable, the rate of interest on the public debt be reduced to 4 or 5 per cent, when the Fifty-Twenties mature, three new Sixes, with the Sevens of 1851, will then command as large a premium as the like security did before the war, when Government bought them up @ 115. It may well be questioned whether, in the event of the continued improvement in the public debt, Government can afford to issue many more such bonds.

The Pacific Railroad Sevens are an equally eligible investment. From the last estimates, it seems pretty certain that the Railroad Company will be able to pay the coupons without difficulty. Should its traffic, however, fall as far below present calculations as to leave a deficit, the State of California is bound to supply the money required to meet the interest on these bonds. The interest on them is payable semi-annually in gold; so that, at the present rate of gold, they are almost a ten per cent bond, guaranteed by one of the most solvent and honorable States in the Union.

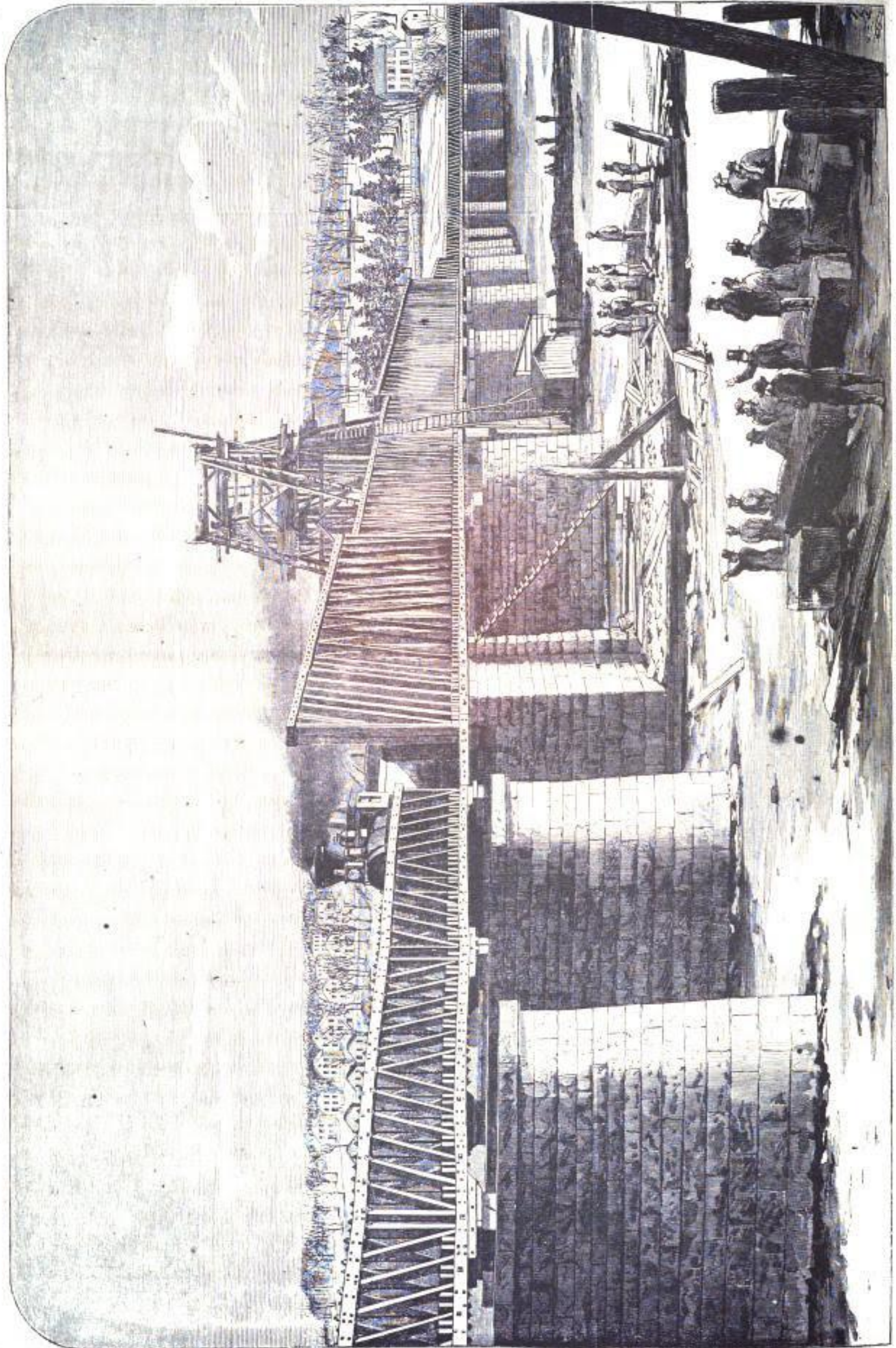
TAKING CARE OF THE HEALTH.

THERE is an abundance of painstaking on the part of the sick to recover health, but a strange indifference in those who are well to the means of its preservation. We see this contrast strongly marked in relation to consumption, a disease which occasions about one-sixth of all the deaths in the northern portion of this country. In restraining its ravages innumerable means can be done by means of prevention than by those of cure. And yet, not merely in the community taken as a whole, but among the intelligent and those who may be deemed decidedly prudent in most matters, very little heed is given to what is said of the causes of this malady for the purpose of escaping them, and the public attention is largely occupied with the details of consumption-cures. The same contrast may be seen in regard to other diseases, though in most cases it is not so palpable, because the action of the means of prevention is not so obvious.

Now, with all the manifold causes of loss of health from the endlessly varied causes of disease, the expectation would seem a rational one that there would be, at least with all sober and thinking men, earnest and constant inquiry as to the safeguards against this liability. Why is it not so? The chief reason probably is, that with the consciousness of vice and baseness of spirits that attend health there is engendered a feeling of individual security. With this comes in the pressure of present business or gratification. Men are too busy in the pursuit of the objects before them to pause at all for the consideration of the laws of health. They press on, transgressing these laws more or less, till sickness arrests them, and with its present necessities compels them reluctantly to attend to the care of what might have been prevented by reasonable care. There is still another reason. It is the influence of the fact, so commonly observed, that those who write and talk about hygiene are apt to be impracticable ultraists, and their disciples are therefore mostly those who are weak-minded, or are prone to catch up notions and theories, in place of seeking for well-established facts. Such painstaking as is engaged by some writers and lecturers on health is really so irrational as to degrade the subject, and therefore it is apt to be dismissed from the mind. The true rules for the preservation of health not only command themselves to reason and common sense, but do not call for such a heavy resort of appliances as these ultraists recommend, for the human system decidedly resists all procrustean alterations, and will ordinarily keep itself right if it can have fair play. Hygiene is not the cumbersome and repulsive thing that it is so carelessly made to be.

It is not merely those who live for the present alone, and are governed by worldly and selfish motives, that are guilty of sacrificing health by daily inattention to its obvious rules, but very generally those also who live for the good of others and for the eternal future. They are culpably careless in overtaxing their powers, and either end very prematurely a career of usefulness or mar it with unnecessary physical hardships and disappointments. Hugh Miller is a signal instance. He destroyed his life simply by transgressing the plain hygienic principles which should regulate the use of the brain and nervous system. If he had been content to perform less mental labor, with his sturdy frame what a long life of service he might have rendered to his fellow-men! Many a conscientious man falls in a similar way to do his duty—for he is in the light of duty that we would put it. There is a real transgression in this neglect to husband properly the linked mental and physical powers that God has given us. These are talents which we are bound to use in the best manner possible; and if we, by independent exertion, wear them out faster than we ought we are accountable for the loss. We do wrong if we tax them to the utmost to-day without regard to their capability of doing the duties of to-morrow. We ought to have an intelligent plan of action which shall take time into the account; and to do otherwise—to use our powers without due regard to their preservation—is as irrational as it would be for a mechanic to put a machine to such a capacity of movement as would soon derange it, or even break it down. "It is better to wear out than rust out" is the common proverb used in justification of the error that we have indicated. But surely in occupying an extreme it is not wise to run into the opposite one. The intellectual man has no more right to overtax the brain than the glutton has to overtax the stomach.

This subject is most important, and we shall offer some further plain hints upon it.



RAILROAD BRIDGE ACROSS THE HUDSON RIVER AT ALBANY, NEW YORK.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY CURRIE & DENISON, ALBANY.—[SEE PAGE 114.]

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INSIDE A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



MR. NEELY.

CHAPTER X.

It is late one afternoon, a few weeks after this, that Edward Arthur, seated in his little room there in Mrs. Bowler's front yard, hears the front gate open and shut, and sees through his window Mr. Neely walking toward the house. In that one glance he sees that Mr. Neely is carefully dressed in his very best; sees all that Mr. Neely has come for; knows almost every syllable of all that Mr. Neely is going to say; sees and knows all this with a sudden glow which tingles him from head to heel—a glow followed by a sudden chill. We must endeavor to excuse the young minister, the fact being that he has lain wide awake all the previous night on account of the bells!

On account of the bells! At nine o'clock exactly the night before, Bill Perkins, the stage-driver, had driven up to the door of the hotel. Long before he could rein in his horses a dozen voices from the crowd, which now awaits his every arrival in the ample porch of the hotel, hail him—"Any news, Bill? What's the news?"

Bill Perkins is aware of his importance, and is silent and even dignified accordingly. No man there so calm as he, though his team is all in a foam, and he an hour earlier than usual on account of the news which burns in his bosom. Their classic reading being extremely limited, the series of stage-drivers of which Bill Perkins is one are not aware of the fact that they strongly resemble the runners in that one of the old Olympic Games in which each one bears at full speed, and transmits in full blaze to the one next beyond him, a lighted torch. During the last hundred hours or so, each driver on the line, catching the news, with the reins and whip, from the one before, has borne it on like a torch indeed, setting aflame with the great and glorious tidings all the country as he drives along. Perhaps it is on account of its being transmitted so far, and from hand to hand so often, that the torch blazes larger and brighter for every mile it is borne over, as with the very rapidity of its transmission.

"The news! What is the news?" says Bill Perkins at last, very slowly, and with considerable irritation in his manner. "Ask me if there's any news! I guess there is news!" And Bill Perkins is thereupon silent, enjoying the dependence of the assembled crowd, and all Somerville behind it, upon his single tongue. Here is the possession of power, and, like all of us, he greatly enjoys it. The moment his news is spoken he vanishes from public attention, and he knows it.

"I tell you what it is, you Jake," he says to the negro hostler, amidst the breathless attention of the crowd, "you'd better have them horses a little cleaner when I come to leave to-morrow than they were last time; better had, or I'll Jake you till your very wool'll come out of curl! No, they ain't any passengers. What are you unbacking them strags for? Think I kerry-strags about behind just for the fun o' the thing? Gentlemen, do shut up till I kin—News? I rather guess there is news! Great battle at Corinth! Glorious victory! Yankees whipped all to smash! Beauregard's taken prisoners all he hasn't killed, an' that's fifty thousand! Battalions, gun-boats, brigades, all captured! Sydney Johnson killed, only that's known to be a lie. But get out o' the way, gentlemen, I must drive to the Post-office. Can't you visit till the mail is open and get your papers?"

And having keenly enjoyed his momentary importance, Bill Perkins subsides, as he drives off, into private life till the next time.

But the news! It is to the crowd like fire to powder. Such a brightening of faces, such a shaking of hands, such a chorus of yells! Pro-

ple hurry off to their homes to tell it to their waiting families. Men who live in the country can not wait till the mail is opened, but mount their horses, tied hard by, and gallop off at the risk of their necks through the darkness to tell the news at home, then so gallop back again for their papers. Lamum only stops to say, "The bells, boys, the bells!" Every bell in Somerville! and in the Post-office and his hand in the mail-bag almost before the Postmaster can unlock and draw out the chains through the iron loops thereof.

It is a little strange about Dr. Peel. Up to the arrival of the stage he had been one of the foremost, and certainly the loudest, of the crowd at the hotel awaiting the stage. No man so confident as he that, "Mark my word, gentlemen, there'll be great news to-night;" consigning his soul most emphatically to perdition if his prophecy is not correct. But Dr. Peel has made many a similar prophecy similarly emphasized before; in fact, he never ceases from prophecies to the same effect all day long and all over Somerville, so that people have come to attach not so much meaning to his words as they used to do. It is strange, then, that he is not among the foremost in pressing around Bill Perkins when Bill first drives up. Nobody notices him when Bill has first announced the great news. They would have been surprised at the singular pallor of his face as he stands a little back in the shadow cast by the large lamp hanging in front of the hotel from one of the pillars of the porch.

Nobody notices him in the wild excitement of the hour; but he is silent, has ceased even from cursing, is suddenly shrunken from his burly prominence, agas-struck, dumb. It is not for long, however. Ten minutes later, and Dr. Peel's lumbering form and heavy black brow and exultant profanity is foremost as usual. He can hardly make his voice heard, for three citizens are ringing at the tavern bell, while Joe Staples, the hotel keeper's little boy, is beating the gong, relieved in turns by such of his companions, specially favored thereby, as are not engaged in firing their revolvers and ringing the church bells.

"Gentlemen," he roars, with stentorian oaths, slapping down a twenty-dollar gold piece on the hotel counter as he does so, "there's twenty dollars toward powder to celebrate this glorious news; and there's another ten toward liquor for all who will help me drink success to Beauregard and perdition to the Yankees!"

But there must have been a good deal more than twenty dollars' worth of powder fired off that night from the two cannon, the four anvils, and the innumerable rifles and revolvers in Somerville. As to ten, it was rather many hundreds that went that night across the counters of every grocery in Somerville for liquor; the bells scattering the news meanwhile over all the country for miles around.

All night Lamum is busy in his office reading the papers, writing editorials, answering questions to the crowd pouring through it like a thoroughfare, all flashed and noisy but he. With stooped shoulders, face beaked like a kite, and thin, sharp voice, he is the acknowledged intellect and oracle of the hour, ruling by his very paleness, confidence, and coolness. There is a tone of superiority even in the manner in which he alludes, from time to time, to the excitement of the hour. "Acting as if you did not know who would whip!" he says. No outward sign thereof; but, ah, how keenly he enjoys the hour! Sweeter taste of bliss this man will never know so long as his soul endures.

All night long people came galloping in on horseback from the country. The dispatches are read over and over again at every bar in town; beside the hotel lamp in front of the hotel; by fathers at home in shirt and drawers to the mothers in night-gowns, and the children staring up from cradle and trundle-bed, wondering and crying. All night neighbors are hurrying into each other's houses to talk it all over; and so, from where the news smote, like a stone in the centre of a lake, there at the hotel door, the waves roll and spread until they die off into all the country around miles away. There has been a slight misunderstanding between Captain Simmons and Bob Withers at a grocery, however.

"What I say is, by George, I want to see all this news confirmed first! Suppose it shouldn't be true, by George?" is what Bob Withers has remarked over and over again as he holds on to an awning post in front of a blazing bonfire.

"Look here, Bob Withers; I tell you, Sir, you mean't say that; you oughtn't to say that," Captain Simmons has remarked, as drunk as Withers, but only the suffer in attitude, and the more quarrelsome on that account.

"Confirmed, gentlemen, that's what I say; confirmed is what I want this news to be first. Yes, by George, confirmed," hiccups Bob Withers, regardless of the Captain.

"Any man, such a glorious night as this, who can refuse to believe news, such news, is a traitor!" says Captain Simmons, still more solemnly. Unlike poor Bob Withers, the Captain prizes himself upon being a gentleman in the gentlest sense of the word. Were not his parents highly respectable people, members of the church, especially careful in his training? Hence it is the Captain never dresses except in black, even in summer. As to Bob Withers, the drunker he gets the lower he descends. The drunker Captain Simmons is, only that much higher he ascends. When sober, which is becoming a very rare thing with the Captain, he is but a common sort of person; but as he waxes intoxicated his reminiscences of parents, and church, and Bible-class, and college, and the term he served in the Legislature, and all his past respectability in general, become more and more vivid. It is when at his deepest possible stage of drunkenness that the Captain is in hearing and language the very Chesterfield of Somerville. He

now stands regarding Bob Withers with lofty indignation.

"Confirmed, gentlemen!" exclaims Bob, still more loudly, more dogged in his insane notion, blinking gravely with owl's eyes upon the crowd, "that's what I want, by George!"

"This most disreputable individual is a traitor, gentlemen," says Captain Simmons, slowly and solemnly; "a Yankee at heart, an Abolitionist in disguise. By sainted parents I was carefully instructed never to fight, never even to associate with drunken squabblers. This case must be made an exception. He is inebriated, I know, but even his pitiable condition shall be no protection." And the Captain, lifting his cane and advancing upon him, is prevented only by the crowd from inflicting merited chastisement.

But Colonel Ret Roberts is at this juncture dragged out of Lamum's office, after having been called for in vain for the last three hours. Dr. Peel has opened a basket of Champagne, and Colonel Ret Roberts is very drunk by this time, though Dr. Peel and Lamum are not. But zealous friends stand close around the loghead upon which the Senator totters to catch him when he falls.

Oh, divine gift of eloquence!—given not to one man in multitudes, and not by one man in thousands to whom it is given used but for the basest of purposes. People have heard Colonel Ret Roberts before; so wonder, as the news spreads that he is speaking, all groups break up from hotel, grocery, bonfire, street corner, and hurry toward the spot. In a little while hundreds of excited faces show around him through the half light, half shadow of torch and bonfire as he speaks. The frantic applause as he stentorianly begins drowns even the sounds of scattering shots and the pealings of the church bells, intoxicated with their own clamor.

The bells! As the suggestion had broken from Lamum's lips boys and men had raced off toward every church in Somerville. True, the doors of each church were locked. But what difference did that make? The news, the great news, the glorious news! Sashes were smashed in, doors burst open, the very churches made to take—alas! and not in that way alone during these days—the noisiest, rowdiest part in the jubilee. And it is of no use stopping up the access to the bell-ropes afterward. During all these days they hang within open and easy reach to the hand of whosoever chooses to pull.

But the voice of Colonel Ret Roberts rises clear and strong and fascinating above every other sound. Falsehood, fact, fierce invective, anecdote, prophecy, appeal—how smoothly they flow from his lips! No belted earl in Europe has so supreme a contempt for the people as has this South Carolina cavalier; hardly concealed even. He speaks now, as always, not so much to the mob around him, nor for their hearing, as just

because he thereby gratifies himself. He speaks as naturally and as necessarily as a river pours its water, or as a mocking-bird sings.

And how they applaud! Men stand there yelling with laughter at his jokes whose daily business is utterly ruined by what Colonel Ret Roberts and his set have brought to pass. Colonel Jaggies has ridden in by this time, summoned through the night and the mud by the bells and the cannon. How cordially he agrees in the speaker's bitter descriptions of the Abolitionists, not even dissenting at the exciting instant to the horrible oaths with which it is peppered! Colonel Jaggies with his plantation swarming with negroes, and so ignorant of the fact that it is just that speaker there before him who, aided by his like, have secured the speedy emancipation of every negro he owns! Abolitionist! For practical abolitionism Wilberforce, Clarkson, Burdett, Beecher, Garrison, Brown, and all the rest, with all their meetings, petitions to Parliament and Congress, speeches, books, papers, pikes, and torches, are, in comparison with Colonel Ret Roberts and his class, but as the jury to the executioner. And not a man is that excited crowd dreams of it!

There is Sampson, the carpenter, listening with both ears, never wincing even when the Colonel estimates his demerit of the Federal army as being composed of "base mechanics!" Staples, the hotel keeper, has left his hotel to take care of itself while he can hear Roberts. How he exults in the demoralization of the North, its speedy bankruptcy and ruin, as prophesied by the speaker; so ignorant that, of his three boys turned by the Colonel and his set from thriving citizens into soldiers, one lies at that moment dead at Shiloh, another is in suffer amputation, and consequent death, to-morrow at Corinth, while George, the last but one, is to be returned at the end of the war a drunken loafer until his death. Yes, there stands Staples, his hat left behind in his hurry, his red and enormous crop of hair on head and face fall one-fourth of the man it seems, for Staples is but a small man, and was once a tailor; disheveled and bristling and electric with the glorious news in every fibre, with eyes sparkling through it like those of a ferret, mouth agape, hands ecstatic, how he listens and laughs and applauds, more of a lunatic than sane to-night!

In the name of God's eternal justice, if Benedict Arnold deserved death for attempting to betray and ruin his country, what do Colonel Ret Roberts and his gang deserve—deserve at the hands of the South, who have so terribly succeeded therein? Let them escape the gallows, waving as traitors, none the less will they swing forever in the chains of history as the greatest criminals that ever blundered through blood and mire since the days of Cain—criminals whose wickedness was exceeded only by their folly!

"Sheep, sheep, sheep," Mr. Ferguson has been



COLONEL RET ROBERTS MAKES A SPEECH.

murdering to himself all night; "and headed here and headed there, as sheep always are, by smart dogs," adds Mr. Ferguson to himself, from recollections of his native hills and glens. As to believing in the news of the night, not exactly. Mr. Ferguson disbelieved it in advance when he first heard, that night, the rattle of the approaching stage. He disbelieved it still more strongly when he heard the uproar which followed its announcement. Truth is, by this time Mr. Ferguson and Somerville occupy in regard to each other opposite ends of an ever-moving plank, like children playing see-saw. When Somerville goes down in heart up goes the Scotchman, never so cheerful as when his friends and fellow-citizens are gloomiest. To-night Somerville revels in the ascendant over Yankees and universe, but very low in spirits is the Scotchman, indignant all the time at himself for being so, the news being, whatever it is, so absurd! Not that he went down from his room, to ascertain its nature; being all a lie, why should he?

There was one satisfaction in it—he would have another flaming sheet to add to his collection. Beginning with the summer of the burnings, he already had a large one. Not a placard posted on the walls of Somerville from the first in relation to the matter, not a notice of thanksgiving for victory, not a sermon upon the war preached by minister or bishop, not a document of the kind had so far come within his reach but he had seized upon and placed it, in its due order, upon the file.

If any man tried desperately to sleep that night Mr. Ferguson did, but Mr. Ferguson did not succeed, the bells were too strong even for him.

As to the Union people in general, you saw few of them on the streets that night. Doctor Warner went to the office for his paper—but that is no ruse. Mrs. Warner made him go. She read the paper on his return, sitting up in bed in her night-cap, the Doctor holding the candle, and enlightening in his own person, from his wife, the whole Federal defeat of Shiloh over again. There were others of the Union people who glided swiftly and stealthily into the office, obtained their papers, and studied them on their return home—gathering far less cause for the pealing bells and the reports of cannon and guns than others found. It is astonishing, it is perfectly amazing, they should find so much to exult in! they said to themselves—and, in strict confidence, to each other next day of the people of Somerville; yet they themselves were far, very far, from being as cheerful under all the circumstances as, according to their own views of the tidings, they should have been.

In Somerville, as in every town on earth, there existed what may be called the wavering one-third. That is, one-third of the population was sincerely and decidedly in favor of Secession—firm believers in the Millennium it was about producing; another third was still more decidedly of the conviction that the South was wrong, and had nothing but evil to expect in consequence; the remaining third believed in nothing so clearly, inflexibly, and consistently as this—that the winning side was the right side. When with Unionists the wavering was a Unionist too, but, "Bless me, we must be guarded in our language during such times as these, you know!" When with Secessionists the wavering was, "I confess, somewhat doubtful about the step at first, but now that we are in it, of course there is but one course left us; we are all agreed in that, I suppose!" And now that this last news has come, the wavering, when with the Secessionists, shakes hands and smiles amidst the universal smiling and hand-shaking, gladly lost among the crowd. When thrown in private with his Union friend the wavering has nothing special to say—only arches his brows and gives a mournful shrug of his shoulder at the delusion of the rejoicing. The sympathy of the wavering with such a man as Guy Brooks just now—Corinth pealing with all its cannon in his ears—is very much that of the Frenchman who took off his hat to the antique statue of Jupiter. "Who knows," said the Gaul, "but he may get his head above water once more!"

When the first stroke of the first bell smote on the ear of Edward Arthur, studying in his room, it struck like—it may be an awful thing to say of a Southern born, Southern raised man, but none the less most the truth be told—a cruel blow.

"It is the last desperate effort of the Yankees to subjugate the South," Mrs. Bowles had said, before the news came, that night at supper. "They obtained a partial and greatly-exaggerated success at Fort Donelson, on account of their gun-boats. Our Generals were inexperienced, perhaps cowardly, then. The South was slumbering in full belief the war was over; but now the two armies are in front of each other near Corinth you will see a different result. Their gun-boats can not help them then. Our Generals are experienced and brave. The entire South has sworn to their assistance. I believe in our army; I believe in our cause, as that of a people struggling to be free from cruel tyranny; I believe in a just God, above all, and I know already the victory is ours!" said Mrs. Bowles, with glowing cheek. "If it was not that Rutledge Bowles is at the head of his Company in Virginia, soon to be victorious there, I would only regret he is not at Corinth to share that great victory!"

And now hardly has the pastor seated himself after this in his room before the bells, and the shouts, and the roar of cannon announce that Mrs. Bowles is right. As he sits he can hear the instant and joyful bustle in the house. He hears Mrs. Bowles hurry the negro Charles down to the office for the papers. He hears Alice and her mother conversing eagerly together as they await his return. He hears Charles return; can hear Alice reading aloud

the dispatches to her mother; hears Mrs. Bowles' loud "Oh, thank God! thank God!" mingled with even weeping. Had it been in regard to any thing else in the world he would have been with them, and one with them.

But as it is? A great gulf yawns between him and the rejoicing town; between him and the very family in which he lives, heretofore one in every thing; between him and Alice! There is a pause; and then the voice of Alice at the piano rings clear to the song of Dixie, and then of the Bonnie Blue Flag. There is another pause; then Alice plays more slowly, sings more sweetly; it is a Psalm this time—the Forty-sixth Psalm. Edward Arthur well knows why; it was the Psalm sung, he has often heard Mrs. Bowles tell, in the Major's father's family by the whole household, white and black, after the news of the surrender of Cornwallis. All this, and he sitting there in his room separated from all the world.

Shall he dash away from him every thing, go in the house, congratulate them on the glorious news, rejoice with her—with Alice—with the whole world rejoicing around? He sinks his head upon his hands resting on the table before him, and tries to go over the whole question of Secession from the first. Was Secession a right thing? During these last two years he has, in reading and in conversation, made himself perfectly familiar with every thing that can be said on both sides of the question. He had brought to the investigation no prejudices or partialities except in favor of the South, in which he has lived all his life, out of which he never expects or desires to be as long as he lives. Discreetful of himself, he has ever sought divine guidance herein. Laying his brow upon his table he sinks upon his knees, and goes again over the whole subject in the language and feeling of prayer. How ardently he desires to believe Secession, under all the circumstances, to have been a right thing before man and before God!

But with all the loud opinion of Somerville ringing at the instant in his ears, for his life he can not effect the slightest, most momentary agreement in himself with that opinion. Secession was—is a wrong thing. But so many at the South disagree with him here? He can not help it; to him Secession was—is a great wrong. But so many pious Christians, learned and pious ministers have believed in it, have written and preached in its favor, have entered into it as the very cause of right and truth and God himself? They are more learned, more holy than he a thousandfold; none the less to him Secession was—is wrong, wrong! He may be deluded, may be insane, but to him that night, reason as he may, Secession is to him as clearly a crime as ever.

Only a little time ago, he remembers, the whole land, North, South, East, West, thought and felt as he thinks and feels to-night. All were unanimous then, at least, on that point—the believers in Secession being regarded, such a little while ago, and by the whole land, with contempt as deluded, with horror as wicked men. He can remember how that sentiment ran through the speeches of all public men, the leading articles of all editors, the sermons of all preachers, the platform addresses on all anniversaries, the very school readers and hymns for Sabbath-school celebrations, the entire country over. And to-night, like a man in full health suddenly dragged into a hideous dream, he finds himself, as it were, alone in this same sentiment, all the world changed as in an instant to believe with all their soul in exactly the reverse. But he has not changed with it; he almost wishes he could have done so; but he has not, and he can not help it. It was—it is a great crime!

Then all that good Mr. Ellis said to him only yesterday comes into his mind. There is no man in Somerville with whom he has held such sweet and intimate communion, for years now, as with Mr. Ellis, the member and pillar of his church. He has a friendship for Guy Brooks, but the lawyer has not the deep and devotional piety of Mr. Ellis. He has often conversed, and very agreeably, with Guy Brooks on church matters; but he has never conversed with him as he has with Mr. Ellis, deep into the night, there by his study fire, or here in his chamber, upon doctrines precious alike to them both, unveiling to him in Christian friendship, the closest and sweetest of all on earth, the deepest experiences of his soul. He has often knelt with Guy Brooks in prayer in private; but it was Mr. Ellis whose devotional spirit rose with his own in agonies of entreaty, in the very wrestlings of living faith for the common cause of their hearts. Was there a proof of affection and esteem for him which Mr. Ellis had not given? Blameless in life, pendent in speech, sincere in soul, liberal of his means to the last cent, above all devotedly pious, Mr. Ellis had been the man of all men he had ever known to whom he had clung closest.

"You know I was a Union man to the very last," his friend had said to him only yesterday. "We agreed perfectly in sentiment on that point. But the case is altogether changed now. We are both Southern men; have and desire to have no country but the South. Well, the South has established itself as a separate nation from the North. We both opposed the step, but it has been taken, and we are not responsible for it. In the providence of God the Confederacy being a nation, and we the citizens thereof, our duty is clear. You know the maxim: 'My Country, may she ever be right; but my Country, right or wrong!'"

And here Mr. Arthur had cried out against this maxim, but all the argument only left them where they were before.

"When the North actually declared war upon us"—Mr. Ellis continued, at last—"war upon us, think of that! Actual war, simply for desiring a peaceful separation from them, from that time my feelings have undergone a com-

plete change. I am glad we did separate from a people capable of taking such a step—such a wicked, diabolical step! Henceforth I have no wish but for the success of our arms, and for the defeat, destruction if need be, of the Northern Government. You have not a warmer friend in the world than I am," adds good Mr. Ellis, taking his pastor by the hand, the tears standing in his eyes as he speaks; "from my soul I admire and love you—am your sincere friend. Don't persist in your course—don't, I entreat you, for the sake of our friendship, for the sake of Christ's cause—"

If Edward Arthur could only have got his friend then and there to have uniled with him in prayer, first for wisdom, and then have discussed together the one thing at the core and centre of it all—Slavery. But he dared not do it. An Abolitionist? Horror. Why Mr. Ellis would have—what would he not have said and done?

As if, deep down under all, Mr. Ellis, and every other Christian at the South was not thinking, in various stages of advance, exactly the same thoughts?

Yet it was strange, too. Long after war had begun Mr. Ellis had little to say upon the subject. Week after week had the pastor, Guy Brooks, Mr. Ferguson, and Mr. Ellis, besides other church-members, met for prayer. On every one of these occasions Mr. Ellis had led in prayer, had prayed for peace, had prayed that God's will might be done, but had never once prayed distinctly for the Confederacy, nor for the success of its arms and the defeat of its foes. As the months rolled on, Mr. Arthur, standing still himself, could perceive a change in his friend. At first he would have scouted, and did so, with horror the idea of his son Henry going to the war. "It was like causing Henry to pass through the fire to Moloch," were his own words often repeated to his pastor. But, at last, Henry did go. Henceforth Mr. Ellis was indeed changed. Now he began to pray earnestly for the Confederacy, to give freely up to and beyond his means to all the demands upon him toward it; to feast upon the papers, believing all they said of success to the Confederate arms; to seek and join eagerly in all meetings and street conversations; in a word, to undo many even of the most violent "from-the-start Secessionists."

As the young minister knelt there in his room, with the bells pealing in his ears, he well knew that no man in Somerville was rejoicing more than Mr. Ellis in the news. "We must cease looking back, cease reasoning upon the matter," Mr. Ellis had told him yesterday, "and must give way now to our feelings, to our natural and hearty feelings, as citizens of a nation invaded by a brutal foe."

"But was not Secession a wrong thing?" Mr. Arthur had asked.

"Well, yes, in a certain sense it was," Mr. Ellis had replied.

"And is not this a war, on the part of the North, but an energetic attempt to put down a wrong thing? Is it not, this war, a desperate attempt on the part of the South to establish this wrong thing? Can you hope for the blessing of God, Mr. Ellis, on any effort to establish any wrong? Dare you deliberately pray to God to give success to the wrong?" said the minister.

"All this is mere morbid fancy, Mr. Arthur. Fight? yes, it is the duty of every man in the South to fight. I have sent Henry! I tell you, Sir," continued Mr. Ellis, a fire gleaming in his eye which no man had ever seen there a few months ago, "if there are any among us who are unwilling to go and fight for the Confederacy I would have them torn by force from their homes and made to go; if they are of no other use on the battle-field they will make breast-works there for those who do love their country."

Mr. Arthur had never been calmer in his life than when he replied, rising as he spoke: "Mr. Ellis, we once thought and felt exactly alike in this matter. You have left me. I stand this hour exactly where I have always stood—must always stand. Wrong is of the Devil. Right is of God. A Wrong is eternally a Wrong, and a Right is eternally a Right. He who fights for the Wrong and against the Right fights for the Devil and against his God. May my right arm wither from its socket before I strike a blow for the one and against the other!"

Only Secession the Wrong? No vague, undefined, instinctive apprehension of a deeper, more desperately wrong thing than that, under that, out of which, as from a giant and deadly root, Secession had naturally sprung?

Yes, Edward Arthur—the bells pealing in his ears—went over the whole subject which he had gone over and over and over again so often during the weary months past. Has not the South passed into the hands of the very worst and most desperate men in it? he asked himself. Many a Mr. Ellis drawn into it now; perhaps many a better man than I am deluded into it from the outset—but that its leaders are men who occupied, two years ago, a position in the esteem of the country the reverse of that to which they have now risen who can deny? And, suppose Secession successful, what is that but the certain crumbling apart, both at the North and at the South, of States held together by so fragile a tie? Will not Secession be ever before the mind as the easy remedy for any discussion among States? And what is my country, my nation, then? What permanency in such a Confederacy toward nations abroad? What permanency in such a loosely-bound nation for the building of railways—the founding of great institutions? What hope for the peaceful spread of civilization and the Gospel in a region perpetually in danger, at least, of crumbling to fragments? Shall I desire and pray that the South

may succeed in this effort to make itself another South America of wrangling and warring provinces?

And suppose the Confederacy successful as against the North—does not the one existing cause—Slavery—still exist? With such a line of frontier, with such hostility to Slavery North, with such jealousies and rivalries, could a peace between two such nations last six months? That, Slavery? Old, and stale, and hackneyed reasonings these, now; but to Edward Arthur that night they were living things with which he wrestled as for his life!

It is as one exhausted with long conflict that, on this afternoon after the night of bells, Edward Arthur sees Mr. Neely enter the house of Mrs. Bowles, on a little visit to the mother, and especially to the daughter.

Just a word or two in regard to Mr. Neely while he waits on the front porch for Charles to answer his knock. A tall man is Mr. Neely, with fair hair and florid face. When he first came South Mr. Neely had always replied, "Kentucky," when asked where he was from. Because having made an extensive tour of that State before settling in Somerville, he was from Kentucky. But his fair and rosy face was against him; he had always to acknowledge, at last, that shameful and painful fact of having been originally from New Hampshire; in fact, hard to say, "born there." If Mr. Neely's body was in perpetual motion—hands, eyes, feet, tongue—it was only because it was an instrument thoroughly adapted to his active and restless mind.

One definite purpose Mr. Neely had in life—to succeed. That is, to obtain as much position and property as he could, in which he is very far from being singular. Starting from New England with just one hundred dollars in gold, a good suit of clothes, an old-fashioned watch, once belonging to his father and his father's father, a pleasant person, a ready wit, he had gone into the Book Agency Business because it was the first thing that turned up. But it had occurred to him as a thing still better to study Law, and now he is teaching in Somerville as a means of support—glorious Daniel Webster before him in that—while he masters enough legal knowledge to obtain a license. Mr. Neely is not an unprincipled man; Mr. Neely would not do a dishonest deed for the world—an unobscured, undeniably dishonest deed, you know—but Mr. Neely, all this apart, is resolved to succeed.

Now it is not in New Hampshire that Mr. Neely is expecting to succeed, but in Somerville and the South. Therefore Mr. Neely must adapt himself to Somerville. Point out to him that "Hada't oughter" grates upon the ears of Somerville, and never again does that expression pass his lips. It is part of his creed that though there are such quadrupeds as cows, the universe owns nothing answering to the name of kows. Well does Mr. Neely know that the calling any one to an account for a thing is vastly better expressed by the phrase "calling him to dew fer it," but he would prefer death to such language. Mr. Neely often speaks of "throwing a rock," but of such a thing as a "stone" he has never read, except in the Bible. Cheerfully does Mr. Neely interchange "evening" for "night," and as freely does he give up "chores" for "jobs," and so of all forms of speech unadapted to his new meridian. There now lingers not even the knowledge of one in his mind. It is rather the custom of Somerville to substitute negro labor for one's own labor, and to so man there has it become so indispensable as to Mr. Neely. No man denies the piety of Mr. Neely; but it was after ascertaining which of the churches in Somerville had the largest attendance that he united himself to just that church—and of that church's choir Mr. Neely is a prominent member; but as to introducing, or even alluding to any of the pines so familiar in New Hampshire and in the old church there, and so unknown in Somerville—why, Mr. Neely has long since ceased even to whistle them to himself, on principle. "Identify myself with the South" is Mr. Neely's one, plain path; and the only question on any and every point with him, great and small, is simply, which is the Northern, which the Southern side of this matter? and magnetized by this, Mr. Neely propels the Northern and clings to the Southern Pole of the question by a second nature which has become an instinct.

In a word, Somerville contains many hundred Southern-born individuals, but Mr. Neely is the most intensely Southern person there. That is, in comparison with the born Southerners, we mean. There are a plenty of other men there—Lamus, Barker, and the rest—born at the North, as Southern as he. Let us pause to inscribe this fact on the page of the times-for future analysis and inference by whosoever chooses to undertake the task. Among the people, in the army, in political office, in the pulpit, on the stump, as editors—in all things at the South, Northern-born men are the most intensely Southern Southerners there. Pugnacious and self-conceited old Dr. Johnson once dreamed that he had an argument with some one in which he was defeated. We all remember how he consoled himself on awaking in this defeated condition: "At least, Sir, it was I myself, at last, who furnished my imaginary opponent with all the arguments with which he defeated me!" The North may flatter itself or bewail itself on the fact as it please, but, in a goodly measure, the desperation of Southern resistance was owing to muskets and pens in Northern hands under the flag of the Confederacy, New England wit and New England resolve where raged the battle fiercest in council or in field.

"I was born in Columbia, South Carolina, Sir," Dr. Peel had one day replied to Mr. Neely. Dr. Peel was a dark, super-looking man, almost ducal in dress and bearing, and the words were spoken with his black eye full upon Mr.

Neely, and in tones, to Mr. Neely's ear, so distinct and regal! "I am a prince of the blood, Sir," would scarce have sounded nobler. Ah, how mean New Hampshire, and how plebeian Mr. Neely to himself in comparison!

By no one was Mrs. Bowles congratulated, that day after the bells, in her parlor, more cordially than by Mr. Neely. No one had a brighter smile or a more hearty grasp of the hand on the occasion. If there was any defect in Mr. Neely it was that he was too glad, too fervent. But this one thing, brought with him from his bracing mountains, Mr. Neely could not unlearn; this one Southern thing he had not yet learned—to be still. Not that Southerners are not demonstrative enough, but then they are quiet withal; and this Mr. Neely could not be.

"A most wonderful victory, Madam," said Mr. Neely, rubbing his hands; "the complete rout of the Yankees. You will observe in the dispatch, Beauregard remarked on the spot that it was a more complete thing than Manassas even. I rejoice sincerely in it."

And no doubt Mr. Neely did. He opened his school with prayer every morning, and never had he failed since Secession to insert a petition therein for the victory of the South, and for "the speedy and total defeat of our cruel and implacable foes." Of late he had got into the custom of making little addresses to his school, descriptive of the wickedness of the North and of the glorious and successful revolution in which the South was embarked. As to giving the boys a holiday after the good news of last night, he would certainly have done that if the boys had only come to school that morning; which, however, they did not do, having voted themselves a holiday already, and altogether irrespective of Mr. Neely—the fact being that Mr. Neely was the most thoroughly governed individual in the school. "Old Neely?" any boy would indignantly exclaim on being remonstrated with on some special act of insubordination to his teacher, "why, old Neely is a Yankee!"

Yes, it was hard, very hard! No man could have been an earlier Secessionist or a more consistent Secessionist than the schoolmaster. His whole language had from the outset been of answering and unmitigated hostility to the North. Other men would venture to make exceptions in favor of "some, at least, it is to be hoped—some, however few," at the North; Mr. Neely could not in conscience make any such exceptions. In teaching his boys History he constantly kept up the striking parallel in their minds between the Revolution of '76 and that in which the South was now engaged. He required compositions from every pupil old enough to write them upon the topic of the day, and applauded most highly those in which the Yankees were most terribly demolished. "Nero was the Tyrant of the Roman Empire, and Lincoln is the Tyrant of America," "Only Powder and Steel can cure the North of its Phrenzy," "Jefferson Davis is the Washington of our New Nation," and the like, were the copies set by him for his pupils. More than once highly patriotic songs had appeared in the *Somerville Star* signed N., which Mr. Neely had never denied as being from his pen. In fine, if Mr. Neely left any thing undone in proof of his sincere devotion to the cause of Secession it is impossible to imagine what that thing was. When he arrived in *Somerville* he possessed a Daguerrotypes of his father. A large one and a very good one it was, and an honest, fatherly, clear-conscience old patriarch the elder Mr. Neely seemed to be therefrom. Shall it be recorded here that the son deliberately broke to atoms and stamped, in his own words, "to finders" beneath his heel that likeness in the first fervors of the war? Shall it be added that of this he afterward boasted with all phrases suitable in such a deed? Artistically considered this ought not to be mentioned, on account of its improbability, yet was it simple fact.

And yet? True as it is of the teacher it is equally so of all other Northern-born Secessionists—they never were thoroughly trusted and believed in as being really "sound."

"It isn't nature," Mrs. Juggins was continually remarking to husband and visitors, "for any body to turn so agin their own people. You needn't tell me what good Secessionists that Lamam an' Neely an' the rest are, I don't believe a bit in them myself. And there's Brother Barker," said Mrs. Juggins, after a long pause, approaching the subject with reluctance. "Oh, I know how well and how much he talks. But—somehow—yes, Ah, well, don't it 'pear to you Brother Barker is too feverish like, kind o' over-hot?" and Mrs. Juggins looks you anxiously and inquiringly in the eyes at she knits.

And this was the universal feeling whether expressed or not. The more violently Southern Northern men were, only that much the more did people murmur, "Only put on; you'll see one day if it isn't!" It matters not how violent and consistent in his course Lamam, for instance, was; though mortal could say no more against the North and for the South than he; though he harped perpetually on the infancy and the merited halter of "the traitors among us," at least people were only suspicious—"Yankees all of them!"—to the greatest degree. Had any one of them been detected in the worst practices of the incendiary and Abolitionist, one universal chorus would have broken forth, "A Yankee! I always knew it!"

Mrs. Bowles was pleased to see Mr. Neely, however, and conversed eagerly with him on the glorious news—an unconscious condescension running through all her manna, as of a South Carolina lady conversing with a New Englander—a condescension not more assumed, in her part than taken for granted on his. To a female born and living at the North would or could Mr. Neely have been so obsequious, so deferential. It is an unpleasant thing to write, but it is a fact.

But in all Mr. Neely's conversation, though he addressed himself mainly to Mrs. Bowles, it was with chief reference to Miss Alice that he spoke. The truth is, the man really admired and loved the beautiful and queenly girl as he never loved or admired a woman before. There was a majesty in her erect bearing, a dignity inherited from her stately old father the Major, in her reserve, a serene soul in her full and steady eye, which was more to him even than her glowing cheek and coral lip. It is a shame to hint such a thing in America, but it was the old story of plebeian and aristocrat, squire of low degree aspiring to the hand of noble dame. Marrying a South Carolinian! It was next to being born there!

"And it must be a great gratification to you, Miss Alice," he said, at last, "that the flag you presented that day to the regiment was in the fight." And Mr. Neely went back in memory to the day of its presentation, Alice standing on the platform with the colors in her hand, saying her few thrilling words more with eye and cheek and attitude than with tongue, a goddess to him from that moment henceforth and forever. For the moment Alice had endeavored to believe herself then and there a sort of "heroine of '76" over again. But, under all this cry of "Our Country!" "Our Glorious Revolution!" "Our gallant Army!" "Our despicable foes!" there steadily ran this fact, we are fighting for our negroes. Ugly thought, we are fighting for our—slavery! No, not a thought, an unpleasant but undefined consciousness thereof.

"Yes," said Alice; "but I am more anxious to know the fate of the men that received it, just now, than any thing else." Whereupon Mr. Neely skillfully turned the conversation upon their bravery, mingled with reasonings to show why he did not think, at least sincerely hoped, they had not suffered much in the contest. "And you have not heard, you tell me, from your son, Captain Rutledge Bowles?" he said at last, turning to Mrs. Bowles.

"Only that he is at the head of his company in Virginia," said Mrs. Bowles.

"I suppose we shall be compelled to inflict another Manassas upon them there. Perhaps one more defeat of the kind may satisfy them," said Mr. Neely.

"But Judge Bowles was then in Charleston," said Mrs. Bowles. "In obedience to orders. He assures me in his last letter that he will be in the next battle, orders or no orders, wherever he thinks it likely to take place. I regret that he and many of the youth of South Carolina can not feel as satisfied with Mr. Davis and his arrangements as could be wished. It is a little hard that South Carolina should be second to Mississippi, taking the lead in the revolution the way my native State did. It is only for the present, however."

Thereupon Mr. Neely entered upon a glowing eulogy of South Carolina, adroitly wended, too, in the midst of which the bell rang for supper.

"Really, I had completely forgotten myself," he said, as he arose. "Only when one gets to speaking of South Carolina—"

"Stay to supper with us, Mr. Neely," said Mrs. Bowles, with a warmer manner than when he first came, and with perhaps somewhat more of hesitation and of apology for possible intrusion than was necessary. Mr. Neely at last consented.

"You will excuse me, Mr. Arthur," said Mrs. Bowles, when the family were seated at table, "but you are really looking as if you had just risen from a severe illness." It was a fact; the pale, care-worn face of Edward Arthur contrasted strongly at the moment with the rosy and happy countenance of Mr. Neely by his side.

"Yes, Madam, I had no sleep last night," was the reply of that gentleman as he endeavored to assume a more cheerful manner.

"Why, as to that, none of us slept last night," said the schoolmaster. "Glorious news! Was it not, Mr. Arthur?"

Oh, the temptation, the pressing, the almost hourly temptation to lying those days! What is the use of talking about dissembling, evading, getting out of telling the truth, and all that? Satan is Satan, God is God, a lie is a lie! And the lying, downright lying, on the part of the Union people at the South—multitudes of them at least—was one of the most terrible demoralizations of the times. If ever necessity, the fear of consequences, the unparalleled nature of the case, justified people in this, of course they were completely justified. But can any thing make a wrong to be a right? Does God ever so place truth that he isat sin? Alice was eating cake at the moment, but how keenly she was on the alert for Mr. Arthur's reply, though she raised not her eyes.

"Has any confirmation of it as yet arrived, Mr. Neely?" was Mr. Arthur's calm reply.

"Confirmation? It needs no confirmation!" exclaimed astonished Mr. Neely. "The victory is one we already knew would take place whenever the armies joined. The only question was one of place and day."

"You must pardon me if I seem to cast a gloom on the matter, but I frankly confess that my dominant feeling since the news came is one of sorrow," said the minister.

"Sorrow, Mr. Arthur!" exclaimed Mrs. Bowles and Mr. Neely in the same breath.

But not for nothing had Mr. Neely been born in New England. "Why, Mr. Barker is of your profession, and I saw him last night listening to Colonel Ret Roberts, and I really believe he was the happiest man there!"

Mr. Neely was right. Brother Barker was there, and was as happy, to say the least, as any man on the ground. So happy, that in drinking down the Colonel's speech he had no time on the instant even to object mentally to its innumerable oaths, and to its blood-thirsty atrocities. Yes, no man laughed louder, or applauded every sentiment with both of his long hands more eagerly than he. What though Secession had arrested at once the operation and income of every Bible Society, Tract Institution, Missionary Cause—domestic and foreign—as well as every other Benevolent Association in the land; what though it was pouring over the land, through the prostrated embankments of Law, Order, Religion, and Society such a torrent of Profanity, Sabbath Desertion, Intemperance, and all kindred vices as the most gloomy-minded had never dared even to fear: what though ministers were starving at their ministry, or driven from it into other pursuits, churches were being split into fragments and dissolved, all religious worship being comparatively abandoned save to hear political sermons and proclamation prayers; members of churches and even ministers backsliding and apostatizing by multitudes; what though the minds of worldly men were being hardened a thousandfold more in irreligion; even the coming generation blasted in advance by the arrested instruction, and the inevitable corruption, mind and heart, by the times, of the very children. What though the cause dearest, avowedly, to Mr. Barker of all on earth—that of the Gospel—was perishing beneath the deadly influences of war in the land—civil war—yet was Brother Barker the loudest, and happiest, and heartiest among all beneath Colonel Ret Roberts's eloquence that night.

Ah, if Brother Barker had been the only minister of the sort! It was indeed the hour of the Saviour's crucifixion afresh. Never speak of the soldiers gambling at his feet, spotted with his falling blood, nor of the taunting multitude, nor of the darkening sky above and the earth quivering beneath, next to the hiding of the Father's face, the darkest, bitterest thing was that, even of Christ's disciples how nearly may we come to reading: "They all forsook him, and fled." We speak not of you who cling all the closer to your Master, with separatism from the reigning spirit of the world, with strong crying to God during all that hour of darkness. You who, heartily with the North then, or as heartily with the South then, kept most heartily of all to Christ—one with each other at least in that—since that, North and South, your number seemed so small in those days of Satan's hour, and the Power of Darkness!

"For my part I do not wonder Mr. Barker should rejoice," said Mr. Neely, after having waited in vain for the minister's reply. "With him, I believe the entire North to have become thoroughly infidel. This is a religious war—a war for Scripture doctrine in regard to Slavery against Abolitionism and all the other infidelisms of the North. Mr. Barker rejoices in the defeat of the North as in the defeat of irreligion itself—so do I."

"Mr. Neely," said Alice at this juncture, "how then about England and old Scotland—all Protestant Europe?"

"I do not exactly understand your question, Miss Alice," said Mr. Neely, intensely on the alert.

"I mean, only for argument sake, you know," said Alice, "does Protestant Europe stand on this question with the North or with the South?"

"Really, I am not sure," began Mr. Neely. But he saw that Alice knew, and knew that he knew, the facts of the case. "With the North, I believe," he added, under the stress of her clear and steady eye.

"And are they all infidel?" began Alice.

"I tell you what I frankly think; I mean I will frankly say what I really and truly believe, and that is, that almost the whole Christian Church is becoming infidel, Jacobinical. By Jacobinical notions I mean the old French notions of freedom and equality."

"I think I know what Jacobin means," said Alice, her eyes still bent with inquiry upon him.

"In this strife, Miss Alice, between Jacobinism, then, and Conservatism, between infidelity and the Gospel, in fact, I do believe that there is only one spot on the globe in which the pure and genuine Gospel lingers, and that is in the South. I wish to foster no one," added Mr. Neely, "but of all the South I do believe that piety, the purest and most strictly in accordance with the Bible—Old Testament as well as New—is to be found in South Carolina. I myself was born at the North," continued Mr. Neely, with engaging frankness; "but, if one may say such a thing, I would give millions to have been born, of all the world, in South Carolina."

Yes, Mr. Neely actually said just that! Mrs. Bowles cordially approved the sentiment, and assured Mr. Neely how highly she felt flattered. Alice never raised her eyes from her plate.

"Therefore," said Mr. Neely, after some further conversation, "if I, a Northern man, rejoice so in the success of Southern arms, I am sure you must, Mr. Arthur."

is meant when the dispatch says that Beauregard fell back from Shiloh some twenty miles to Corinth. I am confident of the gallantry of our soldiers; but why fall back?"

Thereupon Mr. Neely hastened to explain matters, showing that it was a kind of military strategy almost invariably adopted by victorious armies. Alice listened, but replied not.

"Oh, you mustn't mind Alice, Mr. Neely," said Mrs. Bowles, at length. "She is a willful girl, and she has an independent habit of her own. She is always endeavoring to form her own conclusions on every subject. When she once gets a notion in her head it is impossible to reason with her. She reminds me more and more of her father, Major Bowles. But, Alice, do let us have some music. We are not tired of Dixie yet—what a low name for the South—or the Bonnie Blue Flag—any thing."

"What do you say to Yankee Doodle, or Hail Columbia, or the Star-spangled Banner, Mr. Neely?" said Alice, looking back upon that gentleman, with her hands upon the keys of the instrument.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ON THE FASHIONABLE COURTESY HALL.—"Dear me," said old Mrs. Gals, "why nowadays all the young gals is light headed."

A NEW NAME FOR A BEAUREGARD.—"Miss Gals and Son."

"How that wicked man can go on in their shirt!" exclaimed a good but unscrupulous old lady; "it only takes her seconds to fight a duel!"

Contented people are always happy, they do so enjoy themselves.

A lady, complaining how rapidly time stole away, said, "Alas! I am ever thirty." "Do not fret at it, Madam, for you will get further from that frightful epoch every day."

Why are the English people like the act of reasoning?—Because they are a very busy nation.

When is it useless to try to borrow a book?—When it is lost.

The following story is told of a father of the church. At an academic dinner a debate arose as to the one of the red in bringing up children. The doctor took the affirmative, and the chief opponent was a young minister, whose reputation for veracity was not high. He maintained that parents often do harm to their children by unjust punishment, from not knowing the facts of the case. "Why," said he, "the only time my father whipped me was for telling the truth." "Well," returned the doctor, "it cured you of it, didn't it?"

"God bless will show itself," as the old lady said when she was struck with the colic of her own.

"Mother, where's the pot?" "A pig's head and trotter, son." Little Mary being of an inquisitive turn she got peering in the pot, when she saw one of the trotters in the pig's mouth. "Mother, mother!" she cried, "it has the trotter!" "Oh, mother, if you don't come quick the pig will eat all the trotters!"

Annexed Ward tells a good story concerning the production of the Lady of Lyons at the Salt Lake City theatre: "An aged Norman arose and went out with his twenty-four wives, eagerly stating that he wouldn't sit and see a play where a man made such a mixed line over one woman."

Why is John Digger's boy larger than his father?—Because he is a little digger.

MRS. AND WATER.—A lad, on delivering his wife a few marriage vows in a neighboring city, was asked why the milk was so warm. "I don't know," he replied, with much simplicity, "unless they put warm water into it instead of cold."

John Randolph met an enemy on the street one day, who refused to give him half the sidewalk, saying that he never turned out for a race. "Oh," said Randolph, stopping aside and politely raising his hat; "pass on, Sir."

To what tribe do Scotch Jews belong?—Mac-Absent.

A letter was mailed in one of our post-offices the other day that had no postage-stamp on it, but in place of the stamp had the following written on one corner of the envelope: "Mr. Postmaster, don't charge me postage on this; the stamp wouldn't stick, so I tore the thing up."

Why did Adam when alone find the day very long?—Because it was always passing without him.

"I am glad this coffee don't owe me any thing," said a book-keeper to his wife the other morning at breakfast. "Why so?" was the response. "Because I don't believe it would ever settle."

"Hullo, Bright! what's clock is it, and where's the chicken-pot?" "It's eight, Sir."

An exchange gives reasons for not publishing a poem (which is as follows): "The rhythm sounds like partridges rattling over a barn floor, while some lines appear to have been measured with a yard-stick, and others with a ten-foot pole."

"The next time I catch you alone, Tom Wilkins, I'll give you a good thrashing!" said a ruffianly bully of the play-ground to a well-looking boy. "Well," replied the boy, significantly replying Tom, "I ain't after no right show, as I generally leave my feet and face with me."

Woman's Mission.—"Oh, mission."

A cigarette is said to be a perfect incarnation of Capital, as she keeps her head in a quiver.

THE CURS QUARTER.—"How's your old?"

It has been discovered that (Huckle) hold a leg as well as a military office in Venice. He was a lawyer-general.

What is the worst seat a man can sit on?—Self-esteem.

A warning needed at all fashionable soirées.—"Look out for the joint!"

NEW AXES.—A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

"Tilly," said a mother to her daughter, who had seen but five summers, "what should you do without your mother?" "I should just on every day just such a dress as I wanted," was the prompt reply.

"Can you see any thing in my eye—it feels very sore?" asked a lady, good-for-nothing student of Oliver Wendell Holmes. "I can see a very bad girl," was the reply of the professor, who never likes to be fancy when he has his professional garments on.



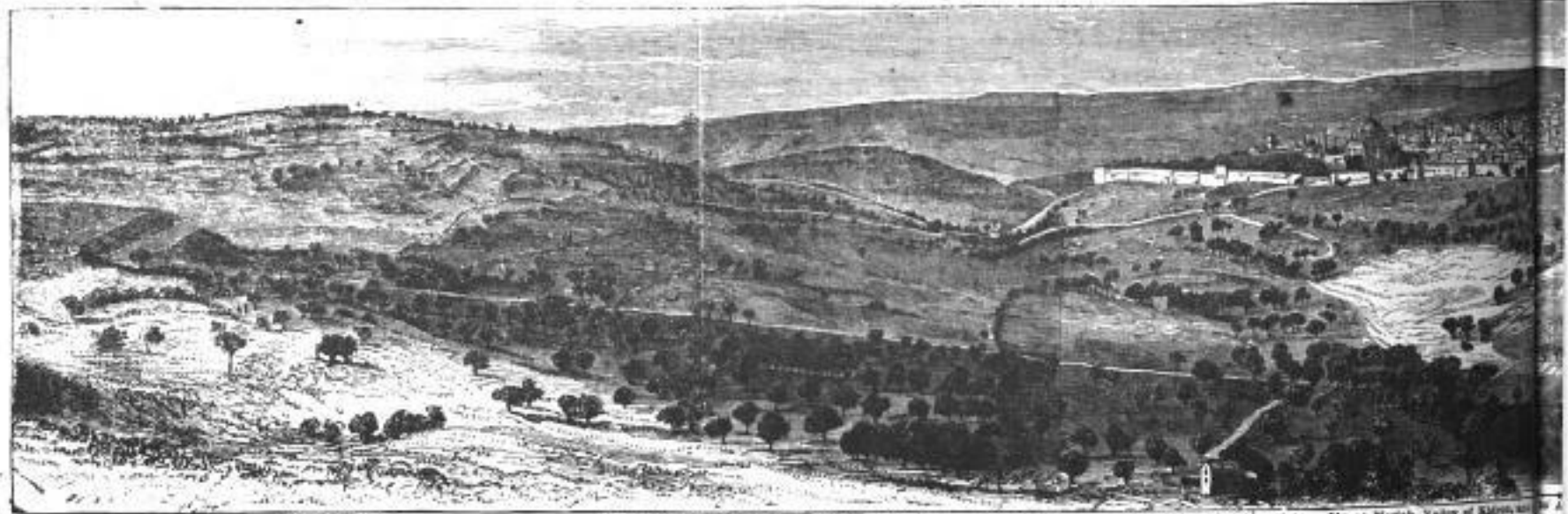
BETHLEHEM, WITH THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY AND CONVENTS, FROM THE NORTH.



NORTH BAY, DEAD SEA.



TOMBS IN THE VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT.



Mount of Olives.

Herodium, above Bethlehem.

Mount of Corruption.

Gethsemane.

East Wall and golden gate.

Mount Sion, Valley of Kidron, and Temple Mount.

JERUSALEM—"BEAUTIFUL FOR SITUATION, THE JOY OF THE WHOLE EARTH."



Mosque of Omar and El Aksa. Hill of Evil Counsel.

Mount Zion.

Sakhrah, or Dome of the Rock, and Platform.

Old Tower at Jaffa Gate.

Church of the Holy Sepulcher.

JERUSALEM FROM THE GOLDEN GATE, SHOWING THE TEMPLE AREA IN THE FOREGROUND.



JERUSALEM.



HAZARETH, FROM THE EAST.



J.



TIBERIAS



THE JORDAN.



Atalboth North Wall and Bezetha. Hills south of Plain of Sopheraim. Upper Valley and Temple of the Kings. Temple at the Kings. Road to Betanias.

OUNT ZION, ON THE SIDES OF THE NORTH, THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING."



Governor's House. Haro's Gate. Church of St. Anne. St. Stephen's Gate.

OUND, WITH THE MOSQUES AND MINARETS IN THE HOLY PLACE.—[SEE PAGE 170.]

VIEWS IN THE HOLY LAND.

THE views of Jerusalem and of other places intimately associated in our minds with the life of our Saviour presented on pages 168 and 169 are new and interesting. We shall briefly notice the several topics of interest connected with our illustrations.

OF JERUSALEM we give two separate views. How different the Jerusalem of to-day from the City of the Great King in the days of HIRSH and PHARAI! Within the walls—if we except perhaps the Temple area, that one grand spot of surpassing interest in Jerusalem—there is not a street which either the Saviour or his apostles ever trod. The present roadways, if even they follow the old lines, are above the rubbish which "many a fathom deep" covers the ancient roadway. There is not one house standing on which we can feel certain that our Lord ever gazed, unless it be the old tower at the Jaffa Gate. Only the heavens above and the hills around remain the same. The site of the old Temple was never open to any but Moslems until after the Crimean War. No remains of the old Temple exist above ground. Every atom of its dust, as far as we can discover, has been swept away. Literally not one stone has been left upon another. Its site, however, can be determined with almost perfect accuracy. The huge old cisterns which supplied the Temple with water still remain. Upon this spot Jesus Christ taught and wrought miracles. This is the Terebinth of the universe. The dust of which rain is made alone remains and covers all. Not an object meets the eye on which kings and prophets with Jesus and his apostles gazed except the Mount of Olives and the blue sky. Yet it may be those holy feet have trod the steps of that old passage; and his lips may have drunk from the waters that "are glad the city of God."

Outside of the walls the Valley of Kidron separates Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives. This is also known as the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Another valley carving in from the west is the Valley of Hinnom, or Tophet. Perhaps there is no place on earth where so many thoughts of human crime and misery suggest themselves as among the rocky slopes of this valley. The horrible Moloch fires which consumed many an accursed child once blazed among these stones. It was on the opposite side, on the Hill of Corruption, that Sennacherib set up his idols in the very sight of the Temple. In this valley is the Accellara, or "Field of Blood," where, into a caverned pit, now built over, bodies were cast, and laid there under a sprinkling of dirt to suffer corruption. It has been closed for a century, but will ever be associated with the traitor. No wonder the valley of Hinnom was made the type of hell!

The village of BETHANY, once the home of MARY and MARTHA, and the place where CHRIST raised LAZARUS from the dead, consists now of brown mud hovels. It is the quiet shade of confusion, dogs, and poverty.

Of all the places associated with Scripture history BETHLEHEM is, on the whole, the most picturesque. The three convents attached to the Church of the Nativity, which crown the summit and the ridge on which the village is built, wear the massive and dignified look of an old medieval fortress. The terraces, which, like gigantic stairs, descend to the lower valleys and the small alluvial plains and corn-fields, have a fair bold sweep, and are rich in olives and fruit trees, the shade and verdure of which relieve the eye from the dazzling glare of the white limestone rocks and soil.

Although Jesus was born in Bethlehem, the Holy Family, immediately after the presentation in the temple, or forty days after the birth of the child, removed to Nazareth. It was here, probably, that the visit of the Magi was made, and not, as is generally supposed, in Bethlehem.

Nazareth of Galilee was the home of CHRIST in his boyhood. Here he labored at his humble trade for many years. Here in this town—among these hills—Jesus was brought up as a child, and was subject to his meek and loving mother, "full of grace," here as a boy "He grew in wisdom and in stature," here for many years he labored as a man for his daily bread; here he lived as an acquaintance, neighbor, and friend. For years he gazed on this landscape, and walked along these mountain paths, and worshipped God among these solitudes.

The Church of the HOLY SEPULCHRE, in which CHRIST is said to have been buried in a large one, including under one roof many chapels, in which different "communities" worship. The Holy Sepulchre is not what many people suppose it to be. It is not a cave, or a hole in a rock; but a small marble chapel, which rises up from the flat stone floor.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

IT is now more than twenty years since Greenwood Cemetery was opened for the purposes of interment. It is now the largest and most beautiful burial-place on the continent. A multitude of beautiful inclosures, and several hundred tombs and monuments, involving a vast aggregate expense, may now be seen there—pleasing memorials, in the main, of taste and wealth—certainly of grief and pious love. The tombs, for which the slopes of Greenwood afford frequent opportunity, are of every style of architecture. The monuments are various in design, from the modest tablet to the magnificent pillar or massive sarcophagus. The great number of attractions connected with this Cemetery have made it an object of interest to visitors second to none in Brooklyn.

The grounds of this Cemetery, now comprising four hundred acres, are situated in Brooklyn, on Gowanus Heights, about two and a half miles from the Atlantic Ferry. They are beautifully ventilating and diversified, presenting continual changes of surface and scenery, and are remarkably adapted to the purpose for which they are appropriated. The elevated portions of the Cemetery afford numerous and interesting views, embracing the Bay and Harbor of New York, with its islands and forts, the cities of New York and Brooklyn, the shores of the

North and East Rivers, New Jersey, Staten Island, the Quarantine, numerous towns and villages in every direction, together with a view of the Atlantic Ocean, reaching from Sandy Hook to the Pavilion at Rockaway. The various avenues in the grounds (exclusive of paths) extend sixteen miles.

THE ENTRANCE, which we illustrate on page 172, has only been completed a short time. It is on the northern side of the Cemetery. It is situated at a point lying nearest to the vast population of New York and Brooklyn. The gateway is an imposing and elaborate Gothic edifice, solidly constructed of the best New Jersey sandstone. Two passage-ways through the massive structure are appropriated—one to funerals, the other to visitors. A room for the latter to rest in; and free-offices for the Cemetery business, occupy the lower part of the building. Upward it terminates in three lofty pinnacles. There is a bell for the passing procession, and a clock to strike the hours. The deep, triangular recesses of the pediments above the two gateways are filled in, on both sides, with groups of sculpture formed of the Nova Scotia sandstone. These four groups represent the Saviour's Entombment; His Resurrection; the Resurrection of the Widow's Son, and the Raising of Lazarus. Still higher up, on the four shields which surmount the quadrifolds, are figures in relief of Faith, of Hope, of Memory, and of Love.

UPS AND DOWNS.

WHEN I was still a boy of eighteen, going to school punctually every day, as all boys do who intend to some time be great authors like Mr. Tupper, there was a young lady of the same age with myself moving in society, and her name was Christine Bell. Of course there is a vast difference between a school-boy of eighteen and a young lady of the same age in society. Christine was a beauty, and she had several lovers. One of these was a prosperous young grocer by the name of Hiram Jackson, whose first name was familiarly abbreviated to HI, and whose last name to JACK, by the simple-hearted villagers who sat about his grocery in the evenings; so that the boys, when angry and disrespectful, were in the habit of sarcastically calling him High-Low-Jack, whether it was this title which discouraged Christine, or whether she felt too proud to marry a grocer (her father was a dealer in dry goods), or whether she had other and better reasons for her behavior, suffice it that the young lady's name is now Christine Bell Brown. As my name is Brown, and Brown is a very common name indeed, you may naturally conclude that Christine is now my wife. Correct, she is my wife.

It may be unnecessary to explicitly state after this that Hiram Jackson's courting of Christine was unsuccessful. Nevertheless, to avoid any possible misconception, I will so state. It was unsuccessful, and he did not marry Christine. He eventually married another lady, and a very good wife she makes him. He left our village (Milltown, New York State). I am disposed to be thus particular with my reader in all this matter of proper names, because I wish him to understand and believe that I am relating facts, and that I stand ready to shake hands with Mr. Graugrid himself right here on the threshold of my story, and he went out into the world to seek his fortune.

He was an ambitious young man, with a soul above molasses and tea, and he aspired to reach a high place in the world. So he turned his attention to ballooning, and soon had his wish. He became noted throughout the country as a successful aeronaut. He made a great deal of money and a great deal of noise, and all last made a voyage to the Sandwich Islands in a balloon. He came to New York at the end of several years, and built a monstrous hole in the ground, up by Central Park, and put a high board fence around it to keep people from falling into the hole without paying the admission fee. I was at this time residing in New York, and addressing rapidly toward the top of this hill upon whose summit stands the temple in which Mr. Tupper wanders, the envy of his contemporaries. I was a writer for the press, and had recently returned from the sea-side, where I had been representing the literary world as correspondent of the Times newspaper.

Impelled by my affection for Hiram Jackson—now Professor Jackson—and also by some little curiosity respecting the inside of that great hole that he had built and surrounded with a fence, I went to see him one very hot day, when the city was a fearful contrast to the cool delight of the sea-side—and I found him. He was glad to see me, and I happened to apologize for having married Christine.

"Say no more about it, Mr. Brown," said he; "I forgive you. You meant me no harm. Besides that, she filled me before you knew her. How's your babies? mine are well, thank you."

"How many?"

"Four. What's that sticking out of your pocket?"

"My note-book," said I. "I have been scribbling for the Times a little of late, and of course I had to have a note-book."

"You don't say!" cried Jackson, with much cordiality. "A reporter for the Times? Why, how you are getting on, ain't you? The last I heard of you you had got out a volume of poems in a yellow cover. I congratulate you on your improved prospects. I have a great respect for the Times, and I was going to ask Mr. Raymond if he wouldn't like to take a ride in my balloon. But I have neglected it, and—By-the-way, that reminds me: wouldn't you like to go up?"

"Why yes," said I. "I should like to go up if I were sure of coming down in as good condition as I find myself at present."

"All right! You shall go up at the end of the rope. It's a thousand feet long, that rope. It'll pull you down again all safe." There was a sort of windlass run by horse-power that let the balloon up and down. "Pretty sight, ain't it?" the Professor added, with a yawn. He was used to it, you

see. "That's the way it is, from morning to night; up and down—up and down!"

"Up and down!" I echoed, absently, as I stood watching the balloon dwindle out of sight, or so nearly out of sight that it appeared no bigger than a pumpkin.

"They're coming down now," said Professor Jackson. "Will you go up this time?"

"I suppose it's perfectly safe?"

"Why, you're not afraid, are you? You sometimes ride in railroad cars, don't you?"

"When I am compelled to I do," said I.

"Well! what proportion of danger do you really suppose there exists, now, between a balloon ride and a railroad ride?"

I thought a minute before I replied:

"I'm not accurate at estimates, but as near as I can put it, in round numbers, I should say the chances were about fourteen million to one in favor of the balloon."

"That's not the precise figure," said Professor Jackson; "but it's very near it—it's very near it."

"Am I to go up alone?"

"No. As you are a little timid, and as I want you to take some notes—not to put in the Times, I wouldn't have you think—I'll send a policeman up with you to protect you."

"How can I thank you enough?" I murmured.

"But I comprehend, it is for Christine's sake."

"Oh, bother Christine!" ejaculated Jackson, moving toward the balloon, which was now fastened to the platform at the bottom of the great hole. "Come!"

The policeman got into the car. It is called a car, but in point of fact it is a basket. Then a young lady got in. This was more than I had bargained for, but it awakened my manly breast to a sense of its duty. What a young lady dare do should I hesitate about?

I at once got into the car. The grapnels were thrown off. We began to go up, and I began to take notes. Here are the notes; when you have read the story through you will not wonder that I failed to put them in the Times.

We are off. See tips (meaning the balloon).

"Oh! oh!" [by the young lady]. The hand down below strikes up. "Who will Care for Mother Now?" Ah! who indeed? Thoughtful hand! Magnificent panorama dawns upon the sight. She tips [the balloon], Skittish feeling. Nam—Kitchick good word. Wind blows us over the Park. That lousy bird, etc. Lakes, etc. Map of the earth. Difficult to realize. Minutes down there. Look like ants. Wave their handkerchiefs tons—Ways a lead-pencil to them. It drops. Watch it dwindle to a speck. The two rivers crossing out of a cloud-bank in north. Water looks like fog-gary. Bay dotted with ships. Narrows in plain view. Young lady says glad she came. So am I. Want to stay here all summer. Delightfully cool. Propensity to policemen—cut the rope and take a nice long ride. "Can't see it" [by policeman]. Took his number. 444. Says his name is Fish, out of his element. Young lady excited and talkative. "Where would we go if you cut the rope?" I propose to cut it and see. Policeman threatens to arrest me. Twitch! Balloon going down. Rather go up. Ah, what a vulgar world we are! Band plays "Hail to the Chief." Can't mean the policeman.

"How are you, Professor?" I cried, as I got out of the car and felt my feet on my native earth once more. I really felt as if I had been an incalculable distance since I saw him last.

"Like it?" he asked.

"Oh, amazingly!"

"But that's nothing compared to a detached ascension, you know," said the Professor, with professional pride. "Nothing at all."

"How I should like to make a detached ascension!" I cried, with the greatest enthusiasm.

Mr. Jackson said nothing.

"Do you make detached ascensions much?" I asked.

"Oh, frequently," said he.

"And when do you make the next?"

"To-morrow, probably."

"How I should like to go!"

The Professor made no reply.

"So you go to-morrow?" I remarked, as we walked up the stairway leading out of the hole.

"If it's pleasant," said he.

"I wish I could go with you!"

"Come and see me again, Mr. Brown," said Jackson, shaking hands. "And remember me to your lady."

I naturally concluded after that that he did not want me to go with him. But I could not help thinking about it all the way home, and resolving that, one way or another, I would have a detached ascension before the summer was out.

After tea that night I talked so long with Christine about my ride in the air that when I thought about preparing my note for the Times it was too late. So I ate a large piece of mince-pie and went to bed.—The reader may think my receding that I ate a piece of mince-pie is a piece of domestic egotism, and has nothing to do with the story. But I think it has a good deal to do with the story.

I was just dozing off when I was awakened by a loud rapping at my chamber-door.

"Who's there?" I cried.

"It's me, Sir—wid a letter," responded the voice of our Bridget. "A man jist bring it to the basement-door, Sir." Bridget continued, as I opened the chamber-door a crack and took the letter in. "He said for me to bring it up at wanst, Sir, bein' it was important."

I shut the door and opened the note. It said:

"Dear Brown,—One of the gentlemen who was going with me to-morrow on the detached voyage is sick, and I am glad to be able to offer you his seat in the car. We start early. Be on hand at 6 A.M. Yours truly, HIRAM JACKSON."

I AM by no means fond of seeing the sun rise, but I was up early for this once, and the appointed hour found me on hand. Professor Jackson was down at the bottom of the hole, superintending the preparations for departure. The great balloon was ready-

ing in the light morning breeze, impatient of the grapnels that held it to the earth. Half a dozen bags of sand were being put into the car, and various creature comforts in bottles and baskets. There was also a hand-telescope, and on the floor of the roomy car lay a mysterious something—I knew not what—covered with a long canvas case.

"You're on time, Mr. Brown," said the Professor, shaking hands.

"Always am," said I.

"Well, we'll start right off."

"Where's the other man?" I asked.

"You are the other man," said Jackson.

"But the other?" I persisted.

"Oh, hang it, there is no other! Come, are you ready?"

Was it only my imagination? I could not tell; but it seemed to me as if he asked me this question in a tone such as I should suppose a hangman—rather, say some brutal executioner of the time of Robespierre—would use in addressing his victim. But I made no remark, and got into the car. The grapnels were let loose, and the balloon shot up like a rocket.

"Good God!" cried one of the attendants, looking up after us, "who ever see a balloon tear up like that afore!"

The world was sinking away under us with appalling rapidity. Professor Jackson was already untying the string from the neck of the first sand-bag, to empty its contents and increase our rate of speed. Out tumbled the sand, and almost instantly sank into invisibility. Jackson threw the bag after its contents.

"Why do you waste your bags that way, Jackson?" said I.

"It don't signify," he muttered. "I sha'n't want 'em any more."

I began to watch his movements with a deep and fascinating interest. He was immediately clawing at the neck of another bag, which followed its predecessor. My head swam with dizziness, occasioned by the motion of the balloon.

"How high do we go, Professor Jackson, before we begin to move in a decided current?"

"We sail in no currents this day, my friend," he answered, in a gruff tone, still untying the sand-bag with feverish eagerness. "We are going up."

"Up?" I whispered, a dark fear stealing over me.

"Ay, up!"

"How high up?"

"To the moon—to the blue haze—to any where!" he shouted, as he stood erect in the car, and heeled the last bag out without emptying it of its contents, impatient of his nervous fingers.

"Are you mad?" I cried.

"Mad? No, I'm not a bit mad."

"I have gone high enough. Let us go down."

"Look here, Brown. You've no doubt read a cock-and-bull story about a mad aeronaut, and how he tried to throw his fellow-passenger out of the car. Now, don't turn pale like a great almy! I tell you I'm as sane as you are, or as any body is. I'm not going to throw you out to lighten the car."

"For God's sake let us go down!"

"I'm not even going to throw any of these bottles or baskets out. I tell you I'm perfectly sane; and I'm going to keep these things here to provision us on our long voyage—for though we're now going up at the rate of a mile a minute, it'll be a long voyage."

"In what direction?" I again interjected.

"Up! up! And I'm going to keep you in the car for companionship sake. I had a reason for preferring you to the /vicious man, who was going with me first: you married Christine Bell. I wanted her myself, and I swore, years ago, that whoever got her I would take him away from her somehow. That's all there is about it, old Brown—so make yourself comfortable, since you can't get out. You have seen the last of old mother earth; those clouds below us there have shut it from sight forever. Ha! ha! ha!" he laughed, with intense glee, leaning over the side of the car and rubbing his lean, yellow hands briskly; "this is glorious, isn't it? Let's have a bottle open. Where's that beastly cork-screw? Much good that'll do you, my friend!"

The last remark was elicited by a spring I made for the valve-rope, as he leaned over in search of the cork-screw. I caught the rope and pulled it. It broke and fell down in my hands.

"I cut the strands last night, my boy. I knew what you would be up to," said he.

I began to appreciate the dangers of my position in terrible earnest. Let me be calm and collect my thoughts. So highly rarefied was the thin atmosphere which we were cleaving with steady upward bound that even now I breathed with difficulty. How many minutes more would it probably be ere we reached a height where existence must end? Had I not heard, or read, or dreamed, of one in a like danger with this, who had clambered up the net-work of the balloon and opened the valve with his hands? It was a fearfully dangerous feat, but some effort I must make. I threw off my coat, though I was chilled through with sudden cold.

"What now?" cried Jackson. "You sha'n't do it! I'm as strong as two of you."

He seized me, as I was hastening to clamber up the rope, and pulled me back.

"Let go!" I yelled. "I won't be murdered."

He only laughed sneeringly, but held me fast. I made a fierce struggle, and succeeded in getting high enough to touch the swollen monster overhead. Whipping out my pocket-knife, I opened it with the aid of my teeth, and plunged it into the canvas. To my horror, the seam thus opened ran high up the balloon. The gas escaped with a sound like the rushing of a whirlwind. The great globe collapsed like a pricked bubble; the canvas fell downward with a flapping noise; and the next moment we were falling through space with furious rapidity.

"Dog! Fool! What have you done?" cried Jackson, springing upon me and grasping me about the throat. "I was only trying to frighten you. You have ruined me!"

He glared at me for a few seconds with blood-

shot eyes, and then threw me from him. I fell upon the floor of the car.

"I will not go down!" he screamed. "I will not go! Oh, fool that I was! Why did I not go up without you, you beautiful upward? I am ruined—ruined!"

He looked down upon the white cloud-like to which we were now steadily drawing nearer and nearer.

"Up! up! I must go up! I will go up!" And with a sudden spring he bounded upward from the car; then fell down, yelling and cursing.

The clouds were passed and the earth dawned upon my view. A current swept me aside, and I saw the madman no more. It was with great difficulty I clung to the careering car, but the ropes helped me. I shifted onward toward my death. I should be mutilated beyond all recollection by the fall, I thought. Oh, what a ghastly fate!

Suddenly my eye fell upon the long, mysterious, canvas-covered package that I had observed when we left the earth. What it contained was still unknown to me. I hastily tore off the covering, and perceived the article within to be a something made of iron wires and silken silk. Closer inspection showed me that it was a parachute. What a thrill of joy ran through me as I made this discovery!

It was the work of a minute to open it. There was a handle which shut in among the wires through a socket, and at the end of the handle was a strong osken ring, capable of being grasped by the two hands. I grasped it, and leaped from the car, repelling it with my feet as a swimmer repels the boat from which he springs into the flood; at the same instant I spread the broad parachute to the air.

For a moment it was doubtful whether the structure would sustain the pressure of the air underneath, so great was the momentum with which I was descending; and I looked up at its wide canopy over my head with terrible interest as I hung suspended below.

"Thank Heaven!" I cried; "it stands the test! I shall be saved!"

I was now, I judged, only something like a thousand feet above the earth, and descending with comparative slowness. I began to speculate upon the prospect before me. I scarcely hoped to escape uninjured; but a broken leg was a mere hospital to contemplate after the perils with which I had been menaced.

My hands began to feel terribly the strain upon them. God give me strength to hold out to the last! A grating sound overhead startled me and I looked up. To my horror I saw the handle by which I clung slip out of the socket! The parachute passed in the air and I fell down, faster and faster each moment. Unable to endure the agony of sight I closed my eyes and awaited the inevitable death before me.

A frightful jar that seemed to wrench every bone in my body.

I opened my eyes to find that I had evidently fallen down my own chimney, for here I was in my own bedchamber, and my darling Christina yawningly waiting to know, my dear, what was the matter; and had I fallen out of bed, dear; and why didn't I open the door for Bridget, who had been knocking this half hour.

It is due to the reader to state that this last remark was a feminine exaggeration, for Bridget had not been knocking for more than half a minute.

From that day to this I have never felt the faintest desire to make a detached ascension again. I have had quite enough of it. Nor have I since seen Professor Jackson, though I have heard that he was getting on comfortably in his business. He is quite welcome to his business with its precarious ups and downs.

BET'S MATCH-MAKING.

The only time I ever tried match-making in my life was when I was seventeen, and I then so burned my fingers over the business that I took care never to meddle with it again. I was living at the time with my step-mother on her farm near Ballymena. My father was dead, and my step-mother did not like me. She had placed me for a time with a milliner in the town, but finding it expensive supporting me apart from her, had taken me away again. She was thinking of a second marriage, though I did not know it at the time. But this I did know—that she had written to some distant friends of my father in America, who had unwillingly consented to take me off her hands.

I don't think it would have been half as hard for me to have made up my mind to die; for I was a shy little thing, without a bit of courage to deal with strangers, and my heart was fit to burst at the thought of leaving the very few friends when I had to love, and my own little corner of the world, where the trees and the roads knew me. But I felt it would have to be done, and I lay awake all night after the letter arrived, trying to think how I should ever be brave enough to say good-by to my dear friend Gracie Byrne, and to Gracie's lover, Donnell M'Donnell.

Gracie was the cleverest of all Miss Doran's apprentices. She was an orphan without a friend to look after her, and she was the loveliest girl in the country. People said she was proud and vain, but I never could think she was either. She and I loved one another dearly, though I can not think what attracted her to poor little plain me. She had plenty of admirers, and she seemed to freely among them; but the only one to whom I would have given her with all my heart was Donnell M'Donnell. And, oh, dear! he was the very one whom she would not look at.

Donnell and I were great friends, and I had promised to do all I could to help him with Gracie. He was young and strong, and as bony a man as could be seen. He had a fine farm, all his own, some three miles across country from my step-mother's place. If Gracie would but marry him she should live like a lady, and drive into Ballymena on

her own jaunting-car. But she was always saying that she would go away to London, and be a great "West-End" milliner. This terrified me badly, seeing that London is such a wicked place.

My step-mother was always crying out that Gracie would come to a sorrowful end, which made me wild; and as I lay awake that wretched night I thought a great deal about what might happen to her if she went away to London by herself, and she so handsome, and not having a friend at all. And I wished with all my strength that she would marry Donnell M'Donnell before I went away to America, which would ease my mind about her, and also about him. For I felt the greatest pity in the world for kind big Donnell's disappointment.

My step-mother was provoked at my sad face next day, and called me ungrateful. But when I cried bitterly she got a little kinder, and in the evening allowed me to go into Ballymena to see my friend Gracie. So toward sundown, when the snow was getting red upon the fences, I wrapped my shawl about me and set off for the town; sobbing loudly to ease my heart, all along the lonely road, where there was no one to hear me but the robins. The brown trees against the dusky red sky, the white swelling lines of the fields, the dark chimneys of the town on before me, were all blent in a dismal mass, when who should leap over a stile and stand beside me but Gracie's great lover, Donnell. I told him my eyes were only watering with the cold, and he turned and walked alongside of me for a good way, while we talked of Gracie of course. He was very angry at her, and said she was playing fast and loose with him, and making him the sport of the town and country. I took Gracie's part, and so we went on till we came to the last white gate on the road, and began to meet the townspeople. Then I told him I was going away, and he looked so vexed that I nearly cried again. I felt so glad to see him sorry.

"Well, little Bet," said he, "we must give you a good dance over in your big farm-house of ours before you go. And, in the mean time—" "I'll see to your business, Donnell," said I, smiling. "Never fear but I'll do your business to the last."

Then he shook my two hands till he nearly squeezed them into jelly, and left me. When I went into Miss Doran's it was past the work hour, and the girls were putting on their bonnets to go away; Gracie only was sitting close to the candle, putting the flowers on a ball-dress for one of the county ladies. She having the nicest taste, had always the honor of giving the finishing touches to the most particular work. She looked very tired, but oh, so handsome, with her pale cheek against the yellow light, and her dark head bending over a mass of white and rose-color tulle.

"A bad here," said she, "and a spray there, and then I have done. You'll come home with me and sleep. That cross step-mother of yours won't see you again to-night."

"Don't talk that way, Gracie," said I; "but I came intending to stay." And the work being finished we went home to her lodgings. A lovely bunch of flowers was lying on her table, and she laughed and blushed, and looked beautiful when she saw it.

"Who is that from, Gracie?" said I. "Donnell!"

"No indeed," said she, treading her head. But I was sure that was a fib, for she looked as happy as possible, lying resting herself in her arm-chair beside the fire while I set out the tea-things. She looked so glad, and the shabby room looking so snug, and our little tea-drinking being so cozy, I could not bear to tell her the bad news now, and began to set about Donnell's business.

"Gracie," said I, "I wish you would marry Donnell soon."

"Soon?" said she, opening her eyes and looking at me angrily. "I'll never marry him!"

"But you know, Gracie," said I, getting hot about it, "that you ought to marry him. He says—that is, I know—you have made him the laughing-stock of the country, and—" "Very fine!" cried she. "And so he has been complaining to you, has he?"

"I did not say that," said I; "but oh, Gracie, I know you like some one. I saw you smiling over a letter the other day, just the way you are smiling now."

"And what if I do?" said she, laughing and tossing her head; "that does not prove that it must be Donnell."

"There is no one else so good," said I, eagerly. "It could not be any one else."

"You my good," said she, staring at me. "I think you had better go and marry him yourself."

"If Oh Gracie!" said I, starting up and sitting down again, and beginning to cry. "I wanted to tell you that I am going to America."

You may be sure we talked no more about Donnell that night.

Donnell did not fail to keep his word about giving me a feast before I left the country. He invited three pipers to play, and half the country-side to dance. Gracie and I met at the cross-roads, and walked over to the farm together, she bringing a troop of beaux with her from the town. The farm is a dear old place, with cedar trees growing up round the house, and it looked so homely that frosty night. Donnell's mother met us at the door, and unpinned our shawls in her own room. Gracie looked beautiful, in a pretty new dress and bright ribbon. Donnell's mother stroked my hair with her hand, and stuck a bit of holly in the front of my black frock. She kept me with her after Gracie had gone down stairs, holding my hand, and asking me about my going to America. And the place felt so safe and warm, and she was so kind and motherly, after what I was accustomed to at home, that my heart got so sore I could scarcely bear it.

We had a great tea-drinking in the parlor, and then we went out to the kitchen, and the pipers fell to work, and Gracie was as amiable as possible to Donnell. But just in the middle of our dancing the latch of the back-door was lifted, and Squire Hannan, walked in in his top-boots.

"I wanted to speak to you on business, M'Donnell," he said, "but I will not disturb you now."

"Will you do us the honor of joining us, Sir?" said Donnell. Squire Hannan needed no second invitation. He was seen making his bow before Gracie, and Donnell saw no more of her smiles that night. She danced with the squire till it was time to go home, and then, after she had set out for the town, escorted by him and her other beaux, Donnell's mother kissed me, and Donnell drew my arm through his, and walked home with me across the snowy fields to my step-mother's house. He was abouting Gracie all the way, and I was, as usual, taking her part.

He came to see me one day soon after, and brought me a basket of lovely winter pears. He leaned against the wall and watched me making the butter. He was disgusted with Gracie, he said; she was a flirt, and he did not care a pin about her, only he would not be made a fool of. She had refused to let him walk with her across the hills next Sunday to the consecration of the new church; and if he did not get some token that she had changed her mind between that and this he would never, he swore, look her way again, but go and marry some one else for spite.

"Oh no, Donnell," said I; "promise me you won't do that." For I was sure that Gracie liked him all the while.

"But I will," said he, smiling; "at least if other people will have me."

"Oh, don't, don't!" said I. But he would not promise.

"It's my mind," said my step-mother, after he had gone, "that you had's more like a lover of years than here. Why don't you catch him, and then you needn't go to America."

"Mother!" I cried, and felt the room spinning round with me till I caught and held on by the door.

"Well, well," she said, "you needn't look so mad. Many a girl 'd be glad of him."

I thought a great deal about how he had sworn that he would marry some one else if he did not hear from Gracie before Sunday. "I'm sure she likes him," I thought; "she can not help it. She must have seen how mean even Squire Hannan looked beside him the other night. And it would be a most dreadful thing if he was married to some one he did not care about, and if she went off to London, with a broken heart, to be a 'West-end' milliner." I thought about it and thought about it. There was no use going to Gracie, for she would only laugh and mock at me. All at once a bright idea came in my head.

I was afraid to think of what I was going to do; but that night, when my step-mother had gone to bed, leaving me to finish spinning some wool, I got out a sheet of paper and a little note of Gracie's which I had in my work-box, and began to imitate Gracie's handwriting. I had not much trouble, for we wrote nearly alike; and afterward I composed a little letter:

"DEAR MR. M'DONNELL—It said—"I have changed my mind, and will be very glad if you will join me on the road to the consecration on Sunday.

"Yours sincerely, Gracie Byrne."

"What harm can it do to send it?" thought I, trembling all the while. I folded it up and put it in an envelope directed to Mr. Donnell M'Donnell, The Bucky Farm. "And it may do such a great deal of good! In the first place, it will prevent his marrying for spite before Sunday, and then she will be so glad to see him coming, in spite of her crossness, that she will be quite kind to him. He is always so stiff and proud when she treats him badly that I am sure it makes her worse. She will never find out that he got any letter—not, at least, till they are quite good friends—married, perhaps—and then they will both thank me."

So the next evening, about dusk, I slipped quietly into the town and posted my letter. I was dreadfully afraid of meeting Donnell or Gracie; but I saw no one I knew. I dropped the note in the letter-box and rushed off toward home again at full speed. I ran nearly all the way; the snowy roads were slippery in the evening frost, and near our house I fell and hurt my foot. A neighbor found me leaning against the stile and brought me home. I was to have sailed for America the very next week, but now I was laid up with a sprained ankle, and my departure was put off.

On Sunday evening a neighbor woman who had been at the consecration came in to tell us the news: This one had been there of course, and that one had been there for a wonder. Gracie Byrne had been there in a fine new bonnet (the girl was going to the mischief with dress), and Squire Hannan had been there, and given her the flower out of his button-hole.

"And Donnell M'Donnell was with her, of course?" said I.

"Ay, 'deed you may swear it," said the woman. "That'll be a match before long. He walked home with her to the town, and her smiles' at him like the first of June!"

"They'll be married before I go away," said I to myself; and I leaned back into my corner, for the pain of my foot sickened me.

Donnell's mother brought me a custard and some apples the next day.

"Donnell's gone to the Glen, my dear," said she, "or he would ha' been ever this merrin' to see you. He went before we heard of your foot, and he won't be home for a week."

"What's he doin' there?" asked my step-mother.

"He has land there, you know," said Donnell's mother, "and he goes whiles to settle his affairs with them that has charge of it. I don't know rightly what he's gone about now. Something has went agin' him lately, for he's not like himself these few days back. He said somethin' about goin' to be married when he came home, but if he is, it's not after his heart; for I never saw a bridegroom so glum on the head of it. Bet, dear, I thought it was you he liked."

"So he does, Mrs. M'Donnell," said I, "but not that way—not for his wife."

"Well, well, my dear!" said Donnell's mother, wiping her eyes.

Every body was coming to see me now on account of my foot. Gracie came the next day or so, and surely I was amazed at the glory of her dress! My step-mother, who did not like her, left us alone together, and Gracie's news came out. She was going to be married on next Tuesday.

"I know that," said I.

"How do you know it?" said she.

"Donnell's mother told me."

"Donnell's mother! Nothing but Donnell and Donnell's mother for you forever! How should she know?"

"Oh, Gracie, his own—"

"Why," she burst in, "you don't imagine that he's the man? Why, it's Squire Hannan! Only think, Bet, of your Gracie being the Squire's lady!"

I was quite confounded. "Oh, oh, Gracie!" I stammered.

"Well," said she, smiling, "are you not glad?"

"Oh yes," I said, "very, on your account; but what will become of Donnell?"

"Donnell again. Now listen to me, Bet. I know when a man likes me, and when he doesn't like me, just as well as any other girl; and I've seen this mousy a day, that Donnell didn't care a pin about me. Not he. He only wanted me to marry him that the people might not say I jilted him. I told him that the other day, when he asked me to have him. 'No matter what I want you for,' said he; 'I want you.' 'Thank you,' said I. And then what had he the impudence to say! If I changed my mind before Sunday I was to send him word that he might come to the consecration with me. Then he would set off for the Glen on Monday, and settle some business there, and be home for our wedding in a week!"

I screamed out, seeing what I had done.

"The poor foot!" cried Gracie, thinking I was in pain. "Is it bad?"

"Never mind it!" said I. "And what did you say?"

"I said," Gracie went on, "that whatever morning he got up and saw black snow on the ground, that day he might look for a message from me. And yet he had the meanness to walk with me on Sunday after all. And the best fun of it is, that they say he's gone to the Glen."

"Oh, oh!" said I, beginning to groan again, and pretending it was all my foot. After that Gracie talked about herself and Squire Hannan until she went away. And somehow I never had felt as little sorry to part with her before. She seemed not to be my own Gracie any longer.

And now I was nearly out of my senses, thinking what mischief might come of my meddling. I was sure that Donnell and Squire Hannan would fight and kill one another, and all through me. I thought I would give all I had in the world to see Donnell before any one else had told him the news, and confess to him what I had done. On Tuesday, about mid-day, a countryman from the Glen came in to light his pipe, and he said he had passed M'Donnell, of Bucky Farm, on the way.

"An' I think things must be goin' badly with him," said he, "for he has a look on his face as black as the potato blight."

"Somebody has told him, maybe!" said I to myself. And I put on my shawl, and borrowing a stick from an old neighbor, I hobbled off secretly up the road toward the Glen. I soon got tired and dreadfully cold, as I could not walk fast, and I sat down on a bit of an old gray bridge to watch for Donnell coming past. At last he came thundering along, and although it was getting dark I could see that he had his head down, and looked dreadfully dark and unhappy.

"Donnell!" said I, calling out to him.

"Who's that?" he said. "Why, it's never little Bet!"

"But indeed it is," said I. "Oh, Donnell, did you hear? I came to tell you. Gracie was married this morning to Squire Hannan."

"Whew!" He gave a long whistle. "The jilt!" said he, and he snapped his fingers. But his whole face brightened up.

"She's not so much a jilt as you think, Donnell," said I, "for—oh, how can I ever tell you!—it was I who wrote you the note you got last week, and she had nothing to do with it. I did it for the best, I did indeed, for I thought that Gracie liked you; I did indeed! And oh, Donnell, sure you won't go and kill Squire Hannan?"

"Won't I," said he, looking awfully savage. "I cut a great blackthorn this morning in the Glen for no other purpose but to beat out his brains."

I gave a great scream, and dropping my stick, fell along with it; but Donnell picked me up, and set me safe on his horse behind him.

"Now," said he, "I'll tell you what it is, little Bet. I'll make a bargain. You'll marry me, and I won't touch Squire Hannan."

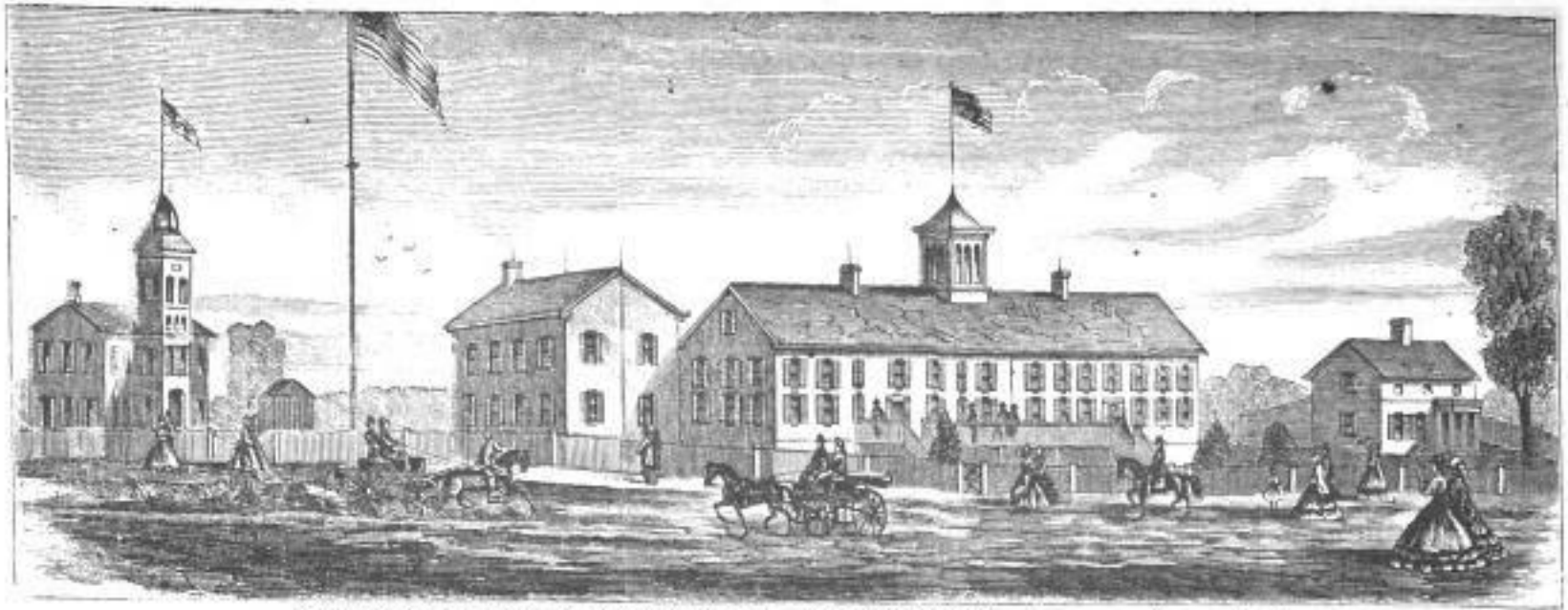
"I marry you?" cried I, "after—after Gracie. Indeed I will not, Donnell M'Donnell."

"I've behaved badly," said he, "but I'm very sorry. It's long since I liked you better than Gracie, but the devil of pride was in me, and the people were saying she would jilt me. When I got your bit of a note I felt as if I was goin' to be bang. God bless Squire Hannan! Now will you marry me, little Bet?"

"No," said I. And with that he whipped up his horse, and dashed off with me at the speed of a hunt. He never drew rein till the horse stopped at the dear Bucky Farm house door, when he carried me straight into the bright warm kitchen where his mother had the tea set out, and the cakes smoking ready for his return.

"Talk her into reason," said he, putting me into his mother's arms. "I want her to marry me, and she says she won't."

I did my best to keep sulky for a proper length of time, but it was the hardest thing I ever tried to do, and they both so kind, and the place so bright and cozy, and I being so happy on the sly all the time! So the end of it was that I did not go to America, and that I am Mrs. M'Donnell, of the Bucky Farm. But I never tried match-making again.



FITCH'S HOME FOR SOLDIERS AND ORPHANS AT DARIEN, CONNECTICUT.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

SOLDIERS' AND ORPHANS' HOME AT DARIEN.

We illustrate on this page the Home for Disabled Soldiers and the Orphan Children of such as have died in military service in defense of the country, which, by the munificence of Mr. BENJAMIN FITCH, has been erected at Darien, Con-

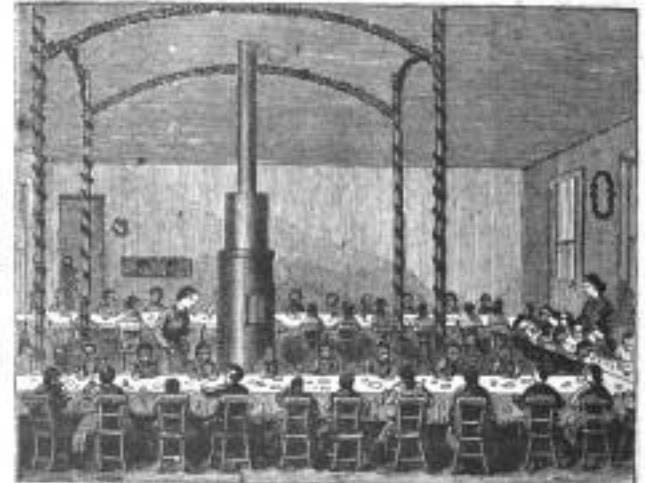
necticut. From the beginning of the war Mr. FITCH has been interested in the cause for which our two millions of patriot soldiers have so bravely fought. At the first outbreak of rebellion, too old and infirm himself to shoulder the musket, and appreciating the tender anxiety of those who by going to the field must leave behind them wives and children, whom they might be leaving forever, Mr.



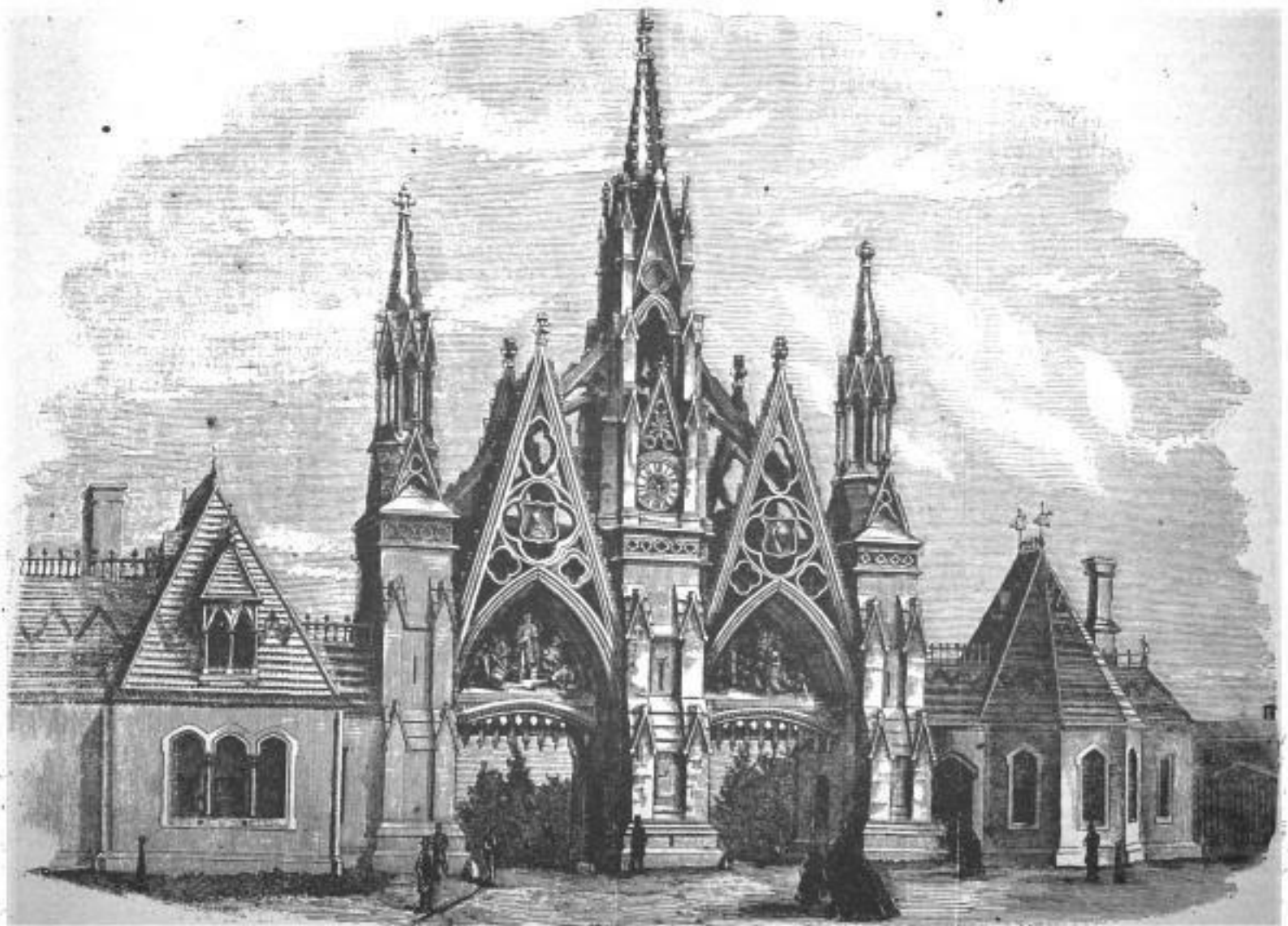
FITCH'S HOME—SCHOOL-ROOM.



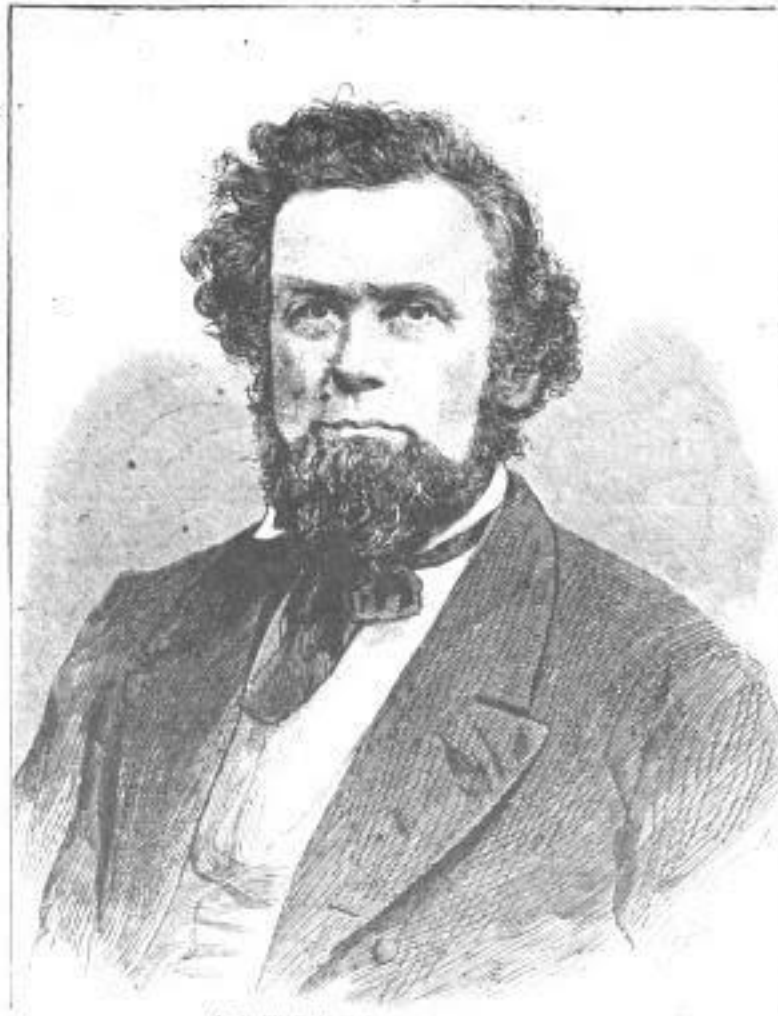
"THE RETURNED SOLDIER"



FITCH'S HOME—DINING-ROOM.



ENTRANCE TO GREENWOOD CEMETERY, BROOKLYN, L. I.—[SEE PAGE 170.]



HON. FRANCIS H. PICKENS.—(SEE PAGE 174.)

Fitch promised a large number of men to take under his care all who should be left by them thus without a husband and father's protection. The continuance of the war, and the increasing casualties attending it, soon led Mr. Fitch to see that nothing less than a well-organized Asylum would answer the wants thus created. He therefore, during the spring of 1864, totally unaided by others, purchased and erected suitable buildings, and formally instituted the Asylum since known as "Fitch's Home for Disabled Soldiers and Orphans of Soldiers who have lost their Lives in Defense of the Nation."

Mr. BENJAMIN FITCH, the founder of this Institution, after giving the building and grounds now occupied, worth originally \$8000 or \$10,000, placed in the hands of the trustees \$5000 to be invested as a permanent fund, and \$5000 to be expended in making repairs on the building, and in erecting a wing containing a kitchen, dining-room, and a beautiful hall for the use of the institution. He then went to Europe for a season, and on his re-

turn presented to the trustees a library consisting of from 5000 to 6000 volumes of choice books which he had collected, and placed at their disposal the sum of \$10,000, the estimated cost of the new building.

While in England and on the Continent, with the interest of the soldiers' orphans ever in mind, Mr. Fitch obtained from those with whom he came in contact, and who had the welfare of the country at heart, both American and foreigners, such aid in books, statuary, and paintings as would adorn the home, beautify the life, or instruct the mind of his increasing family of orphans and disabled soldiers at home.

On Mr. Fitch's visit to Italy he called upon Mr. POWERS, the celebrated American sculptor, who generously presented the Institution with a bust of FRANKLIN, executed in Carrara marble, of great beauty and worth. He also received donations of pictures from the celebrated artists Corra and Costa, of Florence, with others of value; and a



THE COLLAR MANUFACTORY OF THE METROPOLITAN COMPANY, NEW YORK.

picture of the Birth of Christ, given by Mrs. ANSTRUP, a widow of an English officer who fell in India. All these works of art were shipped to this country, and unfortunately destroyed in the conflagration of a bonded warehouse in this city in September last, soon after their arrival, proving a great loss to the Institution, no insurance having been effected.

In addition to the foregoing Mr. POWERS introduced Mr. FITCH to Mr. LARREN G. MEADE, Jun., a young American artist of great worth, and engaged with him to furnish a group of statuary, in marble, called the "Returned Soldier," of the heroic, or larger than life-size, of which we give an illustration. A letter from Florence thus describes this work of art:

"The group of statuary represents the Returned Soldier, with an Orphan Child of a fellow-soldier on his knee, to whom he is describing the death of her father on the battle-field, who with his parting breath commissioned him to call upon his family and give them his last dying message. The young orphan, in the interest of the description and with her feelings intensely agitated, presses her face close to that of the narrator, and, with her thoughts completely absorbed, seems to see her dying father expiring on the fughthen field. The emotions of each are expressed with good effect by Mr. MEADE, whose experience in the early part of the war, has not been lost upon him."

It is our duty to Mr. MEADE here to say that, on being informed by Mr. FITCH for what purpose the group was intended, he would only accept 1000 francs, which he says will hardly cover the cost of its production, thereby foregoing any profit to himself.

In concluding this notice of Mr. FITCH's benevolent donation, it will not be out of place to suggest that in every town throughout the country there should be a similar effort made in behalf of disabled soldiers and the children of those who have been killed in battle.

THE METROPOLITAN COLLAR COMPANY.

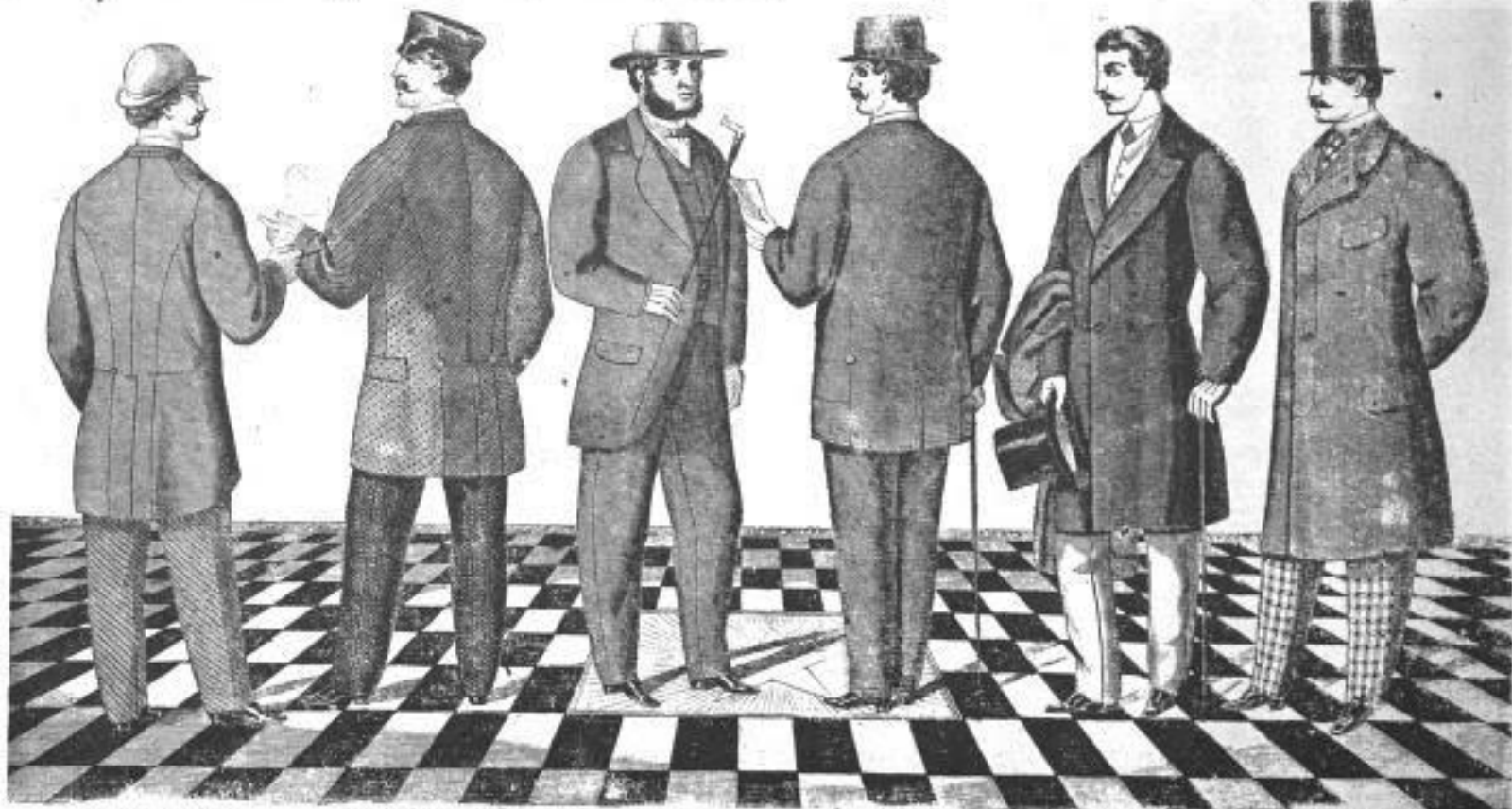
We give on this page an illustration of the Paper Collar Manufactory of the Metropolitan Company of this city. The machine used in this manufactory, and of which Mr. D. M. SOYER is patentee, is one of the most wonderful and curious inventions of the day. Three peculiarities distinguish this machine above all others in use.

1. *Its simplicity.*—What by all other processes requires half a dozen distinct and separate operations is here accomplished by one. A single stroke of the die produces a perfect collar, buttonholed, stamped, and finished. All that is done afterwards is merely incidental. The collar is turned by a simple machine, and by another lo, with sine of its companion, folded for the box. This latter process is in every other manufactory performed by hand. The small number of hands through which the collar passes also prevents it from becoming soiled.

2. *Its wonderful capacity.*—From our own observation we know that this machine produced two collars per second. The eleven machines which the Company have in operation produce 22 collars per second, 1320 per minute, 79,200 per hour, and 1,900,800 every twenty-four hours. Three hundred machines would supply almost every man, woman, and child in the United States with one collar per day.

3. *Its economy of labor and material.*—The eleven machines in operation save the work of 300 hands. More than 15 per cent. is saved of the paper which in every other process is wasted.

The Metropolitan Collar Company, whose place of business is 165 Washington Street, has a capital of \$500,000. It manufactures collars of seven or eight distinct varieties, many of them superior to any in the market, and none of them surpassed, and at a very much reduced cost of production, which enables the Company to defy competition.



D'Orsay Morning-Coat.

New York Walking-Coat.

Back-Coat.

French Back-Coat.

Frock-Coat.

Fly-Coat Over-Back.

SPRING AND SUMMER FASHIONS FOR 1866.

FURNISHED BY MESSRS. CARTER, KIRYLAND, & CO, MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF CLOTHING, 340 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RECONSTRUCTION.

The work of reconstruction does not make rapid advance in Congress. The concurrent resolution adopted in the House has also been adopted in the Senate. This amounts merely to an expression of the opinion of Congress as to the rights in regard to the admission of representatives. It can not even be called legislation. Otherwise nothing has been accomplished in Congress.

In the Senate there is some progress. The meeting in Richmond on February 28 strongly supported the President. The principal speech on that occasion was made by Judge M. F. Conway, formerly a representative from Kansas, and also formerly a radical. This speech advocated immediate restoration.

In Texas great progress has been made. The Constitutional Convention met February 8. On the 24th seventy of the ninety delegates were present. J. W. Throckmorton presided. Among the delegates was Mr. Roberts, President of the Southern Convention, who seems to have forgotten that there has been a war. He will, about a dozen others objected strongly to taking the oath to support the Constitution, but were finally compelled to yield to the large Union majority. On the 29th Governor Hancock's message was received. The Governor did not put any glow upon the rebellion. The rebels, he said, had defied the Government, and had been crushed. He advised the Convention to give to negroes civil rights and privileges. This advice was followed. The Constitution of Texas, so far as could be done by the Convention, has been amended so as to allow the freedmen to sue and be sued, to testify in the courts; to make contracts and be contracted with; to acquire, hold, and transmit property in all cases the same as the whites; and to be subject to no penal laws based on inequality of distinction.

Hon. James Johnson, late President of Georgia, who is now in Washington, says the condition of affairs in that State is very far from being as satisfactory as when the civil government was first restored. He speaks of the President's Bureau as an absolute necessity, both for the Union men and the blacks, and that it is very important that more troops be sent into the State at once.

CONGRESS.

February 27.

In the Senate, Mr. Sumner introduced a resolution which was adopted, that whereas the President had not responded to the resolution of inquiry in regard to Provisional Government, adopted January 5, he be requested to furnish the required information if not incompatible with the public interest. The concurrent resolution for the extension of Southern representatives was then taken up. Mr. Dixon spoke against the resolution. He explained the President's position. Mr. Dixon claimed that each House had extensive jurisdiction over its own members. The President's policy, he said, had been misrepresented. He was opposed by many to urge the admission of disloyal men from the rebel States to the two Houses of Congress; he had been charged with a purpose to bring into their former places in this body bloody-handed rebels; he was said to wish to throw wide open the doors of Congress and fill those seats with traitors, fresh from the battle-fields of the rebellion. These objections and statements were in direct contradiction to the President's published statements.

In the House, the Constitutional Amendment giving Congress power to secure the free use of citizens in the States was taken up. Mr. Hillyer opposed the measure, as strengthening the Government. Mr. Randall opposed it, because the Southern States were not represented. Mr. Kelley said the right given in the amendment was involved in the original Constitution, but had been denied practically by our courts for a fifty years. He was in favor of reasserting the right. Mr. Hale said he should vote against the amendment. He submitted that the proposed amendment was in effect a provision under which all State legislation in civil and criminal cases of procedure affecting the individual citizen was to be annulled, repealed, and abolished, and a law of Congress established in its place.

February 28.

In the Senate, Mr. Johnson presented the credentials of William F. Perry, Senator-elect from South Carolina. Senator Nye spoke in favor of the concurrent resolution.

In the House, Mr. Davis spoke against the Constitutional Amendment. Mr. Woodbridge, of Vermont, reported it; as also did Mr. Brigham. The latter alluded to Secretary Seward's New York speech in terms of disparagement. On motion of Mr. Corbin further consideration of the amendment was postponed until the second Tuesday in April.

March 1.

In the Senate, the concurrent resolution was debated. Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, argued that the States were sovereign powers. His speech was moderate, going entirely into the relation between the General Government and the States.

In the House, the Senate bill protecting civil rights, as amended by the Judiciary Committee, was presented, and after considerable debate was passed.

March 2.

In the Senate, after a long and spirited debate, the concurrent resolution was adopted. Mr. Doolittle made a speech against the resolution.

In the House, Mr. Traylor spoke in favor of the Civil Rights bill.

March 3.

There was no session of the Senate, and in the House there was no transaction of business.

March 5.

In the Senate, Mr. Wilson introduced a joint resolution for the representation in Congress of the stolen body in rebellion. It provides that they shall be entitled to representation upon their adoption of laws respecting all distinctions in civil rights on account of color, and upon their confining the right of suffrage upon all colored men who have served in the army, who can read the Constitution, and who pay taxes on real or personal property.

In the House, Mr. Brigham, from the Reconstruction Committee, reported a joint resolution for the admission of Tennessee, which were read twice and recommitted. Mr. Stevens offered a resolution of inquiry relative to persons pardoned by the Executive, and the amount and disposition made of confiscated land.

NEWS ITEMS.

From the West Indies intelligence is received that the cholera was abating at Guadeloupe, and had not broken out in the islands adjacent.

The evidence elicited in the trial of Major Gre, late rebel commander of Saylor's (North Carolina) Prison, shows that of 29,000 prisoners confined in that prison, over 5000 died from ill treatment in five months.

A great Fashion meeting was held on the 4th instant in Jones's Wood. A hundred thousand Irishmen are said to have been present, and so many dollars have been subscribed to aid the cause. The meeting was held in direct opposition to the well-known wishes of Archbishop McCluskey.

It is computed, from official data, that since the last Annual Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, made on the 30th of October last, he has reduced the aggregate amount of the public debt \$2,000,000, and has paid \$25,000,000 of treasury interest on seven-thirty bonds, and \$24,000,000 on six interest on gold-bearing bonds, making an aggregate of treasury and coin interest of \$49,000,000 paid.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRENCHMEN.

In the House of Commons on February 27, Sir George Grey, in asking leave to bring in a bill suspending the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland, said that the Fenian conspiracy had only recently assumed its present proportions. It was necessary to strike an effective blow at the Fenian scheme, which were wholly discountenanced by the American Government. The loyalty of the British Army was beyond a doubt. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland recently requested the suspension of the act, saying that

he could not hold himself responsible for the safety of the country if power was withheld from him. The bill was passed in both Houses.

On the 17th in Dublin over one hundred arrests of Fenians were made. The Government troops in Ireland were being more and more distributed among the small towns, thus creating a feeling of security.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Three months of that annual epidemic—house-burning—has come. For eight weeks more we must expect it to rage with increasing intensity, until the great crisis comes, the first of May—or rather the thirtieth of April. Even at this stage of the disease anxious-looking individuals are often seen scanning the houses on each side of the street in search of the significant "bill." There are plenty of "bills"—but whichever side of the street the "house-burner" happens to be walking the "bills" seem to happen on the opposite side. He straggles eyes to read without crossing! "A HOUSE!"—in immense capitals—its all he can make out. Of course it is a "house"—he knows that before—but is it "For Sale" or "To Let?" and what is the price, and how can he get it? To find out anything more than that it is a "house" he must cross the street, probably against the steps, and very likely then ascertain that he must go down town for further information as to price. We suggest that it would be an inestimable saving of shoe-leather and temper to have different-colored bills as the houses that are for sale and those that are to let. It is very vexatious, when you are as tired as you can be, to be continually enticed half a block out of your way by the vision of a bill only to find that it is "For Sale" when you had the hope it might be "To Let."

Much of the public about houses seems to be unacquainted; there are many more dwellings to let than is usually supposed. And though the rents are too high—excessively high—we have heard it stated many times within the last fortnight, and by those who have means of judging correctly, that rents will be lower before May. It is certain that there is a great deal of real estate in the market for sale which will undoubtedly be let before long. The tide is moving slowly but surely "up town," where new buildings are beginning to show their fronts more frequently than they have during the years of the war.

Apogee of "house-burning" and "up town," we give for the reader's amusement the following parody on Longfellow's "Kewpie," hoping, however, all will take warning from the fate of the "youth" therein mentioned:

"FURTHER TOWN."

Tired to death, but walking fast,
Along Broadway, one night, there passed
A youth, who wore a pretty nice
Cavalier, with this strange device,
"Further-town!"

His anxious eyes and weary feet
Heard the houses in each street;
And like a New-Year's bell, he rang
The accents of that unknown tongue,
"Further-town!"

In hazy homes he saw the lights
Of household fire gleam warm and bright;
Beyond, the spectral street-lamp shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
"Further-town!"

"Try not that street," the old man said,
"A transient house is just ahead—
A public school is by its side."
Then loud that electric voice replied,
"Further-town!"

"Oh stay," the broker said, "and rest,
This apartment will suit you best!
A year ahead in his bright line eye,
Sadly he said, "The profit's too light!"
"Further-town!"

"Beware the heavy stable's smell,
Beware the captain's name as well!
This was the agent's last good-night—
A voice replied, far out of sight,
"Further-town!"

At break of day, as heavenward
The Central Park police man started,
Watching the gathering masses there,
A voice rang through the startled air,
"Further-town!"

By following up the unsteady sound,
A dying transfer they found,
Still groping in his bright line eye,
Utterly, with the strange device,
"Further-town!"

There, in the Rowell, they say,
"Drowned," but beautiful, he lay,
While somewhere over Broadway
A voice still like a rickety talk,
"Further-town!"

Some three days before liberty was every where fashionable, a well-known friend of the slave made known the truth in Boston quarters, and was reported mangled and killed. Soon after, while walking in the streets of his own city, glowing with health and vigor, a friend met him with the warm greeting:

"Why, Mr. B., how do you do? So you were not killed after all?"

"Well," returned Mr. B., placing his hands upon his broad chest, and throwing back his head, a little more erect than usual, "does this look like a reconstructed body?"

An English review of "A Noble Life," Miss Mallock's last work, says:

"There is such a high moral tone about the writings of this authoress, the stories are related with such purity and delicacy of feeling, that they are positively refreshing to meet with in these days, when licentious and tender are regarded essential ingredients to the success of a novel. It is a book which even studious mothers who protest against novel reading may see with satisfaction in their daughter's hands, for therein are many noble lessons taught in an attractive manner."

At the marriage of Mr. F. T. Barnum's youngest daughter, which was recently celebrated in Bridgeport, Connecticut, the ceremony was in one particular original. Instead of pronouncing the bridal pair "man and wife," after the usual fashion, the officiating clergyman pronounced them "husband and wife," which, of course, is correct, and a decided improvement upon the form ordinarily adopted upon such occasions. It is also worthy to note that, at the reception which followed the marriage ceremony, no attentions were offered to the guests, and yet the whole affair was a complete success. That fashion might well be followed more extensively.

It is said—we will not vouch for the truth of it—that the ladies have adopted the "Whirlpool" as the name for the substitute to the "Wanderer." The "Whirlpool" is worn by those who have enough of their own grown hair to allow it to trail behind naturally, or hang in tresses. The "Whirlpool" or all the hair on the head is decolored by salvers as the "Whirlpool" at sea, or the "Whirlpool" on land. The variegated colors of hair so frequently worn of late is increasing in popularity. Red, Auburn, and dark brown mingle extensively.

A nice little scrap of romance in Pennsylvania has just been made public. About fifty years ago a young gentleman and lady, supposed by friends to be on the verge of matrimony, separated for reasons best known to themselves. The young man subsequently married and had

three wives, the last one within the last eight or nine months. The young lady married and lived with her husband over fifty-three years, and raised a numerous family. During the last year her husband died. The lady, after remaining a widow nearly a year, accepted a proposal from her former suitor—he being about seventy-five years old, and she seventy-one—and they were recently married. The parties are living in Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania.

An exchange gives the following prescription, which any affected with the disease specified may take, if they choose, provided they can mix it:

CRAN RICE LOVE.—Take 12 ounces of dilute, 1 pound of resolution, 1 ounce of the powder of experience, 1 large spoon of time, 12 drams of the pulp of disunion, 1 quart of the cooling water of consideration.

Set them on a gentle fire of love, sweeten it with the sugar of forgiveness, skim it with the spoon of melancholy.

Put it to your heart.
Cook it with the cork of a sound conscience, and there let it remain, and you will instantly find ease, and be restored to your right senses again.

These things are to be found at the apothecary, at the house of Understanding, next door to Reason, in Prudent Street, in the parish of Contentment.

Some of the English journals criticize with severity the "outrageous magnificence of dress" exhibited at the Palace of the Tuileries. The Empress herself appeared at the last ball in a dress which is praised for the extreme simplicity. It was of white tulle *poissée*, and ornamented with marble and aquatic plants. Her diadem of diamonds was surrounded by an enormous diamond star, while necklaces, ear-rings, waistband, and *brooches*—knobs were all of diamonds. Various other ornaments were conspicuously displayed. This extremely simple style of dress might not easily be followed by all. And the lady who at the Hotel de Ville ball on the following night exhibited a diamond peacock on her head, with a tail depending to her neck, may be fairly said to have beaten the Empress with her own weapons.

The Italian ladies do not appear to be at all behind their Parisian sisters in the prevailing mania for outrageous dress. At the fancy ball given at Florence recently a lady is described as having achieved "the most absolute triumph of plastic beauty" by appearing in a simple skirt of white satin over a tight-fitting fish-colored slip, such as is worn by ballet-dancers. A Hungarian lady, the youthful Countess Kandy, represented the *Mer de Glace*. Beneath a double veil of white and of blue tulle, by way of clouds, appeared the terrific undulations of the *Mer de Glace*, painted and woven on a white satin skirt. Sharp-pointed blocks of ice, bears, chamois, birds of prey, hunters—nothing characteristic was omitted. A very loose tulle, forming a train, draped on the left side a mass of white and blue clouds, and on the right a resplendent sun darting rays of light. At the bottom of the white satin skirt a light silver-stuff simulated bear-foot. The body of the dress was of white satin, cut in small pointed bosoms, trimmed with swan-down and glass. The Countess's fringed hair was prevented from falling quite loose by crystal chains, while her head was framed, as it were, in swan-down. It was fortunately a particularly mild evening, or such a costume would have sent all the other guests home with colds and rheumatism from simple association of ideas.

Somebody says: "There should be no question between man and woman to property—and yet ladies make a dreadful use of the 'my.' 'My house, my servants, my garden, and so forth. Every body knows this kind of lady, and also the kind of unhappy man who is blessed with her." This is very true, and the "my" and "mine" is often carried to an extent which is very offensive to good taste. A lady—unless she happens to live in Cuba—has the right to say "my husband," but she should think twice before she pretends that property to any other word.

GOVERNOR PIERPONT.

FRANCIS HARRISON PIERPONT, Governor of Virginia, was born in the county of Monongalia, Virginia, and is now about fifty years of age. He graduated at Alleghany College in the fall of 1820, and immediately occupied his time in teaching school and reading law. After a while he left his native county and went to Mississippi, where he resumed school-teaching, and the study of law; but he soon returned to his own State, commenced the practice of law in the county of Marion, and rose to a prominent and lucrative position.

On the opening of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Mr. Pierpont purchased some coal lands, and entered largely into mining operations and the manufacturing of fire-brick. It was in the pursuit of these callings that his mind was first turned toward the wonderful manufacturing and mineral resources of the State of Virginia, which are only now—through the downfall of slavery and its surrounding influences—for the first time actively engaging the attention of the world, and rapidly placing her in the very foremost rank among all the States of the Union.

The long and turbulent period comprised between the Jones Brown affair and the actual passing of the Ordinance of Secession in Virginia are too fresh in the memory of our readers, and can only be briefly alluded to in a sketch of this character. Suffice it to say that, during all that time, when to be considered a Union man was to confront all that can most deeply test the manhood of an individual—the risk of property and life, the overthrow of all that was loved and valued in the past, the scorn and hatred of life-long friends—Governor PIERPONT stood like a beacon of light.

At last the fatal hour came; the Southern heart had been fired, the Cotton States precipitated into revolution, and after a large amount of struggling, Virginia gave way, and the Ordinance of Secession was passed in Richmond by a large majority, the few prominent leaders against the movement being so unpopular that they had to fly from the city in disguise. A public meeting was called at Clarksville on the 23d April, at which a series of resolutions were introduced by the Hon. JOHN S. CARLILE, and approved, calling a Convention to meet on the 11th day of May, at Wheeling. This Convention having assembled, passed a resolution calling a Convention to meet on the 11th day of June at the same place, and in the mean time appointed a Committee of Safety, consisting of five, whose duty it was to see that the State did not suffer in the interim. FRANCIS H. PIERPONT was one of that Committee.

On the 11th of June the Convention assembled at Wheeling, pursuant to call, and immediately organized by electing Hon. ARTHUR J. BORKMAN President, and G. L. CRAMMER Secretary. A declaration of the rights of the loyal people of Virginia was immediately passed, and an ordinance adopted,

providing for the appointment of a Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and Attorney-General, to act as provisional officers for six months, or until their successors should be elected and qualified. FRANCIS HARRISON PIERPONT was elected Governor—a station which he has since filled by re-election, until he came, by Presidential authority, to reside at the State capital.

A great deal of Governor PIERPONT's popularity is due to his personal *péripat* and manner. He has a frank, genial, honest-hearted way about him, amounting almost to joviality, that inspires sympathy and almost confidence in his good-nature and integrity among all who come in contact with him. He is one of those men of whom one instinctively feels that if he has an enemy it can not be of his choosing.

THE ALBANY RAILROAD BRIDGE.

SIXTY years of vexatious delays, caused by litigation with parties representing interests farther up the river, the work on this bridge was commenced in April, 1864. The first locomotive, the "Augustus Schell," of the Hudson River Railroad, crossed the bridge February 25, 1866, and the first passenger train on February 22.

The bridge proper (consisting the approaches, which in themselves are quite formidable) consists of two abutments and nineteen piers, making a total length of 2025 feet. The extreme length of the bridge is nearly a mile. The main channel of the river is crossed by four spans of 174 feet between the centres of the piers, on the plan known as "Howe's," and two draw spans of 131½ feet each. The remaining 14 spans over the shallow water on the east side, as also over the basin on the Albany side, are short spans ranging from 72 to 78 feet each, built on the same general plan. The truss-work approach to the bridge in the city is about 1500 feet long.

Our view (from a photograph taken by CURTIS, ILL. and DEXTERSON, for W. J. GIBSON) represents the bridge from the Albany Basin to the Eastern Shore, as seen from the large New York Central Railroad Elevator, which stands a few rods south of the bridge.

The drawbridge, including the iron turn-table upon which it rests, is entirely novel, planned especially for the locality, and the circumstances under which it has been built and will be operated. The piers and abutments are all founded on piles. In some cases the bed of the river was excavated to a depth of 10 or 12 feet, and within this space piles were driven to the hard bottom, sometimes as low as 33 feet. A heavy timber crib was then built around these piles of the dimensions of the proposed pier, resting on the bottom of the excavation, and reaching to within three feet below water-mark. This crib was then filled with concrete and faced with heavy timber, upon which the first stones of the masonry were laid. In other cases, after excavating as before, and driving the piles, the latter were sawed off, and a floating caisson, with a heavy timber floor, of the dimensions of the proposed pier, was anchored over the piles, and the masonry commenced in this caisson, which soon settled to its bearing on the heads of the piles, when the sides were removed by unscrewing some bolts, and fast- all away to serve elsewhere.

The piers are of cut limestone masonry, with rough faces, and are 30 feet in height above low-water, and have a width at the bottom of 9 feet, and at the top under the coping (which projects 9 inches on all sides) of 6½ feet. They are all built of heavy cut stone laid in cement.

The face stones are all cramped together by iron cramps, and, in addition, the two faces of the pier are tied together by iron bars at intervals on each course along the front, extending through the pier from side to side; and, still further to insure the strength of the masonry, the head stones are all doweled together with iron dowels—each stone to the stones both above and below.

The bridge has been constructed by "The Albany Bridge Company," constituted mainly of Directors in the different railroads crossing at Albany, and it is understood that it is owned one-half by the New York Central Railroad, and one quarter each by the Hudson River and Albany and Boston Roads. The total cost of the bridge has been over a million of dollars.

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[From the Rev. J. F. Palmer's Autobiography.]

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

It was early in the spring of 1855 that this Compound was originated. A member of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a disagreeable cough. I had for some months previous thought that a preparation, having for its basis the taste of white pine, might be so compensated as to be very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it I dissolved a small quantity of the medicine that I had been planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was exceedingly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. Since after this I went some to a party in Lombard-street, N. Y., who had been suffering for some weeks with a bad cough, occasioned by a sudden cold, and had raised masses streaked with blood. She soon found relief, and sent for more. She took about ten courses of it, and got well. In November, 1855, I first advertised it under the name of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

As a remedy for kidney complaints the White Pine Compound stands unrivaled.—Boston Journal.

This great New England Remedy is now offered to the afflicted, having been proved by the best of elegant doctors in the New England States, where its virtues have become as well known. It cures sore throat, coughs, diarrhoea, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and pulmonary affections generally. It is a remedy for diabetes, bleeding from the kidneys and bladder, and gravel; and for piles and every ailment it will be found valuable. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicines generally.

Geo. W. SWIFT, M.D., Proprietor, Boston, Mass. BURNHAM & VAN SCHAAC, Chicago, Ill. JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio. GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE WEST.

GREAT AMERICAN PRIZE CONCERT.

CROSBY'S OPERA-HOUSE, CHICAGO, ILL., MARCH 18, 1866.

25,000 Valuable Gifts, worth \$25,000, will be presented to Ticket-Holders.

- 100,000 Tickets will be Sold.
1 Gift, in Greenbacks, \$20.00
1 Gift, in T. 30 Bonds, 5.00
1 Gift, in 100 Shares of the Chicago & North-Western R.R., 5.00
4 Squares Grand Piano, \$200 each, 4.00
50 Gifts, 50 English Patent Lever Gold Watches, \$25 each, 12.50
50 Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-Machines, \$100 each, 5.00
50 Gifts, 50 American Lever Silver Watches, \$10 each, 5.00
50 Gifts, 50 Silver Lever Watches, \$25 each, 1.25
5,000 Gifts, 5,000 Turkey Morocco Gold Clasp Albums, \$5 each, 25.00
4,000 Gifts, 4,000 Clasp Albums, \$5 each, 20.00
10,000 Gifts, \$10,000 each, \$1 each, 10.00
50,000 Gifts, Total Value of which, \$250,000

The great feature of our Prize Concert is the manner in which it is gotten up, differing from any thing of the kind ever before offered to the public:

1st. The Prizes are a great deal more valuable.
2d. All of them are genuine gold and silver goods, the very best manufactured. The pianos and sewing-machines are all new, and the manufacturers' names are sufficient guarantee that they are expressed by none.

3d. The manner in which it is drawn. Each ticket has its duplicate number; these are placed in a wheel and thoroughly mixed; a distinguished person (selected by the Ticket-Holders present at the concert) draws three duplicate numbers from the wheel; the first one drawn out gets the largest prize, the next one drawn out the next largest prize, and so like manner until all are drawn.

To enable us to give away the valuable prizes we first sell a sufficient number of tickets to insure an equal loss. The prizes are then distributed in order as the duplicates are drawn—unlike all other gift sales, where you buy your ticket, and should you draw a large prize the proprietor makes a great loss of the value you draw, and consequently you seldom if ever get any thing worth what your ticket cost you.

Don't throw your money away on valueless concerts, but send us your orders for tickets soon, if you would secure them, as the larger portion has been already sold. Every ticket is registered before being sent out—the number, name of party purchasing, and address—and all will be notified by mail of the result of drawing.

Tickets \$1 each, or eleven for \$10, sent by mail on receipt of price and stamp. BRIGGS, LEMON & CO., 144 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

P.S.—The above Concert will probably take place on the 25th. Parties at a distance sending us funds for tickets, should they all be sold, will have the money returned to them. BRIGGS, LEMON & CO.

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WARRANT ALL JEWELRY GOLD, OR NO SALE.

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Worth \$2,500,000.

All to be sold for two dollars each, an average price of one-fifth the usual cost, and not to be paid for until you know what you will receive.

ISSUING TEN DOLLARS WORTH FOR \$5.

THE FACTS.—We guarantee to send any customer, in exchange for the least article they may get for \$5, a splendid richly chased or engraved silver Button, Dish or Caster, fine plate, valued at \$20, or a beautiful 50-picture permanent Photograph Album, valued at \$6; and you have a chance of getting a

Fine Gold Watch or Piano.

Send \$5 each for the Golden Envelope, containing valuable receipts and songs; and one of the richest Certificates, which are well valued and taken out regardless of choice, will be sent, which will inform you what you can get for \$5 from a Button-Dish or Caster, worth \$10, to a Watch or Grand Piano, worth \$1000. Also will be sent our circular, containing list of articles and full particulars; also terms to agents, to whom great inducements are offered.

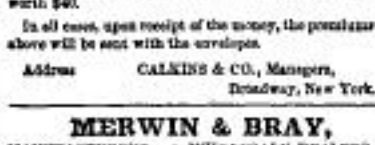
Two for \$5 each, with a beautiful Photograph; 5 for \$1, with a Silver Not-Book, worth \$1.11 for \$2, with a Silver Napkin Ring, worth \$2; 17 for \$5, with a Silver Fruit Knife, worth \$5; 50 for \$25, with a Gold Pen, Extension Case, worth \$5; 50 for \$10, with a Gold Extension Locket, worth \$15; 100 for \$15, with a Silver Watch, worth \$15; 200 for \$20, with a Silver Hunting Watch, worth \$20.

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Burd

MAR 25 1866

THE REISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION



Vol. X.—No. 482.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1866.

[SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS.
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THE LATE COLONEL BOWERS.

COLONEL THEODORE S. BOWERS, who, after passing safely through the perils of General Grant's campaigns, was killed by accident on the 7th inst., was a native of Illinois. He was a printer by trade, and at the breaking out of the war edited a Democratic paper in Southern Illinois. He entered the military service as a private in the Forty-eighth Illinois Infantry, declining a commission, and served with this regiment until the return of Gen. Grant's reconnaissance in January, 1862, when he was detailed as clerk at the General's headquarters.

Colonel Bowers was with Grant at Forts Henry and Donelson, and until the 9th of March following, when he accepted the First-Lieutenancy of his Company, declining the Captaincy, which was tendered him. He held this position at the battle of Shiloh, during which he was again called to Grant's headquarters and appointed Aid-de-camp. In November, 1862, he was made Captain and Aid-de-camp, and soon after Major and Judge-Advocate in the Army of the Tennessee. In September, 1863, he was assigned Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel—succeeding to Colonel Rawlins, promoted. From that time till the surrender of Lee's army he was General Grant's chief Assistant Adjutant-General in the field, and at the close of the war retained the same position. In September, 1864, he was, in consideration of his eminent services, appointed Major and Assistant Adjutant-General in the regular army.

Colonel Bowers was killed instantly by falling between the cars while attempting to get on the train as it was leaving Garrison's Station of the Hudson River Railroad. General Grant with his son, accompanied by the Colonel, arrived at Garrison's Station, opposite West Point, at a late hour on the evening of the 7th, and was compelled to remain overnight. The next day the party went across, and the General, leaving his son at West Point, returned to the east side with Colonel Bowers. When the train arrived by which they were to return to New York some difficulty occurred in relation to a carpet-bag belonging to the party be-



THE LATE COLONEL THEODORE S. BOWERS, GENERAL GRANT'S ADJUTANT-GENERAL.
[Photographed by Brady.]

ing missed, when Colonel Bowers followed the station agent to the office to see about it, General Grant, in the mean time, being seated in the car next to the rear. When the agent arrived in the ticket-office he picked up a carpet-bag, and presented it to the view of Colonel Bowers, who said, "That is not the one." These were the last words spoken by the deceased. The train at that time was in motion, when Colonel Bowers rushed out to get on board. In attempting to do so he seized hold of the railing on the platform of the car in which General Grant was seated, and jumped upon the step, his body striking with such force against the car as to break his hold on the railing, precipitating him from the step. In the fall he swung around between the cars, his head and that part of his body above the hips falling inside of the track, the car running over him, producing death instantly. His body was dragged about one hundred yards on to a switch and over it, the head being terribly mangled, as was also the upper part of the body. As soon as possible the train was stopped, and the body of the unfortunate man was taken from the track.

General Grant was notified of the accident by Mr. Garrison, the proprietor of the ferry, who said, "General, I think your Adjutant is killed." General Grant replied, "Something told me he was killed," and upon seeing the body he said, "That is he; a very estimable man he was. He has been with me through all my battles." Turning to Major Hunt, of West Point, he ordered the body to be taken to that place and buried, there to remain until further orders.

PAYING PENSIONERS.

We give an illustration on this page of the manner in which United States pensioners are treated at the Pension Office in the basement of the Custom-house of this city. During the week, ending March 9, several hundred of the two or three thousand wounded and disabled veterans received their dues for the six months preceding. The accommo-



PAYING UNITED STATES PENSIONERS AT THE PENSION OFFICE IN THE NEW YORK CUSTOM-HOUSE.—[Sketched by A. R. Ward.]

dation provided for this purpose are very inadequate. The office is in a basement to which the access is by a precipitous flight of steps.

There are no clerks, and so crowded are the accommodations provided for them, that people waiting the office, some of them married soldiers and some of them aged women, are compelled to stand in a long line for many hours in the wind and cold waiting their turn. The policeman at the entrance does his duty with commendable patience, but finds it hard work to sometimes resist the pressure. In spite of the many proposed remedies to the evil affairs have remained as they were, and the line which extends from the door of the office in Exchange Place around the corner of the Custom-house and thence into Wall Street as far as William in days by-gone still occupies the same position. As only a hundred and fifty persons are paid each day, the sum handed to each varies from twelve to three hundred dollars, the proceeds will require some days for completion.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SAUNDAY, MARCH 24, 1866.

MAKE HASTE SLOWLY.

IT is agreed by all loyal men that the mere fact of laying down arms did not entitle the late seceding States to resume immediately their full relations in the Union. The principle of the President's policy hitherto is that those States must conform to certain conditions prescribed by the Government. That is also the principle asserted by Congress. Those conditions must, of course, be reasonable and generous; but they can be wisely determined only by ample knowledge and deliberation. Some risks must be taken, some perils ventured. But after so terrible a war we can surely afford to be careful in establishing peace. We must build upon things rather than upon words, and the action of the Government must be determined not by theories but by the actual state of affairs.

The important point to ascertain is whether those whose honest hostility to the Government led them to attempt its overthrow are still attached to it; and if so, whether they should at once be intrusted with an equal share in its administration. That the rebellion was the fruit of an original and traditional difference of interpretation of the Constitution is undoubted. That the section in which the war was waged had in very hearty hatred of the other section is known by every man who knows any thing of the subject; and that the citizens of the latter section are unrepentant and not converted is not only a recognized fact, but the supposition of every other thing upon their part is scorned and derided as showing profound ignorance of history and human nature.

This being admitted, is it not fair to assume, and is it not the assumption so far honorable and most commendable to the citizens in question, that being men of strong convictions, of earnest passions, and of skill and patience, they will endeavor to use their new opportunities for the same result to which they turned their arms? That if they are admitted to Congress they will go with those who defeated and expelled their rebellion, will not be denied. That the confederates would attempt to repudiate the national debt, and to allow compensation for emancipated slaves and for property destroyed by war; that it would abolish the national defense of the freedmen and agitate the black code of the late slave States; that it would attack the validity of the Emancipation Amendment as having been adopted by some States under coercion, and by every means would seek to plunge this country into foreign war in order to effect that secession which the civil war failed to achieve, must be believed by those who hold that it is foolish to suppose that the defeated party are converted because they are overpowered.

Certainly no man can wish to take such a view. No man can wish to feel that the dominant feeling of the population in the lately disturbed section is hostile to the Government; but he can not deny that the irresistible weight of evidence shows it. The action of the conventions and of the legislatures; the elections of State officers and of Representatives and Senators; the black code; the vagrant laws; the tone of the press and of private conversation; the testimony before the Committee of Congress; the special correspondence in the newspapers; the tales of commercial and other travelers—all prove that the sentiment of the lately insurgent States is unfriendly to the Government and Union. There is testimony also upon the other side. There are private letters from agents and immigrants of various kinds; but individual evidence is rebutted by other individual evidence, and the prevailing state of feeling must be inferred from the sources we have indicated. Now is there any reason to suppose that in proportion as these States again acquire power of any kind it will not be used inimically to the country?

We shall, of course, be asked whether we would therefore increase their power by a re-annexation; whether they will be more friendly by being left

length; whether we expect them to love the name of Yankee, or to confess that they were wrong as well as wicked; and whether we should respect them as much if they were not manly enough to stand by their cause? Such questions are natural, and we have no difficulty in answering them. Nobody from the President down, except the Copperhead party, is in favor of indiscriminate admission or for indiscriminate exclusion. But there is a middle point between frost and fire. Some risks must be taken and will be, but also some securities may be demanded which are more than words.

It is plain that the calm spirit in which the question should have been considered has been lost by the misunderstanding between the President and Congress. But one preliminary measure is clearly essential, and it is one upon which President and Congress can agree.

If the President was not opposed to making precedent to the emancipation amendment a condition precedent to the resumption of the relations of the disturbed States with the Union, he can not fairly object to adding to it an amendment providing for equal representation which emancipation has made necessary. If it were proper to propose and pass one amendment while certain States were not represented, it can not be improper to pass the other. Surely we are bound to take care that the insurgent States have not gained a formidable advantage within the Union by rebelling against it. Let us at least insist upon equality of representation by apportioning it to voters, and do so much toward intrusting the government of this country to all those who honestly love it and have faithfully served it.

THE NEW AMENDMENT.

THE constitutional amendment apportioning representation to population and excluding from the basis those to whom the franchise is denied has been defeated in the Senate. There were objections to the proposition which we stated at the time; but we should, under all the circumstances, have regretted its defeat as a serious blow to the prospects of speedy organization if we were not very sure that the amendment was to obviate a difficulty in the situation which is sure to be remedied. The emancipation amendment, upon the assumption of four million freedmen and a basis of a hundred thousand persons for a representative, adds sixteen members to the representatives of the late slave States. Yet the population which increased the representation, and which upon this basis would give forty members, is excluded from the polls, and is, moreover, the only thoroughly loyal class in the States concerned.

This is an absurdity which must be adjusted; and as the Committee's amendment has failed, Senator DOUGLASS has introduced a substitute, as follows:

“After the census to be taken in the year 1870 and each succeeding census representatives shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union according to the number in each State of male citizens over twenty-one years of age, qualified by the laws thereof to elect members of the most numerous branch of its Legislature; and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States according to the value of the real and personal taxable property situated in each State, not belonging to the State or the United States.”

This is virtually the amendment which the President has always favored, and which he suggested in the conversation with Senator DIXON. Its spirit is the same as that of the defeated proposition. It aims to enlarge the suffrage, and it offers a strong inducement for its enlargement. It appeals to the love of political power, and expects to effect that enfranchisement of the colored population which is the key of the situation.

Senator WATSON, whose political sagacity and fidelity to freedom are proverbial, is of opinion that the rejected amendment would have produced equal suffrage in the late slave States within five years. Doubtless he and all his friends are, as Senator FESSENDEN said, in favor of abolishing all caste distinctions immediately. But they are very sure that the result can be better accomplished indirectly and by degrees. The feeling of the Senate is shown by the fate of Senator HENDERSON'S proposed amendment, which forbade any State to discriminate against any person on account of color or race. A radical Senate gave ten yeas for the proposition and thirty-seven nays. Senators YATES, SUMNER, and CLARK made the same effort with a still worse result. The Senate has plainly pronounced for leaving the regulation of the suffrage to the States.

It becomes therefore the duty of every man who knows that there can be, and ought to be, no cessation of agitation until the colored citizen has exactly the same defenses of his rights that every other citizen has, to urge the adoption of the new amendment. There are doubtless difficulties and objections. But now that the effort to secure a direct adjustment of the suffrage in the States by the Senate has failed, Mr. SUMNER and his friends, who defeated the Committee's amendment, assume a very grave responsibility if they also defeat Mr. DOUGLASS'S.

STATE POWER OVER THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

THE idea is entertained by many citizens that acts of the Legislature subjecting the city of New York to the control of State officers in whole or in part is an infringement of the corporate rights of the city; but this opinion must immediately be dispelled when it is understood that the city has no public powers except those derived, directly or indirectly, from the Constitution of the State, and that, like all other cities, it is part of its political machinery for carrying into effect the public power of government. It is true that the charter of the city was derived originally from other sources, but on the accomplishment of the Revolution the State of New York succeeded to the rights over the charter which the Parliament of Great Britain might previously have exercised. Those rights were partially modified by the Constitution of the United States, which declared that no State should impair the obligation of contracts. So far, therefore, as the franchises of the city possessed such pecuniary value as to take the shape of property they may be free of State control. The Constitution of the State also declares that nothing contained in it should be deemed to amend any charters to bodies politic or corporate; but neither this saving clause nor the one referred to which prevents any contract from being impaired affects in any manner those public powers which relate to the matter of government. Indeed, the old charters, whether Dutch or English, are seldom looked at, except to ascertain the rights residing in the city to the property and the rights in the nature of property which appertain to the corporation. It would be a strange anomaly if one of the instruments of the State for carrying into effect its powers of government should possess any independent authority in this respect, and hence it has been the custom of the Legislature ever since it had existence to amend and alter the charter in public matters according to its pleasure.

A volume of laws entitled "Acts of the Legislature relating to the City of New York," has been printed, to which appeal is constantly made by those who are interested to find what powers and rights the city may exercise. These acts cover the whole ground of municipal government. Occasionally amendments to the charter have been submitted to the vote of the community of the city, but it is perfectly well known that such vote is wholly unnecessary to determine the legality of the alterations. The power of the Legislature over the subject, so far, we repeat, as the measure is public, is limited only by its discretion. All anxiety in relation to the legality of the Health Bill may be dismissed, and with respect to its expediency, there are strong grounds for believing that the Act will meet with approval, except on the part of those functionaries who were displaced by it, whose alarms are expressed because their vacation as tax-collectors has been suddenly terminated.

The hopes of good government with respect to all matters of health so generally inspired by the passage of the bill in question, and the judicious appointments under it made by the Governor, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, lead us to look in the same direction for relief against the abuses and corruptions from which the community suffers. We weigh well our words when we declare that those who hold power in the city under what exists of the old system are, with few exceptions, the portion of the community most obnoxious to its punishments. Instead of being the protectors of the community they are engaged in the distribution of its property among the great body of tax-consumers. Instead of being interested in maintaining the just authority of government, they strive to break it down and reduce all to their degraded level.

The question arises, to what lengths the Legislature should go in remedying such defects in an important portion of its public machinery. The answer is very clear, that inasmuch as misgovernment widely prevails, to the great damage of the city and State, and to an extent likely to bring the system into contempt, and as the State is responsible for the good working of every part of its machinery, the process of change should go forward until the object of government shall be accomplished—that is to say, the safety, security, and happiness of its citizens. The police system, established by State authority and maintained by a decision of the court of last resort, gives unqualified satisfaction. The fire law, created also by the Legislature, is growing rapidly in public estimation, although experience of it is yet so recent. We trust that other changes may be made with equal prudence and wisdom, in which case all those who do not profit by misgovernment will be gratified.

What is most wanted in our city government is a Board created in the interest of tax-payers, which shall be empowered to approve or disapprove of every measure which involves the expenditure of money so that a concurrence of tax-eaters and of tax-payers shall be expressed as a condition to its passage. If some measure of this character be not adopted, and the city

remains in the hands of tax-consumers, all their present power will be lost, and they will find it difficult to get it back again.

A SIGN.

AN instructive illustration of the present feeling at the South is found in the following clauses from the Tax-bill lately passed by the Alabama Legislature:

"12. To sell or expose for sale, for one year, at any one place, any pictorial or illustrated weekly, or any monthly paper, periodical, or magazine, published outside the limits of the State, and not in a foreign country, and to vend the same on the streets, or on boats or railroad cars, fifty dollars."

"13. To keep a news light for one year, in any city, town, or village, for the sale of any newspaper, periodical, or magazine, not including pictorials, provided for in the preceding paragraph, ten dollars."

It is not many months since Provisional Governor FALKNER of Alabama came among us to solicit pecuniary aid, and, according to Mr. BERKELEY, he met no unwilling response. Indeed Northern capital and energy and skill are all ready and waiting to reinforce those of the Southern States the moment there is any indication of a fair security of person and property in the lately disturbed section.

But such laws as those we quote are merely steps backward toward barbarism. Do not the intelligent men of Alabama see that in education alone lies the sole hope of a return of peace and prosperity to the State? No civilized people was ever benefited by ignorance, and there is nothing more perilous to a community than ignorance enforced by law.

The clauses of the bill which we quote are directed, it will be observed, against the illustrated weekly and monthly papers and magazines published in this country. English or French or German literature of the kind, so much of which is inspired, as we have seen during the war, by hatred and contempt of American institutions, may be freely introduced. The clauses we quote are intended to prohibit the sale of the periodical literature published at the North. It is an effort to silence the expression of sentiments which the majority of the Legislature do not like. It is a direct and despotic assault upon free discussion; and like all despotism of the kind is a confession of utter weakness. It is a heavy and crushing tax upon knowledge. It is an attempt to perpetuate that tyranny based upon ignorance which enabled a few men to hood-wink and bamboozle the people of the South until they maddened them into revolution.

Now the sentiments of this paper and of many other papers are no more agreeable to the current opinions of the South than those opinions are to us. But we ask any sensible man in Alabama, however he may differ from our views, whether he is unwilling to trust the fundamental principle of a free government? If he fought during the war for a despotic despotism, of course the nearer he approaches it under the Union the more satisfied he will be. But if he fought for what he believed to be a free popular government, he knows that such a government is impossible under such laws as we are considering. Does not such a man see what every other man in the country sees, that those who exclude any means of education and extinguish free discussion "neither go in themselves nor suffer them that are entering to go in?" Let any Southern man read Mr. BARRINGER'S Letters to Mr. KELLY of Pennsylvania, published in the Washington Chronicle at the end of January, and say whether Mr. BARRINGER, who is a North Carolinian, is not a more truly sagacious and conservative leader than the men who pass these foolish laws in the Alabama Legislature. "Northern radicalism even," writes a gentleman who knows what he says, "understands our wants and necessities better than do our leading men here at home in the South."

Every man in Alabama who sincerely loves the State must deplore such insane legislation, as we should deplore a similar misfortune here in New York. It infinitely delays and perplexes the work in which all good citizens of the country are now engaged, for it reveals the present predominance of the old jealousy and hostility which spring from ignorance and resulted in war.

FENIANISM.

THE tone of the English papers in discussing Ireland shows serious alarm. The London Post recommends that any soldier who is found tainted with Fenianism should be tried for high treason and punished accordingly, and the London Times thinks it high time that the British Government asked that of the United States to consider its neutral obligations. The London Times is good enough to say that it has as great faith in the American Government as Mr. GLADSTONE. The Times is so kind as to add that it acknowledges its "friendliness, its promptitude, and its sincerity." And it doubts whether its own Government is quite so vigilant and active as the circumstances demand.

There is also some excitement in Canada, where disturbances are apprehended upon St.

Patrick's day. The Catholic Bishop of Toronto has issued a letter advising all good Catholics to pray that England may do justice to Ireland, and that divine mercy may change the hearts of those who pretend to remedy the evils of Ireland by invading Canada. Certain newspapers in this country magnify every thing said and done upon the subject; but the genius of Harney plays so large a part in the performance that it is not easy to know a single fact of the matter.

It is observable, however, that the Church of Ireland opposes the agitation, and that no conspicuous Irish leader either at home or in this country is identified with it. The speeches, so far as they have been reported, are earnest appeals for contributions on the one hand, and the maddest rhetoric on the other. Meanwhile in Ireland, where the *Auburn creper* is suspended and the Government is fully aroused and active, no hostile demonstration has been made, and no plan of action is any where apparent. During the week following the news of the suspension the orators in this country adjured their hearers to pour out money to aid those at home who were "in the gap," and who were doubtless even then fighting, but the subsequent steamers brought tidings of nothing but continued excitement and arrests.

The only serious apprehension seems to lie in the fact that leaders who excite the passions of such a people as those who attend the Fenian meetings in this country and give their money will demand their money's worth. If the leaders pass round the hat to pay for a scrimmage, a scrimmage of some kind there must be or their own heads are in danger. The peril has probably passed in Ireland. The Government is in the field first, and every day strengthens it and deprives any insurrection of the advantage of panic, which is incalculable. It is, therefore, quite time for sensible Irishmen in this country to consider what is likely to become of the money which they may have subscribed toward the Republic of Ireland. That Republic can not be established in Canada nor in Jones's Wood. What are the present chances of its establishment upon the green isle? Rash men may cause infinite suffering to innocent persons in that country and elsewhere. But there is no other possible result of Fenianism.

THE TUMBLE IN GOLD.

Gold has fallen again—below 130. The event has sent a thrill through commercial, agricultural, and industrial society. A fall in gold implies a fall in produce, which reduces the profits of farmers, forwarders, and shipping merchants; in dry goods and general merchandise, which sends merchants home with a headache, thinking of stocks on hand; in domestic goods, which sets manufacturers a-thinking whether it were not better at once to shut up mills and discharge hands instead of dying by inches. The world wags, Spain makes war on Chili, the President makes war on the Radicals, the Fenians talk war against England, history is being made daily on every side; but nothing in all this comes so straight home to every man as the fall in gold.

The readers of this journal have been fully forewarned of the decline. Ever since January a fall in gold has been imminent. The unexpectedly large supply of cotton, and the steadily increasing foreign demand for United States bonds, long since insured low rates of exchange, and consequently a reduced inquiry for gold. No man now buys gold for investment; foreign exchange, which is the same as gold, can be bought at 1 per cent. less. Few buy gold for speculation; for the Treasury Department holds a specie reserve which it is prepared to pour on the market at any time in irresistible amounts. The only supporters of the gold market are operators who have sold for the fall, and who are obliged to buy from time to time to fulfill their contracts. It would not indeed be strange, in view of the dullness of exchange, of the reduced demand for imported goods, of the increased foreign inquiry for Five-Twenty bonds, of the prospect of currency contraction, and of the steadily increasing supply of gold from California and from private hoards, if the price fell to 125 or even lower before midsummer.

To producers, manufacturers, and holders of goods this is an unwelcome prospect. It means a steady shrinkage of prices, and a constant drain upon the capital of holders or makers of goods and merchandise. But it is but natural. For nearly three years producers and holders of goods, produce and merchandise, made money so easily that they seemed to possess the royal key to wealth. A merchant only needed to fill his store with goods, and in thirty or sixty days jobbers eagerly depleted it on a substantial advance. A farmer only required to plant double the usual breadth, and his profits were in the square of previous years. Manufacturers only needed to keep every loom at work, and dividends of 50 per cent. per annum came without endeavor. The currency was constantly expanding in volume and declining in value, prices were constantly rising, and the producer and the holder were just as steadily

realizing profits. That was flood-tide: we are now on the ebb. The currency has ceased to increase. Without any legislative action the interest-bearing legal tender—of which security \$150,000,000 are affiant—have practically passed out of circulation, being clogged by the interest due upon them. Of the remainder of the currency, viz., the plain legal tenders and the National bank notes, the South is beginning to consume a large quantity—more, we judge, than the Controller of the Currency is issuing to new banks. Thus the actual volume of paper-money is diminishing daily without Congressional action. In the course of a few weeks, if not days, some bill or other will pass Congress which will look to a still more direct curtailment of the paper circulating medium. Under these circumstances, it is plain that prices must move in exactly the direction opposite to that which they pursued when the currency was ever on the increase.

To illustrate the point by a familiar example. A horse-owner bought his oats of a dealer in his neighborhood, taking them in small lots of 50 bushels at a time to suit the size of his bin. In 1863, 1864, and 1865, the dealer supplied the oats at the price of the day. He bought probably once a month. A fortnight after his purchase his customer required a supply. They were put in at the price of the day, which usually proved to be from 5 to 10 cents a bushel higher than the dealer had paid for them. When the turn in prices came in 1865, the dealer attempted to charge for his oats the price he had paid for them. "No, no," said his customer, "when prices were rising you charged me the price of the day, whatever it was, without regard to the price you had previously paid for the oats; and now you shall stick to your rule. I will pay the price of the day—no more." So the dealer throughout this winter has been supplying his customer at a loss. He must buy to supply his customers; but every fortnight his stock declines in value. It is the same with coal, dry goods, hardware, and every article which is bought and sold for gold.

It seems to be an open question whether we shall have a panic. Sound reasons can be given pro and con. On the one hand, holders, as a general rule, are showing good sense by marking down prices, so as to anticipate the future; while capitalists are so shy of business paper of the second and third grades that in the event of a heavy decline in prices the wrecks would be fewer than otherwise. On the other hand, it is notorious that large quantities of produce, cotton, coal, dry goods, hardware, and other merchandise are held at the sea-board, at the West, and even abroad on margins. All this would necessarily be sacrificed in the event of a continued decline in gold, and in the absence of a demand for consumption the result of forced sales would be uncertain. Perhaps the police rule may apply. The guardians of the public peace say that a riot which is predicted never breaks out. So, possibly, a panic upon which people speculate in advance is not likely to occur.

It is not a little amusing to note the attitude of Wall Street in view of those ominous prospects. Speculation in that meridian is lively, not to say rampant. A clique, led by the leading director of the Erie Railway, is buying up the stock of that insolvent corporation, and it is 10 per cent. higher than it was when gold was 137. Another clique, led by the leading director of the Rock Island Railroad, is buying up the stock of that concern, and it is 12 per cent. higher than it was when gold was 139. Another clique, led by the leading director of the Michigan Southern, is buying up the stock of that unproductive enterprise, and it is 11 per cent. higher than it was when gold was 138. What the calculation of these various cliques may be, it were vain to conjecture. Published reports inform us that the earnings of these roads have been falling off steadily for three months; and common sense adds that, with a steady decline in produce, and in the Western consumption of merchandise, the decline must continue throughout the year. Still, money being easy, there is nothing to prevent a progressive advance in the price of any stock which a clique undertakes to buy up; the interesting question is, how shall these cliques sell, and to whom, when they propose to reap the harvest they have sown and manured and bargained for?

HUMAN LIABILITY TO DISEASE.

We once heard a lecturer on Health say: "If the laws of health were strictly obeyed all might live to a good old age. I have no sympathy with the religious consolation which is often offered to the bereaved, as, for example, to a mother when her child dies. I do not believe that it is right to say to her that the Lord has taken away her child. She has thrown it away by disregarding in its case the laws of health." This, it is plain, is a strong statement; but does it go so very far beyond the truth as it at first thought seems to do? Let us see.

There is a marked contrast between man and other animals as to the frequency and variety of disease. Let the comparison be made in regard to those which come under the control of man, and are therefore exposed to somewhat similar influences—horses, cattle, etc. They are by no means

as subject to disease as men are. The difference is greatest when we look at the period of infancy. The young of these animals seldom sicken and die, while a very large proportion of the human race die in infancy.

Why this contrast? Is it owing to a difference in original constitution—in the organization and its functions? There is no evidence of this, for the functions of digestion, respiration, circulation, nutrition, or growth, etc., are performed in these animals very much in the same way as in the human system, and therefore we naturally suppose that they would be quite as liable to derangement if they were performed under the same circumstances.

The question then arises, is there any difference in the circumstances adequate to account for the difference of results? If there be such a difference it must come obviously from the mind of man, for it is here that the essential difference between him and other animals lies. And yet, so superior is he in this respect to them that one would think him less liable to disease, from the intelligent control that he can exercise over external circumstances. This would be a legitimate inference if he were a pure being, and had the wisdom which would necessarily come from purity. But sin rules in this superior mind of man, and moves to sinful indulgence, which in all its various forms wars the physical organization and renders it liable to disease. A signal example of the effects of such indulgence we have in the use of alcohol. No brute animal drinks this poison, but its use as a beverage is a prolific source of disease in man.

Then, besides the wrong use of external circumstances, we have the effects of sinful passion in all its varied forms. That this exerts a wide influence in the production of disease there is no doubt, though its working is to a great extent secret.

There is still another cause—the wrong use of the mental powers. The use may be either excessive or wrong in character. This may be seen in all the activities of life that tax particularly the intellect, but especially during education, while mind and brain are growing to maturity. The brute animal has no tendency to disease coming from these mental sources, which so commonly in man give rise to congestions and other changes of the brain, to a great variety of nervous maladies, and to diseases of organs in various quarters from their sympathy with the brain. It may be properly remarked here, that it may be that the brute fact that man has a mind so different in some of its qualities from that of the brute increases the liability to physical derangement, aside from the influence of sinful propensities or of the misuse of the mental powers, for the addition of such high mental endowments creates a wider complication than exists in the system of brute animals, and complication always adds to the risk of disorder.

In estimating the influence of which we have spoken we must remember that they do not end with the individual, but descend to the child, and may accumulate through successive generations. Sometimes diseases themselves are transmitted, but more often it is tendencies to disease or hereditary characteristics which become hereditary. It is the accumulation of these tendencies in the course of generations that must account to a large extent for the greater readiness with which sickness is generated in man than in other animals, when both are exposed to similar external influences. What occurs in the individual is not alone adequate to account for it.

Perhaps it will be said that there are maladies peculiar to mankind which may account for the difference in the aggregate of disease. But may there not be a fair offset to this in the maladies which are peculiar to animals? It is true these appear to be less than those which are peculiar to man; but this may not be so, for some of the latter may really come from transgression of hygienic laws instead of fixed extraneous causes.

We will barely suggest here the inquiry whether there is not more of disease in domesticated than in wild animals, and because they are brought under the influence and control of man, instead of being left entirely to their natural inclinations.

If the views which we have presented be erroneous—if the difference between man and brute animals in regard to the prevalence of disease be not attributable to the causes mentioned—we are driven to the conclusion that there is implanted by the Creator in the very constitution of man a tendency to disease—in other words, that he made the organization a morbid, and not a healthy one—a proposition of which there is not the slightest proof, and which the mind instinctively rejects. The alternative is one from which we can not escape.

As the view which we have presented must then be correct, it follows that a true hygiene may accomplish a vastly greater work than is generally supposed. It has the power of preventing a very large proportion of the disease that now afflicts the human family—all or nearly all that there is more than that which exists in the animal creation around us. Of course it would not do this till it had first removed all the morbid tendencies that have accumulated from the past, a work of renovation which it would require some time to perform.

Whatever may be our estimate of the range of hygiene it is very evident that many of the causes of disease are preventable, and the distinction between these and those of an opposite character we will consider at another time.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

The funeral of the late Rev. Dr. EDWARD B. HALL, of Providence, Rhode Island, was a singular and beautiful tribute to the Christian charity of that city and to the saintly character of Dr. HALL. He had been for thirty-three years settled over the First Congregational Unitarian Society, and during all that time his zeal in all good and generous works; his fidelity to the suffering and the poor; his constancy and care in the pastoral office; his ability in the pulpit; and the nobility of his spotless life, had made him perhaps the best beloved citizen in Providence. A great concourse of every

sect, and from many places, came to witness to his funeral. The Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the State; the Baptist President of Brown University; a fellow-chapman of the Presbyterian church, a Quaker preacher, and a Unitarianist were among the pall-bearers. No sectarian feeling divided them in life, and they bore their testimony by holding his pall to the purity and piety of the good scholar and faithful citizen.

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD BONDS.

We stated in our last issue that in case of the failure of the Pacific Railroad Company to pay its coupons attached to its Bonds, these would be paid by the State of California. The fact is, that the interest on these Bonds is paid by that State, by a special Act of its Legislature.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CINCINNATI.

March 6:

In the Senate, the bill to ratify the Missouri Free-trade treaty was passed. A very lengthy message from the President, in response to Mr. Sumner's resolution of inquiry, in regard to the organization of governments in the lately rebellious States, was received and ordered to be printed; also the report of operations in the President's library; both of which were referred to the Committee on Education.

In the House, the Military Academy bill was read, and, on motion of Mr. Network, an amendment was passed, so to amend the bill so that no part of the same shall be applied to any case where any person declared to be in rebellion against the Government of the United States, appointed after the 1st day of January, 1863, and such case shall have been returned to its original relations to the Union, under and by virtue of an act or joint resolution of Congress for that case made and passed. The reciprocity treaty bill came up for consideration. Mr. Mayfield addressed the House in support of the bill. It had become necessary, he said, in consequence of the termination of the Reciprocity Treaty on the 17th of the present month. That treaty had been an ill-considered one from the start. It had been first extracted from us by the armed and mailed upon our Bismarck in 1854, by the unaided assistance of the President, led on by the Imperial Government, and then sent from us by the Senators that favored a bold leap forward. We were to abide by the terms detailed, and being able to withstand a blow, ready to yield to a growth. Hereafter we should treat the Europeans as friends, unless they could otherwise be treated as favorites or associates. By the present bill certain privileges were granted, provided ample equal rights were obtained; but in the mean time the object was increased revenue. To show that the Reciprocity Treaty was not advantageous to us, it was testified to by the Senators of Maine, the Legislatures of New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, and Maine, the Legislatures of Ohio, Illinois, Pennsylvania, New York, and Vermont, the great majority of all the Western States, and the manufacturers whose business with the Canada had materially decreased; but when the President's officers had tacitly assented to the prospect they had enjoyed, by the transfer of terms less onerous to us, if not less favorable to them, than those of the treaty, they felt that they could afford to try to better by regard to the fishing interests involved. It was thought that it might be desirable to demand a conflict with us a perfect right, easily to be obtained through a collision among vessels, and a suspended fishermen catching her alleged beneficial interpretation; but there was no lack of labor, goods, clothing, and whatever the conflict dates, whenever the alleged protection might be, or by whomsoever perpetrated, each knew that the President would be gone forever, look and live, bold and sick. But the Senate in this bill in relation to the fisheries did not make a mistake. On the contrary, it was believed, especially from the frank and friendly exchange of views between the Committee of Ways and Means and the Senators representing the Provinces, that the terms would be readily accepted by work, if not all the Provinces, certainly by those most interested in the trade. The rates of duty proposed in the bill would afford revenue, and would not, in any case, prove prohibitory; in other words, he expected to take so much raw wool, and woolly of those as heretofore; but before the rate could be allowed a surplus of American produce the privilege must be bought with a price equal at least to our taxes, and often much greater. Even with those terms, a restriction would be placed on those who would do other trade—unfavorable. That part of the bill which gave up the fishing business might be looked upon with more distrust than any thing else. The privilege proposed was small, not much more than the duty paid by them on the salt used in curing their fish, and yet the demoralization in some quarters to regard that as a New England question, and not a national one, had continued even New England men to repudiate the measure—showing because it had been well-proved. Hereafter our persons, including them, must be entirely self-sufficient and self-reliant.

March 7:

In the Senate, Mr. Sumner spoke in favor of two laws against the Constitutional Amendment relating representation.

In the House, there was a protracted debate on the Reciprocity Treaty.

March 8:

In the Senate, Mr. Merrill spoke in support of the Constitutional Amendment.

In the House, the consideration of the reciprocity bill by protest all persons in their civil rights was suspended. Mr. Pillsbury spoke in favor of the bill. Mr. Pillsbury moved to postpone, with instructions to amend, so as to allow every thing paid in the bill, and not having right of action in the United States Court, with double costs in case of recovery. Mr. Pillsbury moved to amend the House in favor of the object of the bill, and gave the reasons which had induced him to make such a motion. Mr. Pillsbury moved in approval of the bill, but specified the constitutional right of Congress to pass it. Mr. May approved the new rate on local, constitutional, and political grounds.

March 9:

In the Senate, the Constitutional Amendment received only 35 votes against 21, 25 votes being the necessary two-thirds majority, the amendment was a failure. A motion to reconsider prevailed, and an amendment was offered by Mr. Dudley.

In the House, the Civil Rights bill was read twice, and Mr. Bingham addressed the House in support of it, as being in view of its features amendments. Mr. Pillsbury, after a short speech on the same bill, was followed by Mr. Wilson in a closing speech in support of the measure. The bill was recommitted to the Judiciary Committee.

The Reciprocity Treaty bill was taken up and debated by several members. Amendments changing the rate of 4 per cent. between raw wool and finished were adopted.

March 10:

The Senate met in session. In the House, the day was given up to protracting. Mr. Sumner created considerable amusement by proposing to consider the President's Bill of Pardon, as well as a grand bank, imposed upon the country by the same Vice-presidents.

March 11:

In the Senate, the bill for the division of Colorado was taken up, and Mr. Sumner spoke against it and in favor of an amendment to prohibit ex-slaves from the office of franchisee.

In the House, after an exciting day, the new Reciprocity Treaty bill was adopted by striking out the receding clause by a vote of 45 to 27.



CHARLES SUMNER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BLACK & CASE, BOSTON, MASS.]

CHARLES SUMNER.

CHARLES SUMNER is a name that will always remain among the most conspicuous of the present epoch of our history. No American statesman ever stood more steadfastly for the plain American principle of equal rights, and none has ever excited more exasperation or been more bitterly denounced. The reason of this is to be found in his temperment and a certain ideal cast of mind, which compels him unconsciously to disregard the conditions of practicality, and to treat public measures purely from the view of abstract justice. A man who does this must expect to encounter the impatience of friends as well as the hostility of foes. Consequently, from Mr. SUMNER'S first notable public appearance, when he delivered his famous Fourth of July oration in Boston upon "The True Grandeur of Nations," in 1845, to his last elaborate speech

in the Senate upon "The Equal Rights of All: the Great Guarantee and the Present Necessity," his course has compelled moral approval rather than kindled popular enthusiasm.

Mr. SUMNER was thirty-four years old at the time of the delivery of the oration. Born in Boston in 1811, he graduated at Harvard College in 1836, and after a year of private study he entered the Law School at Cambridge, where he became the fast friend of his great teacher, Judge STORY. In 1837 he began to practice in Boston, and was at once eminent in his profession, publishing, as reporter, three volumes of Judge STORY'S Circuit Decisions, editing the *American Jurist*, and lecturing at the Law School in Cambridge. In 1836 he declined a chair, both in the Law School and the College, and the next year went to Europe, where he remained for three years.

The best introductions opened to him the finest

social opportunities in Europe, which a mind richly stored, a trained and tenacious memory, and the various sympathies of an accomplished scholar enabled him to improve to the utmost advantage. Few Americans have better seen what was best worth seeing in Europe. His habits of ceaseless industry, his remarkable faculties of acquirement, were in constant play, and he made the personal acquaintance, which in many cases ripened into friendly intimacy, of the most distinguished Europeans. In 1840 he returned and resumed the practice of his profession, publishing, in 1844-5, an elaborate edition of "Vesey's Reports." In politics he was a Whig, although he had taken no prominent political part until the creation of which we have spoken, which was a learned and powerful plea for peaceful arbitration in all international differences. In November, 1845, he spoke in Faneuil Hall against the annexation of Texas as a measure intended to

subvert the National Government to the control of the slavery interest. The next year, at the Whig State Convention, he defined in a forcible speech the anti-slavery duties of the Whig party, and, with an intrepidity which in a Boston Whig of that time was remarkable, he published a letter to Mr. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, then the Boston Representative in Congress, sharply rebuking him for his vote in favor of the Mexican war. This led to a rupture with Mr. WINTHROP which has never been healed, and that gentleman records his view of the matter in his volume of speeches and addresses.

The dissolution of the Whig party had already begun. The "Conservative Whigs," as they were called in Massachusetts, of whom CHARLES SUMNER, HORACE MANN, JOHN G. PALFREY, SAMUEL G. HOWE, and RICHARD H. DANA, JUN., were conspicuous leaders, withdrew from the political companionship of WINTHROP, EVERETT, CHOATE, and

WINTHROP, and supported, in 1848, the Buffalo Free-soil candidates, MARTIN VAN BUREN and CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. The schism was final, and from that moment the Boston Whig leadership declined. The seceders seemed to take with them the moral force of their party, and when, in 1850, Mr. WINTHROP became Secretary of State under Mr. FILLMORE and resigned his seat in the Senate, to which Mr. WINTHROP by the party traditions had been considered the natural successor, a coalition of Free-soilers and Democrats, after a long and fierce struggle, succeeded in electing CHARLES SUMNER to Mr. WINTHROP'S seat, and he accepted the office, as he had the nomination, without a single pledge to any party or person.

Mr. SUMNER came to the Senate of the United States a young man, perfectly familiar with international law and with the history and literature of all countries; with a thorough knowledge of the details of the anti-slavery movement, and a profound conviction that the insolent and dangerous determination of the Slave Power was the great peril of the nation. His fame had preceded him, and he was not welcome in a body which the spirit of CALICIOUS controlled. Senators like JEFFERSON DAVIS, who prevailed by audacity, or like DOUGLAS, who despised the moral sentiment, affected to sneer at what were called the dainty fopperies and sophomoric rhetoric of the young Senator. But his speech against the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, and the opening thunders of his direct assault upon the Slave Power in the debates upon the Missouri Compromise, apprised these men and the country that there was one Senator at least who, standing upon the broad ground of moral right, was equally at home upon every inch of the Constitution and of law with the most learned and the oldest of his associates. Personally of the kindest heart and most polished manners, he disdained social conciliation of his political adversaries; and his opposition was so inflexible and unswerving toward those whom he believed to be conspiring against the country that he was regarded as the personification of the unbending spirit of Liberty, which the Slave leaders knew to be their most dangerous foe. On the 19th and 20th of May, 1853, Mr. SUMNER delivered a speech upon "The Crime against Kansas," which was unanswerable. In the course of it he spoke satirically of Senator BELL, of South Carolina, and on the afternoon of the 22d, while Mr. SUMNER was writing at his desk, he was assailed by PATRICK S. BURNES, a Representative from South Carolina, and beaten upon the head with a heavy gaiter percha cane until he fell senseless.

It was four years before Mr. SUMNER returned to the Senate. During that time he was subject to constant, often to the severest, medical treatment at home and in Europe. While still disabled the Massachusetts Legislature re-elected him to his seat by a unanimous vote in the Senate and by a vote of several hundreds to seven in the House. Massachusetts felt that while her Senator was yet struggling for life his empty chair was a mere eloquent Representative than any other man could be. In the session of 1859-60 Mr. SUMNER resumed his seat, and his first important speech struck the keynote of his Congressional life and exposed "The Barbarism of Slavery." In the canvass for President, in 1860, he was an active worker; and at the beginning of the war he declared its "main-spring" to be slavery, and that there could be no peace until that was broken by emancipation. This policy he steadily kept until it was adopted by the Government. During the war his speeches upon the "Trent" question and our foreign relations were comprehensive and exhaustive, and had great official weight from his position as Chairman of the Senate Committee upon Foreign Affairs.

Mr. SUMNER'S political career has been identified with the debate and the war springing from Slavery. Believing slavery to be the source of all our woes he has steadily advocated Emancipation as the radical means of national regeneration; and as the war has abolished slavery, his efforts are now turned to secure the overthrow of the spirit of caste in the organization of peace. His will is as strong as his convictions; and it is perhaps his misfortune and that of his cause that, in the constructive period which we have now reached, and in which political considerations are so essential and powerful, political differences are apt to appear to him as moral delinquencies. Inimitably fixed in his own clear perception of the necessary development and ultimate achievements of the great American principle of Equal Rights, he seems anxious to secure at once, by acts of Congress, results which can be better attained by other and higher laws. But in his uncompromising desire that the faith of the United States shall be kept with the Freedmen, and that those who are still panting with the effort to destroy the Government shall not be allowed to share in its administration without satisfactory conditions, he has the hearty sympathy of all who love the Union and the national honor.

Among all American statesmen there have been few so variously and profoundly accomplished as Mr. SUMNER. His literary style is stately and scholastic. Each of his speeches is an exhaustive treatise upon its subject. His oratory is declamatory rather than colloquial or rhetorical. A certain dogmatism of style both in writing and speaking may be easily traced to his intense personal consciousness, and to the sober times and events amidst which he has moved. But his chief fame will be that of a man who, during the maturing of a terrible conspiracy against human rights, stood as firm and clear for justice as a light-house in the fury of a storm. Without one faltering tone of compromise or fear or wiles conciliation his lips proclaimed the everlasting truth that justice is right, and is therefore the best policy. The concluding words of his late speech are the true motto of his life. "And now, declaring my belief in Liberty and Equality as the God-given birth-right of all men, let me say in the same spirit, if this be an error, it is an error which I love; if this be a fault, it is a fault which I shall be slow to renounce; if this be an illusion, it is an illusion which I pray may wrap the world in its magic forms."

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INSIDE
A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



VICTORY AND TIME.

CHAPTER XI.

As the days and weeks creep by, it is very slowly but very certainly ascertained in Somerville that the great and glorious victory near Corinth was not, at last, quite so complete and final a rout of the Yankees as was at first believed. Somehow they have not fled utterly away—the miserable remnant left of them—but are still lingering, in a singular manner, near or upon the very battle-field. And it is so strange of Beauregard, that he has not long ago descended upon them again from Corinth like a thunder-bolt. Why does he not make a finish of it? What is he staying there at Corinth for? people are beginning impatiently to ask.

Like many another military idol of the time, before him and after him, Beauregard is slowly winning in public estimation. Good Mr. Ellis thanks God for it. "The career of any one General, like Napoleon, in our cause," he avows, "would be fatal to our liberties. We wish victory to be won for us in such a way that to no one man, but to the whole people, and to God above all, the glory may redound." Certain it is, though there were ever so many just on the point of becoming the Marions, the Washingtons, the Napoleons of the war, in some way or other each just missed it as by a hair's-breadth, but missed it altogether.

But the Yankees are even approaching Corinth. Lamum fills the Somerville Star with ample reasons why. Beauregard is hatching some great event within his intrenchments at Corinth, and people say they hope so, and that he will be quick about it; but there are sinking hearts in every bosom in Somerville. However, there is Island No. 10. It has been made a perfect Gibraltar. It is fully demonstrated that the passage of that Island in the Mississippi River by the Federal fleet is an absolute impossibility. Every Number of the Somerville Star exults in "Island Ten," and in the laughable notion of the Yankees that it can be passed. And so for weeks; also as the first approach of an epidemic the rumor gets afloat that Island Ten has been evacuated.

It was not Lamum's fault! To do him strict justice, never from the first had any item, or any particle of an item, appeared in his columns save of good news for the Confederacy. Many a prophecy did he make of great and glorious events; many a statement did he continually repeat, on the best authority, of something or other highly favorable to the Confederacy. Steadily as the days rolled by were his prophecies unfulfilled and his statements disproved, yet you would never gather a syllable to that effect from his paper. And so reader thereof filed away each Number of the Star for future reference as carefully, or with such deep satisfaction, as did Mr. Ferguson.

Lamum had remarked: "If our gallant heroes should evacuate Columbus, it will be only to make a more impregnable stand at Island Ten." Long after Island Ten was evacuated Lamum casually remarks in his columns: "If our able and experienced Generals should evacuate Island Ten it is only to make a stand at Fort Pillow, but a short distance below;" and thereupon follows several columns of such minute description of Fort Pillow—its natural advantages and its armaments—that even a child could understand that of its capture no one need entertain the least fear. "Deluded by their frenzied leaders they dream even"—Lamum was frequently observing in his paper—"of capturing New Orleans!" If Colonel Jaggins read Lamum's full and enthusiastic description of Fort Jackson and Fort St. Philip, and the other Gibralters by which New Orleans was secured from the possibility of being taken, once he read it a dozen times. The boom costing millions of dollars stretching across the

river below the forts seems to him a waste of money. And then, the gigantic steamships building at New Orleans to dash to the Federal vessels, to the Colonel they had assumed a grandeur of size and armament under the hand of energetic Lamum from which even a Brunel would have shrunk aghast.

"From what I learn of that splendid ship of war," good Mr. Ellis had said to his pastor, "even if the Federals should pass the forts below, of which I have no fear, that vessel alone, moored as it is in front of the city, could drive them back."

"But the papers speak of it as not yet completed," ventured Mr. Arthur.

"One side is, one side is," urged Mr. Ellis, warmly, "the side toward the river; the guns on that side are enough, amply enough."

And to this his friend had no reply. Stealthily and awfully as the deadly blast of which the Spaniards say, "It kills a man but does not put out a taper," comes the news that New Orleans, too, is captured! A painful thing it is to state, but imperceptibly to themselves men begin to distrust Lamum and all his herd! Undefined, unacknowledged even to themselves, men begin to reason that, if the editors had so often deluded them upon such points as Bowling Green, Columbus, Fort Donelson, Island Ten, Fort Pillow, Rozanne, Pulaski, New Orleans, Corinth, might they not have been unsafe guides on all other points also relating to Secession and its consequences? Slowly, slowly.

"I think I am beginning clearly to see the hand of Providence in lengthening out this matter," Guy Brooks remarked one night to his pastor as they sat together in the study of the latter. "You know my brother, Paul Brooks; he has been down lately from his solitude among the Pines. He was always fond of solitude and reflection—old-fashioned that he is. He has been giving me the benefit of his months of thought up there. We are, he thinks, passing through a revolution indeed, not only a political, but a social, moral, religious revolution. Were it only a political revolution, the establishment of the Confederacy, or the putting down of Secession say, it might have been a thing begun and over in a few months. But it is to be, he thinks, a total revolution in our deepest and dearest convictions on many subjects of vastly greater importance than the mere question of Secession and Union. Such revolutions of thought, belief, opinion, feeling can not be effected all at once. To be sincere and permanent, people must have time to think; yes, time, plenty of it, to think."

"For the divisions of Reshen there were great thoughts of heart," said the minister. "I have been much struck with that passage of Scripture myself of late. Yes, the political leaders have full space, for instance, in which to show themselves—"

"From the tips of their horns to the points of their cloven feet," interrupted the lawyer. "And the people are slowly but steadily finding them out; it is a lesson being very slowly learned, but once learned it will never be forgotten on this continent forever."

"Unless I greatly mistake the South is learning other lessons also," said the minister, after a thoughtful pause. "God is causing us to read over again, beneath the Morning watch of his providence, other matters in which I for one was as thoroughly settled and satisfied as any man could be. We will not speak upon that matter just now—let us wait and see."

"We will see one day," the lawyer remarked, "the wonderful dealing of the Almighty with us in permitting this war to linger so long. Suppose Missouri had resulted the other way, the Confederacy been crushed in the bud, it would have been a mere victory of a day—nothing else. There would have been nothing of a radical cure of the evil, nothing safe and permanent afterward. I tell you, Sir," continued he, rising to his feet, and leaning his body three against the mantle as if the idea was too large and free to be expressed save upon his feet, "especially we here, at the South, are slowly, steadily coming toward convictions, resolutions which shall be those of our own minds and hearts. The bays are holding the question open only till we have had time to think the whole matter to an end. As firmly as I believe in my own existence, I do believe that this whole continent is steadily coming to such a measure of sentiment as will make us such a Union—such a nation as—"

"The old Union was but an emblem of a scaffolding tower," the minister added for him. "I tell you, Mr. Brooks, Southerners as we both are, we can not disguise from ourselves the fact that, on some points, we of the South lag in the march, are a century or so behind the sentiment, the conviction, the Christianity of the times. I have had an uneasy conviction of the kind for years, but quieted myself with the knowledge of its being the providence of God, his peculiar dispensation in our case. And it is only God's providence in present events which I am now waiting to understand. For one I have no notion of fighting against God. Nor have I any intention of being upon the obdurate side, the warring side of a great question. If you glance your eye over the history of the world you will notice that there are certain periods of time when you can run, as it were, a pencil line between where one era ends and a new and better era begins. And there always is a party for the old era fighting blindly and desperately for it! God helping me, I belong not to the old, worn-out era which the world is sloughing off, but to that era which is better, which is sure to succeed, which is that which nearer the Christ that is to come. My happening to be born in the Sandwich Islands would have been poor excuse for



MR. FERGUSON AND HIS READER.

was, therefore, to have fought against ritalization and Christianity when they had actually launched from God on its shores!"

And it was well for Edward Arthur, and for the many like him scattered throughout the South, that he and they had a belief in those days clear enough, strong enough, inspiring enough, to bear them up through poverty, and the alienation of their dearest friends, and the hatred and insult of innumerable enemies, and death always threatened, in some cases actually inflicted; a belief, thank God, which grew clearer, stronger, more inspiring, as the darkness and the peril became more dense. Easy enough it was for you, Sir, living outside the South during those days, to possess convictions clear and right upon the great question. You heard nothing else all day among your friends. You read nothing else in your papers, pamphlets, books. You had the one conviction poured upon you from the platform with all force of argument and eloquence. You had it urged upon you in every meeting that met your eye, flashed upon you in every transparency, waved before you in every flag, thundered upon you in cannon exulting over victory, and in the infinite hurrahs of the people! Little merit in your going with the right—how easy it was to you!—when you were in the centre of a great torrent pouring irresistibly onward.

But look at this man, Edward Arthur, one case in multitudes at the South during those long and dark months. From the first hour of that suicidal Secession he received no line of correspondence from any one outside the South, not any during the first two years of the war, not a line from a correspondent within the South, save in endless-istic support of Secession. Such of his correspondents as shared his convictions were positively silent, well aware that the seal of a letter was no bond whatever against the reading of the letter by dozens before it could reach the owner's eye; at the utmost an innumerable, a carefully-veiled servant, a word here and a phrase there, capable of being understood only by the one to whom the letter was addressed. From that hour, during the same length of time, no Northern or European paper, pamphlet, or book met his eye—every printed line which did meet his gaze being in furious advocacy of Secession. Except as their arms proved it, scarce a hint glimmered through the darkness of opinion and sentiment outside the blockade. By himself, even his friends entertaining similar views, confining those views mainly to their own homes, often speaking and acting in direct opposition to their own real opinions; thinking, alone and unaided, by himself and for himself, he arrived at those opinions to which he held so to his life itself, as to more than his life, the grasp upon the opinion being for him to relax his hold even upon life.

And it was better as it was. Only, never wonder at the clearness and energy with which Southern men held to views which they have thus attained. No man values his pains so much as the man who has earned them with sweat and toil; the bells of the full-moon hold not to her pearls with the convulsive grasp of the diver who has brought them up from the depths and darkness of roaring waters.

Lammum says, in his last *Star*, that I am a traitor to my native soil," the lawyer said, after a long pause. "I really wonder if I am," he continued gravely, weighing the proposition in his mind with his finger behind his ear. "What is my pay for being a traitor? It isn't office. Months ago Colonel Ret Roberts told me that any thing I would have he would see that I did have if I said so. It is a singular fact, but not one, not a single one of the leaders in Secession in or around Somerville but use this hour in receipt of salary in some form. Roberts is a Confederate States Senator; Lammum has the printing of the Confederate laws; Tim Lammum, Lammum's nephew, is a Commissioner; Colonel Jaggins has a contract for corn; Dr. Paul is making thousands by his contract for beef; even Captain Simmons is clerk, when sober, of the Confederate Court; and Bob Withers is a Tax Collector; Joe Staples is Receiver of Confiscated Property—not a man of them but has a fat office, or, if in the army, but is a Colonel or a Quartermaster. Brabe? On account of my opinions my business is ruined and nothing else to look to; my best friends will hardly speak to me. I hold to my original opinions upon Secession against every thing on earth. As to abandoning them—the fact is," added the lawyer, "as Paul, that brother of mine, says, either I am entirely and hopelessly deranged or the Secessionists are."

It is weeks ago now since it had occurred to Mrs. Sorel, knitting, spinning, weaving, making starch, soap, candles, hats, caps, shoes, and every thing else at her place near Somerville, that it would be a great favor to her if Mr. Arthur could occupy the vacant front-room on the left-hand side of the hall in her house. She has nobody, now Frank is gone, but herself and Bobby. It was a delicate matter to bring about under all the circumstances. But women are the best opponents in the world. Talkytrands are they by sex; and Mrs. Sorel had her purpose accomplished and Mr. Arthur safely at home in her front-room almost before he knew it was a thing in view. The truth is, he himself and Mrs. Bowles felt the propriety of the step as well as Mrs. Sorel, and only Mrs. Sorel could have managed it so quietly and pleasantly. Today Sorel is a sober little fellow, fond of his home and his book and his quiet sports, the very image of his mother; it will be a pleasure to Mr. Arthur to direct his studies, another reason for the arrangement.

The propriety of the step! Only you who read these lines, after painful experiences of your own, can understand all the bitterness of meaning herein implied. Not a day but Edward Ar-

thur was made to feel and see it. The strong Secessionists outside of his church had long since removed all doubt from his mind in regard to their opinion of his position. Colonel Ret Roberts had never entered his church in his life. That, however, of course, Gentleness of his stamp never go to church. People not members of the church never had, as a general rule, much desire to attend church—now they have none at all. If some preacher who is also Colonel of a regiment is to preach, or if Brother Barker is to give clear Scripture proof of God's cordial approval of Secession, if there is to be some Sabatival variation of the one strain of glory to the South in the highest, on earth war to the knife, and eternal ill-will to the Yankees, men go to church to be that much more encouraged in a cause in which they are beginning to feel more and more the need of encouragement. But not to hear the old Gospel? To be told over again the old, old story of their being sinners and of Christ being a Saviour? No, Sir! heaven pales its ineffable glories and hell its fires in contrast with the lurid flames of the war.

When professing Christians have become so apathetic in regard to religion Mr. Arthur expects nothing of the rest of Somerville. Yet it touched him keenly that Sabbath morning when Mrs. Roberts made such a point of meeting him, when he visited her class in turn, and shook him with such special cordiality by the hand. He well knew what her eyes worn with weeping meant, and how filling again with tears as she turned from him and stooped as if to tie again the scarf around the throat of her little boy, looking up with bold brow and splendid eyes so like his father's. When immediately after Sabbath-school she left with her children, not waiting until service, her pastor knew as well as if she had told him of the letters from her husband at Richmond requiring her never again to hear her pastor preach; knew as by intuition all the wiles and shams against him with which Colonel Ret Roberts sustained his own spotless reputation of patriotism. He had forbidden her entering even the church. At first she resisted so far as the Sabbath-school was concerned; but it was too painful, better stay at home altogether. How painful to her pastor was that vacant seat henceforth only you who occupied a like situation, and there are many of you, in those days can tell!

And with Mrs. Roberts there fell away many even of his warmest friends in days of old. "Mr. Arthur was a good man; they had known him too many years to doubt that; but now that he was a Union man!" Of what use to call upon them in their homes? Only political discussion, warm, perhaps heated. And so, what was left him but to pursue the even tenor of his way?

"Resign? No, Sir. The great body of the church are content that you should continue preaching to them the Gospel as of old," said Guy Brooks, whenever he consulted him upon the subject. "You run in conscience do only what you are doing. Let us be as quiet as possible; let us wait and hope." And most peacefully and factually did Mr. Brooks, and Mr. Ferguson, and the many like them, attend at service, listening as if with double attention, greeting him on every meeting with triple cordiality.

"You can hardly imagine how painful it is to me," said Mr. Arthur to his friend the lawyer, one gloomy evening as they sat together in the study of the former. "Men whose esteem I hoped I had secured forever pass me without speaking. Even many who do drag to greet me do it coldly and harshly. Even those who I know do fully agree with me in my opinions, and who would not enter the church if I pursued any other course, seem afraid to be seen speaking with me on the street."

"And have not a syllable to say in your defense when you are cursed, as you most continually and fervently are, over Somerville," asked the lawyer, who, in his own dependency, would have been a friend in keeping with those around Job as he sat on his dunghill.

And it was well it was so. Too dependent on others for his happiness, Edward Arthur was fast learning to stand firm in the consciousness of his own integrity—to dispense with all friendship besides its appreciating and enjoying, as he never before conceived of doing, the presence of him who stoeketh closer than a brother. Pale and thin and worn, he was only at a lesson which was to last him his life—the lesson itself was not to last forever, but its results.

"I declare," said the minister, after a pause, "the opinion that I am a traitor to my soil seems to be so universal an opinion, and is so unceasingly expressed, that I have at times almost a sense of shame as for actual guilt. However, that only keeps me at a perpetual reconsideration of my original views. And, alas for me!" he added, with a sigh, "those views are only deepening and strengthening every hour."

"If you were only fixed as a minister my brother Paul lately heard of it would suit exactly. Paul was telling me of it when he was down from the Pines. It is a minister as conscientiously opposed to Secession," continued Guy Brooks, "as I am or as you are—oh, decided, strong, east iron at that point. But he is an Episcopal minister, you see. His bishop has written out the prayers for him, and strong they are for Secession as language can make them, for the blessing of God upon the Confederate arms, for the speedy and total defeat of the Federals, and all that. Twice every Sunday that Union minister stands solemnly up and offers those prayers. Worse than that, the bishop has lately appointed a special prayer-meeting, with prayers to match, to be held two or three times during the week, for the success of the Confederate armies."

"And, true to his canonical obligations, he

prays them!" asked Mr. Arthur. "Singular position for a worshiper of God to fill—deliberately, occasionally, kneeling before the Almighty, one set of petitions on his lips, exactly the reverse set of supplication in his— Never mind!" said the minister, interrupting himself, "it is none of my business."

"But it keeps all so straight and pleasant," reasoned the lawyer. "Every now and then the bishop fills his pulpit in his regular visitation; and he always preaches a sermon full and most decided for the Confederacy—Brother Barker over again, only in lawn and with manuscript. But no wonder; the Bishop's negroes have been running away dreadfully of late. His expenses for dogs alone in trailing—"

"My dear Mr. Brooks," interrupted the minister, "do let us speak of something else. A milder, more pious, more sincere man than this bishop before these troubles neither you nor I ever knew. The times have changed him, as they have changed so many of us. There was a time when there lived not a minister at the South who dreamed of alluding in the pulpit to political matters. And now? Would Paul, would Peter, would Heber, Simson of Oxford, Wesley, Whitfield, Nettleton, Daniel Baker do it were they now alive? Would the Saviour do it did he to-day—if such a thing can be imagined—walk the soil of North or South? To me the side the minister happens to be on is a mere nothing in comparison; it is his abandoning the Gospel that is his deadly sin, whether he preach Secession or preach the Federal Union. I feel today as if I had somehow become suddenly obsolete—as if the whole world had passed by and left me in the rear—as if I was far behind the times."

"And you are," said the Kentuckian, "behind the times? Yes, Sir, eighteen hundred years! But Paul says it is the richest thing in the world—that Union minister standing up in the pulpit, as he has to do once every two or three months, reading long pastoral letters from the bishop in his discourse, political indications of the South, you know, the poor fellow reading it with the necessary emphasis and inflection—queer position for a free man to occupy!"

Mrs. Warner did not think so, however, when Mr. Arthur called there next. Of all his pastoral duties none more unpleasant than a visit to Mrs. Warner—until, at least, the minister took a lesson from Dr. Warner, and sat and twined his beard. Of late any one could tell, just by seeing Dr. Warner on the streets, that the gusts at home these days were more violent than ever. The Doctor's necktie was always to one side now, the long ends hanging out, and dreadfully frayed. There was a crushed appearance about his linen; a strip or so of the lining of his coat hanging loose to the breeze from wrists and skirts; more buttons off than of yore from waistcoat and pantaloons; a wild and disordered state of his hair, too, a good deal of it gone altogether, which caused him strongly to resemble a mariner just out of a terrible tempest. And, storm-tossed and weather-beaten as the Doctor was, he was only the fatter for it all. In fact, beaten upon as the Doctor was by the eternal gusts, he had got into the habit of retreating completely within himself these days, and his body had expanded itself to make room for him.

"What I regret, what Dr. Warner regrets, if he would only say so—only he is one of those men who never will speak out as he ought—is, that you do not pray for the Confederacy as you should, Mr. Arthur," said Mrs. Warner to that gentleman, sitting in her parlor this last time. "If you do not feel prepared to preach sermons for the Confederacy and in denouncement of the Yankees, like Brother Barker and ever so many ministers more, well, you needn't do it—that is, if you can feel it in your conscience not to do so; though I am sure our revolutionary forefathers took their swords and muskets even into the pulpits with them. But why don't you pray for the Confederacy—pray for it warm and strong? There's Brother Barker—and he a Northern man too!—he prays every Sunday, I'm told by Mrs. Staples, that the Almighty will defeat, destroy, annihilate the Federals; that He will entrap them in snares, deceive them in policy, decimate them with measles, small-pox, and yellow-fever; not leave enough of them alive next battle for the survivors to bury the rest! Pray? yes, and for their eternal damnation too. They are fiends, they are devils, they are worse than the worst savages; they richly deserve the agonies of the pit! Why, look at it, Dr. Was—I mean Mr. Arthur! They are invading our soil, they are burning our cities and homes, they are slaughtering our men, women, and children; they want to set our negroes free; they are hiring them all the time to rise and cut our throats, and wash their black feet in our blood! Suppose those Yankees succeed; they make us their slaves, to hew wood for them—yes, drawers of wood and hewers of water to them long-legged, tallow-faced, peddling, cheating Yankees! I'd die first—die a thousand and a thousand times over! I've learned how to shoot with a revolver, and I'd kill them as soon as I could a snake. A snake?—yes, a genuine, Southern-born rattlesnake is more respectable than a Yankee! I've had our carving steel sharpened to a point for a dagger; if they come here I'll stab the first Yankee that enters that door! Come here? I tell you, Doctor—Mr. Arthur—I'll burn down my house with my own hands before they should have it. I'd make Doctor Warner shoot down every Hand he's got—and they all came to him through me—before he should let the Yankees get them. That's what Brother Barker says, Dr. Peel too, Lammum, and all. Did you read Colonel Ret Roberts's last speech? Only his wife is such a poor, downcast, silent sort of a woman! But you must pray for the Confederacy stronger, Mr. Arthur. Every body in Somerville is saying you

are an Abolitionist. And just suppose they was to hang you some day; you may not know it, but people have threatened long ago to hang you. Ain't you afraid? You know they have hung ever so many." And oh, how much, much more!

And Mr. Arthur sat, holding, instinctively, hard to the arms of the large parlor rocking-chair in which he sat—sat while the upraised gaze of the canal locks poured their tide upon him—sat waiting till the gush would flow itself out.

And so Mrs. Warner went on, taking snuff with her stick energetically all the time.

But the snuff which she so copiously dipped is not Mrs. Warner's only cause. Last night another of those wretched letters, written to some one in Somerville—nobody knows whom—from somebody near Corinth, has announced that Beauregard has actually evacuated Corinth, and is retreating South in confusion! But a day or so before there had been a well-authenticated report in Somerville that Beauregard had ordered his army to prepare for an immediate move upon the enemy. Lammum had filled the last *Star* with it; the thrilling address of Beauregard to his soldiers before the great victory that was to be; the enthusiasm of his army; the utter demoralization of the Federals; the whole regiment that had already been shot in the Union intrenchments for mutiny; the almost unanimous unwillingness of the troops, Yankees though they were, to fire another shot upon the Confederates.

"Hopeful as we have always been in regard to matters at Corinth," said Lammum, "we are now positively confident of a great and glorious victory, full particulars of which we will give in our next. Slowly but steadily has Beauregard been maturing his brilliant plans. All information from Corinth agrees that the thunder-bolt so long in forging has doubtless been launched long ere this. We congratulate all true Southern men in advance upon the great victory. As to the wretched traitors among us, let them know their day of doom is at hand!"—and vastly more to the same effect.

But one of those miserable letters has arrived, saying that all Beauregard's preparations were not for the rout of the Yankees, and for an immediate march either on St. Louis or Chicago, as Lammum and all others had so confidently predicted, but for a hasty retreat—a retreat under the fire of the Yankees—and leaving behind innumerable deserters. And, somehow, in ten hours after the arrival in Somerville of the letter, every body knows its contents—believes them too, no matter what they may say; past experiences have taught Somerville pretty thoroughly by this time that, amidst the perpetual rumors abroad, the rumors favorable to the Confederacy are almost invariably false, and the rumors of an unfavorable nature are invariably true—or, at least, too near true to be comfortable. Those wretched letters! Nothing could have been done that was not done. A full list had been furnished the postmaster in Somerville of those persons whose letters must be looked into before it could be decided whether their owners are to have them or not. Faithfully did Mr. Smithers, the postmaster, obey these instructions, but with a painful sense all the time of deserting the Penitentiary thereof. Yet almost every week somebody or other in Somerville was receiving and spreading abroad the astounding contents of some letter which should never have been written; or, if written, should never have been read except by an official; or, if read, should never have been whispered to a living soul—never. These foolish letters! Written from the various seats of the war by people who had reference in writing only to the facts, and not at all to the influence of those facts; unknown, unofficial people—in short, unalarmed people, who, in tenderly sustaining the Confederacy against every shock, had no most unusual income to nurse and protract thereby. The contrast, the steadily running contrast, between the pointed information from the seats of the war and the undercurrent of private information from the same sources was amazing. Between the cross-streams of public and of private intelligence the air was always filled with all sorts of rumors as with the flying froth of conflicting waters.

Here is a bright summer morning upon which Dr. Warner casually drops in upon Guy Brooks in his office. "I would not have my name mentioned in it, you understand," Dr. Warner says, in a low, mysterious tone to the lawyer, "but there is a rumor afloat this morning that Richmond has been taken. Of course I do not vouch for the truth of it. Sam Peters was telling me this morning—let it go for what it is worth—that he overheard Lammum and Captain Simmons speaking earnestly together about Central America, tracing the route to it on a map open on Lammum's table. Of course we attach no importance to what Sam Peters says, but it really looks as if the leading Secessionists were contemplating a speedy flight, taken in connection with the other report from another source, you observe!" and the mild Doctor wipes his perspiring forehead, from which the hair is being blown away so in his high winds at home; quite bold the Doctor is becoming.

"I pay no attention to such things," says Guy Brooks, with brightening eyes, "but it may seem somewhat of a coincidence; the Secessionists—the leaders I mean—have had a remarkably depressed look about them of late. Fshaw! it's all nonsense; but I suppose you have heard about some lady or other suddenly coming in upon Mrs. Colonel Ret Roberts and finding her bathed in tears with her children around her. She had just heard the interpretation is, from Roberts at Richmond that the game was over, you see." But the lawyer is ashamed of himself as he says it.

"We are kept so completely in the dark—

taking all these things together. Ah, well, we shall know sooner or later," says Dr. Warner, shaking his head as he considers it all over.

"And so Dr. Gianni is running off with some of your patients?" inquires the lawyer at last. "Such a load of patients, you know, I can not help it. It is impossible for a man to think and feel except as he does think and feel; and I make such a poor hypocrite do the best at it I can," says poor Dr. Warner.

"That very day the Scotchman was telling his pastor of this same rumor. "It is all over Somerville; people really believe it," said Mr. Ferguson. "And he was right. Only wish to believe anything, it is the easiest thing to do so. "It may be true, you know," said the Scotchman, before he had done referring to it; always scoffing at all news he did not wish to believe, too.

"Do you see this portfolio?" asked the Scotchman of a ponderous scrap-book lying open upon his table, with covers of blue pasteboard a yard square; half a foot thick the volume is. And he turned lovingly over the irregular leaves—pamphlets, speeches, sermons, placards, hand-bills, written notices of all shapes and sizes, newspapers, too, from a yard across down, and the later dates, to sheets of eight inches, and of all the colors of the rainbow, according as wrapping paper was being resorted to under stress of the blockade. "Now, here is a complete set of the news and the rumors since the beginning of this awful rebellion," continued Mr. Ferguson, turning over his collection with the pride of a virtuoso. "You see, I own lands in the State. My business used to be selling those lands. I have none to sell now, not a rod, for paper-money, you understand. So I have a good deal of leisure to spend on this collection. When a rumor is about captured, I write it out myself and paste it in," and he turned in succession to several pages of his own writing carefully interleaved with the rest of the ponderous volume, his best hand it was in, and with date in full to each rumor, and plenty of capitals and marks of exclamation.

"And each one of those items was in its turn as a dose of ipecac to those who did not want to believe it, and as—"

"A glass of arsenic to those who did," said Mr. Ferguson, contemplating the sentences for his pasture. "Now I have even classified these items for a regular index, here in this book, as the volume," continued the Scotchman, laying his hand upon it. "I have almost nothing else to do; and I have become interested in it as a systematic study of this war, and of human nature during it. Would you like to hear me classify them?"

The Scotchman had a grizzled beard covering all his mouth, and a dry, dialectic way of speaking, with his chin fixed steadily between his upper lip, and in crisp sentences. He walked with a stiff, slow step, never turning his head right or left, favoring his most intimate friends with the slightest possible motion of his hand, striding up and down on his stanchion, never a shade to one side or the other, when he met them. He had often occurred to Mr. Arthur that Mr. Ferguson, if himself classified, would have been labeled of the *Linnæus* species—a botanist ending for flowers only for analysis, without the slightest reference to their hue or fragrance.

"From the beginning of this rebellion," continued he, with the dry precision of a lecturer, "all of the innumerable rumors I have classified as follows:

"First—The Confederacy is on the verge of recognition by Europe. I have put this first, as being the most frequently repeated and the most steadily believed.

"Second—The North is bankrupt, and can not carry on the war beyond the fifteenth of next month at the furthest. This was a more frequent rumor at first than it has been of late.

"Third—A great revolution favorable to the South is impending at the North.

"Fourth—France, England, and Spain have determined upon an instant armed intervention unless their terms are agreed upon by the end of this month; and the papers all contain these terms, drawn fully out, article by article, in diplomatic style.

"Fifth—An impending mutiny of the entire Federal army against the accused scheme into which they have been hoodwinked.

"Sixth—Great and glorious victories, with the slaughter of half of the Federal army and the capture of the other half, stores, arms, gun-boats beyond calculation. To the same head belongs the repeated capture of Washington city.

"Last—The arrival, 'at last,' of the Confederate fleet, iron-plated, fully armed, from Europe, and the impending destruction of the Federal navy. Such are the classes of rumors, one or more of which are continually afloat. It matters not how often a rumor has been abroad and disproved before; like the balls of the juggler, one or more of them is continually in the air none the less.

"I mention no such small matter as the death—now by pneumonia, now by wounds, now by the hand of some brave Southerner penetrating into his camp for the purpose—of, in turn, every leading officer of the Federal army. Perpetually are they being killed and buried. If they are perpetually rising again from the dead it makes no difference. If they are proved to be alive to-day they are certain to die of disease or to be killed again in the papers to-morrow. There is not a single one of their deaths that I have not down here," said the Scotchman with pride.

"It is amazing how readily the report of yesterday is dropped," said Mr. Arthur. "It was eagerly heard and believed yesterday, yet its disproof to-day hardly excites a remark. It puzzles me."

"Not at all," said the countryman of Hill and Brown, in his sententious manner. "The only reason for every operation of the human

mind. Yesterday's news is forgotten because to-day's news is so much more glorious; then, yesterday's rumor was false, it seems, but that of to-day is certainly true. Besides, the hoarsey said it may be true is so unflattering. One thing that interests me in this continual stream of news is my studying therein the working of the leaders of this most disastrous delusion. Like the paid pyrotechnist of a Fourth of July night, they see to it, out of sight themselves, that some rocket is always in the air to keep the paying populace amused. They have such a supply to select from," said Mr. Ferguson, laying his hand and hairy palm on his forehead classification.

"It is but to dash off the lie best suited to the hour in a few rapid lines, send it to the next paper, and in a few days it is read and believed over the whole South. If you had studied this collection as I have, Sir, you would find that just when all the appearances are at their darkest for Secession, then, and exactly then, the largest and most splendid lie is whisking overhead. It comes down a stick, to be sure; but it answers the purpose of the moment, and, on the next occasion, up goes another."

Mr. Arthur did not care to say so to his friend—he was too weary of strife for that; but he knew it was all only a whitewash of fortune Mr. Ferguson. Like multitudes of other men, the Scotchman ascribed to the politicians for more than was at all due them; for far more than they ever even dreamed of doing they had all the course or all the credit, as the case was, thought the minister. They fished the placid ocean into respect, he said to himself, as he rode slowly home to Mrs. Sorrel's. What long-continued and superhuman exertion it required! But now that they have fairly wrought it into commotion, the waters howl and heave and sparkle with all phosphorescent fires by the force of their own fury.

Arrived at home and gone to bed, Mars, not Morpheus, presided over his slumbers. Slumber? During the first hour or so after lying down he tossed as on the wild waves, wrecked, and the bottom of ocean miles beneath his struggling feet. The waters around him are thick with men and women clatching at and burled off from each other, the drowning and the drowned. How red they are, how the waters shiny and clinging, so that he can hardly even struggle in them. How many upturned faces rise and sink there! Can that bold fellow with the hazel eyes be Colonel Ben Bolstead? The thin face of the postage stamps jostled back by Jimmie's Bob Withers's ruby countenance and the pale cheek of Emma? Horror! These flouts by him a fair form, every look of whose streaming hair is dearer to him than his, thus made by the sudden countenance of Colonel Dugans, giving place to that of Mrs. Dugans; and amidst all the quivering, gasping terror the drowsy or heavy as from her lips. "What I say is, why can't they stay where they come from? We want't interrupt them that I know of," and the sleeper is awakened by his own laughter.

"Look here, my friend," he roars to himself, "along this way madness lies." He is right there. Only give up to the thoughts pressing like the Kamoses after you just now, and you are in the highway to whited hair and brow prematurely wrinkled, and insanity and suicide. Millions in the South are on that path now, suffering along all its degrees. Sleeplessness? For the first year of the war men could not sleep of nights for the horror of the thing. However, no nature creates, they say, a sort of integument, a callous membrane about a bullet lodged in the body, so there grows a kind of covering, a callous accustomedness about the horror of the hour in the hearts of men, enabling them to endure it.

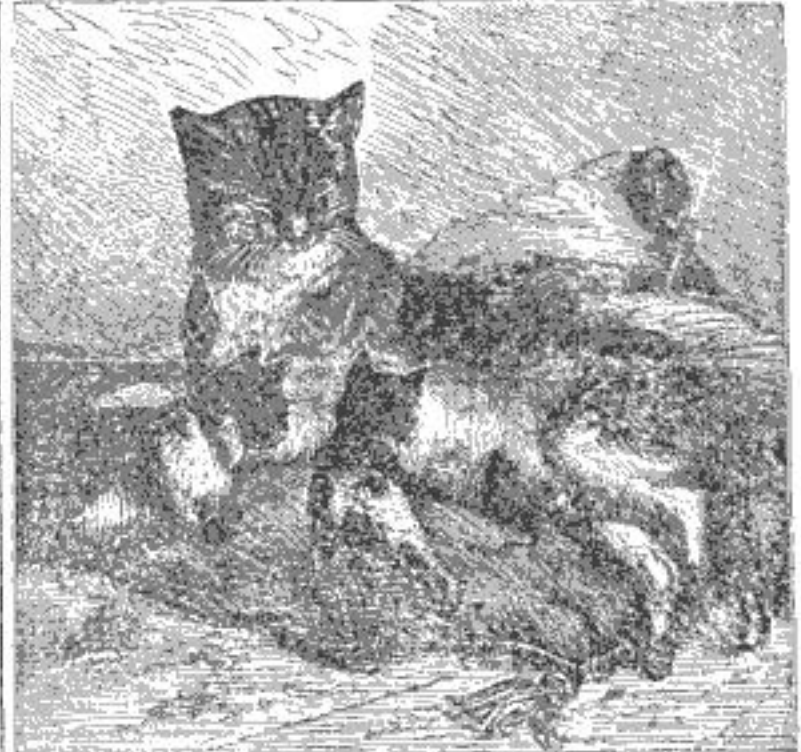
With solemn resolve to go to sleep, Mr. Arthur, after pacing the floor an hour or so in fermenting it, lay down again. He is just getting into a comfortable daze when the thought strikes him up and out of bed again; "Suppose at the North Christian men and Christian ministers are as frantic, rabid, raving, unchristian, blood-thirsty for the Right as Brother Barker and his kind are here for the Wrong?" And he travels sides up and down his room upon that track of thought. About his three-hundredth turn at the wardrobe at the end opposite his bed the idea smites him full alsest, and halts him there for long minutes; and isn't this just the process, you poor creature, by which the whole land, North and South, is being prepared, through the deep humiliation of the church, for the greatest religious reaction the land and the world has ever known—to follow, can't you see it, on the heels of the war?

And the Rev. Edward Arthur goes again to bed upon this upstart, and sleeps sweetly until morning.

RATS AND MICE.

Few persons are aware how many kinds of mice are to be found in the world, or the extent of the ravages they will commit. It is a curious and interesting fact that in many cases where mice have increased to a great extent in corn or grass lands, and in extensive plantations, birds and beasts of prey increase in proportion to food on them. Kites, hawks, owls, eagles, jays, and crows, as well as storks, vultures, foxes, etc., may then be found in great abundance, assembled to feed on these destructive little quadrupeds, perhaps in localities where few of them had seldom been met with previously, so accurately does nature provide against what might otherwise be a serious evil. Mice will produce from six to eight young ones at a time, and breed several times in the course of the year, so that their increase must be very great were it not for their numerous enemies.

The mouse is exceedingly attached to her young ones. A lady of our acquaintance on removing a box in a room very seldom used, found a mouse's nest behind it. The female mouse on being dis-



covered sat upright on the nest, and began to scream in a very loud and alarmed manner, evidently apprehensive for the safety of her young ones. My informant was so surprised at this occurrence that she went to call her father to witness it. On her return with him, after a very short absence, it was found that the parent mouse had removed all her young ones away, and they were afterwards discovered under a dust of drawers in the same room, but on the opposite side to that in which the nest was first discovered, so rapid had been her proceedings, and so great her alarm for the safety of her young.

It is very difficult to account either for the disposition of the proceedings of some animals. One would think that a cat would on all occasions in her power kill a mouse, especially when she had her kittens to feed; but this has not always been the case. An eminent surgeon, and an excellent naturalist, whose veracity may be strictly relied on, on visiting a prison in one of the Middle Counties of England, came into a room accompanied by an attendant, in which he saw a cat gnawing upon three mice. "If you will stand quiet for a short time," said the man, "you will see a strange sight." He did accordingly, when, to his great astonishment, he saw a mouse creep out of a hole, go to the cat, and begin sucking her. The attendant assured him that this was a circumstance of constant occurrence, and our informant was so struck with it that he not only witnessed it himself on subsequent occasions, but brought some of his friends to do so.

An old gentleman of my acquaintance who in the habit of sitting before a fire in his library, and doing there for some time, remaining perfectly still. A mouse was in the constant habit of crawling up his leg and sitting on his knee, and rubbing its whiskers. Unfortunately the housemaid had not been told to refrain from hurrying the mouse, which they at length discovered in the room and killed, to the great grief of my old friend.

Those who have been in the habit of taking their walks in the country can not fail to have observed dead sheep near their paths. It has been a common opinion for many years that these mice were killed by cuts or mice, and not often on account of their poisonous nature, or from the stinging scent which they emitted. On mentioning the circumstance to an eminent surgeon, well known for his researches into minute anatomy, he asked me to send him some specimens of these dead mice. On examining them he found that they were all males, and their death was occasioned by their fighting for the females in the spring: the jugular vein was separated in every instance, thus accounting for their being found in the manner above mentioned.

Among other varieties of mice, we have the long-tailed field mouse. It is brown on its back and its belly is white, with long ears and a tail nearly as long as itself. It lays up stores of acorns, nuts, corn, etc., and Pennant tells us that the chief damage done to the fields results from swine grubbing up the ground to get at these stores. We have also the short-tailed mouse.

The last mouse I shall mention is the dormouse. In some of its habits it resembles the squirrel, by collecting nuts, etc., for its winter food, and, like that quadruped, eats its food in a sitting posture, and sleeps like the squirrel during a great part of the winter. The dormouse is not often seen, as it hides itself in woods and thick hedges, and, according to Pennant, makes its nest in the hollow of a tree. It is, however, more common than is generally supposed.

There are two varieties of land rats in England, and one water rat. Of the former, the brown or Norwegian rat has now nearly exterminated the original black rat, the latter being now regarded almost as a curiosity, although it is affirmed that it is still to be met with in some of the great breeding establishments in London. The increase of the brown rat is enormous. They have three kinds in a year, generally from fourteen to eighteen in a litter. Their increase, therefore, would be enormous, did they not, as is well known, devour each other. Sometimes the size of an old male rat is very great. In the Malabar coast, such was the increase of rats, that their burrows extended to

a considerable space round the buildings, and in one night they devoured the carcasses of a horse.

It is not always true, as is commonly and foolishly said, that the lower of a ship attacked by another ship in order to search for more abundant food than they could procure in the ship they have just left. This is generally done in the night, but the migration has been witnessed in the day-time. When rats have devoured all the food in a house, they will migrate in considerable numbers to another. A clergyman once witnessed one of these migrations, and saw an old black rat leading a host of his kind in his mouth, and another rat to be the other end; in this way the black rat was gradually and safely along. The consequence of this is, perhaps, that any mouse, only a few feet away. They have been known to meet hundreds of miles of old black, and then back off the following day all the black was captured, or, at least, till that individual reached the old one's house. It has also been asserted that they have no development of eyes, and consequently play as a future stock of food. They were considered a threat to mankind, though it is difficult to guess in what way.

THE WINDOWS.

I stare in the cold and dreary street,
With the thick falling snow,
And gaze with a sad and aching heart,
At the windows all aglow—
At the windows bright with the warmth and light
Which gladden the pale winter;
While the snow covers down on the roofs of our town
And the streets are filled with gloom.

I think of the hearth where the firelight glows,
And the faces that are gathered there,
Of the pleasant faces lit up by the glow,
And the happy voices they hear.
I think of those all, while the snow-stains fall,
As I gaze through a mist of snow,
And out of the past and broken Pan
Comes the ghost of other years.

Once I had wealth and a host of friends,
I had seen a love and a wife,
And a fair-haired child, with a radiant face,
To gladden the hours of life—
But my wealth is but dust; my child is long dead;
And my wife the life has to rest;
And my host of friends there the old tale could
They one and all look dead.

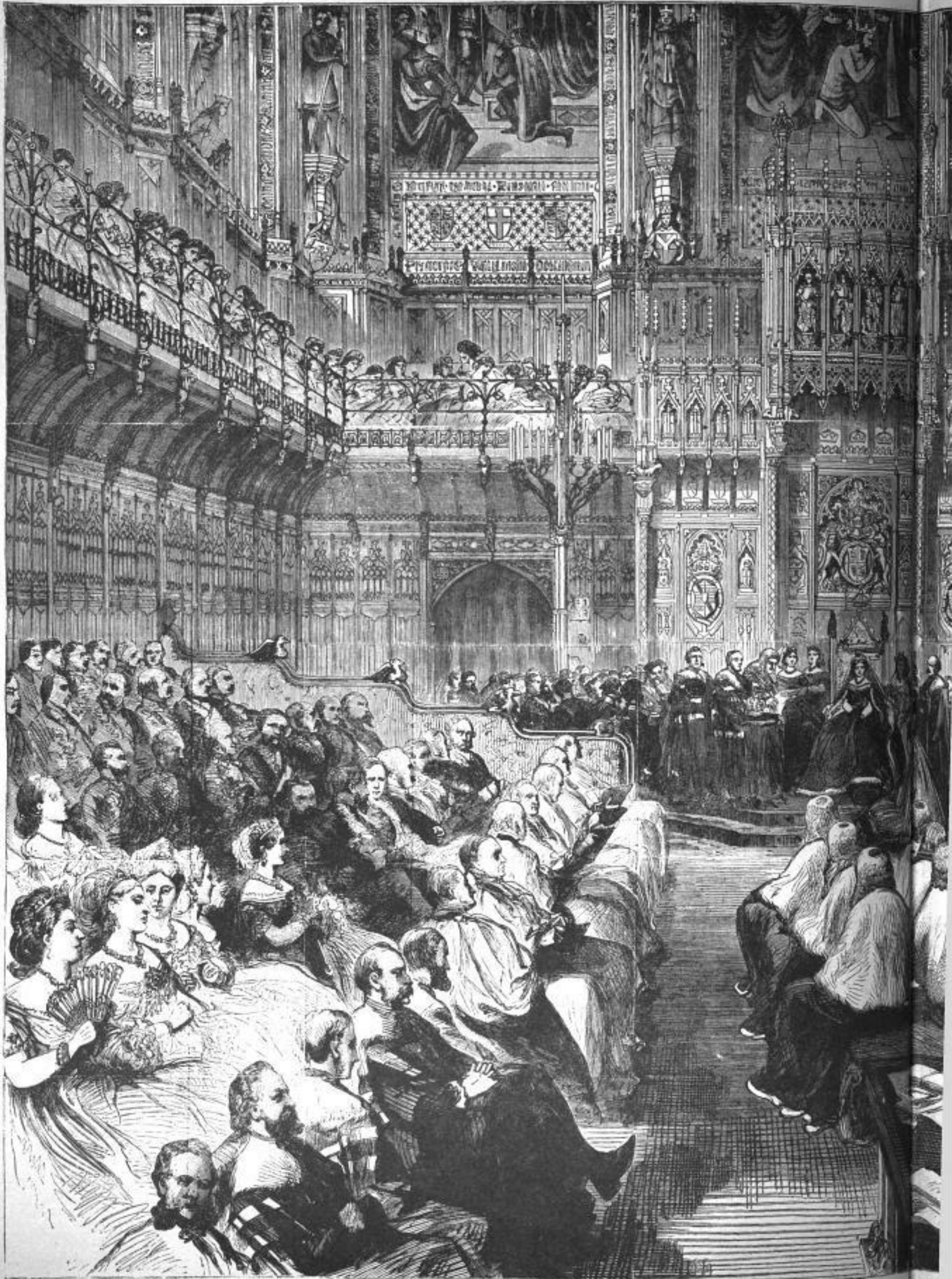
And here is night in the dreary street,
With the thick falling snow,
I stand and gaze, with an aching heart,
At the windows all aglow;
A wretched, lonely life goes by
And servants to wait on my call—
With no friend to greet and no home but the street
Where the bleeding snow-flakes fall.

I watch the shadows that never sit still,
As they quickly pass and go,
And condense a few drear'ly hours in the past,
To look on the street below—
To look on the street where the passing feet
Are scarcely heard to tread;
Where the snow from the skies like a pale shroud lies,
Like a shroud that covers the dead.

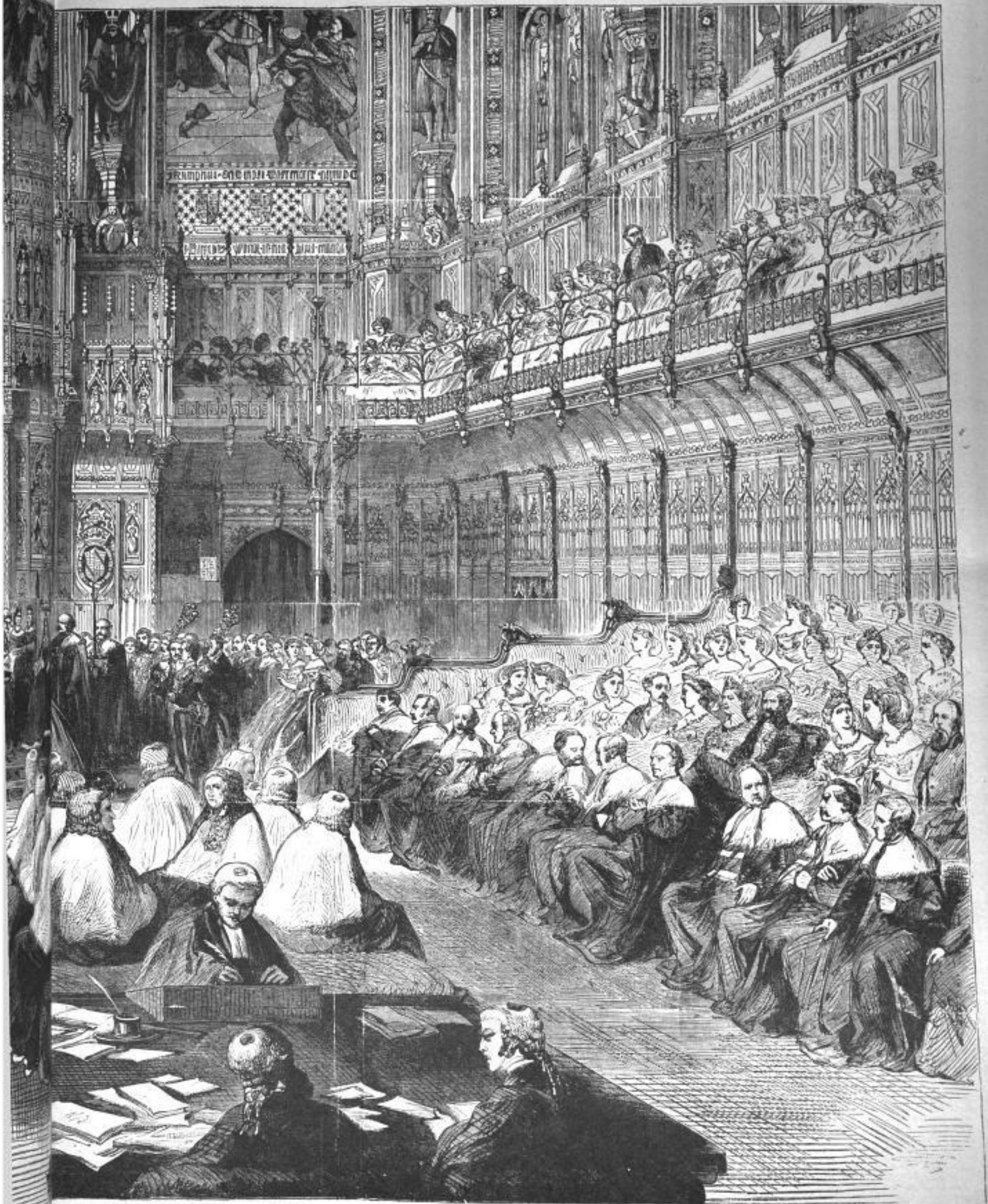
It is sometimes the face of a child I see,
And associate a mother's hair,
With jewels of price in each delicate ear,
And a flower entwined with her hair;
It is sometimes a wife in the moon of life,
Or a maiden in her prime;
And sometimes a face whose eye may trace
The furrows which deeps with time.

The children laugh in their innocent glee,
As they watch the falling snow;
The maiden blushes in each step,
A step she has learned to know;
The young wife smiles as one thought beyond,
The loving heart in her breast;
And the old man's eyes glance up on the sky,
Where the good have hope of rest.

But what a word is that to me,
Which is to me, but the memory of a dream—
Where once the days shone back with a glow,
At the bright work the young men,
Oh, when will the light, no more and less,
In the shadows of a dream
The glow of a dream, the glow of a dream,
The shadows that cover the dead.



QUEEN VICTORIA OPENING HER SEVEN PARL



PARLIAMENT, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1866.

REST.

Tea, out, ye bells! sound midnight through the air;
Till out men's lives, now glowing under care;
Wear out great Time with clock-like every where—
I wait, ye long, for rest.

Feels on step set, ye finger-marks of wear;
Hear ye ye shades! Oh! let the midnight go;
Wing past, ye hours, life is too sad and slow—
I wait, ye long, for rest.

Had faith, ye flowers, let Spring and Summer die;
Bread down, ye shadows, let Autumn too go by;
Oh! blow, ye winds, another Winter's night—
I wait, ye long, for rest.

Rest cometh not, rest is not for the young;
It cometh not, it lies the grass among;
Rest cometh to age, to younger death-bells ring—
I wait, ye long, for rest.

Rest cometh not with worldly joy and mirth;
Rest cometh not until the soul's new-birth;
Rest cometh not until we die to earth—
Then cometh rest indeed.

Death drops our lives, stretch them carefully;
Rest cometh not until we lie peacefully,
Clothe our lips, which utter thankfulness—
"How have we rest indeed."

SETH HATHRON'S FOURTH.

I ALWAYS was a black-browed, broad-shouldered, brute of a fellow, always from a boy. At school (not that I had much of that sort of thing), but at school if old Miss Peggy found out any mischief she laid it to my score because of my looks, when often and often, while I was holding out my hand to be rebuked, the prettiest boy in the school was grinning over his good luck in getting off so safely. She had her preconceived notions of a villain, I presume, and I answered the description.

For the matter of that, of all the books and stories I've read since, especially those written by ladies, I've noticed there isn't one where the language, or fopper, or phrase, or what not, who does all the wickedness of the book, as though he's taken it on contract, wouldn't do for us on a prospect, while their pets, who do the good and noble things, are generally slender, and fair, and pretty. Now the world watch I ever saw—one who was afterward hung, and who deserved hanging right, even on his own showing—had blue eyes, and white lashes, and a pink mouth like a girl's. It's so over and over again; but it's my opinion that if women were put on the poles, before the year was over every hanging, skyward, below fellow whose eyes were met would be backed up in the State Prison on suspicion.

I never was a favorite with any woman but my mother, and she died when I was eight years old. So instead of growing up with the idea that most men have, that every girl they meet is ready to fall in love with them, I never had the slightst hope that any one would ever like me well enough to let me fall in love with her even. And I liked girls so. It was odd for a fellow like me, but how I did like girls!

I never could bear to see the cry, or to hear of their being imposed upon or hurt. I couldn't pass one with a heavy basket or bundle without at least wanting to offer to carry it for her. I could never bring myself to sit in stages or cars when one was standing. I don't think I could if I had been weak or lame instead of the good I was. Yet I've seen get down lounge with their hands in their pockets while poor old ladies, who might have been their grandmothers, stood up before them! And their manners were good and nice those of a bear, and I myself only a working-man, who heard all he ever knew at old Miss Peggy's school.

Something as a man might have felt just in sight of the angels, who were too much above him to be spoken to or touched, I felt about all girls. That is, good, pure girls. When a woman was intoxicated or in my way debased she never seemed a woman to me, but a diabolical sort of creature, all the worse for having something of the pretty womanly look about her.

I was a maker of fire-works, as my father had been before me. I don't know that I liked the business particularly, but there I was, and there I staid. I made good wages, and saved them; for I didn't think enough about my looks to dress much, and I never drank. "Sulky," the other men called me. What of that? It was better to be sulky than raving mad, as some of them were so sundy as Saturday night came round. Men with nice, good-looking wives too, whose children wanted for bread and shoes what they spent in drink. I never expected to have a wife and children, but I knew how they ought to be used better than they did.

I suppose I had come to be twenty-eight or so, and no girl had ever looked at me, except as she might at a famish pecked bear, when, one day, old Mr. Williams, the proprietor of the place, came to me as I was going home to dinner, and said, in his own quick way:

"Hathron, can you drive?"

"Yes, Sir," said I.

"I want you to take the wagon and go over to the railroad depot at Baldwin, and bring down a new hand and her traps," he said. "She'll be there at half past twelve, so you'll have barely time to snatch a bite and go; and you can have the rest of the day to yourself, if you like, as it's Saturday. Her name is Annie May."

Before you can understand what he meant I must tell you that our place (they called it the "No plus ultra Pyrotechnic Establishment," bless you!) employed some five-and-twenty girls, and that they generally came from a distance, and boarded while they staid with an old woman close by, all in one place, to keep them out of harm's way.

Mr. Williams insisted on that, and had a lot of rules about the hours they were to keep and the way they were to behave; good rules, and not so rigid but that there was plenty of innocent courtship and more than one wedding in a season. As for we men, we went where we chose. Some put up at the tavern, some with people who would take a few boarders, and those who lived in the place

with their families. There were very few girls who had homes there to go to; for the village was an upish kind of place, full of country seats and villas, and the factory stood all by itself, quite a distance away, and the tavern and the few common houses were grouped close about it, as if the others were too genteel to mix with them. So Mrs. Munson's place was always full. When a new girl came down somebody always had to be sent over to Baldwin to bring her to the factory. I had never been before, and why I was chosen this time it was hard to tell. However, I was willing enough, and so, when I had taken a bite, I put on my best coat and drove over.

It was a day to tempt a man out—a beautiful spring day, with tender green grass on the earth and tender pink buds on the branches, and in the sky there were only two or three fleecy bits of clouds, like carded wool, amidst the blueness. It took only half an hour to get to Baldwin. I'd have been willing it should be ten whole ones.

The train had got in, and there were people waiting in the little house at the depot—a couple of stout old ladies, a gentleman who looked like a minister, and a young woman. I looked at her and made up my mind she couldn't be the new hand, not because she was more dressed than they usually were, but because she wasn't dressed half so much. Generally they had on their brightest gowns, and big beads around their necks, and roses enough in their bonnets to fill a garden. This girl was all in gray, and wore a veil to match. The things were cheap and not new, but they made her look like a lady. I walked up and down and waited. The few women went away in a wagon; the clergyman had a gig sent for him; and there the girl sat beside her trunk, looking now and then out of the window and beginning to seem anxious. At all events it could do no harm to speak; so I took off my hat and stepped up, with a bow.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," said I, "but has there been any body here asking about being taken to Mr. Williams's place?"

"I want to go there myself," she answered; "that is, if you mean the fire-work factory. I'm Annie May."

"I do mean the fire-work factory," I said. "Mr. Williams sent me down to fetch you. I'm Seth Hathron, one of the hands. The wagon is outside; will you get in?—Wait a bit; I'll put the trunk in first."

"Shan't I help you?" she said, and she put her little hand to the handle nearest her. It looked so small I lost out laughing.

"I don't need any help," said I, but I thought I could carry both the trunk and its owner together, if I chose, and she'd let me. She was the smallest creature, to be a full-grown woman, that I ever saw. A piece of the blue sky for her eyes, and a bit of the golden sunshine for her hair, and some of those odd tones that would climb with the barometre over the stone fences seen for her cheeks, and you know how to paint her.

After I had helped her in and had taken the trunk in my hands, I kept staring looks at her and thinking how beautiful she was; and I tried to talk about things that would please her, and pointed out the places on the road, and felt that, bright as the day had been before, it was somehow a great deal brighter now with her beside me.

We stopped at Mrs. Munson's and said good-bye. I carried her trunk into the hall and called the old lady, and drove the horse back to the stable. Then, having a holiday, I got a newspaper and went out into the woods—Baldwin's Woods they called them—and I think I knew every tree by heart.

I'd chosen by chance under a great oak, where Jack Varne, one of the hands, had carved E. V. for his name, and O. G. for Olive Grey's, and had put a ring around them both; and as I looked at the work fell to wondering why Jack Varne should have a sweet-heart and I none, and whether it was only his pretty face or something in our ways that made all girls like him and none me. And somehow I felt handsome and unhappy, and couldn't read my paper, and sat down with my head on my hands, sulking there ever, I suppose, to look on. Maybe it was at ten, maybe two, that I sat there before I hear— a step coming over the grass, and looking up, saw the girl I had driven over from Baldwin—Annie May—coming toward me. She did not see me at first; but when she did she started and stopped, and smiled at me just as I'd seen other girls smile often at other men, but never once at me before that moment. I never thought what I was doing, but held out my great iron jaw and shook hands with her as if we had been friends for years.

"I found there was nothing for me to do in the factory until Monday," she said, "and I came out to see what these woods were like. It's a pretty place."

"Fretful in summer," I said, "and prettiest of all in autumn, when the leaves are burned gold and scarlet."

"I like spring best," she said; "every thing is new and fresh, and just begun. In autumn every thing is nearly over—and that is sad."

"I don't mind it," I said; "I haven't a gay disposition, I suppose," I said. "But look here—if you like fresh young things I'll show you something;" and I took her to where, behind a fallen log, the first spring violets always grew. There were a dozen there now, and she went down on her knees to smell them. She would only pick one, though; it seemed wrong, she said.

That one, after we had walked for an hour or so, somehow dropped out of her hair. She did not know it, but I did; and when she had gone home I went back and found it lying on the path and put it in my bosom. It was so sweet and fresh and beautiful that I could not think it was like her. I liked to think so. Oh, what a day that was for me! What a night when I dreamed it over!

Next day was the Sabbath, and I did what I'd never done before. After I was dressed, angry with myself for not looking handsomer all the while I stood before the glass, I went over to Mrs. Munson's and asked for Miss May.

She came down in a muslin dress and a pretty bonnet with pale blue ribbons; and I remember stammering out something about thinking she might like to go to church and would not know the way. That was all nonsense, of course, for there was the steeple in full sight, but it gave me what I wanted, leave to be with her again.

I'm afraid I couldn't have remembered the text to save my life, and that the sermon was thrown away on me. But I was very happy—happier than I had ever been before; for this sweet young thing seemed to like me, was frank and pleasant with me, and found, I was so glad to think, a sort of protection that she liked in my great arm where her hand rested, going home over the fields, like a fallen snow-flake. It almost seemed to me that I must be crazy to believe that she had taken a notion to me; but it was true. So true that when four of those Sabbath-school boys had passed her walk with me again in Baldwin's Woods, and sat down beside her on the hollow log, behind which a great patch of violets were in bloom by that time, and told her how I loved her, and asked her to be my wife.

Only a month since she came there—only one month since I drove her over in the little wagon; but if the answer had been any thing else than what it was I should have prayed to die. It may not be such a mighty matter to other men to have one woman's love, but I had no one else on earth to care for. So when she said, "Yes," and let me kiss her, it was only shame that kept me from crying outright for joy.

She was mine now, and how proud I was of her! How glad to know that she was so near me when I was at work! How happy to see her so trim and neat among the other girls, who were most of them shabby when they were not fine! and how full of dreams of the future!

She had promised to marry me in the autumn, and after that she should work no more in the factory. I was going to buy a little three-roomed cottage in the village, and to furnish it—humbly, of course, but so that it should be a home for her; and when she was his mistress I should not envy any king his palace. Meanwhile we saw as much of each other as we could, both working so industriously.

One week he had been more than usually busy, for it was near the end of June, and we were making fire-works for the Fourth of July, and the first I had seen of Annie that day I saw in the great saloon where we always gathered to receive our traps. The men on one side, the girls on the other, creeping up to the great desk one by one as old Griffin, the clerk, called out names. I looked across the line of girls' faces, and saw her smiling at me, but I could not get near her. Besides, at that moment, my name was called—"Hathron"—and I slipped up to the desk. Then, for the first time, I noticed that old Griffin was not there. A nephew of Mr. Williams, whose name I knew to be Richard James, was paying the books instead. He was a handsome young fellow, and very gentlemanly— one of the fair kind. I remember thinking as he laid my wages before me that his hair was just the color of Annie's.

He had a sort of amateur way with him, very different from the business-like manner of old Griffin, and when it came to the girls he had something pleasant to say to each one, instead of the old man's snapping—"Say your name and deduct from yours, Jane!" or—"You were late three days last week, Martha!" What he said to Annie I don't know, but she blushed like a wild rose from town to die.

Walking home together, she asked me who he was.

"Mr. James," I answered; "did you never see him before?"

"No," said Annie. "How very handsome he is!—don't you think so?"

I gave a groaning "Yes." I couldn't bear to hear her praise him. She might, for all I knew, be contrasting him with me. That was the first pain I had had since she had promised herself to me; but there was more to come of it.

Besides her daily work Annie had got into the way of doing some fine sewing and embroidery of evenings from Miss Redford, a beautiful young lady, who lived in the parsonage house in the village, and over a week she carried it home. Generally I went with her; but there was overwork for the men to do one night, and I could not get off. I fretted and fumed about it, and when the time came couldn't for the life of me help slipping away to a stable window to try and catch a glimpse of her. Sure enough, I did see her a good way on the road, with her little basket on her arm, but there was some one with her. It was too far to see faces, but I knew the light-gray coat he wore, and it was Mr. Richard James. He was leaning over her as though talking very earnestly; and when some one inside called "Hathron!" and I could stay no longer, they were still going on close together—her face turned up and his bent down, both earnest and eager in whatever they were talking of.

I went back to my work, but I kept that picture before my eyes all the while. I thought of it until it seemed to be burned into my heart in fiery outlines. After all, it was only what might easily have happened if Mr. James had walked the same way by chance; but I could not look at it that way—or perhaps I would not.

It was like my sulky, brooding nature, too, never to say one word about it to Annie, but to keep on thinking and watching in silence. I found out more than I wanted to in that way; for one day when I had made an excuse to enter the women's work-room after Mr. James had gone there, I plainly saw him slip a little note slyly into Annie's pocket. The time had come around for her to go over to Miss Redford's with her work; but that evening, instead of going with her, I watched her—hiding like a thief behind trees and buildings on the road. She went alone and came alone, and I saw nothing for my pains. I did at church next Sabbath, though. When the hymn was given out Mr. James, sitting in the handsome family pew, seeing Annie in doubt as to the number—for the old clergyman didn't always speak distinctly—reached over and took her

book to find the place (she sat but a pew behind him). When he gave it back I saw that there was something between the leaves, and come what might would have snatched it, but at that moment Miss Redford, who sat in the side aisle, whispered to Annie to show her the number, and I lost the chance, for in passing the books it was hidden. That it was a note I knew by the white glimmer of the edge as well as if I had seen the whole of it, and surely as I live I saw Annie give Mr. James a meaning smile as he passed us on the church path going home.

Miss Redford looked at Annie as if she knew something of it too, as she stepped after her father and mother into the carriage. They were carriage people—the Redfords—and the old folks looked down on every body else. There was a feud between them and the proprietors of the factory, and they never spoke to either the Williamses or Mr. James; so there was no social chatting on the porch, and the Williams people smiled sarcastically, and the old Redfords scowled and looked haughty, until they were all fairly shut in and driven away. Not Mr. James—he was too gentlemanly; nor Miss Redford—she was too sweet. The feud was among the old folks. The farmers' families made up for their ill-temper through, and half the gentler people from the villas were snirking and bowing to each other.

The factory hands who were at church—a dozen in all, I suppose—hurried home pell-mell by short cuts, not to lose their dinners, and of them all only Annie and I were left. She was waiting for me to join her—a thing I didn't mean to do.

I leaned against the iron railing of the church-yard, wishing I was sound asleep under one of the green mounds, but only looking darker and sulkier, no doubt, than usual, until I saw her turn toward me. Then I leaped the railing and went away, never looking back. I did not go home, but spent the day in Baldwin's Woods alone.

On Monday I was at work as usual. It was the third of July, and the Fourth, of course, was to be a holiday. There were to be grand celebrations at Baldwin, and the show-pieces for the evening were being finished at our place, under the superintendence of Mr. Richard James. It was hard to keep the younger hands at their work. They were half crazy about the Fourth, and I suppose every one of them had a pistol. I never cared for banging at nothing, and should not have had one even if I had felt differently. One young fellow tried hard all day to sell me his: like a goose he had bought two, and was sorry for it.

About dusk I went to get my supper, and was coming back when, among the shadows, I saw two figures standing side-by-side together. I felt it a moment who they must be, and got close enough to hear their voices. It was as I thought. One was Annie May, the other Richard James. They were parting, but I heard enough in the few last words: "Eleven will be the best time; the moon will be up by then. I'll have the carriage waiting under the two elms in Baldwin's Woods. Be certain about the hour, for the down-train starts a quarter to twelve. Good-bye—God bless you!"

Not another word—but I knew the whole. She was going off with Richard James. She whom I loved so. The one of all the world who had seemed to love me. I heard his firm tread go away. I heard her light footstep rattle over the grass, and went back myself to the work-room, for we were to work until a late hour that night. I walked straight up to the young fellow who had been trying all day to sell me his superfluous pistol.

"Smith," said I, "I think I'll trade with you after all."

"Good for you," said he. "The Fourth ain't no Fourth without a pistol, and this is 'gin' cheap. A good load in it too, so be careful."

I counted down the money and took the weapon away with me. Do you want to know what I meant to do with it? Shoot myself through the heart. The idea of murder had not crept into my mind then. I'd swear that with my dying breath.

I only wanted to get rid of my tireless life. There was nothing left to live for—so it seemed to me.

At half past ten I got the chance I wanted, and slipped out. I was going to kill myself in Baldwin's Woods, on the dead log behind which the first spring violets grew, and where we had sat so often since together. The moon was just rising round and yellow behind the black trees, and the factory windows were all ablaze. As I slunk by the office I saw Mr. Richard James there alone. He was standing exactly under a swinging lamp. A trying light for any but a very handsome face, but his was not hurt by it. Great Heavens! how handsome he looked and how happy. My blood boiled with rage, and jealousy, and grief. I was as mad for the moment as any lunatic could be. My hand went into my bosom and caught at the pistol hidden there. The next instant I had fired, taking aim at the handsome head.

But it was not good aim. The ball passed over its mark and struck the swinging lamp. I saw it fall, and a great blaze spring up on the instant, and knew that the fire-work factory was on fire. That factory filled to the roof with explosive substances, and with a hundred and fifty men and boys, and pretty, innocent girls shut up within its walls. I do not know whether Satan ever feels remorse, but if he does it must be such as I felt—hopeless, maddening, scorching.

The next instant there was a horrible report, and I was thrown into the air.

Not hurt, though. I picked myself up from the grass and stood looking at my work. The windows were belching forth flame up in the air, amidst the smoke. Hundreds of rockets, and fire-lights, and Catherine wheels were tossing and flaming—white, and yellow, and purple, and pink, and green, and blue. Hundreds of cannons—some to be ready; and over it all you could hear screams—women's screams—and I went down on my knees and prayed—

"Oh, save her, save her—to be his wife, to hate me—only save her!"

People were flocking in from the village. Workmen, singing and scowling, forcing their way through the flames; and in the midst of the wildest tumults some one caught my arm. I turned—it was Annie, and beside her, white and trembling, stood Miss Redford.

"Oh, Seth—thank God for this!" cried Annie; "you are safe. Oh, dear young lady, try to hope—he may be too."

And then that beautiful Miss Redford sank on her knees before me, and clasped her hands, and prayed me to save her Richard!

"I should have been his wife in an hour," she said. "Oh, save my husband—save my husband—my love, my life, my darling!"

The truth rushed into my mind then. I saw all my blind folly. I remembered the feud between the Redfords and the Williams family, and knew that my Annie had only been helping Miss Redford to meet and correspond with her lover; that it was to be the message I had heard that evening had been sent, and that it would have been better for me to be dead.

"Go out of danger!" I panted. "I'll bring him to you or die with him!" and, with Annie's scream of terror in my ear, dashed away. They were playing on the burning building with the one engine they had at hand by this time, and I could see that many of the workmen were alive.

I clatched one by the arm as I went past.

"Are the women in there yet?" I yelled.

"No, thank Heaven," he answered. "Didn't you know the women were dismissed five minutes before the explosion took place. There wasn't one there. All the men are out too, I guess, but then that were setting the last show-piece in the room next the office—about a dozen. The rest jumped out of windows. There's a broken limb or two, I guess. But that's better than the poor fellows inside roasting alive or down to pieces. Young Mr. James is there, too. His uncle is offering any thing to have him got out. Life's worth more than money, though nobody can do it."

He was right. For hours we worked at the fire before it was out; and then a great heap of lumber was piled over the bodies of the thirteen men who must be inside—dead we supposed—and I heard some one say that Miss Redford was going from one window into another at the Williamses, and that it had come out that she was to have eloped with Mr. James the night before.

It was the Fourth of July; but no guns were fired and no bells rung at Baldwin. All the people of the town were about the factory helping as best they could. We lifted great charred logs and heaps of boards and molten cans, and at last one stopped. "Hush!" he cried; "for God's sake no noise. I hear a voice!" And then amidst a breathless silence we heard a moan under our feet.

We worked with a will now, and at last heard none.

One of the men put his head close down and cried, "Are any of you alive?" And some one groaned, "Yes."

Black with smoke, scorched by the cinders we handled, we went at it again, and at last came to a spot where the beams had made a kind of pent-house. There, jammed together and half suffocated, but alive, were four men. And such a yell went up as mortal ears never heard before. Four saved! four saved! And we drew them out and gave them over to the doctors. Then there was another shout not so loud, for we had come to one insensible, jammed between two logs. He breathed though as soon as we brought him to the air.

It was a time no one ever forgets. Judge what it was to me!

At last all were out but Mr. James, and somebody cried that they could see him under some beams. It was a dangerous place to get at; but I would not stop for that. I forced myself into the narrow aperture, and set to work. I called, but there was no answer. At last I came to him, lying with a great beam across his chest. His beautiful golden hair and beard were singed and scorched, and one of his hands was blistered. I touched him, and screamed in his ears, but they were deaf to me. I got the log off somehow, and dragged him to the light, and then I had help enough. They took him between them and laid him on the grass, and the doctor unfastened his vest.

"Is he dead?" I asked; and I meant as truly as I live, if the answer were "yes," to tell the crowd before me what I had done, knowing well that if I did no law could save me.

There was no answer for a moment, and I spoke again, "Is he dead?" And God bless the dear, white-headed old man who answered so kindly:

"No, my man, he isn't dead. I think he's coming to."

Oh, the mercy of the good Lord—think of it! Of the whole lot one was killed. There were beams, and broken limbs, and black eyes, but there was no death; and soon I saw Richard James—pale and faint but out of danger—standing before me. I can't believe God had been so good to me.

Then that old white-haired doctor mounted on a pile of burned logs and lifted his hat, and there were three such cheers as were never heard before, and a dozen boys sped in to Baldwin to ring the joy-bells; and women came crying to thank me for helping to save their dear ones—so that for shame I went and hid myself in Baldwin's Woods and cried, with my head hidden in my arms, on the old log where the victims were.

Then somebody came softly up the path and sat beside me, and bent over me, and took me, singed and smoke-stained as I was, in two white arms—and only one of all the world could do that—and without looking I knew it was Annie.

"My noble, brave darling," she said; "my own dear that I am so proud of!" and sobbed and kissed me.

"They are so happy, too," she said; "and Mr. James is only scorched and burned a very little, and old Mr. Redford is reconciled to old Mr. Williams, and they will be married after all. They are so fond of each other, Seth—as fond as you and I."

And then I stood up and put her gently from me,

and made amends for my sin by an awful sacrifice. I told her the truth—what I was, and what I had done, and why, and waited to hear her renounce me.

She did not do it. She was shocked and grieved, but she pitied me, and I dared to take her in my arms and call her mine again. I believe that all my life there had been an evil spirit in my breast, and that he left me forever at that moment.

It was some time before the factory was rebuilt, and some had been injured, and many were out of work. I knew my duty. To those in need came little gifts of money every week, with no clew to its donor, until my savings were all gone.

So we did not buy the three-roomed cottage, and perhaps never shall; but, penniless as I was, she married me, and we are happy.

Mr. James and Miss Redford are married too; and when we sit in church she smiles across the pews to that little wife of mine, and I think, with a pang of terror even yet, from what God's mercy saved me.

JAVA COFFEE.

Let elderly ladies delight if they can
In black, green, or caramelé tea;
I am firmly persuaded no drink for a man
Can be equal to Java Coffee.

A cup of good coffee will wind a man up,
As a watch is wound up by the key.
Then give me for breakfast, for dinner, and supper,
A drink of good Java Coffee.

Our patriot ancestors did a good thing
In destroying these shiploads of tea;
But they'd gladly have suffered the vessels to bring
Whole cargoes of Java Coffee.

We hear of Fongy My-oss; but when we inquire
Whose son the young fellow may be,
The Chinese mythology tells us his size
Was Old Government Java Coffee.

For wines and for spirits I've greater contempt
Than for Hyson, Soonging, and Bobon;
With these all put together you'd never attempt
To rival good Java Coffee.

When tonics are needed these bark to the dogs,
And let bitters and iron-pills be;
A tonic far better than any such drugs
Is decoction of Java Coffee.

All lawyers want pay for enforcing the laws,
And retainers are welcome to me;
But the fee I like best when I argue a cause,
I assure you, is Java Coffee.

But coffee is commonly coupled with toast,
And our toast for this evening shall be:
To the memory of him who first taught us to toast
The rich berry of Java Coffee!

STUCK FAST.

I once have one night, and Mrs. Bunge—that's our next-door neighbor—shows me something wrapped up in flannel, all pink and creamy, and very stuffy, as though it wanted its nose blowing; which couldn't be expected, for it hadn't got any to signify.

"Ain't it a little beauty?" she says.
Well, I couldn't see as it was; but I didn't like to say so, for I knew my wife Polly had been rather reckoning on what she said we ought to have had more'n a year ago; so I didn't like to disappoint her, for I know she lay 'tween in the next room.

Polly always said there never was such a baby as that one; and somehow it was talking to see how her face used to light up all over smiles when she thought I wasn't looking; and I knew it was all an account of the little one. She never said she felt dull now; and when at home of a night I used to think how my mates would laugh to see me a-handling the little thing that was still being pushed into my face to him; when I'm blest if ever I see such a voracious one in my life; it would hang on to you—nose, lip, any where—in a minute.

One day, when it was about nine months old, it was taken all of a sudden like with a fit. Polly screamed to me to run for the doctor; for it happened that I was on the club that week, and at home with a bad hand. I ran for him and he soon come; and then there was a warm bath and medicine; but afterward, when I saw the little thing lying on Polly's lap so still and quiet, and with a dull film forming over its eyes, I felt that something was coming, though I dared not tell her; and about twelve o'clock the little thing suddenly started, stared wildly an instant, and then it was all over.

My hand wasn't had any more that week; for it took a' my time to try and cheer up my poor heart-broken lass. She did take on dreadful, night and day, night and day, till we buried it; and then she seemed to take quite a change, and begged of me to forgive what she called her selfishness, and wiped her eyes once for all, as she said, and talked about all being for the best. But she didn't know that I lay awake of a night, feeling her cry silently till the pillow was soaked with tears.

We buried the little one on the Sunday, and on the Monday morning I was clapped on to a job that I didn't much relish, for it was the reburial of a sewer that ran down one of the main streets, quite fifty feet underground.

After two years in London I'd seen some change, but this was my first visit to the bowels of the earth. I'd worked on drains down in the country, but not in such a concern as this: why a Lieutenant might have walked down in easy; so that there was plenty of room to work. But then, mind you, it ain't pleasant work; there you go, down ladder after ladder, past gas-pipes and water-pipes, and down and down, till you get to the stage stretched across the part you are at work on, with the daylight so high up, as seen through boards, and scaffolds, and ladders, that it's no use to you who are working by the light of flaring gas. There in front of you is the dark

black arch; and there behind you is another; while under your feet the foul rushing water hurries along, sending up a smell as turns your silver watch, and every sixpence and shilling you have in your pocket, black as the water that swirls bubbling along. Every word you speak sounds hollow and echoing, while it goes whispering and rattling along; the dark arch till you think it has gone, when all at once you hear it again quite plain in a way as would make you jump as much as when half a brick or a bit of hard mortar dropped into the water.

But talk about jumping, soaking made me jump more than when a bit of soil, or a stone, was loosened up above and came rattling down. I've seen more than one chap change color; and I know it's been from the thought that, suppose the earth caved in, where should we be? No doubt the first crush in would do it, and there'd be an end of workmen and foreman; but there seemed something werry awful in the idea of being buried alive.

Right as the opening was, when I went to work it made me shudder; there was the earth thrown out; there was the rope at the side; there was the boarding round; there it was for all the world like a big gear, same as I'd stood by on a little scale the day before; and feeling a bit low-spirited, it almost seemed as though I was going down into my own grave to come up any more.

Werry awful and foolish ideas, says you—far-fetched ideas. Werry likely, but then's what I thought; and there are times when even werry strange ideas; and I'll tell you for a fact that something struck me when I went down that hole as I shouldn't come up it again; and I didn't, neither. Why the werry feel of the cold damp place made you think of being buried, and when a few bits of earth come and rattled down upon the stage above my head, as soon as the first start was over it seemed to me so like the rattling of the earth but a few hours before upon a little coffin, that something fell with a pat upon my light trowel, which, if it had been left, would ha' been a spot of rust.

Nothing like work to put a fellow to rights; and I soon found that I was feeling better, and the strokes of my trowel went rippling away down the sewer as I cut the bricks in half; and after a bit I almost felt inclined to whistle, but I didn't, for I kept on thinking of that solitary face at home—the face that always brightened up when I went back, and had made such a man or me as I felt I was, for it was enough to make any man vain to be thought so much of. And then I thought how dull she'd be, and how fond she'd be of looking at the drawer where all the little things were kept; and then I—well, I ain't ashamed of it, if I was a great looking fellow—I took care that nobody saw what I was doing, while I had a look at a little bit of a shoe as I had in my pocket.

I didn't go home to dinner, for it was too far off; so I had my snack, and then went to it again directly along with two more, for we was on the piece. We had some beer sent down to us, and at it we work till it was time to be to go off; and I must say as I was glad of it, and didn't much envy the fresh gang coming on to work all night, though it might just as well have been night with us. I was last down, and had just put my foot on the first round of the ladder, when I heard something falling as it hit and jared the boards up; and then directly after what seemed to be a brick caught me on the head, and before I knew where I was, I was off the little platform, splash down in the cold rushing water that took me off and away yards upon yards before I got my head above it; and then I was so confused and half-drowned that I let it go under again, and had been carried over so before, half-drowned, I gained my legs and heaved, panting and blinded, up against the stony wall.

There I stood for at least ten minutes, I should suppose, shuddering and horrified, with the thick darkness all around, the slimy, muddy brick against my hands, the cold, rushing water beneath me, and my mind in that confused state that for a few minutes longer I didn't know what I was going to do next, and wanted to persuade myself that it was all a dream, and I should wake up directly.

All at once, though, I gave a jump, and, instead of being cold with the water dripping from me, I turned all hot and burning, and then again cold and steady; for I had felt something crawling on my shoulder, and then close against my bare neck, when I gave the jump, and heard close by me a light splash in the water—a splash which echoed through the hollow place, while, half to frighten the beast that I fancied must be in swarms around me, half wrong from me as a cry of fear and agony, I yelled out,

"Rats!"

Rats they were; for above the hollow "wash-wash, hurry-hurry, wash-wash, hurry-hurry" of the water, I could hear little splashes and a scuffling by me along the sides of the track-work.

You may laugh at people's hair standing on end, but I know then that there was a creeping, tingling sensation in the roots of mine, as though sand was trickling among it; a cold seemed to come over my mind, and for a few moments I believe I was mad—mad with fear; and it was only by setting my teeth hard and clenching my fists that I kept from shrieking. However, I was soon better, and ready to laugh at myself as I recollected that I could only be a little way from the spot where the men worked; so I began to wade along with the water here about up to my middle. All at once I stopped, and thought about where I was at work.

"What's my old water row?"

My head turned hot and my temples throbbled with the thought. I went the werry way I should be lost—lost in this horrid darkness—to sink at last into the foul, black stream, to be drowned and devoured by the rats, or else to be choked by the foul gases that must be lurking down here in these dark recesses.

Again the horror of thick darkness came upon me; I shrieked out wildly, and the cry went echoing through the sewer, sounding hollow and wild till it faded away. But once more I got the better of it, and persuaded myself that I had only cried aloud to scare the rats. What would I not have

given for a steel stick as a defense against attack as I groped my way on, feeling convinced that I should be right if I crawled down stream, with a little reflection would have told me that up stream must be the right way, for I must have been loosened down by the water. But I could not reflect, for my brain seemed in a state of fever, and now and then my teeth chattered as though I had the ague.

I groped on for quite a quarter of an hour, when the horrid thought came upon me that I was going wrong, and again I tried to lean up against the wall, which seemed to cause my feet to slip from under me. I felt so cold, for the perspiration dropped from me as I frantically turned back and tried to retrace my steps, groping myself by running a hand against the wall, where every now and then it entered the mouth of a small drain, when, so sure as it did, there was a scuffle and crash, and more than once I touched the cold, slippery side of a rat—a touch that made me start back as though shot.

On I went, and on, and still to scaffold, and so gleam of daylight. Thought after thought gave fresh horror to my situation, as now I felt certain that in my frantic haste I had taken some wrong turn, or entered a branch of the main place; and, at last, completely bewildered, I rushed headlong on, stumbling and falling twice over, so that I was half-choked in the black water. But it had its good effect; for it put asoepsie my wild struggles, which must soon have ended in my falling headlong into what was certain death. The water cooled my head, and now, feeling completely hot—knowing that I must have been nearly two hours in the sewer—I made up my mind to follow the stream to its source in the Thomas, where, if the tide was down, I could get from the mud on to the wharf or bank.

So once more I struggled on, following the stream slowly for what seemed to be hours, till at last, raising my hand, I found I could not touch the roof, and by that knew that I was in a larger sewer, and therefore not very far from the mouth. But here there was a new horror creeping up on me, so to speak, for from my waist the water now touched my chest, and soon after my armpits; when I stopped, not daring to trust myself to swim, perhaps a mile, when I felt that weak I could not have gone a hundred yards.

I know in my despairing mind I gave a head like a wild beast, and turned again to have a hard fight to breast the rushing water, which nearly took me off my legs. But the fear of death led me help, and I got on and on again till I felt myself in a tunnel which I soon knew was a smaller sewer, and from thence I reached another, where I had to stoop; but the water was shallower, not above my knees, and at last much less deep than that.

Here I knelt down to rest, and the position brought something else from my heart; and, after a while, still stooping, I went on, till, having passed dozens upon dozens of drains, I determined to creep up one, and I did.

"Pray you won't think it strange as I dream and groan in bed sometimes, when I tell you what followed.

I crawled on, and on, and on, in the hopes that the place I was in would lead under one of the street gratings, and I kept starting ahead in the hopes of catching a gleam of light, till at last the place seemed so light that I dared go so far for fear of being fixed in. So I began to back very slowly, and then, feeling it rather hard work, stopped for a rest.

It was quite dry here, but, scuffling on in front, I kept hearing the rats I had driven before me; and now that I stopped and was quite still, half a dozen of them made a rush to get past me, and the little light which followed even now gives me the horror. I'd hardly room to move; but I killed one by squinting him, when the others backed off, but not till my face was bitten and running with blood.

At last, half dead, I tried to back out, for the place seemed to stifle me; and I pushed myself back a little way, and then I was stopped, for the skirts of my jacket filled up what little space had been left, and I felt that I was wedged in, stuck fast.

Now came the horrors again worse than ever. The hot blood seemed to gush into my eyes; I felt half-suffocated; and to add to my sufferings a rat, that felt itself as it were pinned up, fastened upon my lip. It was its last bite, however, for half dead as I felt then, my teeth had closed in a moment upon the vicious beast, and it was dead.

I made one more struggle, but could not move, I was so knocked up; and then I fainted.

It must have been some time before I came to myself; but when I did, the first sound I heard was a regular tramp tramp, of some one walking over my head, and I gave a long yell for help, when, to my great joy, the step halted, and I shrieked again, and the sweetest sound I have ever heard in my life came back. It was a voice shouting,

"Hallo!"

"Stuck fast in the drain!" I shouted, with all the strength I had left; and then I swooned off once more, to wake up a week afterward, out of a brain-fever sleep, in a hospital.

It seems I had got within a few yards of a grating which was an end of the drain, and the close quarters made the rats so fierce. The policeman heard my shriek, and had listened at the grating, and then got help; but he was only laughed at, for they could get no further answer out of me. It was then about half past three on a summer's morning; and though the grate was got open they were about to give it up, saying the policeman had been humbugged; when a couple of sweeps came up, and the little one offered to go down back-wards, and he did, and came out directly after, saying that he could feel a man's head with his toes.

That policeman has had werry a glass at my expense since, and I hope he'll have a many more; and when he tells me the story, which I like to hear—but always take care shall be when Polly's away—he says he knows I should have liked to see how they saw that drain up in no time. To which there's always such an echo in my heart that it comes quite natural to say, "You're right, my boy!"



UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, ON A WINDY DAY IN MARCH.

MR. T. HUGHES, M.P.

Our readers will remember that, in our paper for January 27, we published an article by THOMAS HUGHES, the new Member of Parliament for Lambeth, entitled "Peace on Earth." No vindication of the cause for which our armies have fought has been bolder than this generous effort of Mr. HUGHES, and nowhere have the enemies of the United States met a refutation more complete and unanswerable. We give our readers on this page a photograph of this eminent statesman.

The new member for Lambeth is claimed by a large part of the English people as one of their familiar friends. Mr. THOMAS HUGHES—the author of "Tom Brown's School-days," and of one or two more books which have found their way, perhaps, to a less number of readers, but are scarcely less characteristic of the man from whom they came—has made himself pretty well known to a good many of his countrymen, high and low, not only as a novelist and magazine writer, but in various departments of practical work; and, though he is neither a perpetual platform-speaker nor a bustling patron of temporary exhibitions, he has long been reckoned a man of mark in the world of public life.

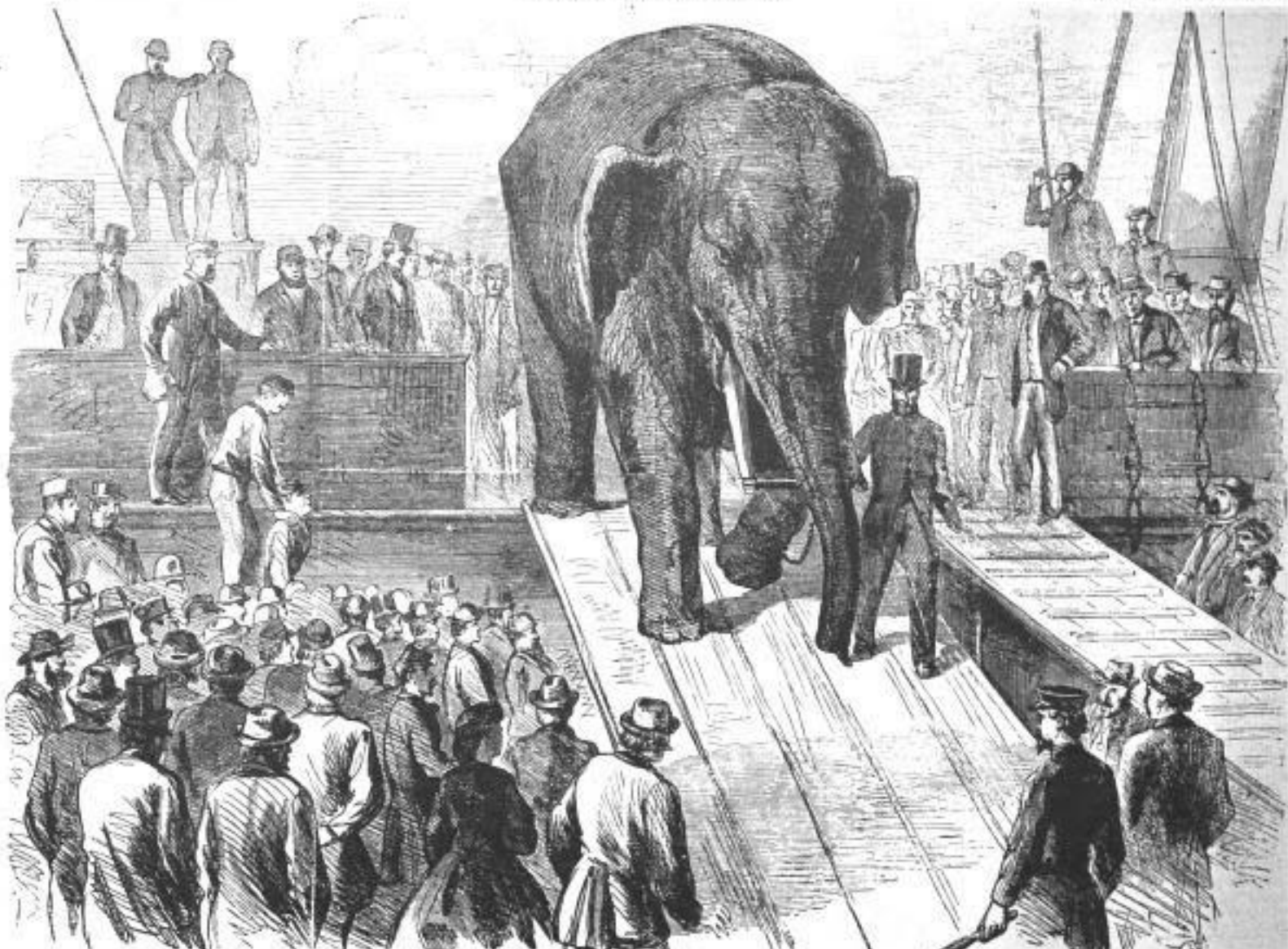
We need not here pass any criticism on those pleasant, wholesome, and instructive stories, or rather sketches, of English domestic and scholastic manners which commend themselves to the young as well as to the old by their frank cheerfulness of spirit, their hearty appreciation of all harmless pleasures, combined with a shrewd worldly wisdom, and what seems not incompatible with these moral elements—a noble enthusiasm for duty and virtue, with a manly sentiment of true religion. It is possible that these books may have caused him to be regarded as the literary champion of two great principles which have grown more fashionable than ever in the last twelve or fourteen years—the one being called "Muscular Christianity," and the other denominated as an absolute conviction of the superiority of the English race in the fighting and working qualities—in toughness, pluck, and bottom—to every other race of mankind. But the beautiful incandescence which is bred of mere animal ferocity has never been countenanced by him, nor has he ever sanctioned those trades



THOMAS HUGHES, M.P. FOR LAMBETH.

of ignorant bigotry against all that is foreign to England in which Englishmen are too apt to indulge. He has shown that the staunchest English patriotism is consistent with an enlightened interest in the prospects of freedom on the Continent of Europe, and with a cordial affection for the citizens of the great American Republic, whose mighty struggle he watched in a sympathizing spirit, and one of whose best representatives—Mr. JAMES ROSS-LOWELL—has been introduced by him to a high literary rank among his countrymen.

The claims, however, of Mr. HUGHES are especially to the confidence and good-will of the working-classes are quite independent of any popularity which he may have gained as an agreeable writer. While he has always disliked and rebuked the ways of the demagogue, and held aloof from the vain turmoil of common political agitation, it has been his steady endeavor to make the most of those agencies of social reform which led him to open a road for the poorest and humblest of his fellow-countrymen to the safe and salutary possession of a share of power in the state. Mr. HUGHES does not endeavor to set class against class, or appeal to the narrow prejudices and interests of one portion of the community to disparage and condemn the others. His chief aim, on the contrary, is to foster those sentiments of mutual respect and kindness among them all, without which the best political institutions are but means of mischief. It was, we believe, through the unwearied zeal and industry of Mr. HUGHES, and of those with whom he worked, that the necessary alterations in the law of partnership were obtained from Parliament in order to legalize the formation of the working-men's stores for the supply of retail wares at wholesale prices, and of the limited-liability companies for manufacturing and trading enterprises, which have been formed on the co-operative principle. Mr. HUGHES has continued to bestow his assistance on all these self-supporting industrial associations of the working men, both in the metropolis and in the north of England; he has been accustomed to act as their legal adviser, and to prepare the title-deeds or conveyances of their property, their agreements of partnership, their statutes or rules, and other instruments required. Work of this description is not the less valuable though done in



LANDING OF AN ENORMOUS ELEPHANT FROM THE "CORNELIUS GRINNELL," AT NEW YORK, MARCH 8, 1866.—[See Page 100.]

the privacy of his Lincoln's Inn chambers; and the... for whom it is done have shown that they are... by causing Mr. Hume to be the position... a triumphant candidate on the hustings, at the... election, last July.

Mr. Hume was born at Uffington, Berkshire, in 1825, being the second son of JOHN HUME, Esq., of Downington Priory, Newbury, in that county. He was educated at Rugby School, and at Oriel College, Oxford. He was called to the bar, at the Inner Temple, in 1848, and is a practicing barrister in the equity courts. He has married a daughter of the Rev. James Foss, Prebendary of Exeter, and has several children.

LANDING AN ELEPHANT.

FROM ON BOARD THE SHIP CORALINE GRISTELL, CAPTAIN STRECKER, one of the London packets, was landed, on the 8th of March, a large elephant, said to weigh nearly four tons. "His Immensity" had passed the voyage in the seclusion of the cock-house—amidships—which was considerably heightened for his accommodation. To enable him to reach the wharf a most platform was arranged of oak plank, sloping from the side of the vessel; but it required a great deal of coaxing to induce him to risk his weight upon it, as he seemed to have a preference for the gang-plank, which not only was provided with cleats, but sloped much less. The gangway cracked ominously upon the pressure of one foot, and therefore the elephant took courage and "walked the plank" in perfect safety, followed through the streets by an admiring crowd of men and boys, who sympathized in his evident relief at getting upon terra firma once more.

The name of this elephant is Abnerum. He was brought from London. He stands 9 feet 6 inches high, consumes daily a hundred-weight of hay, and drinks ten gallons of water.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Reason, did you ever sit up to watch for burglars? No? Then you have an experience yet in store for you. "Mercy on us!" exclaimed our good housekeeper the other night as, discharging the servant's care, she went herself to fasten the front-door for the night: "The door-key is gone! They have taken it! These burglars have stolen it!" And the worthy lady examined the key-hole and searched the door in a state of intense excitement. Now the simple loss of the key—though a suspicious circumstance—would not have produced such a commotion in Mrs. W.'s mind had she not been previously disturbed by sundry stories of dark doings in her immediate vicinity. And this strange loss was good fortune—to her mind—that the attempt to enter her house was to be made—perhaps that very night.

Biographical eulogies were offered to Mrs. W., the police were notified—the keyhole door was secured in a manner that would not let locks and keys to shake—and, finally, in a fit of uncharitable benevolence, we volunteered to sit up and watch. "What a grand time to read and write!" we thought, privately; though Mrs. W.—endeavored to impress to with a sense of weighty responsibility.

Every body goes to bed. And with a new novel in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other—with a three-shaded perfume on the table, and—well—an umbrella in the corner, we settle down in the comfortable easy-chair—to rest in the middle of Chapter IV., as the "was small" heroine on the above page looks on. Hark! what's that? and every articulation seems to be lost. Suspense! that is nothing but the distant crackling of the kitchen fire. We had half a dozen flames—then jump up and strain the ear at the post-door: say, yes, we lean over the basement stairs and listen intently. Hark! that peculiar scraping noise grows louder. Plop—a pot goes on board and down we rush into the dining-room, anxious to demolish the intruder. The ear strains in as we open the door and behold, a naked man with a candle in his hand! Hark! nothing of the kind! We see Mrs. W.'s pet Tally, standing in the middle of the room with erect head, bristling tail, and great eyes, staring wildly at the results of her uncharitable scoldings.

Further cross-father we return to the parlor re-visit the cat shall be put out at night, or given away. The pen is better than a book, but only a half page is written when a steady—we fancy—step on the side-stair strikes us. We peer through the blind. What ho!—here these two personifications to be prowling around the base of night! We watch them suspiciously as they creep across the hearth. What do they do? Only two, and we rush to writing again. Hark! a noise in the key-hole, and the sound of beating gross knees. Hark! that's only the cat. Guess the cat is worth keeping on the whole. We resume the novel, pretending to be intensely interested. Hark! post-horn hold the watch to the ear, it makes clear that it has not stopped. A postman, repeat the sound; we listen and investigate. Nothing but the water-dripping from a loose faucet. A heavy regular tread announces the police. They stop to see if all is safe. Yes, but it is three o'clock, and the loose night have been caught long ago, and they never have been the wiser. The alarm ceases. We wonder if there is such uncharitable stiffness and such peculiar reticence every night when we are in attendance? And we fall into a reverie (interrupted by the occasional pricking up of our ears) which has—until morning and Mrs. W.—come simultaneously.

We might well have a larger police force in some quarters of the city, where the "beats" are unreasonably long. Burglars, however, have other enemies as well as the police. New Yorkers are sharper and more cautious than Londoners, we judge, for we do not believe such a story as the following would ever even have been told of them. This is the story, though, of course, we can't prove the truth of it:

A gentleman, residing in London, shut up his house, on 1st week in the country for the summer vacation. After a few weeks' absence he returned, with his key in his pocket, to open his house. Judge his astonishment when he found nothing but the lot of lead upon which his house had stood! On inquiry it was ascertained that a few days after he left the city the neighbors and others noticed that the building was open, and that men were carrying away the furniture in broad daylight. They, however, supposing the owner had given such orders, asked no questions. Pretty soon the men began to take down the lattice, and orderly carried off all the building materials, because nobody had curiosity enough to investigate!

The following paragraph from a recent article in one of our daily papers, on city nuisances, gives indication that our new Health Board mess is open the way for receiving suggestions and information:

"The Complaint Book is not yet ready, but complaints are sensibly coming in to our quarters. Books are being prepared for the purpose of having the complaints entered, one of which will be left at each of the police stations in the districts, and one at police head-quarters.

The Senate has passed the joint resolution to pay Mrs. Clara Barton \$15,000 for expenses in securing for and publishing lists of missing soldiers, and for the further prosecution of that work. The vote was unanimous. Mrs. Barton's own claims are uncalculated—we believe she has spent about \$5000—and Congress does the nicest justice to repay her and to supply funds for continuing her noble work.

March came in "like a lion," and has been roaring like an infuriated wild beast a good part of the time ever since. Walking is any thing but a pleasurable occupation. The winter's accumulation of filth in the streets, dried by the wind, takes to itself wings and flies into eyes, nose, and mouth, half smothering the unfortunate pedestrian. Ladies endeavor to protect themselves with veils; but nothing short of the thickest double veils—which in reality are blinding—can keep eyes face decently clean. We trust in the old saying that March will go on "like a lamb."

An exchange tells of a war-worn veteran who is now wearing his third nose. He lost the original article in battle, was then presented with an India rubber one, which was also taken away, and is now wearing a wicker one which he made out of an ammunition box! It is to be presumed that the want of gaspowder is still grateful to his nostrils; at all events he uses what it is.

A writer in the London Medical Gazette gives the following lurid explanation of the phenomenon of a lady's black:

"The mind communicates with the central ganglion; the latter, by reflex action through the brain and facial nerve, with the organic nerve in the face, with which its branches innervate."

Queen Victoria is reported as shocked at discovering that the Prince and Princess of Wales smoked cigarettes together in a little blue saloon called their smoking-parlor. This pernicious and reprehensible practice was taught her Royal Highness by her scape-grace husband; and, horrible to say, she likes it.

No so very long ago, in one of the Western States, there was a certain Baptist church, whose members were not exactly a unit on the subject of immorality. At a meeting of church officers, on one occasion, a certain person, not remarkable for purity of life, sent in a request for admission into their fold. One of the excommunicated—a rather rough man—on hearing the name of the individual, exclaimed: "That man? Well, if that man is to be admitted to the church he ought to seek overnight!"

A pair of African twins, christened in Raleigh (North Carolina), resemble a greater natural curiosity than the celebrated Siamese twins. The connection between these girls is closer than in the Siamese twins, beginning below the neck and terminating at the extremity of the spine. To touch one at any point of the body is to touch the other, and a sensation to the brain of each; while a touch of either above the connection is felt by that one only. They can talk to different persons at the same time on entirely different subjects; and one can engage in a game of whist while the other reads or sings.

A singular story is told of a Madonville, living in Hampshire, England, who has performed a feat which would be credited to William Tell. A child, aged seven years, while playing with his bow, and aged twelve months, placed over its head an iron bar similar to that used for the tail of a cart-wheel. The child took the bow to school, and when the parents discovered it they were horrified to find that it was impossible to remove the bar, and speedy amputation was inevitable. Cries, the blacksmith, was called in, and suggested the desperate idea of hammering out the iron with a sledge, and he successfully completed his dangerous task. While one person led the legs and another the head of the little one, others fearfully watched at the ring and severed it. A full blow of iron on each, and instantaneous death must have resulted. It would be impossible to describe the joy of the parents at the moment of the bold blacksmith's.

Fancy dolls have been very brilliant and striking in their little scenes—dolls of course, I at last brought them to a close. Some of the most curious exhibited here have been very unique that we can not follow giving one or two for the same name of our lady readers. It is told that at a recent fancy ball the Marchioness de Galliford visited more than her usual share of admiration and delight as an Artichoke. Her costume was a short petticoat of white corduroy richly embroidered in gold; the bodice appeared to represent gold-painting work-armor. The hair was styled in each side made of white feathers, these were high in the air, and their descent below the knee; her hair was given their descent over her shoulders and down her back in long cascade tangles. A diamond star glinted on her forehead, and even when descending she exhibited a small steel sword in her beautifully-formed ungloved hand.

Another great attraction was the arrival of a very beautiful woman, dressed as a Japanese, who was carried in a palanquin, and escorted by a numerous train of Japanese gaiters, represented by the attendants from the Ministry. A very beautiful young London, Miss C., was admitted as the Queen of the Amateurs, in a similar white petticoat covered with symbolic animals; the bodice was a tiger skin, and the head-dress a small gold helmet. The beautiful Mrs. Miles was Amphitrite, in a sea-green gown dress, apparently powdered all over with seaweed. A silver tank decorated with shells, coral, and feathery seaweeds. A long lot of sea-shells round her neck, and her hair studded with pearls, corals, and crystal drops. These de Toogreffe represented a shower of gold, in a dress of gold brocade, covered with a skin of white tulle (beverage) to the waist, and over that a white tulle tunic made with gold and fringed with emerald gold balls; the bodice was covered with similar gold balls, and the hair was profusely powdered with gold.

But to turn to those fashions which may be of rather more practical interest to the majority of American ladies. It is stated that "crinolines" is at last entirely done, appearing in evening toilets, although it is still worn under promenade and morning dresses. But for evening wear stevedore petticoats are now adopted instead of steel cages. These petticoats are made quite plain round the hips, and have several buttons from the knee downward. About four of these petticoats are worn at one time. The material is muslin, and the stretch is silk. Only very eccentric ladies, and those who desire to be conspicuous, are seen to-day without crinolines out of doors.

Yet the same journal which gives this as the Parisian style, sends to its readers a paper pattern which "will enable them to cut out and make up a very well fitting crinoline at home." And, moreover, states that the real fact is that "crinolines are not so 'going out' as they are only disappearing in view. They are still doing with a persistency which has never, we believe, before been evinced for any article of ladies' costume. They have been written at, Jersey at, talked at, mentioned for ten years or more; French has leveled entire critical shafts against these apparently offending garments; but all to no avail. The one stands there: for outdoor wear small round crinolines are worn, and for evening toilets large train-shaped crinolines are in vogue. This is the rule, although there are certain exceptions to be seen, where crinolines is patronized neither for evening nor evening dress."

American ladies can follow the fashions of Paris or London; or, better still, this is a boasted land of liberty, they may adopt such a style as is healthful, tasteful, convenient, and comfortable.

SIMILES.

To what shall I liken my love for thee?
To the measureless sky, the boundless sea?
Verily no,
It is not so!
The sky is not ever so clear and bright,
But oftentimes clouded and dark and black,
As if the bright sunshine would never come back.
Such is not my love for thee!

My love never changes, 'tis always—
From the cloud of fear or uncertainty.
No storms arise
To dim its skies,
Which are ever bathed in hope's deep blue;
And happiest fancies like sunbeams play
On its shadowless bosom night and day.
And such is my love for thee!

I would not compare my love to the sea,
That emblem of fickle inconsistency.
Now raging here,
Now rippling there;
It can not be trusted for long, I trow,
Besides you can fathom it, know its breadth,
And take the hid treasures out of its depth.
Such is not my love for thee!

But the ocean of love within my breast,
Is a raging storm which is never at rest,
Boundless, endless,
And fathomless.
Nothing can calm it or take it away,
The waves dash high, but the tide of Time
Can never affect this sea of mine.
And such is my love for thee!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

REASONABLE TRANSLATION.

LETTERS TO OURS.—Under a tent umbrella.

ARRANGING FOR YOUR LAMBS ON A WET AFTERNOON.—Knitting their Eyebrows.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.—A gentleman troubled with a short memory having acquired the bad habit of turning down a leaf of a book as he set to remember where he left off, writes to say that he never can remember a street that he's only been in once. How is he to remedy this defect? Very simply: let him do as he does with his books, turn down a corner.

QUESTION TO A WORKING GARDENER.—"Of all your trees which yields most fruit?" Says he, "Sir, the best fruits come from my Judas-tree."

A CORRUPT CONSCIENCE.—When is a greyhound not a greyhound?—When it wears a tail.

SCANDAL.—Miss Martineau is supposed to have committed the fault of profanity in her excellent work, Moral Agency for the Spiritless.

A gentleman had conferred a favor on a friend, an undertaker. Says the latter: "I know, I am under great obligations to you, and allow me to say that your kind favor is kindly appreciated, and I hope I may be able to do you a good turn some day or other. If you ever want a coffin call on me. I should be happy to bury you or any of your family at short notice, at greatly reduced rates." The friend retired, satisfied that the undertaker had an eye to business, and was not lacking in gratitude.

Gentlemen who smoke always that it makes them cold and unpleasant. They tell us that the more they smoke the less they feel.

EXTRA.—The following is the word-revised epitaph of the Lady Elizabeth Greylock: "First cousin to Burke, commonly called the Nativity, she was black, passionate, and deeply religious. Also she painted in water-color, and sent every picture to the Great Exhibition, and of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Slight changes make great differences. "Dinner for nothing" is very good fun, but you can't say so much of "nothing for dinner."

At what hour did the devil make his appearance in the Garden of Eden?—Some time during the night. He certainly came after five.

If you have a cough, don't go to church to disturb the rest of the congregation.

The author who "did not mind his words" introduced some verses thus: "The poem published this week was composed by an esteemed friend who has lain in his grave many years for his own amusement."

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.—Hudson.

A CHURCH CRITICISM.—The following epitaph may now be seen in Deane's church-yard: "Here lies the remains of John Hill, grocer. The world is not worth a fig, and I have good things to say of it."

"Pray, Sir," said a judge severely, to a blind old quaker, from whom no direct answer could be obtained, do you know what we all here for?" "Yes, verily, I do," said the quaker; "I live of you for four dollars each day, and the fat one in the middle for four thousand a year."

The partridge's favorite time of year—the season of Lent.

HERMANN'S NOTE.—(By a Currier.) What to do with Old Milton.—Read it.

A man in Cincinnati adopted an original way of reducing household expenses. One morning, when he knew his wife would see him, he kissed the servant girl. The household expenses were instantly reduced twelve dollars per month.

Mr. Jenkins was dining at a very hospitable table, but a piece of bacon near him was so very small that the lady of the house remarked to him: "Pray, Mr. Jenkins, help yourself to the bacon. Don't be afraid of it!" "No, indeed, madam, I shall not be. I've seen a piece twice as large and it didn't scare me a bit."

"Golly or not golly?" sharply said the City Judge the other day to an inattentive female prisoner in the dock. "Just so your Honor please. It's not for the likes of me to dispute to your Honor's worship," was the reply.

Spain is at red-hot heat with China for having captured one of her vessels. What a faring there will be! Perhaps Spain will find herself to hot water even by dabbling in Chilly affairs.

LEVITANT INTELLIGENCE.—Shortly will appear by the author of *Practical Science, Practical Mysticism*; to be followed by *Practical Mysticism in Chalk with gilt edges*.

A certain landlady, it is said, takes her place so early that her lodgers see her to go to bed without a candle after eating a moderate-sized piece.

Somebody describing the absurd appearance of a man dancing the polka, says, "He looks as though he had a hole in his pocket, and was trying to shake a dollar down the leg of his trousers."

Brooks says the prettiest sewing-machine he ever saw was about seventeen years old, with short sleeves, low dress, and garter boots on.

TRUTH vs. FALSEHOOD.

There is a saying, strange to tell,
Though men in books have often said it—
It is, that Truth lies in a well.
If so, then Truth has kicked the bucket.

Why are books the best friends?—Because when they bore you, you can always shut them up without offense.

A noted literary preacher, once sold of a grasping, avaricious farmer, that if he had the whole world inclosed in a single field he would not be content without a peck of ground outside for potatoes.

Why does the eye resemble a schoolmaster in the act of flogging?—It has a pupil under the lash.

An Episcopalian, on admiring a beautiful cemetery, observed that he considered it a healthy place to be buried in.

The only pain that we can make light of—A wind-pain.

The day whose peace of mind was broken instead to have it repaired.

Why is crawling like a ragged coat?—It is a bad habit.

A man may care,
And still be bare,
If his wife be naughty;
A man may spend,
And still may mend,
If his wife be tight.

A clerical gentleman, who appeared before the gipsy sovereign, Queen Esther, with his third wife, was reproached thus by her: "Ah, Mr. Blank, you're an awful waster of women!"

They are fools who persist in being quite miserable because they can not be quite happy.

"Who's there?" screamed old Squire B.—roused from his first nap one bitter cold midnight. "Who's there?"

"Hullo, Squire!" was the reply. "We want to get married."

"You're aw." And now be off with you," said the squire, with emphasis.

Six Kings' Lancers' Motto.—Give a dog a good name and hang him.

Why are ladies like churches?—Because there is no living without them.

"A greater says: "My name is Somerset. I set a miserable bachelor. I can not marry; for how could I hope to prevail on a young lady, possessed of the slightest notion of delicacy, to term a Somerset?"

A Chemical Jester thus alludes: "Some people say sulphuric will not burn the stomach. It's a lie."

A newspaper contains the following: "Truth is covered up out of our address this week."

An honest Irishman, observing the beauty of his wife's curls beginning to fall, reproved them by saying out, "Ay, ay, ye slaves of the world; what for be ye getting a tail of pleasure?"

"My 'pistol is," said a philosophical old lady of much experience and observation, "that any man as disposes within a day does it out of your spite."

"What are you doing with my microscope, George?" "I've been shaving, father, and I want to see if there are any hairs in the latter as yet."

Can a man keep his feet dry when he has a crowd in his boots?

The young gentleman who flew into a passion has had his wings clipped.

A CURRIER'S EPIGRAM ON HIS LEVEL.—"Peace to his knees!"

UNCOMFORTABLE TAX TEAR.—A clergyman, when the contribution-box returned with little silver in it, said he never before understood the text, "Alexander, the top-hermit, did no much evil."

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why is a man who signifies like a needle that one can't be threaded?
Because his eye is defective.

Why are backlogs more to be piled than wheat?
Because backlogs are broken, while wheat are only cracked.

Why was the first day of Adam's life the longest ever known?
Because it had no Eve.

Why are women the greatest thieves?
Because they rob their children, lose their sleep, and steal their peaches and buttons.

Why do little birds feed depressed early in a summer morning?
Because their bills are over-run with dirt.

Why is the letter E significant?
Because it is found both in earth and water.

Why do children hate the most?
The mother that bore them.



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MAR 31 1866

THE REISSUE OF
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A
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MICHAEL PHELAN.—(Photographed by KIMBELL BROTHERS, NORFOLK, VA.)

THE GAME OF BILLIARDS.

By the official record it is found that in Paris, during the year 1865, taxes were paid on 27,478 billiard-tables in public use. The rest of the pastime is not confined to the country of its supposed inception, although almost every nation has its peculiar way of manipulating the game. For example, in France the game is played on a table without pockets, the surface of the bed measuring 5 by 10 feet. Three balls are used, one for each of the players, and a red object ball. A count is only effected by the carom, and each carom scores one only, and as all foul or push shots are prohibited, undoubtedly this game calls forth the highest skill of the player. In England the tables have

six pockets, one in each corner, and at the centre of the side rails; the bed surface is 6 by 12 feet. Three balls are also used there, and the counts are made by the winning and losing hazards as well as by caroms; thus, while a carom scores two, should the player or his opponent's ball go into the pocket the score is four, and if both are pocketed the score is six; should all three balls go in, besides the carom, the score is nine. In this country different sizes of tables are used, varying all the way from the French to the English standards. Some are made without pockets, while others have four or six each. The full game includes caroms and the winning hazard, and a stroke can possibly be made to score thirteen.

The game generally played by experts in this country is the four-ball carom game, on a four-pocket table, 6 by 12 feet surface. This, with the score or push shot omitted, is beyond comparison the most brilliant and interesting of all the games; for while it calls for all the scientific ability of the French game, it presents a ten-fold increase of the beauties and intricacies of triangulation, power of force, and startling effects.

During the last twenty years billiards, which had fallen into disrepute, has made rapid advances in this country, and an apartment for its accommodation is now considered a necessity to first-class residences. Next to its generally attractive features and superior sanitary advantages, this increased popularity is mainly due to the increasing exertions of MICHAEL PHELAN, Esq., of this city, who has devoted an active lifetime to the elevation of the pastime and the perfection of its machinery. Mr. PHELAN, who is now in the fiftieth year of his age, is the senior partner of the well-known manufacturing firm of PHELAN & COLLENDER. He has long been celebrated as one of the best players living. Still he never had much inclination for match games, though his great encounter with SEYMOUR, of Detroit, for \$7500 a side, which came off in that city in April, 1860, and which was won by PHELAN, has ever been rated as the greatest billiard contest on record. Soon after this occurrence Mr. PHELAN determined to permanently retire from the billiard arena, unless he should at some time have the opportunity of measuring cues with Mr. BEARDSLEY, of Paris, or Mr. ROBERTS, of London, who at that period were the reigning stars of their particular spheres. The last time PHELAN played for a stake was with KAVANAGH, at Irving Hall, in April, 1864. The game was 1000 points up-caroms, push prohibited. The consideration was, the loser to give \$100 for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, while the receipts for admission were donated to the Working Women's Society. PHELAN won.

In June, 1865, through the personal exertions of Mr. PHELAN, and by

valuable prizes presented by his firm, almost all the prominent players in the United States assembled in this city, and after forming a Billiard Congress, which still exists, a code of rules was adopted, and a tournament participated in, which established a championship. DUDLEY KAVANAGH, of this city, one of the most successful and effective players in any country, succeeded in securing possession of the Golden Cue, the emblem of the Championship, which he afterwards maintained his right to in five succeeding encounters with the most skillful antagonists that could be brought against him. Finally, in May, 1865, under the plea of illness, KAVANAGH forfeited the Championship Cue to LOUIS FOX, of Rochester; who in turn lost to a contest with JOHN DUNN, of Washington, who now has possession—and is by right Champion of America. The next contestant with DUNN was JOHN M'DONNELL, of this city, and the game was played in the Hall of the Cooper Institute, on the evening of Tuesday, March 13. DUNN retained the cue.

DUDLEY KAVANAGH, who is now exactly twenty-eight years of age, has played more match games than any other man in America, and, of some twenty on record, he was winner in about two-thirds of them. His last encounters were with M. CARME, each player winning a game, and the latter forfeiting a third game, which he refused to practice for, as it allowed the odious "push," which CARME styles "baby billiards." Some of KAVANAGH's over-zealous friends still claim the title of Champion for him, but of course this point can not be maintained. KAVANAGH not only forfeited the cue, but he refuses to respond to the challenges of M'DONNELL, of JOSEPH DUNN, of Montreal, and PIERRE CARME, of New York.

About one year since a real excitement was created in billiard circles by the arrival of a most skillful French Professor of Billiards, M. PIERRE CARME, of Versailles. Placing himself under the direction of Mr. PHELAN, M. CARME gave a series of public exhibitions, and his wonderful prowess in the mouse, force, follow, fly, and other difficult and seemingly impossible shots, have produced profound astonishment and been received with the most rapturous applause. M. CARME has only engaged in two match games (those above-mentioned) during his sojourn in this country, which we understand he has determined to make his permanent residence, and that he will probably shortly open in this city a fine establishment for practice and instruction. He is a native of BORDENX, now in the thirty-first year of his age, and, like KAVANAGH, is a bachelor. M. CARME probably has no superior in his specialties, and is willing to engage any person, for a heavy consideration, at the three-ball French, or



PIERRE CARME.—(Photographed by KIMBELL BROTHERS, NORFOLK, VA.)

the four-ball American games; push barred.—The latest billiard sensation was the arrival, a few weeks since, of Mr. JOHN ROBERTS, the distinguished English billiardist. This gentleman has long maintained his supremacy in the winning and losing hazard game; and as he has beaten DUNN, HIGGINS, CHRISTMAS, BENNETT, and other experts—most of them at an odds of 500 to 1000—he, without doubt, has no equal at the game. He spent the most of the two years just passed in Australia, and on his return to England made an engagement with DUDLEY KAVANAGH to visit this country, under whose management he is now traveling in the West, they lately having taken part in a tournament at Memphis, Tennessee. The friends of Mr. ROBERTS say that on his return to New York



DUDLEY KAVANAGH.—(Photographed by G. H. WILLIAMS, BROOKLYN, L. I.)



JOHN ROBERTS.—(Photographed by G. H. WILLIAMS, BROOKLYN, L. I.)

he intends to give our best players the opportunity to measure cross with him, and that the contests will probably be at the English, French, and American games. From this it may be inferred that Mr. Bennett intends to accept the challenge of Mr. Joseph Dixon, of Montreal, who some time since defied any man living to play him a game in each of the above specialties, each to be for \$2000 in gold a side. Mr. Bennett is now in the forty-first year of his age, and is not a bucketful.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1866.

SOUTHERN SENTIMENT.

MR. JOHN T. MONROE, of New Orleans, was Mayor of that city when it was occupied by the Union forces, and his conduct was such that he was imprisoned by military authority. At the late election for Mayor he was the successful candidate, and with him three gentlemen who were of the same sympathy were elected for three of the four Recedents of the city. Governor WELLS, of Louisiana, whose Unionism has been lately of a strictly "Southern" character, is yet unwilling to authorize Mr. MONROE to assume office. Mr. KENNEDY, the retiring Mayor, is so skeptical of the loyalty of Mr. MONROE that he also is reluctant to leave the city in his hands, and has telegraphed to the President for instructions. The President is reported to have replied that the facts were unknown to him, and he has declined to interfere. Application was then made to General CANBY, and, as we write, his decision is unknown.

Meanwhile a gentleman perfectly familiar with New Orleans since its capture by the Union army tells us that the life of no Union man would be safe in that city should the United States forces be withdrawn. Another observer reports the same condition of affairs in Savannah; and an old resident of Georgia, faithful through the war, informs us that he should feel it necessary for him to leave the State should the military hold of the Government be relaxed. And these are not exceptional witnesses. Now the men whose conduct is such as to occasion these apprehensions are those who have elected Mr. MONROE Mayor. They are those whose sympathies elsewhere elected Mr. HENNING, an unrepentant rebel general, Governor of Mississippi, and Mr. STANTON, the second chief of the rebellion, Senator from Georgia. They are those who, in Texas, sitting upon Grand Jurors, refuse to act upon the indicted indictments against murderers of Union men during the war, and who, as members of the Convention, are hesitating, at this time of day, as Governor HAMMOND informs the President, to declare the Act of Secession null and void.

Of course so long as this feeling continues dominant in the late insurgent States, so long as fervent fidelity to the rebellion is the sole passport to popular favor, and the universal tone of opinion is bitter hostility to the Government and Union, it is the plainest duty of the Government to maintain a strict military hold of such States. Intelligent men of the South will see that such feeling and conduct are not "acquiescence." Nobody indeed expects defeated men to confess that they were wrong, or to feel a profound affection for a power against which they have ineffectually struggled. But when they declare that they have submitted and acquiesce in the decision of the war, they will not be surprised, and they have no right to be indignant, that the country looks to their acts and not to their words. What kind of acquiescence is it which endangers the personal security of Union men? What kind of submission is it which elects as civil officers and representatives and senators men who are notoriously and honestly incapable of co-operating with the Government? A man who carries up his suit to the highest court, and loses it, does not think he was wrong in bringing the suit, but he pays the damages and yields to the law.

That is all that is asked of the late insurgents. But if they continue to act as if judgment had been pronounced for them, instead of against them, they put themselves still further in the wrong, and indefinitely postpone the day of peace and reunion. If it be natural for them to feel exasperated and bitter, it is no less natural for the country to be wary of admitting them to an uncheckered exercise of power. If they say, as some of them do, "But what further proof can we give? Have we not accepted every thing which has been imposed upon us?" the reply is, that so long as the staunch Union men among them feel insecure, so long as capital and enterprise and labor hesitate to flow toward them, so long as their legislative acts and popular elections reveal a solid hostility to the measures and men which, whether they individually like them or not, are yet inseparably identified with the Government in whose repression they declare their acquiescence, so long the country has a right to say that they have not acquiesced; that they must be distrusted and closely watched; and so long as they will not give up their claims to the right to be treated as rebels, they may require to be neutralized

and destroy the very acts to which they point us as proofs of acquiescence.

The people of the Southern States ought to understand that the war was just as earnest to us as it was to them; that there is not the least vindictiveness of feeling upon the part of the loyal people of the country, but, on the contrary, a very hearty desire of sincere union and enduring peace; that there are no foolish expectations of an affected love of the National Government among those who were lately in arms against it; that there is no intention to be unjust or ungenerous toward our Southern fellow-citizens, whatever the papers and politicians who deluded them through the war may say; but that there is a very inflexible determination that the war shall not have been fought in vain; that emancipation shall be made, not called, a fact; and that the permanence and authority of the Government shall not be imperiled by any rash policy springing from ignorance or impotence. There will be no effort to reap more than we have sowed, but the harvest will surely be garnered.

The quality and dominant will of the American people were shown during the war, and they are equally shown to those who can see, in establishing peace. The impolicy of the Copperhead and semi-rebel sentiment should be fully known by this time even to the late insurgents of the South. It could not divide loyalty during the war, and it will not divide the same loyalty now that the war is over. No new party will be formed until the Union party has done its work, and that work is honorable and humane and reasonable reorganization. If any Southerner doubts, if he listens to the sneers who have steadily deceived him for five years past, he will be deceived again and more bitterly. The elections of last autumn, the opening elections of the spring, show that the Union line is not broken; and if the leaders of opinion in the late insurgent States are truly wise, if they wish the country to believe in their acquiescence, they will abandon their dog-in-the-manger policy, and prove that they were honest in the war by honestly accepting the judgment to which they appealed.

THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

The freedom of a large number of the inhabitants of the United States, formerly held as slaves, was recognized and confirmed by the Emancipation Amendment. But more emancipation left the whole class in an anomalous condition, the consequences of which it was plainly the duty of the United States to remove. It became necessary to define at once the relations of the freed people to the rest of the population; and Congress has therefore declared that all persons born in the United States and not subject to any foreign power, excluding Indians not taxed, are citizens of the United States; and such citizens, of every race and color, and without regard to any previous condition of slavery, shall have entire equality of civil rights. Any person who shall deprive any inhabitant of any State or Territory of any right thus secured is declared guilty of a misdemeanor, and is punishable by a fine of not more than a thousand dollars, or by imprisonment for not more than one year. The various law officers of the United States, with the officers and agents of the Freedmen's Bureau, and other officers who may be authorized by the President, are charged with the duty of proceeding against all violators of the law.

This Bill of Rights is necessary, simple, and precise. It declares who are citizens, it defines their privileges, and provides for their defense. It pledges the whole power of the country to protect the civil rights of every citizen everywhere. It does not leave them to the whims of local communities nor to the prejudices of caste. It recognizes the right of the supreme sovereignty to declare who are its citizens, and acknowledges the duty of that sovereignty to defend them; nor can any faithful citizen object that his fundamental rights are precisely defined and maintained by the supreme instead of a subordinate authority. The constitutionality of the law can not be questioned except upon the ground of a controlling sovereignty in the States over the nation, and that is a claim which is no longer valid.

This bill—which is truly a Magna Charta—overthrows all hostile legislation of the States against equality of civil rights. The Black Codes, which seek to retain as many of the disabilities of slavery as possible, disappear before this just and beneficent decree. It announces distinctly to those who would still cling to feudalism in America that feudalism is henceforth impossible. It tends to speedy pacification by showing to those who still doubted the national purpose that all the consequences of emancipation have been well weighed and fully accepted by the country. It destroys false hopes. It clears away misunderstandings. It proclaims that when the United States abolished slavery they meant what they said, and know what they did.

The bill passed both Houses of Congress by enormous majorities. In the House of Representatives the vote was 109 to 38, in the Senate 33 to 12; and we see no reason to suppose

that the President will dissent. We hope indeed that by the time this paper is issued the bill may have been approved by him and have become a law. We shall hear of that result with sincere satisfaction; for when once the President and Congress agree upon a vital and fundamental measure like this, a better understanding and further agreement will be much more probable and practicable.

Sensible men in the late disaffected States will also be glad that a vexatious question is thus put in the way of settlement. Mr. STEWART, of Georgia, in his late speech before the Legislature of that State, spoke very smoothly of the duty of giving the freedmen fair play. We have the right to expect his earnest support of this bill. Governor ORR, of South Carolina, and Governor WALKER, of Florida, have shown great good sense in their action respecting the education of the freedmen; and they, too, will undoubtedly feel and acknowledge the wisdom of a measure which secures rights that they do not deny. And all citizens of the United States who understand that the country must and ought to be constantly agitated until the equal rights of every American citizen before the law are secured by the highest power in the land, will hail the bill as a measure of the wisest statesmanship, and an earnest of the national resolution that nothing which was really gained by the war shall be lost.

A REPORT UPON THE EIGHT-HOUR LAW.

We have received many letters discussing the eight-hour labor movement, some of them very freely charging us with hostility to the laborer because we have pointed out the impracticability of remedying the evil of over-work by legislation. But the truth is, that the subject is controlled by other laws than that of a Legislature, and must be studied in the light of such laws. A regulation of the State making it penal to work for more than eight hours would be absurd; and a declaration that eight hours should be considered a working-day would be useless. If such a declaration could not be enforced it would leave the matter exactly where it is now.

We observe that Mr. JENKINS, of Indiana, has suggested to Congress that eight hours shall be a working-day in the Government shops and yards; and the New York Legislature has been considering a general proposition in favor of the eight-hour system. In Massachusetts a Commission was appointed last year to investigate the whole subject, and, after careful inquiry and consideration, the Commission have presented a Report which we heartily commend to every working-man and legislator as a most careful, comprehensive, and sagacious treatment of the subject. The Commission was composed of gentlemen peculiarly fitted for the task by sympathy, intelligence, and experience. They have examined the question with the utmost sincerity of purpose to remedy existing evils, and have finally reported against the wisdom, justice, and practicability of an eight-hour law.

The Commission sent into every town of the State to make the necessary inquiries and to solicit co-operation and advice. It also held public hearings in Boston. But neither the response to the inquiries nor the attendance upon the hearings indicated so vital and general an interest as had been supposed. It appears that in the chief branches of industry the "ten-hour system" generally prevails, except in cotton factories, where eleven hours is the general rule. The shortest time established by custom is seven hours and forty minutes for shipwrights upon "old work" or repairs; the longest time is seventeen and a half hours in a few bakeries. The Commission found that the employes were generally in favor of a reduction of time, and the employers opposed to it. Yet those who favor a reduction are not agreed upon the nature of the necessary law. Some wished it to be prohibitory; but a law forbidding a man to use his power of labor at his discretion is a law destroying the capital of the working-man. So, finally, the mass agreed that the law should merely declare eight hours a legal working-day. But such a law is simply worthless.

The Commission are of opinion that the radical objection to making eight hours, or any other number of hours, a legal day's work is, that, by giving one measure of time for all branches of labor, such a law must be unequal in its action. It would not be an impartial law, and that is a fatal difficulty. Moreover, it would be absolutely impossible to apply it to some of the most common and necessary branches of labor. Thus the fundamental industrial interest of farming could not conform to such a law; and the extent of this industry may be inferred from the fact that the present cash value of farms in the United States is about ten billions of dollars. The Commission sum up their objections to the law as follows:

- "Because they deem it essential in principle to apply one measure of time to all kinds of labor.
- "Because, if adopted as a general law in the way proposed, it would be rendered void by special contracts, and so add another to the dead laws that cumber the statutes.
- "Because a very large proportion of the industrial interests of the country could not observe it.

"Because, if restricted, as some propose, to the employe of the State, it would be manifestly partial, and therefore unjust."

The Commission then proceed to a concise, able, and temperate consideration of various points involved in the question: the relation of capital to labor; the province of law; the law of supply; and the employment of capital. They show that capital and labor are not natural enemies, but real friends; and while for the reasons stated they are opposed to an eight-hour law they think that in many departments of labor there is serious injury from over-work, and that in such there is need of reform. This reform, in their judgment, is to be accomplished by intelligent discussion and mutual understanding between employers and employes. They cite instances of such agreement. Thus the workmen representing, at the hearings of the Commission, the factory operatives of Lawrence associated the ten-hour rule for factories, on the ground that the change from eleven hours to eight would be injurious both for the employe and the employer. The introduction of the eight-hour system in Australia was not the result of legislation, but of the tranquil deliberation of all interests. The great co-operative movement in England, illustrated by that at Rochdale—the constituency of the late ROBERT COCHRAN—is voluntary and not legislative. In Germany and France, according to the Commission, the same movement is proceeding without convulsions and with the best results.

We know of no better service which could be done to Congress and to the Legislature of New York, and of every State which is now considering this subject, than to present every member with a copy of this thoughtful, humane, and truly valuable report.

THE DOWNWARD COURSE.

The debates on the Loan Bill in Congress on 16th and 17th inst. fore-shadow the struggle that must be encountered before specie payments can be resumed in this country. All the manufacturers, all the coal-miners, all the producers of grain, all the holders of wheat, corn, pork, and cotton—every one, in a word, who owns property which is liable to devalue while gold is opposed to any and all measures that are calculated to diminish the volume or increase the purchasing power of the currency. It is the old story; the contest of property holders against the public. It is for the interest of all men—including those who now chance to own property and merchandise—that we should as soon as possible get back to a stable standard of values. But it is very hard to drive this truth into the mind of a man who bought pork or cotton or breadstuffs or dry goods at prices 25 per cent. above those now ruling. Such a one is slow to be persuaded that present loss will be future gain.

Portions of continued inflation may for a few weeks or months sway Congress in a wrong direction. They may even prevent the passage of any measure of contraction during the present session. But they will gain little by the contrivance. The duty and policy of the nation in this matter are so clear that no delay will convince the public that they are going to be ultimately neglected. The Loan Bill introduced by Mr. MORRILL is objectionable on many grounds. Its defeat on 16th inst. was not an unmixt misfortune. But those who infer from that defeat that Congress is going to defer to the property holders who—under the lead of JOHN SHEPHERD and THADDEUS STEVENS—desire to perpetuate indefinitely a system of irredeemable and depreciated paper-money, will presently discover that they have mistaken the temper of the nation. Honest men may fairly differ as to methods. One man may favor this sort of contraction, another another sort. One man may look for resumption much earlier than his neighbor. But they who conclude from the opposition already developed in Congress to the MORRILL bill that gold is not going to decline, and that prices are not going to fall with it, will soon find out their error to their cost.

We showed last week that contraction was already in active progress. Over \$175,000,000 of compound-interest notes, which six and twelve months ago were in general circulation, have now practically ceased to be currency by reason of the interest which has accumulated upon them. At least \$100,000,000 of National Bank currency—say an amount equal to the issues of the National Currency Bureau—have within the past ten months gone South for the transaction of business in that section of the country. And, finally, the Secretary has managed within the past six months to retire about \$30,000,000 of the legal-tender notes outstanding. Thus, without any new legislation, contraction is going on at a fair rate.

Even if Congress should, on reconsideration, refuse to accede to the demands of Mr. McCULLOCH, his present powers will enable him to continue to contract the currency at quite an active rate. It is now clear that by mid-summer Five-Twenty bonds will be selling at 75, if not at 80, in London. At these prices the outstanding currency can be exchanged for bonds, and Seven-Thirty notes can be converted into bonds quite as fast as the interests of the com-

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try require and the safety of commerce will justify.

It is not at all desirable that the Secretary should be misled by the present plethoric condition of the Treasury into premature attempts to resume specie payments. Over twelve hundred millions of short-date securities are to be funded or paid off within two years. A policy which should precipitate a commercial crisis would deprive the Government of the means of paying off these securities and of the credit essential for funding them. But no one connected with the Government has thus far developed precipitate views on this subject, and the partisans of continued inflation exhibit a disregard of the facts when they charge the Secretary with desiring to rush forward to specie payments in disregard of the permanent interests of the country. Mr. McCULLOCH's views have thus far been eminently conservative—as the continuance of the temporary loan at 5 and 6 per cent. sufficiently proves.

The great lesson which the public of producers, consumers, manufacturers, middlemen, merchants, farmers, etc., ought to engrave upon their memory at this time is that we are on the high road to contraction, to lower prices, to specie payments. They should beware of being misled by the defeat of this or that bill, by the temporary success of this or that advocate of continued financial disgrace. Let them lay it to their hearts that the American people are bent on rehabilitating their national currency and making it as good as the currency of other nations; and that whatever delays may occur, and however temporarily the paper-money men may seem to triumph, the restoration of a hard-money currency within a given number of years, if not months, is mathematically certain. Let them rely upon it that from this time to the day on which the banks resume specie payments prices will be steadily on the decline, with such reactions as are usual in speculative markets. From quarter-day to quarter-day every thing produced or consumed in this country will show a diminution in market value. Men who hold goods, merchandise, and other property will grow steadily poorer, just as the like class grew steadily richer in the days when the currency was being expanded. Labor will fall steadily in value, until wages decline to a point never before reached in our history. We expect to see common laborers working for half a dollar a day by the time that gold falls to or near par. This will be twice the average paid in Great Britain.

Let the public beware, too, of believing that "the bottom" has been reached before specie payments have been restored. In the downward course there will be many reactions. It will often appear that prices are best upward, and that a general recovery is about to take place. Such symptoms will prove deceptive. There can be no real recovery in prices until the national currency is made worth 100 per cent in gold. When that point is reached, it will be safe to buy any thing, for prices will naturally react sharply from the antecedent depression. But till then, seeming reactions will prove pitfalls of destruction.

Already the signs of the times point to the end. A month ago an active speculation in real estate was in full blast. It seems to have been short-lived. Recent sales at auction show a general decline in prices, and handsome country seats are for sale at rates very much lower than were current in 1856-7. Long-headed men have already read the future. In 1835-6, and again in 1856-7, this class of men refused to buy any thing, and were set down as simpletons by a younger class of operators who claimed to understand the times, and bought right and left whatever was offered at "the going prices." In the course of a few months the young operators were ruined, and their more prudent seniors stepped in and secured their property at almost nominal rates. It will be so again. The men who keep their money, and buy nothing in 1866 and 1867, will probably purchase in 1868 or 1869 all descriptions of property at prices as far below as the rates of 1861-4 were above their real value.

MORE LIGHT!

The most important philanthropic association in the United States is the American Freedmen's and Union Aid Commission, which proposes the education of all the unenlightened population in the late slave States. It is not an impertinent philanthropy, for the welfare of this country depends upon the intelligence of the people, and ignorance any where is danger every where. The ignorance of Maine or of Florida imperils Pennsylvania and Iowa, and he is the true patriot and peacemaker who by every fair and honorable means aims at the education of all the people. The danger to the country is quite as much in the ignorance which puts the mass of the people at the South in the power of certain leaders as it is in the ambition of the leaders. The schoolmaster might have saved us the war. Education will certainly keep the peace.

The policy of Slavery has always been to keep the poor ignorant. Emancipation abolishes the chief reason of so barbarous a policy, but its

traditions will long remain. The Charleston Mercury once said that the working-people had no more right to education than the slave; and General HOWARD now says that he believes "the majority of the white people to be utterly opposed to educating the negro. The opposition is so great that the teachers, though they may be the purest of Christian people, are nevertheless visited publicly and privately with undisguised marks of odium." Yet, on the other hand, there are gratifying facts which show the awakening of some of the more intelligent minds in the late insurgent States to the necessities of the case, and which indicate something of that "acquiescence" of which we hear so much and see so little. Thus the Roman Catholic Bishop of Savannah has written to the Freedmen's Aid Union, saying that he learns (what is true) that it has no sectarian character, and asking help in founding schools for the colored part of his flock. The Legislature of Florida has passed laws establishing a common school system for colored children in that State, and the Governor secunds the request of the agent of the Freedmen's Bureau to the Aid Union, that it will assist in erecting a normal school for the education of colored teachers. Governor ORR, also, of South Carolina, and Mr. TRASKWOLD, the Secretary of the Confederate Treasury, having visited the colored schools of Charleston, were so impressed by them that, after consultation with one of the leading colored teachers, they propose a common school system for the colored population of the whole State. These are significant facts, and show that some men at the South understand how the cruel ravages of war are to be effectively repaired.

The Census of 1850, which was prepared under the auspices of Dr. BOW, who stated every thing as softly as possible for the slave States, and which, allowing for the losses of war, may be nearer the truth of to-day than the later Census, gives 568,182 free adults in the slave States who could neither read nor write. The number of free colored adults would very slightly reduce these figures. Assuming that there are 1,000,000 of freedmen, and even 500,000 poor whites to be educated, at least 30,000 teachers would be wanted. The annual expense would be scarcely less than \$15,000,000. The daily expense of the war was about \$3,000,000. Thus to educate for two years the ignorance of the South from which the war sprung would cost no more than ten days of war. If the States would undertake the whites, the expense would be reduced one-third. Would it be an extravagant expense? Would it be a waste of money? No; for as men are educated their demands increase, and their increasing demands start all the vast machinery of trade. Education in Alabama or Georgia quickens the spindles of Lowell, the looms of Lyons, the fields of the West, the presses of the East. Education is the best police, abolishing armies, destroying penitentiaries, and recognizing the resistless force of the State in a single constable. Every dollar spent for this regenerating influence would be sowing a seed which would be harvested a thousandfold.

The work should be voluntary as that of the Sanitary Commission was; and such the Aid Commission proposes that it should be. Moreover, it should be as heartily welcomed in the destitute States whose population it proposes to reach as it should be sustained by those which are able. Truth is not sectional. Ideas are not local. There is no proprietor's brand upon knowledge. Jealousy of so humane and lofty a work is impossible except among the foolish or the malevolent. It is worthy of the time and of the country. It would be the seal of reconciliation and peace.

COLORADO.

The bill for the admission of Colorado has failed, and we are not sorry. The smallness of the population and the character of the Constitution were the chief objections urged against the bill, and the Enabling act was the main argument for it. But the terms of the original Enabling act were not complied with; and although that of itself is not a fatal objection, yet the facts as reported justify a doubt whether there was a fair expression of the population upon the Constitution. In any case the majority was suspiciously small; and the Constitution disables an intelligent and industrious part of the population because of their color. The general principle was advanced which seems to us very reasonable, that it is not desirable to erect any Territory into a State until it has at least the population necessary to send one representative to Congress. If Colorado wishes to be the equal of New York in the United States Senate, it surely is not unfair to delay her gratification until she is entitled to one member of the House.

A POOR JOKE.

One of the amusing spring jokes is the painful effort of the "Democratic" papers and orators to call the men who sustained the war against the Congress of Richmond and the Chicago Convention disunionists. The gentle-

men who with more or less frankness applauded JEFFERSON DAVIS and thwarted the United States Government in the agony of its struggle are very anxious to be considered the especial friends of the Union. As their political allies, the late enemy, could not overthrow the Government they are very clamorous that they should now control it. Next to the dissolution of the Union these worthy citizens would like to see a dissolution of the Union party; and as they have learned that loyal men are able to maintain the Union against combined Copperheads and rebels, they would dearly like to steal that name and brand their conquerors as disunionists. When they can persuade the American people that BUNDECK ARNOLD was a patriot and PATRICK HENRY a Tory, they may convince the same jury that VALLANDIGHAM and the "friends" of HORATIO SETHWORTH are true Union men, and the glorious multitude which saved the Union in war and intend to secure it in peace disunionists.

AVOIDABLE AND UNAVOIDABLE CAUSES OF DISEASE.

PHYSICIANS, in making out certificates of death, sometimes in the case of old persons, when they find no evidences of the presence of some one positive disease, set down old age as the cause of the result. Let us see whether this is strictly correct. What, let us inquire, is necessary to the absolute preservation of health, so that death may come entirely from old age without the agency of any disease? Food must be taken every day of the right quantity and quality, at the right intervals, and adapted to the different periods of life; the influence of all external agencies—as air, heat, light, etc.—must be perfectly regulated, and mind and body must be exercised in the right amount and manner in all the stages of their progress—all this requiring, as you see, vastly more alike of knowledge and judgment and power than are within the compass of man. But this is not all. There is requisite also entire freedom from untoward passions and desires, which are fruitful sources of disease in their irritating and depressing influences upon the nervous system, aside from the results of the wrong practices to which they lead. But even more than this is required. There must be the power to neutralize all those occult causes which operate so widely, producing specific forms of disease, such as scurvy, malarious diseases, cholera, typhus, etc.

You see, then, that death absolutely from old age alone is an impossibility. Even if the occult causes alluded to are escaped, there must necessarily be, even in those that live most rationally, accretions of disease every now and then along the course of life—each one, it may be, slight, but adding to the aggregate which is to produce death at length in those who to all appearance die of old age. Even though there may have been no obvious attacks leaving marks, there always are in such cases slight morbid conditions engendered here and there—weak spots, as we may say—which have much to do with the final result, sometimes obviously and sometimes secretly. It is only when some one of these becomes especially prominent at the last that some malady is set down as the cause of death; and when a concurrence of several or many of them is the cause, though death comes really from a compound disease, it is attributed to old age.

Have you ever read HUNTER's story of the Doctor's "One-hoss Shay"?—how it all gave out at once at every point, making a pile of dust, instead of breaking down—or, in other words, how it perished of sheer old age? An amusing description this of an impossibility akin to that of a strictly general wearing out and death of the human body. As

"A chaise breaks down, but doesn't wear out," so we may say of man even when he dies at a good old age, in such a way that the physician can not see that he died of any particular disease. Even in such cases there is undoubtedly often "somewhere a weakest spot," though not discovered; and although there may not be, it is clear that many small weaknesses may produce the result as surely as a single great one.

In what we have said the reader can not fail to observe that the causes of disease may be divided into two classes—the avoidable and the unavoidable; the former, all those common causes which come from such agencies as food, heat, air, light, etc., and the exercise of the powers of our bodies and minds; and the latter, the occult and specific causes of which we have spoken. The classification is not, however, absolutely correct; for the causes of the first class are not available to the full. To make them so would, as we have before said, require more than human knowledge and power. Then again, though we know nothing of the nature of the occult causes, we do know enough of the circumstances that produce some of them to enable us often to escape their operation. For example, though no chemical or other tests have ever discovered the nature of the cause of intermittent fever, the circumstances which favor its production are well ascertained, and we in many cases have some measure of control over them.

Again, the two classes of causes very commonly are mingled in their operation. Take, for instance, cholera. The specific cause of this is unavoidable; that is, no one can escape from its influence who is where it is in operation. But many of the avoidable causes of disease—that is, the common transgressions of the laws of health—are absolutely necessary in a very large proportion of cases, perhaps even the majority, to make the specific cause effectual in the production of the malady. And yet little heed do most people give to these avoidable causes, while they run after vaunted prophylactics, and clamor for ineffectible and ineffectual quarantine regulations. So in the case of typhus there is a specific cause, which sometimes develops the disease in those who observe the laws of health uncommonly well, but it is peculiarly apt to do so in those who

live in crowded and continuous transgression of them, as is seen in the crowded and filthy habitations in some quarters of cities in contrast with the model lodging-houses.

The avoidable causes of disease operate with some unavoidable causes much more readily than with others. They, for example, have a great influence, as you have seen, in the diffusion of typhus fever and the cholera, but they seem to have little or none in the diffusion of small-pox, scarlatina, measles, etc. These latter diseases do not, like the former, have their special habitats among the crowded and filthy and vicious.

Take now, in contrast with such diseases as typhus and cholera, consumption, that great and constant scourge (and because constant and not occasional attracting but little attention) that causes in many quarters even one-sixth of all the deaths. The causes of this malady are all available, of course with the limitations before noticed. There is no specific cause—no poison acting in connection with other causes; but the disease is the result of tendencies in the system generated by transgressions of the laws of health, and there is no case in which a true hygiene can win more signal victories. Even those tendencies which are inherited may be very generally removed by proper modes of living.

CONSUL GENERAL MURPHY.

Mr. W. W. MURPHY, Consul General of the United States at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, in Germany, has just arrived from Europe, upon a short leave of absence. Mr. Murphy will be most warmly welcomed by those who know how laudable his services were in maintaining the honor and credit of his country during the war. That the bonds of the United States were in good repute among German capitalists is greatly owing to the intelligence, ability, and courtesy of Consul General Murphy.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 31: In the Senate, Mr. Sherman introduced a joint resolution that the aggregate outstanding United States notes, not bearing interest, and including fractional currency, shall not be distributed below four hundred and twenty millions; that all surplus in the Treasury exceeding forty millions in coin and forty millions in currency shall be promptly applied to the payment of accruing liabilities, and to the purchase or payment of the interest-bearing debt of the United States; but the amount of interest-bearing legal-tender notes shall not be distributed by payment or conversion at a rate exceeding five millions per month. This resolution was referred to the Committee on Finance.—The bill to admit Colorado was defeated, 14 to 21.

In the House, Mr. Schenck reported back from the Military Committee a bill to temporarily suspend Military and Naval Appointments, for the filled of loosely detailed officers and men of the volunteer forces of the United States. The bill was passed.—Mr. Wilson, of Iowa, reported back, with amendments, the Civil Rights bill. The amendments were agreed to, and the bill was passed by a vote of 109 to 28.

March 30: In the Senate, Mr. Wilson called for the bill to increase and for the military peace establishment, which, after a full debate and the adjournment of several amendments, was passed.—vote 57, yeas 8.

In the House, the joint resolution relative to the Paris Exposition was taken up, and Mr. Washburn, of Illinois, addressed the Committee in opposition. Mr. Chandler, Mr. Grinnell, Mr. Woodbridge, Mr. Raymond, and Mr. Rice, of Massachusetts, followed in favor of the resolution. At the evening session the consideration of the subject was resumed, and receiving several amendments, the resolution was passed.—yeas 60, nays 50.

March 29: In the Senate, the Civil Rights bill was taken up, and the House amendments agreed to. The bill having passed both Houses, goes to the President for his assent.

In the House, the principal topic of discussion was the Loan bill.

March 28: In the Senate, Mr. Stewart, of Nevada, introduced a joint resolution on reconstruction, in favor of universal suffrage, a general amnesty, and admission of the seceded States. In the House, Mr. Hubbard, of Iowa, offered a resolution which was adopted, instructing the Committee on Indian Affairs to inquire into the expediency of concentrating the different tribes of the Dakota or Sioux Indians on one reservation.—The Loan bill was defeated by a close vote.

March 27: In the Senate, the House amendments to the bill establishing a national home for disabled soldiers were carried in, and the measure now only needs the President's signature to render it a law. The bill to provide for an aerial inspection of Indian affairs was called up, and, after some discussion, passed.

In the House, the vote on the Loan bill was reconsidered, and the bill was reconsidered without instructions.

GEORGIA AND TEXAS.

The Texas Convention has recognized the abolition of slavery, and will probably make full provision for the rights of the negro, there being only a very small minority of the delegates opposed to such a course.

The Georgia Legislature has just passed a law that all persons of color shall have the right to make and enforce contracts, to sue, and to be sued, to give and receive evidence, to inherit, to purchase, lease, hold, and convey real and personal property, and to have full and equal benefit of all laws and proceedings for the security of person and estate, and shall not be subjected to any other or different punishment, pains, or penalty for the commission of any act or offense than such as are prescribed for white persons committing like acts or offenses.

FOREIGN NEWS.

There is considerable opposition in the Corps Legislatif of France to the policy of trying to keep a foothold in Mexico. The fact that a general election will be held in 1869 will have great influence on the Emperor, leading him as far as possible to conciliate the people both on this Mexican question and also on questions of reform. It is significant that M. Jules Favre, a member of the Corps Legislatif, has had the boldness to speak of France as absolutely dependent upon the will of one man, the Emperor.

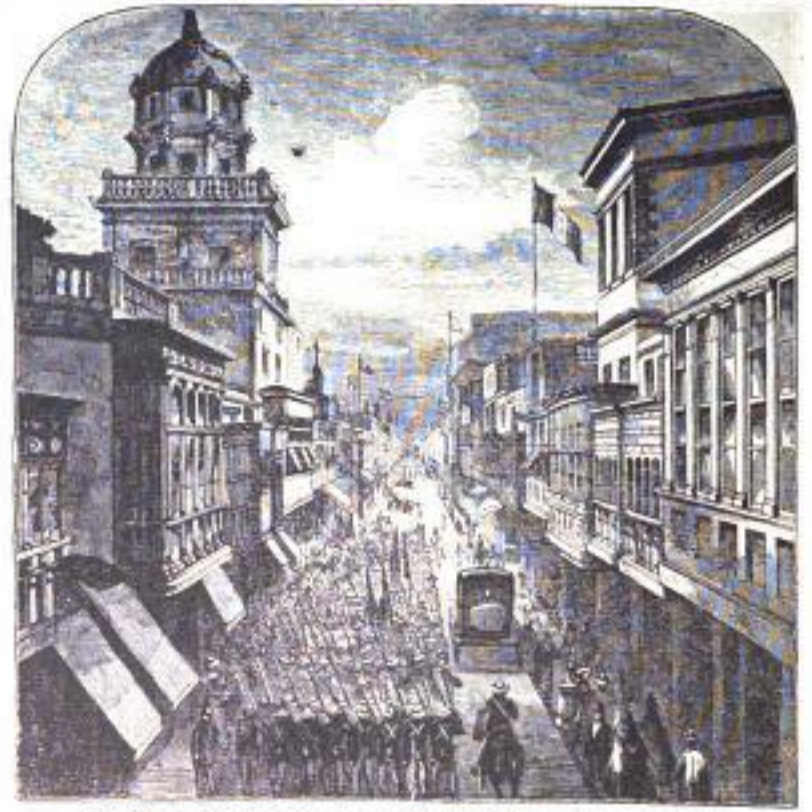
The London Times speaks of President Johnson's new message in terms of commendation.

Prussia seems determined to annex Schleswig and Holstein in spite of Austria. Count Bismarck has driven the latter country to the alternative of surrendering its own claims or risking war with Prussia. It seems likely that Austria will make the surrender for the sake of peace.

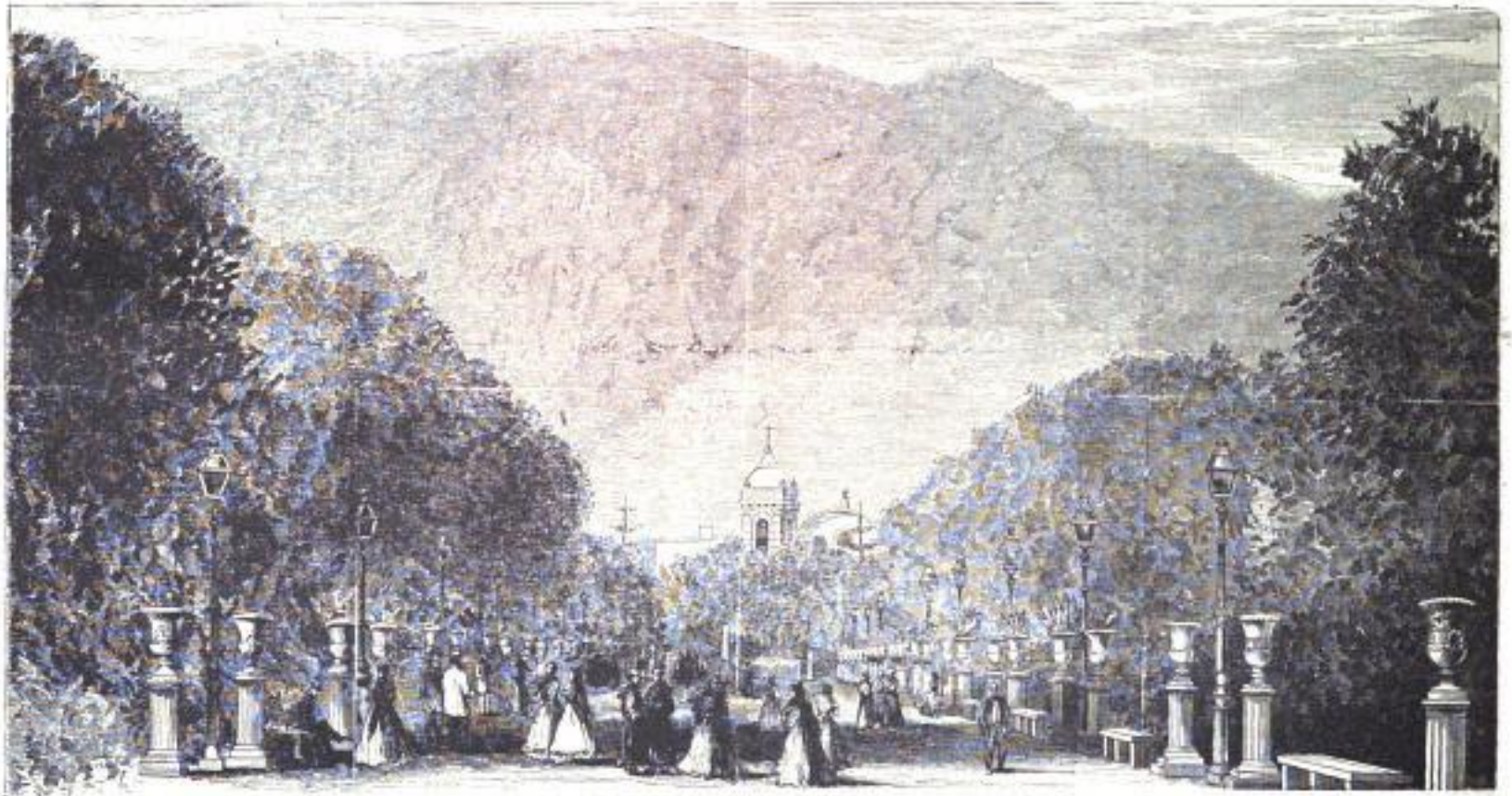
In China the Nippon rebellion, which has arisen from the members of the suppressed Tungting sect, was gaining ground rapidly, and Shanghai was once more threatened with an attack. The foreign residents were preparing to meet their assailants. Despatch agents of creditors insisted on required relief by Chinese officials, under the tacit sanction of the British authorities, are published in the Hong Kong papers. In India disturbances had again broken out on the northwest frontier.



GENERAL PRADO, THE NEW DICTATOR OF PERU.—[SEE PAGE 192.]



MANTILLA STREET, LIMA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]



INTERIOR GARDEN OF THE ORDER OF BAREFOOTED MONKS, LIMA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]



SIDE VIEW OF THE BRIDGE OF PIZARRO, LIMA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SEE PAGE 194.]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

INSIDE
A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



IN LOVE.

CHAPTER XII.

"We really can not and will not permit our attention to be drawn off one moment longer from Dr. Peel; he looms altogether too conspicuously upon the Somerville horizon for that. It is impossible longer to ignore the deep and widespread impression he has made upon that intelligent community."

"Describe him to you?" says fair Anne Wright to an old schoolmate, with whom she is conversing, on a visit from an adjoining county. "I can not, Laura; you must see him for yourself, child."

"Oh, well, you can at least give me some hint, can't you, something about him," urges her curious friend—naturally curious from the perpetual reference she hears made to him, beneath that roof. "Is he a big man?"

"At least not a little man," laughs Anne. "Yes, I do really believe he is the largest—I mean the grandest man I ever saw in all my life. Such a noble chest! His forehead, too, high and prominent. And then his eyes—the finest you ever saw—eyebrows, and hair all as black? That isn't the same for it. But his eyes—the most splendid you ever saw—look as if they were actually alive!"

"Why, so they are if the man isn't dead," says her more prosaic friend.

"Oh, nonsense, Laura! I told you I could not begin to describe him," says Anne, who is a fragile and lovely blonde. "There is a sort of soft fire in them, except when he gets roused; then how they glow and flash and scorch. And then he has such a voice, child; I do know it is the sweetest and deepest. And he tells me he makes speeches in Somerville the most powerful—makes the people laugh one moment, and cry like children the next. And when he denounces the Yankees or the Union people! Why he says his voice, when he lifts it, can be heard for miles. Pa says he is equal to Colonel Het Roberts, if not superior. And then he dresses so splendidly! The finest broadcloth, the whitest and finest linen, the richest vests. I do think his neck-ties—figured silk scarfs, you know—are the gayest and the brightest. One notices such things so much more these days when we are all wearing our old things on account of the blockade—this old calico, for instance. And his jewelry, too! Pa objects to that in Dr. Peel. And I didn't like it in gentlemen either till I saw Dr. Peel. He wears several rings on his fingers, large ones, one or two diamonds among them. Then his heavy gold watch—I have noticed it when he takes it out to see if he ought not to be going—it is so massive and rich, with such a heavy gold chain to it all across his bosom. But you ought only to see his breast-pine, Laura! A different one every time, at least, he has called out here—the richest! What is most uncommon about him is the quantity of perfumes he uses. Pa almost swears about it. I don't object to it. Why, Laura, in his appearance, bearing, and all, his olive complexion, too, he looks like a Spaniard—a Spanish prince, so large and stately and magnificent in comparison with us plain people."

"Why, the man must be rich," says Laura. "Every body says so. He always has plenty of money, and he pays it out as freely as a king. The ladies there in Somerville have only to go to him to get any amount they want, provided only it is for the war in any way. Not our miserable, ragged, dirty paper-money; great round twenty-dollar gold pieces; and, you know, they are worth ever so much more than paper. And as to his politics, pa says he never saw—"

"Give for the war? He must be a good Southern man," says Laura, threading her needle afresh. "I was just going to say, pa says he is most determined, active, liberal, confident; 'the most

splendid specimen of a Southern gentleman I ever saw," pa said, after Dr. Peel left here last Saturday. And that's just what we like him most for," continues Anne Wright, with enthusiasm. "You know what a hot Southern man pa is; but Dr. Peel is ahead of him, of any body I know. I've always been a good Secessionist, which is more than you can say, Laura. Now don't be offended, dear, but it's actually awful to hear Dr. Peel talk about the Yankees—the most despicable people, he says, in every sense of the word; yes, and proves it in a thousand ways. And then to hear him speak about the South, its extent, resources, glorious victories, future prospects, how essential its success is to the whole world—I can't remember it all, but it is like reading an oration."

"Yes; but why isn't he off for the war?" asks Laura, whose people, by-the-by, have been dreadfully suspected of entertaining Union sentiments. Flague take them! as Mrs. Warner is steadily remarking, you find them here and there and every where.

"You silly child, he is in the war. Not a private soldier to dig in the trenches, or to be shot down like common people. If you were to see him once you would see how absurd that would be. No, Dr. Peel fills some high position or other. He is often away from Somerville attending to military business; in correspondence continually with President Davis, General Beauregard, and the rest. He brought a superb sword all the way out here to show me, one that Davis had presented him with, gold scabbard, silver hilt, with a great red gem of some sort in the end, silver chains to it, and all. Pa pressed him to tell us more particularly about his position—it was only last Saturday. You ought to have seen his manner as he said it—'It would give me much pleasure, Major Wright, to inform you. I flatter myself it would interest and astonish you if I was only at liberty to tell. A gentleman of your intelligence, however, will understand that there are cleaved and difficult duties—duties which require coats of secrecy.' And then he drew himself up with such dignity I couldn't help thinking what a splendid Confederate senator he would make. Don't whisper it, Laura; but he has already told us that he has some promise, when the war is over, of the mission—you know we will have ambassadors like other nations—to Austria or Russia or Spain, he was not assured yet which. But, my dear," ran on Anne, generally the quietest of girls, enraptured with her theme, "you ought only to hear him tell about being taken for a Federal spy there in Somerville, oh, months ago. He told us about a self-appointed Committee visiting his rooms at Staples' Hotel to examine. The idea was so funny, and then the way he took off Bob Withers and that fussy old Dr. Ginnis, pa like to have died laughing. And such splendid teeth, speaking of laughing, you know, he has! He had met with ever so many singular adventures in his life, he told us, but that being taken for a Federal spy he did think was the richest of all. He sat down on the spot, he told us, and wrote to the President a full account of it, just to give Davis, he said, one good laugh if he never has another. How they tumbled over his things, peeped into his boots, and all—spongy Captain Simmons and the rest. But he was glad to see it, he said; it showed the people were active and wide awake for the Confederacy."

"Why, he must have been out here quite often?" said the friend, with a smiling malice in her eye.

"No, not very often; that is, not very, very often," replies Anne, very red and then quite pale. "But we won't talk about him any more; I'm tired of it. How do you fix those garters, Laura? you are such a wise body, and I am such a poor little good-for-nothing."

"Oh, you artful little goose," broke in her friend, "if you ain't in love with the man my name isn't Laura Rice!"

"What nonsense, Laura!" says poor translucent Anne, blushing very red, and then turning so pale it was unpleasant to see. "I never thought of such a thing. Me? I would as soon think of the Emperor of Russia. If you only know him, what a great, magnificent—"

"Nonsense yourself, Anne, don't I know," says her visitor, who, being quite plain, was that much the more strong-minded and sensible. "If you don't know you ought to know that just such fair-haired, blue-eyed, nice little bodies as Anne Wright are the very ones your big Spanish princes are most apt to fall in love with."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Laura," said her friend, flushing with pleasure one moment, almost ready to cry the next. "You ever whisper such a thing, and see if I don't tell every body you are Union. Dr. Peel may have shown me a good deal of attention at balls in Somerville, concerts, tableaux. He may have been out to talk with pa about the war. I never once thought, I never dared to think of such a thing. If I was only a strong, beautiful girl, high-spirited, like Alice Bowles say—but poor little me? Why, he could put me in his vest pocket almost. Me, child! You think yourself mighty wise, but you never were more mistaken in all your life." And Anne vows she will never mention Dr. Peel's name to any body again as long as she lives, rattles off upon other topics for a while, and then becomes so silent as to be but poor company for her friend.

And Dr. Peel is a magnificent-looking man, no denying that fact. As Anne Wright said to her friend, he did look "the very hero of a novel, dear; Byron's Corsair, and all that. And sings? You only ought to hear him sing!"

He looks all this the more strikingly these last few days from contrast with Lieutenant Ravenel. The Lieutenant is a late arrival in Somerville. He and Dr. Peel, to whom he has brought letters of introduction from South Carolina, are inseparable. Any one can see what particular pleasure the Doctor takes in introducing him to all his friends—that is to say, all the gentlemen, not Union men, to be met on the streets. "A genuine bit of Charleston aristocracy, Hagenet blood, distinguished for his gallantry in the war; on important business from the War Department, though what that business is I can not get out of him," says Dr. Peel aside to his friends in billiard saloon and street corner.

If you observe them in Mrs. Bowles' parlor on a visit they make that lady, Dr. Peel looms up peculiarly large in comparison with the small, almost girlish, sun and form of the Lieutenant. The Doctor is quite swarthy, while the Lieutenant is exceedingly fair and rosy, no perceptible beard yet—too young for that. A handsome fellow, too, in his way, in his neatly-fitting gray suit, the sleeves richly embroidered; the military cap sitting jauntily on the side of his head is off now, of course, and you can not fail to admire his light and curly locks. "My dear mother fitted me out before I left Charleston with her own hands," he told Mrs. Bowles in return for some compliment upon his attire. Such frank, open, cordial manners! Fun, too, always lurking in the corners of his dark eye and chiseled mouth, breaking out continually in ready laughter, artless and unrestrained as a child, ever dimpled chin and cheek. Every body likes the Lieutenant on the spot warmly; you can not help it.

"By George! and those slight-built, pretty-faced fellows, girlish as they look, are the very ones to fight, you'll bet; perfect devils incarnate when a battery has got to be stormed. That's what the English people found out about their London dandies there in that war with the Russians," says Bob Withers in reply to Dr. Ginnis's sneers at Lieutenant Ravenel.

For a wonder Dr. Peel sits comparatively silent in Mrs. Bowles' parlor this evening, and lets the Lieutenant do all the talking. And Mrs. Bowles is in a flutter of delight over a visit from one direct from Charleston, and has a thousand questions to ask about Charleston and South Carolina. Lieutenant Ravenel knows almost every body and every thing there. She has vague recollections of having often seen the Lieutenant himself when a little boy playing on the Battery there at Charleston. His family she knows, of course, ever since she knew any thing. And the Lieutenant has a world to say about Rutledge Bowles, with whom he has been intimately associated, and whom he likes almost as much as his mother.

"Only, you know, Madam, there is no merit in that. Every one admires and likes Rutledge Bowles. How much he is growing to resemble his father in the portrait—of the Major, I presume it is, Madam?" says the Lieutenant, with a wave of the hand toward the old hero in his frame overhead.

"I am pleased to know it," says little Mrs. Bowles, all the mother kindling through her refined and thoroughly lady-like manner. "Did Rutledge Bowles send his photograph by you?" she asks, eagerly.

"He would have done so, Madam, for I heard him speak of desiring to send it only the week I left. The fact is, I was not intending then to leave Charleston, much less come so far south as this. Intending? Upon my word, Madam, I had no such intention. Just ten minutes before the Augusta train ran out of Charleston my Colonel caught me on the street with dispatches in his hand and a sealed note of instruction for myself. 'You will hardly have time to throw your linen in a valise and run,' he said. I did run, hard as I could tear, Madam; barely in time to catch the train as it ran out of the depot. You remember it is a good distance from the Post-office, where I was when the Colonel caught me. At the rate they hurry us a pair of fresh feet ought to be served out every few hours as a regular ration, Madam—a relay of wings, or something of the sort." The Lieutenant is so perfectly a gentleman, at the same time so overflowing with life and fun that he keeps Dr. Peel and Mrs. Bowles and Alice laughing, the first named especially, all the evening.

"I could wish Rutledge Bowles was a little more lenient toward the faults of his subordinates," I mean his superior officers, as they are called in military language," says Mrs. Bowles, not without pride. "He seems to be always in some difficulty with them. Yet Rutledge Bowles has, through young, a good deal of his father's, the Major's, accuracy and energy of character too. He lately sent me full drawings of all the defenses of Charleston, with an exact statement of the number and disposition at the time of our troops there."

"Was that not rather—excuse me—against ranks?" began the Lieutenant, politely.

"So he said in his letter. 'But since you have written for them, mother,' he wrote, 'I will risk it.' It was a foolish curiosity I had, not to see the drawings and that, but to see how well he could do it. Friends here also would like to see what Rutledge Bowles could do. Still I did not wish him to come unnecessarily in conflict with his—superiors."

"Oh, we all know Rutledge Bowles," says Lieutenant Ravenel, gravely. "For my part I do assure you, Madam, I have talked with him upon that very point often. You see, Madam, we were students together at—at, pshaw, was it at the Citadel or—"

"Columbia," suggests Mrs. Bowles. "What am I thinking about? Columbia. I prepared for Columbia at the Citadel. Columbia, of course. I could take the liberty with him, you observe; it is not every one who can. If Rutledge Bowles has a fault it is pride. But I could do nothing with him. Ah, before it

separable. Any one can see what particular pleasure the Doctor takes in introducing him to all his friends—that is to say, all the gentlemen, not Union men, to be met on the streets. "A genuine bit of Charleston aristocracy, Hagenet blood, distinguished for his gallantry in the war; on important business from the War Department, though what that business is I can not get out of him," says Dr. Peel aside to his friends in billiard saloon and street corner.

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"Was that not rather—excuse me—against ranks?" began the Lieutenant, politely.

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"Oh, we all know Rutledge Bowles," says Lieutenant Ravenel, gravely. "For my part I do assure you, Madam, I have talked with him upon that very point often. You see, Madam, we were students together at—at, pshaw, was it at the Citadel or—"

"Columbia," suggests Mrs. Bowles. "What am I thinking about? Columbia. I prepared for Columbia at the Citadel. Columbia, of course. I could take the liberty with him, you observe; it is not every one who can. If Rutledge Bowles has a fault it is pride. But I could do nothing with him. Ah, before it

separable. Any one can see what particular pleasure the Doctor takes in introducing him to all his friends—that is to say, all the gentlemen, not Union men, to be met on the streets. "A genuine bit of Charleston aristocracy, Hagenet blood, distinguished for his gallantry in the war; on important business from the War Department, though what that business is I can not get out of him," says Dr. Peel aside to his friends in billiard saloon and street corner.

If you observe them in Mrs. Bowles' parlor on a visit they make that lady, Dr. Peel looms up peculiarly large in comparison with the small, almost girlish, sun and form of the Lieutenant. The Doctor is quite swarthy, while the Lieutenant is exceedingly fair and rosy, no perceptible beard yet—too young for that. A handsome fellow, too, in his way, in his neatly-fitting gray suit, the sleeves richly embroidered; the military cap sitting jauntily on the side of his head is off now, of course, and you can not fail to admire his light and curly locks. "My dear mother fitted me out before I left Charleston with her own hands," he told Mrs. Bowles in return for some compliment upon his attire. Such frank, open, cordial manners! Fun, too, always lurking in the corners of his dark eye and chiseled mouth, breaking out continually in ready laughter, artless and unrestrained as a child, ever dimpled chin and cheek. Every body likes the Lieutenant on the spot warmly; you can not help it.

"By George! and those slight-built, pretty-faced fellows, girlish as they look, are the very ones to fight, you'll bet; perfect devils incarnate when a battery has got to be stormed. That's what the English people found out about their London dandies there in that war with the Russians," says Bob Withers in reply to Dr. Ginnis's sneers at Lieutenant Ravenel.

For a wonder Dr. Peel sits comparatively silent in Mrs. Bowles' parlor this evening, and lets the Lieutenant do all the talking. And Mrs. Bowles is in a flutter of delight over a visit from one direct from Charleston, and has a thousand questions to ask about Charleston and South Carolina. Lieutenant Ravenel knows almost every body and every thing there. She has vague recollections of having often seen the Lieutenant himself when a little boy playing on the Battery there at Charleston. His family she knows, of course, ever since she knew any thing. And the Lieutenant has a world to say about Rutledge Bowles, with whom he has been intimately associated, and whom he likes almost as much as his mother.

"Only, you know, Madam, there is no merit in that. Every one admires and likes Rutledge Bowles. How much he is growing to resemble his father in the portrait—of the Major, I presume it is, Madam?" says the Lieutenant, with a wave of the hand toward the old hero in his frame overhead.

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"HAIL COLUMBIA!"

escapes my mind, those drawings you spoke of, would you be so kind? And all the papers, in fact, if it is not too much trouble?"

It is no trouble at all. Mrs. Bowles knows exactly where the package is. Lieutenant Ravenel glances rapidly over them, but is so pleased with them that he begs permission to take them with him, will return them in the morning—they are well worth an hour's study. Mrs. Bowles consents, of course. The dear lady glows up to the smooth parting of her silvered hair with pleasure. A visitor, and a Raveled too, from Charleston—it is an angel stooping from Eden to hush and pine Eve. What with South Carolina, the war, and Rutledge Bowles, the evening passes rapidly by. The gentlemen consent to remain till tea, Alice entertaining them while her mother absent herself, making some special arrangements connected therewith.

Neither of the ladies have any admiration for Dr. Peel, his sumptuous attire, jewelry, and gestures. But on account of the Lieutenant, who remembers Alice, often met her with her nurse in King Street—her mother also, only it is so long ago, at Hillman Hall he thinks it was—they can not refuse to pay the Doctor all due attention. Yet the Lieutenant is the soul of the evening, at tea-table, and after tea till near midnight. The war is, of course, second as a topic only to Rutledge Bowles, and Lieutenant Ravenel regards the attempt of the North to prevent our independence as the choicest of jokes. He describes their cowardice, how they scamper and squall for quarter in every battle till Alice can not help laughing heartily, while Mrs. Bowles's cheeks are wet with tears of mirth. "Not that I do not from my inmost heart pity them," says good Mrs. Bowles. "The madness, the frantic folly of their miserable leaders it is excites my anger. Poor creatures, the Federal privates—mechanics, I presume, most of them, ignorant persons. Yet they, too, have wives and children to sick and weep for them."

The gay Lieutenant is grave in an instant. In his, with tones by recollections and incidents which, he is not ashamed of it, have moved him to tears even in battle. "Poor, poor creatures! I agree in your Christian sentiment, Madam; yes, we can well afford to pity." But the Lieutenant is familiar with the plans of the Confederate generals, narrates skirmishes of which Mrs. Bowles and Alice have not as yet had opportunity to read. Near, owing to their retired situation, have they had such full particulars of the noble fleet being built in Confederate ports and in Europe for the Confederacy. The Lieutenant tells them, too, of certain negotiations then in progress with foreign powers; imparts the fullest information in reference to the great revolution, already arranged and soon to break out at the North for the overthrow "of Lincoln and—pardon me, ladies—his hellish crew." A vast deal more to the same effect, all in a manner so sparkling yet deferential as to bring back to Mrs. Bowles those happy, happy days in dear old Charleston.

"Really you should see the editor of our paper—a Northern man, I regret to say," begins Mrs. Bowles.

"Lieutenant Ravenel has already seen Lamm, Madam," interposes Dr. Peel. "We spent yesterday evening with him. The Star will contain in its next issue more really interesting information than any number since the war began."

And it did contain just that. Somerville read it with keen pleasure or the reverse, according to the political tendencies of the reader. Mr. Ferguson regarded that number of the Star as one of the most valuable in his whole collection. The visit of Lieutenant Ravenel was an event in Somerville. Somerville, in fact, remembers it distinctly to this hour.

But it waxes late. The gentlemen really can not consent to trespass upon the ladies any longer. "Only one piece of music more before we leave," says the lively Lieutenant, who has been beside Alice at the piano turning over the leaves for her, even joining in with a well-trained voice, as she played and sang this and that for the last hour.

"Well, if I can," says Alice, with a smile, her fingers on the keys.

"Hail Columbia. Only for the fun of the thing, you know," says her visitor, laughing.

"You must excuse me." Alice has a taste for fun, but finds no amusement in doing just that, she does not ask herself why.

"Well, then, the Star-Spangled Banner."

"Excuse me, Lieutenant Ravenel," quite decidedly, too.

"Pardon me, only Yankee Doodle, just for the amusement of it," pleads the Confederate officer, with hands clasped in comic supplication.

"You play so well."

"I can be guilty of no such—such mockery," says Alice, surprised at her own depth of feeling and energy of refusal. With heightened roses, too.

"I really am amazed at you, Alice," says her mother, as Alice rises from the instrument. "A willful daughter, much like Rutledge Bowles in character, Lieutenant Ravenel. But since you have given us so pleasant an evening, Sir, of course I respect your aversion to the North, Alice, but then— If you will excuse my poor parentage, Lieutenant Ravenel."

And Mrs. Bowles, who is a fine player, sits down to the piano. She does not exactly see the joke, but it is the request of a guest, a favored guest, Yankee Doodle first. She had almost forgotten it. The servants in the kitchen positively refuse to believe their ears. The Star-Spangled Banner next. Charles and Sally, in the hall by this time, listening, paralyzed with vague ideas that the Yankees have arrived at last. The Lieutenant beside her strikes in with the words after the first line. Mrs. Bowles glances up nervously, to meet the laughing eyes of her

guest. What a willful, handsome, foolish fellow!

"Now Hail Columbia, if you will pardon my folly," pleads the volatile officer. It is a severe strain upon her good-breeding, but she has no time to refuse. This time Dr. Peel is on her other side, his deep voice swelling that martial melody. It is better sung than played, but splendidly done as it is, Alice is turning over a book on the other side of the room, the tears, to her own astonishment, trickling fast and free down her cheeks. Her emotions? The variation of magnetism not more beyond her analysis or control.

"It will be such a joke to tell Rutledge when I see him," says the laughing soldier. Mrs. Bowles is three-fourths ruffled with him, but there is a fascination about the young Carolinian which she can not resist. With the last note of the magnificent anthem the gentlemen take their hats to leave, apologizing for their long stay. And Mrs. Bowles has to apologize also for Alice, who has left the room.

"I fear I have offended Miss Alice by my whimsey in regard to that old music," says the handsome Lieutenant, seriously, and with penitence. I am heartily ashamed of myself. I fear levity is my besetting sin. Apologize for me, Madam; she must forgive me on the ground of our being both Carolinians. And may I beg," adds the Lieutenant, coming back into the parlor after taking his leave, "that you will not allude to my visit in writing to Rutledge? There are reasons—in fact, I am here on secret service." His peculiar position prevents the officer from saying more. No one has finer tact than Mrs. Bowles. She anticipates him, understands the whole, and hastens to express again her gratification at having met him. And so they part.

"I do solemnly declare, Fairfax, you are a trump! But look here, man, you carried it too far to-night, entirely too far." It is Dr. Peel who makes this remark over and over when they are safely in the streets, and once again with now emphasis when they are seated in the Doctor's room at Staple's Hotel.

His companion pays no attention to him until he has completed an accurate copy of the papers from Rutledge Bowles loaned him by Mrs. Bowles.

"Beautifully done," says Dr. Peel, after examining the work. "What a doughty man you are, Fairfax! And the list, too; useful documents."

"Worth coming all the way to this little Somerville to get. You see we can buy any number of papers of the sort on the spot. But those are made to sell, perhaps to deceive; this you know to be correct. My conscience hurts me awfully, however," adds the Lieutenant. "What a perfect lady she is; and so unsuspecting! But that music was grand, wasn't it? That is the fool I was raised on; very little else I have heard of and on these last two years; but I never enjoyed it in my life as I did to-night. By Jove! here in the heart of the rebellion, and the sincerest of rebels playing the accompaniment! Did you ever know such a joke?" And the young man stretched out his legs under the table, threw himself back in the chair, and laughed as only the young and happy can laugh.

However, for her life Mrs. Bowles could not see the point of the fun next morning. She felt condemned, guilty. And then passers-by having stopped, horror-stricken, to hear the music, poor Mrs. Bowles had to explain and explain the matter for weeks after. Most annoying. But when Mrs. Warner, on a special visit, with upraised eyebrows, "really could not believe it, Madam. Hail Columbia, Yankee Doodle, Red, White, and Blue, Star-Spangled Banner—all those miserable old songs, and over and over again, I'm told. Why, Mrs. Bowles, you must have heard how Alonzo Wright, only a month ago, when down the country for cotton, shot a man dead, dead on the spot, for only whistling Yankee Doodle thoughtless-like, for the man was a good Secessionist!"

"Mrs. Warner," interrupts Mrs. Bowles, very quietly, but with all South Carolina in her manner, "my daughter Alice and myself and our guests play and sing, and do now, and at all times, exactly as we see fit. You will pardon me, Madam; but how did you say your little Maria is? Well, I trust."

So that nothing is left Mrs. Warner but "Good-morning, Madam!" and to leave.

"But, Fairfax, I'm in earnest about it, in the interest of Government as much as in your own, do you not risk too much?" urges Dr. Peel there in his room upon his young friend.

It is amazing how changed is the Doctor's manner with the Lieutenant from what it is with Somerville; not an oath hardly, gentle as a lamb, not the least bit of a bully or a black-guard. Sumptuous Dr. Peel is a totally different Dr. Peel in every sense from what Somerville has known him. And he wears a business air, too, with the Lieutenant, his natural self evidently.

"Never mind about me, Peel, old fellow!" says his friend, gayly. "The only way to cross rotten ice is to skate your swiftest. You have your way out on this business; I must follow my way. I wonder if I have not had some experience by this time? My way of doing matters has carried me over many and many an ugly place—will carry me over many an uglier yet. The fact is, Peel, I wonder—by-the-by, what your name really is. Never mind about that. The fact is, I'm a man walking the edge of a precipice; over a scantling laid across an abyss; if I stop to look down I'm lost. But I'll be shot if it isn't fun alive, the whole thing. I always had a genius for fun—about the only truth I told Mrs. Bowles to-night. There, at the University of Virginia, we fellows used to think we knew

what fun was. I rather datter myself I was a kind of ringleader. Smoking the Fresh; deviling the Neph; putting pigs up the bellry, tied to the rope, so as to ring at it all night, you observe; putting tubs of cold water over the tutors' doors, so as to benefit their debilitated systems with a bath as they came out; dyeing the professors' dogs and horses a lovely crimson—things of that sort. But this is a joke ahead of them, I rather think. As to the danger, that is the spice of the whole thing."

"And you never were in Charleston?"

"Not before the war; often since—on business, you observe, confidential and excessively private. Carolina, with a plague on the heroic little humbug, except that, I was never in it in my life. Thank you for your hints about Rutledge Bowles, only his mother gave me enough during the first five minutes. I was intimate with him, wasn't I? Splendid fellow, I have no doubt."

"His proud beauty of a sister was too much for you," began Dr. Peel.

"Glorious girl, isn't she?" broke in the Lieutenant, with enthusiasm. "And I'll tell you something, Sir, will astonish even you. That girl is Union, Sir—Union true blue—Stars and Stripes to the centre! You needn't whistle. I ought to know the signs by this time. While you were telling the mother that preposterous story about your acquaintance with Calhoun, I gave the fair damsel a full trial, just to be certain of it. I couldn't get her faintest assent to a syllable I said in glorification of the Confederacy, not even the assent of her eyes, steady as they came there the whole time. It was to tease her as much as anything I asked her to play those pieces. A Secessionist might do that, refuse as she did, probably would, but the manner of refusing! And with her brother and mother so dyed in the wool. Glorious girl! I could have hugged her on the spot for her principles. But, as to that, how any woman can stand Jeff Davis, Secession, war for slavery, and all, is more than I can understand—blind feeling."

"Exactly as a woman clings to a red-faced, foul-breathed, roaring, drunken husband, who curses and beats her and the children. It is my husband, you see. My country! The delusion lies just there," says Dr. Peel, with a sneer.

"Oh, as to that, it is amazing how many people I find all over the South who continue to know what their country is, cling to it, too, with all their souls. By Jove, Sir, I honor them," says the young officer—"honor them more than words can utter. They are the very best people, too, of the places where they live. I fall in love with them on sight, especially when they are females. I often meet with wrinkled, toothless old ladies. You see they know people can not well hang them, so they can speak out to their heart's content. And they do. I have heard them abuse Secession even to my satisfaction. I could have taken the dear old things in my arms. Whenever I chanced with Union people off by themselves you can not tell what a severe temptation it is to tell them a little something. I can play upon them as a girl can on a piano; tell them tremendous tales of the success of the Confederacy just to see how melancholy they get, their faces growing as long as your arm in spite of themselves. And to see how they brighten up when I slip in a little good news the other way! They do not believe a word of it, of course; or shake their heads in such a melancholy way, their eyes sparkling. How they will rejoice when the old flag flies over them again, and all the air blows Hail Columbia! True as steel they are; but if one could only tell them how certain the thing is! However, all this isn't business, and I'm off in the morning. People might get too fond of me, you know. Lieutenant Ravenel, Confederate States service—good!"

"Well, I am ready," said Dr. Peel, producing a package of papers from his bosom. "Not much more in addition to what we have attended to already. But, first, there's a receipt for that last thousand you brought; much obliged to Uncle Sam and secret service. Now then. Here—let me see—ah, yes, a statement of the rebel forces and so forth in my district, present and prospective sustenance, and so on. Tell them they may rely on it; I got the statement from headquarters myself. You do things your way, Lieutenant Ravenel of South Carolina, but if you fancy there is a genuine Southerner of higher standing than Dr. Peel in all this district you are mistaken. By-the-by, here's a private letter. Do me the favor to leave it at its address in New York. It is exchange on London for five thousand pounds to my credit, you know; they'll understand it. A good joke, since you like jokes so well, in connection. That represents a cargo of cotton safe over the water in payment by the Confederacy for I have forgotten how many pounds of powder—"

"Permit me, Dr. Peel," interrupts his guest, with a total change of manner. "Do I understand—"

"I am astonished at you, Fairfax. Don't you see that the article was manufactured for this express purpose? We found it would throw up the ball in the metre about, say, three degrees. The standard in our service is rather over that, I think. You ought to have seen the proud satisfaction with which it was received. I volunteered to see to the stowing of it away. Necessary to take special precautions lest it should explode. Explode! And there it is at the Arsenal this instant, all ready in case of need."

"But," began the delighted Lieutenant, "how in the mischief—?"

"Oh, I had specimens plenty for trial, Dupont's best. The Governor shook me by the hand warmly. 'Splendid article,' he said. 'You see I'm an old soldier, and ought to know,' says he. 'We are under obligations to you, Doctor.' I rather think wooden nutmegs will cease to be

quoted hereafter. The articles in the way of caps, arms, powder, clothing, every thing that Yankees in Havana, France, England, Belgium, have passed off for genuine cotton upon these poor devils is shameful. Not Yankees only. It does seem that the entire world has conspired with the leaders here South against the South. I am glad of it to my soul," adds Dr. Peel, with a savage oath. "That is what I like most in the thing—the cool, deliberate, thorough suicide in it from the start. Burned towns, railways destroyed, wharves leveled, whole regions stripped bare, to say nothing of the killed and the orphans and widows. Curse on them!" continued Dr. Peel, with a torrent of curses, all his soul in his bad eyes—"no man can hate them worse than I do, and even I am almost satisfied. And then all that is yet to come! I am more than satisfied, almost beginning to pity—perhaps," he adds, with the expression of a devil.

"Hallo, I say, look here, man," says his companion, looking keenly at the speaker. "War is war, I know, and these people would force their heads in the cannon's mouth. But I don't believe in the way you look at it. Take care what you say. If we are whipping them a tough enough job they are giving us of it, all our numbers and navy to boot. Besides, I am a Southern man myself, every drop of my blood." And the gay young officer had changed into a sharp observer upon Dr. Peel. "Besides, you talk too loud. How do you know but there may be some one listening? If there are, up we go, you well know," added he, with a peculiar gesture of his right hand, and resuming his gait.

"Never fear, I know what I am about. I'm too anxious to live if it is only to see the delicious ending. I have taken every precaution. Besides, I don't believe any possible event could make the people here even doubt me. The credulity, the super-astounding gullibility of these people is one long treat to me. I do love to work them up, and have them yell and beg and swear to heaven in glorification of the South. Such double-distilled fools!" says Dr. Peel, leaning into contempt, and so becoming cool again.

"However, business. There, that paper explains itself—the exact date, as near as I can get it, of that raid to be made into Tennessee. I think I have been tolerably accurate heretofore. There is another paper—sealed, you see; private even from you, Fairfax. Ah, that is a little petition of some friends about that Sergeant Boldin. He deserted from Grant—you must have heard of it—after getting himself scarified on the back some way—something like it in one of the old sieges of Babylon, is there not? It was his information gave us that delicious header of the rebels below Corinth. The Sergeant died like a man. You'll find the address of his family there. Seward ought really to do something handsome. Ah, here is that list of the Union men in my district who may be relied upon at Washington. If you are caught destroy that whatever you do; if it gets into rebel hands they'll smell out the cipher, and in that case good-by to the men. That would be a pity. There are two Judges, a Secretary of State, three Superintendents of conscripts, several officers in actual service. It amazes me, Fairfax, and every day—pshaw! no, it does not amaze me. But the rottenness of this whole thing! Talk of Southern chivalry! If you only knew as well as I do the frantic eagerness of these military men—not civilians mind you, but the officers, the very chivalry itself, to make money! All that is a thing, of course, with Yankees, but I did think there would be at least that difference. Why, Sir," adds Dr. Peel, with an oath, "there is not a dodge to which most of them do not resort to make a fortune out of this war."

"Laying up for exile and confiscation, man," says his companion. "And as their paper pay depreciates they will be more desperate in the work than before."

"And to do the South justice," continues Dr. Peel, with something like a sneer, "even you have little idea how very many Union men there are South, and not a man of them even attempting to make a cent out of the war, dumb, dead weights upon the rebellion those of them that escape hanging." The Doctor says this while selecting another paper from his package. "There," he adds, laying it upon the table, "read that, Sir; something actually done for the cause; the amount of stores destroyed is rather under that over the mark."

"Flouring mills, card factory burned; ten powder wagons blown up, two more upset in crossing the river—hum—hum; train of mules ran off from—hum—hum. Why, Doctor, you are the very—steamer *Eliza* burned; thousand stand of—six pieces small cannon, fifty thousand pounds powder—hum, hum; machinery of percussion cap—"

"That was really a shame," puts in the Doctor, with a display of his remarkably fine teeth. "If you only knew the months of modeling, casting, contriving before they could get the thing to work. Just as they got all ready—I was really sorry for them, such a bitter disappointment. Reminds me of a little thing I didn't think worth putting down. I was on a visit over at the Penitentiary—a distinguished visitor, you observe. The Colonel insisted on showing me over the whole establishment. In one room they had an iron trough filled with the detonating mixture for caps. Very much interested I was, so much so as to visit the room again next day; had a handkerchief full of lime under my cloak, and—if those caps explode I'm mistaken—"

"Destruction of the Arsenal at Jackson" says the young officer, glancing over another paper placed in his hands. "You don't mean—"

"Certainly," says Dr. Peel, with an effort at seriousness. "The women and children I regret as much as any man. But war is war, and they would have it. You observe, there is no neighborhood in all the South in which one can

not find plenty of hands. The blacks are too dull often, but the mulattoes are smart enough. Bless your soul, you don't suppose I do my work with my own hands? No, Sir, not if I can help it; besides, what is the use when I have so many ready for any kind from me. You could not do my work; it requires a peculiar gift. In one month I could lay almost every town in my district in ashes if I only gave the word. They are sometimes caught, often hung, yet they never divulge anything—at least, never anything to hurt. Miserable animals they are, of course," adds the speaker in peculiar tones. "Men, monkeys, apes, gorillas, but as mischievous as monkeys. They can not plan, have no idea of combination, yet they can do what is planned for them. They are called 'hands,' you know. And then they have such an innocent, ignorant, stupid look with it all."

"I am sick of the whole thing—sick, sick," says his companion, with ill-concealed loathing for his friend, and raising his face, covered with his hands, upon the edge of the table.

"How you reason!" said Dr. Peel, towering above the Lieutenant, bold and had as Lucifer. "Forty odd blows up at Jackson. Why, Fairfax, those people had already—women and children, mind—had already made cartridges enough to have killed many thousands times that number of our men, and were hard at it still."

"How do we know, at last, but you are humbugging us?" says the Lieutenant, glad of some mode of showing his aversion, raising his head, and looking his companion defiantly in the face. "Who knows but you take the credit of mere accidents?"

"That is for your superiors to decide, Sir," replies Dr. Peel, even laughably. "They have had no occasion to doubt me so far."

"Oh, well, it is none of my business," said his companion, hastily, drawing his cap down over his forehead. "Let us get through."

"Well," he adds, when Dr. Peel has handed in, without further conversation, his last report, "it is a disagreeable business. I'd rather take it out in open field. Yet few men in the field are as useful as I am—and as you are," he adds, with some hesitation. "Certainly none in such danger."

There is a long silence, during which Dr. Peel, business over, is refreshing himself with a cigar as he sits at ease in his superb dressing-gown, rocking himself in the best rocking-chair Joe Staples's Hotel affords. The Lieutenant, meanwhile, is securing the papers about his person.

"Being a Yankee," he begins, as if suddenly impelled into conversation by some new motive.

"I beg your pardon. Figuratively a Yankee, you mean. You are a Virginian, you know," interrupts Dr. Peel, holding his cigar in his jeweled hand, and emitting a long puff of smoke from his lips.

"There is nothing very wonderful in your knowing that," replies the other. "Others besides yourself know me inside our lines. No, what I was about saying is this: being a curious sort of man, I will be glad if you will tell me exactly what prompts you to your well known—I will add wonderful—zeal and energy. I don't think I am an idle man in the cause, but you leave me far in the rear."

"I have no objection to tell you," is the reply, "provided you will tell me why you are so active. I won't stop to be complimentary."

"Soon told," answers the young officer, who has silently resumed his light and dashing manner. "I am a Southern Union man, ten times intenser Union than any of those Yankees North can be if they tried, because it is my native South which I'm helping to rid of the double curse of Secession and—I wouldn't have said it three years ago, I do say it now—slavery. I got my devotion to the Union from father and mother; had it deepened by the stand I took for it at the University; since the war began it has become my very life. The assassination of some of my dearest friends by the rebels, the death of my old father, and the destruction of the old place at the same hands, have helped matters; and I have an old mother—as splendid a specimen of a Virginia lady as ever lived—living at Fredericksburg, who lays her hand on my head and blesses me in my work whenever I see her. Martha Washington, Sir, over again," adds the officer, with enthusiasm. "Precious little I care for old Lincoln. In fact, I've had more cold water thrown on me at Washington than anywhere else. It is the resent of the South from that wretched old Republican and his gang, and their abominable delusions and keeneries, that I fight for. You know all about the Crusaders and the war for the Holy Land."

"But why engage in this particular sort of service?"

"It just happened so: At the opening of the war a particular piece of information had to be obtained from within the rebel lines for a very special reason. No one would go and get it; so I had to do it. It became a habit, you see; the excitement of the thing, the success, a little praise from head-quarters, and all. And I always had a taste for masquerading—for the joke's sake. Why, Sir, I've passed any number of times for Davis's nephew; once or twice as his son—dangerous work that, as I do not know whether the old scoundrel has any son; but every man has nephews, you know. There is hardly a prominent officer in the rebel service whose near relative I have not been somewhere in my travels. I am a native of every State of the South, hailing, at some time or other, from almost every leading town in every State South. I have filled almost every minor office under the Confederate Government; been in every battle, without exception. Masquerading! Why, Sir, I've passed half a dozen times as a lovely girl driven from my home in Maryland, Kentucky, Nashville. I have been the belle of balls in Richmond and Charleston! You would have

died of laughing to see me managing my crinoline and tossing my curls! By Jove, I can handle a fan and a parasol as well, at times I almost get to believe I am a woman, and not so ugly a one either! I have had love made to me by any number of military men; have been so enthusiastic for the cause; have had so many charming little ways—'Now, do tell me, General!—' 'Please, Colonel, how many men have we got here?' and so on—that I've got more information than I dared hope for. But I've no time to talk. Isn't that the morning breaking?"

And the young officer rose from his chair, washed his face at Dr. Peel's wash-stand, combed his hair before the glass, and sauntered about the room as fresh as if he had just risen from a full night's sleep.

"Four o'clock," he added, at last, consulting his watch, "and the stage leaves at half past. Have up that breakfast, Doctor, you promised. I have already settled my bill—nothing to do but to eat and leave."

That Dr. Peel was a Power at the hotel was evidenced in the rapid manner in which a hot breakfast was served up in answer to his call to that effect down the stairs. The very countenance of the mulatto who waited on them with it would have indicated to a close observer that Dr. Peel wielded some unusual influence over him at least.

"You said you were in London, I think," said the Lieutenant, who, declining to sit down, stood beside the table eating. "I don't expect any sympathy from you, but did you notice the tomb of André in Westminster Abbey?"

"There were really so many objects of interest—"

"Well, I did. My father took me over when I was a boy; told me the whole story as we stood looking at it. I was fascinated. I suppose there may be some similarity in our dispositions—not our fates, however, I hope. There was a sort of harem-scramble; a dashing mixture of Achilles and—by-the-by, what a fellow Achilles was for a man-of-war! I never thought of it before! Months, you remember, in disguise at the court of King Something-or-other! Isn't that the stage coming up the street? And I had almost forgot. What is your motive?" said the Lieutenant, making a rapid dash of his meal, snapping together the lids of his valise, putting on his cap. "I'm all ready to be off—what is it?"

"None of the motives you speak of," said Dr. Peel, grim and sullen, behind the coffee-pot. "I don't object to the pay; it is to me an easy life; some other reasons, perhaps. But the chief reason," he added, suddenly, "is hate."

"Hate?" Lieutenant Barrell of South Carolina weighs the words as he draws on his beautifully-embroidered gloves, looking keenly in his companion's face. "Hate?"

Few men sharper than Dr. Peel. "I would not have printed all that wild young scamp told you," he had said to Lamson after the issue of the Star containing the Lieutenant's information. "Lamson was wrong to do it," he remarked to Somerville generally. "Chaps like Ravend are fond of exaggerating, making a great blow. Take my word for it, you'll find half he has been telling us is all a lie. With a tremendous oath, "I don't know but what his very letters of introduction to me were all a forgery?" Yes, very smart, indeed, was impetuous and magniloquent Dr. Peel.

Not sharper than young Fairfax. As that gentleman stands drawing on his gloves and looking steadily at his friend seated before him, the stage horn blows a second time, and with it the negro hostler comes into the room for the Lieutenant's valise, and "Mass Bill Perkins say, come or be left."

"You told me to take care I didn't carry it too far. You had better take particular care yourself, Dr. Peel," such singular meaning in the speaker's tones. "Upon my soul, I can hardly blame you; the times which so fast I hardly know how to think or feel; but, fact is, I have found you out, Doctor."

One can make nothing of the Lieutenant's countenance the expression is so strange.

"Why, what do you mean?" asks Dr. Peel, at last, but by no means the Dr. Peel he was up to that instant.

"Oh, pahaw! I know it. You are ——," and he places his lips to the Doctor's ear to say it. Not over half a dozen letters to the world, yet grand Dr. Peel falls back from the whisper as if struck by a bludgeon, and his lively young friend is gone.

THE SURGEON'S STORY.

A TRUE INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

"The only time," said the surgeon, "that I ever saw prisoners roughly handled was at Winchester."

The ladies united in asking him to relate the incident.

"We made regular trips," he continued, "once or twice a week from Harper's Ferry to Winchester. We did not mean to garrote it, but to prevent the rebels from holding it. At the time I was speaking of we had orders to enter Winchester, and push as far as we could safely go beyond it, to find out whether the enemy had any forces in the neighborhood."

"We reached the rebel town in the evening. The General ordered us to rest for the night—until he could get the reports of spies, and of one or two scouting parties that he had sent into the country."

"We dismounted. The officers told us to make ourselves at home. The boys searched all the stables and barns in the town for forage, and others went out in squads to the neighboring farms."

"As soon as they got their horses fed they entered any house they pleased and took up free quarters in it.

"As a squad of three of our men were about to enter a barn in the outskirts of the town, three rebel soldiers suddenly jumped up from among the hay and let blaze at them. One of our men was badly wounded, but not fatally. His two comrades ran back for help. They soon returned, I tell you, with as mad a set of fellows as you could have mustered in Virginia. They burned the barn high and low, every nook and corner, up left and down cellar, but not a trace of the rebels could they find."

"We knew that they hadn't got out of our lines; for our pickets were too strong for that."

"There were some houses near by and we searched them. But we had the same luck—not a trace of the rebels!"

"Well, boys, we must give it up," said Tom Rynder; 'but I'll be hanged if I see how the—— Johnnies got off. They must be here—somewhere right by, too—but they've given us the slip so slick as grease."

"Not much they haven't," shouted Bill Green, a Maryland soldier; "you don't find this child leave this till he collars them dogged rebels. I tell you they're inside ten rods of here, some'ers, and I tell you I'm agwine to get 'em dead or alive. I know their tricks, by jolly, and I tell you they're in that house that some'ers or other. Hillo! Look at that hole! How are you, Johnnie? I'm after you!"

"And with that characteristic speech of he ran to the nearest house, which we had searched already from top to bottom. The houses there have no cellars. They are generally raised about three or four feet from the ground, and sometimes rest on a stone foundation which is built all round; and sometimes again they rest on a little piece of masonry at the corners only, while the spaces between them are backed up with earth. In the banking of this house there was an opening that none of us had noticed. The Marylander made for it and squatted on his knees and peeped in.

"Are they there?" we shouted.

"He looked up and said nothing. He was evidently disappointed."

"No," he said at last, after musing a while, "but they're here some'ers, and I'm agwine to find them. Hillo! bab, come here! Come along with me!"

"A little fellow had just come out from the house. He hung back, but Bill coaxed him into the barn. I went with him. Bill told the other men to keep the women of the house inside, talking to them, so that they might not see him with the boy."

"Now, bab," said Bill to the boy, "do you know that I'm agwine to turn down your house?"

"The boy looked scared."

"Oh, please not, Sir," he cried; "them fellars ain't thar; true's death, Sir, they're not thar."

"And I'm agwine to burg your dad, bab," added Bill, without taking any notice of what the boy had said; "and, likewise, I'll be obliged to give you the pefestest whaling you ever heard tell on in all your born days!"

"Oh, please don't, Sir!" cried the little fellow again—he was thoroughly frightened now—"the soldiers ain't thar."

"How do you know?" asked Bill.

"I know they ain't," replied the boy.

Bill seized him by the collar and, spoke fiercely.

"Now, boy, I'll burg you and your dad, and turn down your house in ten minutes, if you don't tell me what them fellars is hid!"

"Oh, please, Sir, I'm afraid," said the boy.

"Don't be afraid, Bill told him—they sha'n't harm you; nobody sha'n't harm you for us, and, by hooky, I'll pull your gizzard out and hang you double quick if you don't out and tell right off what they're hid!"

"The boy was now completely cowed."

"Well, Sir," he said, "they's hid under our boss. They's dug a hole in the ground right below the middle of the parlor. You can't see it when you look in that hole in the hankin', because they torted all the dirt away, and you see it's too dark to notice the other hole thataway."

"All right, bab," said Bill, "you'll be a man before your mother if you keep your eye peeled! We won't hurt you."

"Oh, please, Sir," cried the boy, "don't burn down our house; we's Union folks!"

"In what direction?" asked Bill, with a grin.

"I don't know nothin' about any direction," said the boy, with a puzzled look.

"Oh, you don't?" continued Bill, "well, ye oughter. You oughter say you're Union—"

"Over the left, you know, over the left,"

he said.

Bill rushed out, and told one of the soldiers to stand with his revolver cocked at the hole in the banking, and to shoot down the first man that tried to escape through it.

"Then he went into the house and asked for an axe."

"What in the world do you want with an axe?" the old woman inquired, with an anxious glance at his face.

"Ax? me no questions and I'll tell ye no lies," said Bill; "but, unless ye want this house burned over yer head, bring me one in less than two-fer."

"The woman saw that Bill was in no mood to be trifled with, and went and got the axe without any more ado."

Bill then turned to the three soldiers who had followed him into the house and told them to draw their revolvers and be ready to shoot. They did so.

"Without a word Bill seized the carpet at the edges and tore it up."

"The women screamed."

"Lard a messy!" shouted the old woman, "what an airth are ye spillin' my carpet for? The ole man and all on us is Union, and bet allers bin!"

"Tos my word and honor," added one of the daughters, "there ain't nary reb hid in our house."

"We don't know nary thing about any reb," said another young woman.

"They all made a fuss and boiled, but Bill

took no more notice of them than if they had been a parcel of hogs. He tore every bit of the carpet from the floor."

"As soon as he had done it he took the axe, and with one blow broke through the thin floor."

"Be ready, boys!" he said.

"The women were crying and screaming and talking Union all the time."

"One or two blows made quite a large opening, and with a single jerk Bill tore up the flooring."

"What do you suppose we saw?"

"There lay the three rebels, dressed in dirty horsemans, huddled together at the bottom of a wide hole that they had dug beneath the house."

"Bill was a powerful fellow. He seized one of the rebels by the nape of the neck, and not only pulled him out, but pitched him to the farther corner of the room. One of our boys instantly covered him with his pistol."

"Without waiting to rest, Bill served the two others in the same way."

"You ought to have seen him as he turned to the women!"

"Well, old Sixpence, you're Union, you ar? an' the ole man? and allers hee bin? And you never seed no reb, you never did, Miss Pease? Nor you nather, on your word and honor, Miss Seeseb?"

"They hung down their heads, blushed up to the eyes, and left the room without saying a word."

"We dismissed the rebels and led them to the General. But it was hard work. I never saw our men so exasperated. They wanted to lynch these assassins. If our wounded man had died I don't believe the General could have held them back."

"Next day we had orders to return to Harper's Ferry. The three rebels were larded to the boxes of saddles, and forced to keep up with us all day long on foot. Their shoes were taken from them, and they had 'a hard road to travel, I believe,' that day. That was all the punishment ever inflicted on them for the attempted assassination of our men."

"This," added the Surgeon, "was in the days when we made war on peace principles, and it would not have done them to have lashed these wretches. It might have exasperated the South, you know. So, as I said, all we did to them was to force them for one day to keep step to the music of the Union cavalry's boots."

THE NEW DICTATOR OF PERU.

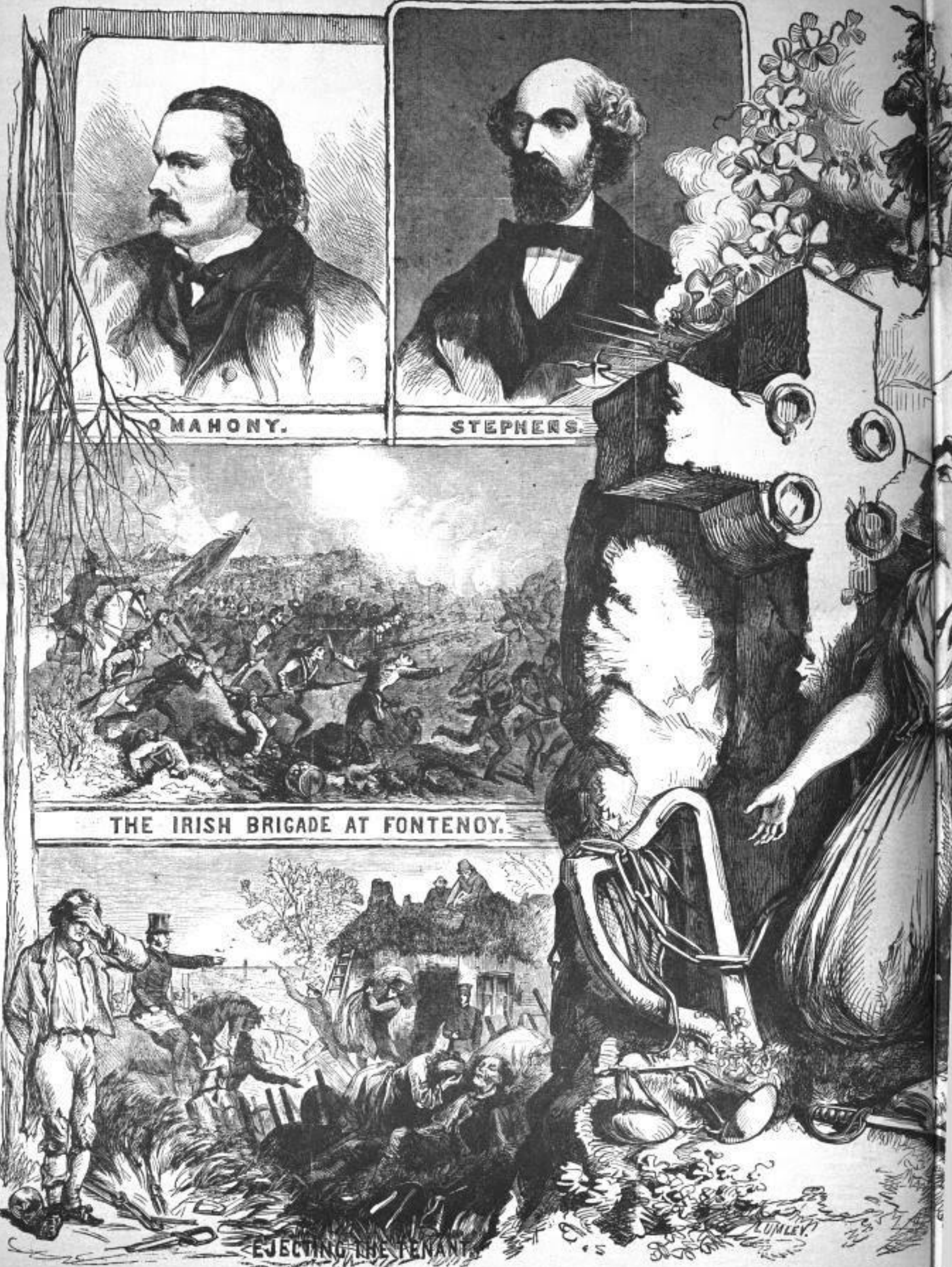
THE revolution which has recently been contemplated in the republic of Peru, originating, as it seems, in a feeling of dissatisfaction among the soldiers and population of the southern provinces at the behavior of President Pizarro's Government in submitting to the insolent demands of Spain last year, has resulted in the establishment of a dictatorship in the hands of the new President, General Pizarro, who was proclaimed at a meeting in the Plaza of Lima on the 29th of November. The Peruvians seem to feel the necessity of immediate and vigorous measures, as the only means of maintaining the national honor and saving the country from further financial difficulties. The new President promises well. There has been a thorough investigation into the public finances, and a system of taxation is shortly to be established, in order to make up the deficiency and to prevent an entire dependence upon the transient revenues of the guano trade. A general abolition of all privileges and pecuniary grants unlawfully acceded by former governments has been decreed and carried into execution. Several bureaus and all unnecessary offices have been suppressed. A central court of justice has been appointed for the speedy trial and punishment of all persons belonging to the public service who may be guilty of treason, dishonesty in the discharge of their duties, or other crimes. Further, public schools have been decreed for the diffusion of education among the poorer classes. These movements are all in the right direction, and indicate that the Government is in earnest for the welfare of the country.

VIEWS IN LIMA, PERU.

We give our readers on page 196 a portrait of the new Dictator of Peru; and three interesting Views of Lima, the capital of that country.

Lima—in accordance with the old custom which required that great cities should be built at some distance from the sea-port, in order to place them out of the reach of piratical invasion—is situated about two leagues from the Bay of Callao, on the banks of the Rimac. The site of the city was chosen by Pizarro, in 1535. In half a century the city is said to have been peopled by 100,000 souls. But what a decline since then! In 1835 the population was only 54,000. The view of Lima, as one approaches it from the distance, is very magnificent; but the entrance to the city does not justify the anticipations aroused by a more remote observation. Owing to the prevalence of earthquakes the houses are rarely very high, though, so will appear from our illustrations, there are marked exceptions to this custom of building houses only one or two stories in height. On an average there are about forty-five earthquakes per year in Lima. About once in half a century these shocks are extremely violent and ruinous. In this way the whole city has several times been reduced to a heap of rubbish. The most destructive of those occurred in 1746. A little more than an hour before midnight the earth began its tremblings, and in three minutes the city lay in ruins. Of more than 8000 houses only 21 escaped entire. The towers of the cathedral were overthrown. The bridges across the Rimac, of which we give a sketch, was the only public work which escaped. The sea, which had suddenly receded from the shore under the impulse of the shock, with its reflux wave buried Callao and its 5000 inhabitants in an utter and everlasting silence, leaving no vestige of the wreck which it had made!

Our Views of Lima are photographic leaves from the "Bays of Sunlight," photographed by A. GARAYON, and published by PUTZ & SCHENCK, Washington.



MAHONY.

STEPHENS.

THE IRISH BRIGADE AT FONTENOY.

EJECTING THE TENANT.

IRELAND AND THE FENIAN LEADERS



ROBERTS.



SWEENEY.



FACTION FIGHTING.



EMIGRATION



DRAWN BY ARTHUR LUMLEY.—[SEE PAGE 205.]

HELEN GREY.

BECAUSE one loves you, Helen Grey,
Is that a reason you should prout,
And like a March wind veer about,
And frown, and say your shrewish say?
Don't strain the cord until it snaps,
Don't split the sound heart with your wedge,
Don't cut your fingers with the edge
Of your keen wit; you may, perhaps.

Because you're handsome, Helen Grey,
Is that a reason to be proud?
Your eyes are bold, your laugh is loud,
Your steps go mincing on their way;
But so you miss that modest charm
Which is the surest charm of all:
Take heed, you yet may trip and fall,
And no man care to stretch his arm.

Stoop from your cold height, Helen Grey,
Come down, and take a lowlier place;
Come down, to fill it now with grace;
Come down you must perforce some day:
For years can not be kept at bay,
And fading years will make you old;
Then in their turn will men seem cold,
When you yourself are nipped and gray.

LA SONNAMBULA.

THE country between St. Nazaire and Vannes is neither beautiful nor interesting. Scarcely forests of fir, stretching over miles after miles of undulating plain, and seldom varied by the appearance of a peasant's cottage or the mansion of a Breton noble, oppress the eye and fatigue the mind to such a degree that the wearied traveler is fain to turn his attention to the inside of the carriage, should he be unlucky enough to journey by the fog-bait railway that runs through this desert. There is not even excitement at the stations—in fact, excitement of any sort is discouraged by the paternal Government of France. It is unhealthy—it disturbs the mental equilibrium of the people; whereas the strict regularity of thought and action is produced by a discreet system of national education, which is just as visible at railway stations as elsewhere. You are not allowed, for instance, to walk up and down the platform—the impatience and suspense might produce agitation; you are therefore cooped up in an apartment according to the class whereby you travel; the train is placed so that its first-class, second-class, and third-class carriages are directly opposite those respective apartments, and at a given moment the doors are opened and you are propelled into your proper place in the train, under the superintendence of several sergent-majors. So that in traveling through the country there is not even variety met with at the halting-places. You glide into the empty station, suddenly the doors are thrown open, in scramble a few Breton peasants, and away you go again through the interminable forests of fir.

For fellow-travelers I had a lady and gentleman of uncertain age—the latter might be about thirty-five; the former was good-looking, which ought to obviate all speculations as to years. They were not married, for he seemed particularly courteous and attentive to her; they were not brother and sister, for they were utterly unlike each other. I concluded them to be simply friends, or perhaps prospective husband and wife. The gentleman was somewhat reserved; answered her inquiries kindly but curtly; and seemed more amused than interested by her remarks. But how shall I describe the admirable manner—the over-veering beauty, the brilliant, witty, bashful, and simple conversation of his younger friend? The artless grace of her every movement was pretty and perplexing as the motions of a squirrel; she was constantly changing in her look, in her mood, even in the attitudes she formed; while in her casual observations there were such subtle drolleries, such unconscious shrewdness and humor, that the longer you listened the more you were charmed.

She dropped her glove.
I picked it up; and this little circumstance made us friends. From a few words of thanks she proceeded to remark upon the weather, then upon the country, upon the Breton population, upon the French, upon the English, and their barbarous customs. She was indeliberately engaging; she laughed and chattered, grew serious, and abruptly darted again into comedy; teased her companion for his austerity and reticent smile; and gave herself such pretty airs and graces that one could have fancied her a child of thirteen. She asked me if I had seen "Le Duc" when in Paris; if I had read the last new novel translated from the English; then hummed an air from the last page of the *Journal de Dinan*—a very un-Sunday-like magazine which she held in her hand.

"What I reverence in you English is your power, your grandeur, your great wealth. You are all rich—all very rich, are you not?"
Despite the charming simplicity with which the question was asked, I was obliged, in reply, to suggest that in England I knew of one or two people who might be richer, with no great detriment to themselves.

"Why, you carry fortunes on your fingers, in your watch-pockets, in your purses. Will Monsieur think me rude if I ask to see his ring?"
At once the trinket was in her possession, and with quite an infantine curiosity did she examine it. She then passed it to her companion, whose attention had already been fixed upon it while it was yet on my finger.

"You will think us monsters of rudeness, Monsieur," said he; "but English workmanship is quite a novelty to us. The quaint figuring around the stone, for example, is purely northern. I presume Monsieur has also an English watch?"

"Of the eighteenth century," said I; "an heirloom in our family."

"What a treasure!" he replied, with more vi-

vacity than he had hitherto revealed. "Would Monsieur have the goodness—?"

They were no less delighted with the watch, and insisted on my opening it to show its internal construction and the jewels which it contained. The back of the watch was also admired, with its quaint carving, and likewise its precious stones, which were more readily visible than those inside. The gentleman leaned back in his seat, as though somewhat ashamed of having exhibited this curiosity, while the young lady remained as lively as ever, and continued her conversation during the rest of the journey.

Toward evening we entered the town of Vannes, the capital of the department of Morbihan. I pitched my traveling-case into the first omnibus that presented itself, which happened to be that belonging to the "Hôtel du Dauphin"; and I observed that my lady friend was also about to enter the same vehicle, when her companion made a slight gesture of dissent.

"Which hotel?" he inquired of the conductor.

"Hôtel du Dauphin, Monsieur."

He remained a moment in doubt.

"There is the 'Hôtel de la Croix Verte,'" he remarked to his companion, "and the 'Hôtel de France.'"

"Le voici—par ici, Monsieur!" cried another conductor, with an expressive motion of the hand and courteous inclination of the body.

The lady terminated the little debate by a slight shrug of her shoulders at her companion's hesitation; then, giving the conductor her small quantity of luggage, stepped into the omnibus, and we all three drove off to the Hôtel du Dauphin. Having taken apartments, and ascertained that the table-d'hôte was fixed for half past five, we took advantage of the intervening hour to ramble through the quaint old streets of the town, and admire its extraordinary domestic architecture.

All this time I had been unable to discover the names of my companions; she only called him Louis; he addressed her sometimes as Denise—often as Mademoiselle. As our acquaintance had begun without the usual English preliminaries of formal introduction or card-presenting they were no wiser as regarded myself; nevertheless, we were soon on the most amicable terms, and our walk through the town was rendered doubly agreeable by the casual observations with which we greeted every fresh object of interest.

And of these there were plenty. The narrow, straggling streets were full of an old-fashioned, picturesque beauty. The projecting second-stories of the houses, adorned with grotesque wooden carving and full-length figures of saints, the open easements of green glass encaustic into diamond panes, the ancient walls of the town, the glass-enclosed fane of the Tour de Constance, the venerable and stately proportions of the cathedral, altogether presented an admirable picture of a feudal town of the Middle Ages, and only required the introduction of a few long-haired, yellow-faceted, and scantily-dressed peasants to add to it a thorough Breton character. Mademoiselle Denise was enraptured with these quaint characteristics of a former age. She seemed to have little acquaintance with the manners or appearance of the Bretons; every fresh object was matter for fresh wonder, and our walk was indeliberately delightful.

She was no less agreeable when we returned to dine. She was the only lady present at the table-d'hôte; but she conversed freely, even when the subject of our talk became general. In fact, at one point, she led the conversation to that which had begun our acquaintance—the subject of watches, and, in her laughing way, said that if the gentlemen who were present would produce their watches there would be two of them to be found precisely to agree.

"And a gentleman always prides himself upon the correctness of his watch," she added, with a playful irony.

"Ah, Mademoiselle," said one gentleman, "you compel me to contradict you. My friend's watch is precisely the same as my own."

Her companion laughed; but she insisted that she was right, and refused to believe it, until the gentleman politely handed her both watches.

"There is one second of difference, Monsieur; I wear it!" she cried, with the greatest glee; "and I am right after all!"

"You are rude, Denise," said her friend; "let me return these gentlemen their watches."
"He spoils me, Monsieur," she said to me, "and then reproaches me. Is he not cruel, then—a savage? Behold, therefore, how he glares!"

The glaring savage was at that moment engaged in drying his mustache after having taken a draught of *vin rouge*, and neither in action nor in manner did he seem very terrible.

After dinner, having some letters to write to England, I bade my new friends good-night and went up to my own room—not, however, until Mademoiselle Denise had been most particular in arranging for the following day an excursion to the Castle of Saccin and to Sarzean, the birth-place of the author of "Gil Blas." Considerably before midnight I was fast asleep beneath the soft, thick coverlet and large cushion which form the upper clothing of a Breton bed.

It could have been but a short time thereafter that I was awakened by a slight noise—so very slight, in fact, that it still remains a mystery to me how I should have heard it. When I opened my eyes I found the room pervaded by bright moonlight, which was streaming in through the casement, and drawing shadows of the bars on the carpet. I was about to close my eyes again, and address myself to sleep, when my attention was arrested by the evident movement of the door, which stood on the right of the bed. It was certainly no miracle that it should open—for I never bolt bedroom doors or shutters even when traveling—but that it should be opened at that time of night was certainly surprising.

Gradually I perceived the distance between the door and the wall increase; and judge of my astonishment when I distinctly observed a white figure

appear—the figure of a woman that slowly entered, without seeming even to look at me. I need not pretend to say I was not frightened; the lonely hour, the stillness of the house, the moonlight falling through the window, combined to make this vision a horror which chilled the blood in my veins and made my heart beat audibly. But now, thoroughly awakened by the apparition, I shook aside the vague impressions produced on the mind when in a state of unconscious slumber; and as I sought with a severe scrutiny to fix my eyes upon the face of this woman I recognized, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the features of Mademoiselle Denise.

Judge of my astonishment when I made the discovery! And there could be no mistake about it. As she turned her face to the moonlight the clear definition of her outline was sufficient proof, had proof been required. There were the same finely-cut lips, the straight nose, the high but narrow forehead, even the dark gray eyes, which had grown familiar to me during our acquaintance of the previous dozen hours. She was dressed in white, as I said; but this loose outer garment seemed only to cover clothes of a darker hue—in fact, I should have thought her dressed as usual, with the addition of this loose white robe. Her feet, so was evident when she walked, were bare, and her long fair hair hung down behind until it almost reached her waist. Perhaps it was the striking resemblance she bore to the heroine of "La Sonnambula" that first suggested to me a solution of this seemingly inexplicable mystery; and as I further watched her movements, I was convinced of the correctness of my supposition. She was either a habitual sonnambulist, or had been attacked by a sudden fit of sleep-walking. The more I became assured of this fact the greater became my desire to avert the awkwardness and unpleasantness of her being discovered in such a painful situation; but casting over the chances of the matter in my mind I came to the resolution of allowing her to do as she pleased, judging that she would in a few minutes return to her own room, and the whole affair remain unknown to every one but myself.

So far as I could observe her eyes were open; and on her first entrance into the room she had fixed them upon me with a cold, glassy stare, utterly devoid of recognition or intelligence. In the pale, dim moonlight this mechanical feature of the eyes was exceedingly unpleasant; but I strove to look upon it simply as the result of a physical ailment. Slowly, and unconsciously, she then stepped past the edge of my bed and approached the small dressing-table which stood at the window. Her back was thus turned toward me; and it was only at intervals that I could observe her motions. She seemed to be examining the various articles which were scattered about the table or hanging from the toilet mirror, and presently I heard her repeat, in a low, clear voice, some lines from the *Prayer-book*, which the good landlord had left in the room. She replaced the book on the table and continued her investigations among the other articles lying about. She took a long blue scarf, which I had hung over the mirror, and bending it round her head in the form of a turban, stood to contemplate in the glass the picture she represented. Any thing more singular than this spectacle could not be conceived. The moonlight lent a pallor to her face, which otherwise her healthy complexion would scarcely have presented; and this ghastly whiteness, coupled with the long white garment she wore, looked almost hideous as contrasted with the bold blue crown which she had assumed. Preparatory, however, to placing the turban on her head, I observed her withdraw from its folds a cameo pin, which I had negligently left therein, and, as I supposed, place it on the table.

Still retaining the novel head-dress she had so ingeniously constructed, she seemed to take an inventory of my jewelry, which was likewise placed in front of the mirror. My watch, which hung from one of the mahogany knobs at the side of the glass, she detached and held to her ear, with the manner of a child.

"Chick! chick!" I heard her murmur; "*non Dieu, quelle vitesse!*"

I recognized in this exclamation the same artless, new which had characterized her conversation during the day, and was reminded of the school-boy who boasted to his playmate that "he had got such a splendid watch! such a magnificent watch! he would wager it would go faster than any watch, clock, or time-piece in the town!"

Mademoiselle Denise seemed in no hurry to depart, and my suspense was momentarily becoming greater. What the consequence might be of her suddenly awaking from this physical stupor I dared not imagine. I had heard of cases in which the sonnambulist had been recalled to consciousness only to fall dead on the spot. And there were many reasons why this strange affair should not be known; to the lady herself the mortification consequent upon her being told of it, would, I knew, be inexpressible.

In a few minutes, however, I was greatly relieved by observing her unwind from her head my scarf, which she hung over the mirror in the same position she had found it. She seemed to bestow a little attention in arranging the objects on the table—probably prompted by that dim consciousness which haunts us sometimes even in dreams. She appeared to be desirous of leaving every thing in the order—or in the disorder—in which it had been on her entrance; and after having done this satisfactorily, she turned and walked to the door. As she passed I saw that her dull, glassy eyes were again fixed upon my face; yet still with the same vacant, expressionless stare. She opened the door, disappeared with noiseless steps, and I was left to my own reflections.

I can scarcely tell what prompted me to get up; but no sooner had she gone than I stepped out of bed, and went to the table which had so interested Mademoiselle Denise. Here I made a discovery which first startled me, and then amused me. My watch had disappeared, likewise my chain, cameo pin, sleeve-links, and a ring set with pearls and diamonds, the gift of my mother. I was somewhat

alarmed, but a moment's reflection showed me how unjust my first thought had been. Moved by some incomprehensible whim, the unconscious sonnambulist had carried with her these trinkets, as a child lifts whatever gay bauble presents itself to its fingers; and I felt assured that when Mademoiselle Denise awoke in the morning and found herself possessed of such strange treasures, her surprise would only be equalled by her desire to restore them to the rightful owner. Probably, I thought, she is an habitual sleep-walker; and knowing her infirmity, will perceive at once how the jewelry came into her possession, upon which she will, of course, make instant inquiry to insure its restoration. Even in this strange circumstance there was revealed one of the principles which are supposed to govern these fits of aberration. Sonnambulists generally are interested in dreamy excursions by those things which interest them in daytime; and reflecting on the peculiar interest which Mademoiselle Denise had taken in my watch when it was first shown to her, I could not wonder that she should make it the subject of her regard when a peculiar fatality had drawn her toward my room. I returned to bed and slept soundly through the night.

Next morning I rose at eight, dressed, went down stairs and had the customary bowl of *café au lait* served in the breakfast-room; but though I waited and read the newspaper for a considerable time, neither Mademoiselle nor her companion came into the room.

I rang the bell, and inquired of the waiter at what hour they breakfasted.

"The table-d'hôte, Monsieur?"

"Yes."

"At eleven o'clock, Monsieur."

"I shall return then."

"Thanks, Monsieur."

Feeling sure of meeting my two friends at breakfast, I resolved to spend the interesting time in exploring those portions of the town which I had not visited. The morning was very beautiful for the time of year (October), and though the cropped and regular rows of lime-trees in the central square had scarcely a leaf upon them, their more fortunate neighbors on the banks of the canal-like inlet which leads down to the Gulf of Morbihan were green and pleasant in the early sunshine. This was a portion of the place I had not previously seen; and the old gateway of the massive wall, the clustering barges, the groups of women selling vegetables, and sailors lounging about the quays, were eminently picturesque. Over the gateway, in a recess, is placed a large wooden saint, brightly painted, whose glaring white eyeballs and strongly-marked eyelashes produced a strange feeling of mingled amusement and horror. The artist who produced this work was, perhaps, influenced by the thought that those people who were not drawn to the saint by love would be moved by terror; although the rest of the holy man's countenance was exceedingly lascivious and comical.

At the appointed hour I returned to the hotel, and walked into the long apartment where I expected to find the residents in the house sitting down to breakfast. But, in place of the calm propriety and graceful decorum of such a ceremony, I found the wildest confusion and confusion. There were a dozen people in the room, all talking at once; while loud-est of all rose the voice of the landlord, who seemed beside himself with despair. No sooner did he observe my entrance than he sprang rather than came, and in an eager voice, which seemed paralyzed by reason of its very eagerness, he exclaimed,

"Ah, Monsieur!"

"Well, what is the matter?" said I.

"Ah, Monsieur!" he again cried, overcome by his emotion.

"What is it? What has happened?"

"I am ruined, Monsieur; I am lost! I am thrown down, I am trampled upon, I am debased!"

I suggested to M. Deseit that his explanation, so far from being explicit, was the reverse; and that I should have to apply to some of the other gentlemen for an explanation.

"Mais non, Monsieur—*clat moi, moi—voilà le malheureux sujet qui parle!*"

But during these few seconds I had caught a few of the sentences which were being rapidly interchanged by the others.

"She seemed so innocent, so ingenuous," said one.

"And I—I should never have spoken of it," said another, "but for M. Deseit discovering the loss of his plate."

"How incomparably cunning?"

"How miraculously skillful!"

"And by this time they may be any where—they must have gone by the first train in the morning."

"Of whom do they speak?" said I to the landlord, with a sudden alarm.

"Of the gentleman, Monsieur, who came yesterday evening, and of Mademoiselle his friend. Ah, Monsieur, I am ruined—the honor of the hotel is gone. That any one should be robbed in my house!"

"Robbed—what do you mean?"

"Last night, Monsieur, Mademoiselle went into a gentleman's room—the hair loose, the eyes fixed, the face pale. She appears to sleep, Monsieur, he remains still and will not kill her with fright; she takes his watch, Monsieur—the watch she demanded to see last night at table. He observes not this—he falls asleep—this morning he misses his watch, but speaks not. Ah well, Monsieur, he expects to meet her, but she comes not; we go to awake them; they are gone; their apartments are empty; they have fled, Monsieur!"

"Who is the gentleman who has thus been robbed?"

"I, Monsieur," replied one of their number, stepping forward with a slight smile which was very apparently forced.

"And I also," I said, endeavoring to look quite as unconcerned, "have the honor to be your fellow-sufferer."

"You, Monsieur!" cried they all, having never imagined that besides the unlucky traveler and the landlord there was still another victim.

"Mademoiselle also carries off my watch, chain, ring, and some other little matters! But what would you have? Mademoiselle is pleased, and we are too gallant to refuse her any enjoyment."

"Men! Men, what courage! This Englishman is, without doubt, French, thus to smile in misfortune."

"The wisest thing possible," said another, with a shrug, "for Mademoiselle and her friends seem to have laid excellent plans, and by this time will be beyond all pursuit."

"With my plate," growled the poor landlord, "and with the honor of my hotel! Monsieur, am I not a poor miserable?"

Certainly M. Dubois looked sufficiently unhappy; nevertheless he at once prepared to rush to the Prefet, and this occupation relieved his mind. For myself, I resigned myself to fate and a French breakfast; judging that I should hear but little further from Mademoiselle Denise or her friend Louis. My judgment was correct; in spite of the utmost official vigilance, nothing more was heard of the charming creature who thus suffered from a painful habit which was even more awkward to others than to herself.

THE GHOST ON THE RIVER.

I HAVE just risen from a bed of sickness, and I take up my pen, as soon as I am able to hold it, to commit to writing the events of one afternoon, while they are still vividly impressed on my mind. Not that I think they will ever fade from my memory; but it is a relief to me to tell my story. I will tell it simply as it occurred to me, without comment; that I leave to those who may chance to read what I have written. And even if I tried, what comment could I make? What occurred is still to my mind unexplained—inexplicable of explanation. I have thought over it; I have sought eagerly at what I finally hoped was a clue, but before I could follow it, it has broken and left me as lost as ever. I have tried to doubt the reality of my impressions, to persuade myself that I was the victim of some delusion. But so far as I can trust to my senses, what I saw, felt, and heard was real—real to me, though concealed by a mysterious influence from some of those around me, and to others only partially revealed.

"Chelsea, and all the piers up!" bawled the old man at the Temple Pier, as a steamer came up to the landing stage.

"At last!" exclaimed indignantly a voice near me, "I've been waiting for twenty minutes!"

"You can't expect always to be served first," said the old man, sarcastically; adding, as a vent for his feelings, "Temple Pier, Chelsea, and all the piers! Stage back, ladies, stand back; let the passengers land first, if you please!" he went on, as a lady in black passed him, and tried to get on board.

I was keeping close to this lady; she had walked down Essex Street before me, and had passed the little boat where the man who gives the tickets sits, without stopping.

"Take your ticket here, ma'am. Hi! hi!" called the man, thrusting himself half through the window of his box, and trying to attract the attention of the lady who had passed. But she walked quietly on, and seemed not to hear him.

"Penico," I said, putting two pence on the sill.

"Would you tell that lady in black to come back and take her ticket?"

I promised I would do so, and followed the lady to the landing-stage. I found her seated on the bench at the foot of the steps, her eyes fixed on the river, and her hands clasped. Her dress, a black merino, fitted her slight and singularly graceful figure to perfection. Her veil was up, and her face, which was rather pale, wore an expression of melancholy, which, in my eyes at least, did not detract from its exquisite beauty. I went up to her.

"I was asked to remind you," I said, "that you have neglected to take a ticket."

"You are mistaken," she said, somewhat coldly, "I have one."

"Then I must apologize for troubling you," I replied, bowing; "but it is not my mistake, and, I hope, will absolve me from all intention of rudeness?"

She bowed stiffly and said, "Certainly, we will say no more about it."

Her eyes fell again on the river, as it swirled and foamed past the piles of the new embankment. I followed them. They were fixed on a piece of paper, which danced and tumbled on the maddly water. She stared after it till it was whirled out of sight. I remained still standing by her side; there was a strange fascination in her look and manner.

"Do you know what time it is?" she asked, turning to me. I was surprised at her addressing me of her own accord, after the cold manner in which she had repelled my previous attempts at explanation. I told her it was five-and-twenty minutes past three.

"Then I have five minutes to wait. The Chelsea boat will reach this pier at half past three."

"You seem to be accurately informed," I said.

"Nine years ago," she said, in a weary voice, "the Chelsea boat passed this pier at that time."

"That's a long time to remember," I said, laughing.

She turned and laid her soft white hand upon my arm, as if to impress her words on me. "This very day, nine years ago, I left this pier by the boat which started at half past three."

"Nine years ago," I said, "you must have been a child."

She shook her head. "I was a woman, with a woman's thoughts, and more than a woman's troubles." Her cheeks were flushed, and her hands clasped tightly together. There was something very strange about her.

"Yes," she went on, excitedly, "we were together, I and he. He who was more than a husband to me—and less," she added in a low voice, glancing at her unglazed hand. There was no ring. She spoke more wildly now, and her voice was louder. "He had spoken words to me, such as I

had never heard before, such as I could not bear. And I stood here under the bright heaven, with the merry earth all about me, and the golden river glistening in the afternoon sun, and one heart beating near me, which loved me more than all the world besides."

"She caught hold of my arm and clutched it. I had shrunk from her—the woman was mad. "I stood here," she continued, in a calmer tone, "and viewed a wicked vow: that I would shut myself out from the bright heaven and the merry earth, and would break the one heart which loved me more than all the world. I went and leaned on the bulwarks, and looked over into the river; he came and spoke to me, but my heart was hard, and I would not hear him. I shuddered as we passed under Westminster Bridge, for it felt cold and dark there like the grave. And, as we shot out again into the bright sunlight, I jumped on to the bulwarks, and plunged into the river. I heard his cry of agony as I fell, and he jumped in after me. I soon felt his strong arms round me, but I clung about his neck and dragged him down. Twice he struggled to escape, but I pressed him close and closer. I could not die alone. We sank the last time. The tide washed us up and down, but my arms were still about his neck, and my face was close to his. They found us days afterward by the Erith marshes, locked in each other's arms."

I shrank from her. Her fingers relaxed their hold, and she released my arm.

"Days," I murmured, "it could not be, you would have been drowned."

"We were drowned," she said, quietly. The woman was mad or I was dreaming. I looked round at the river, at the boats; I heard the thrud of the hammer as they drove in the piles of the embankment; I bit my lips; I touched her dress to assure myself that I was awake. I looked at her, she was still sitting there; she had relapsed into her old position. The color had faded from her cheeks, her eyes were fixed upon the river, and her hands were clasped.

"Chelsea, and all the piers!" shouted the old man, and I turned to the boat. The lady in black was before me, and as I reached the deck of the steamer, and the clock on the Westminster tower boomed out the half-hour, she turned and looked at me. The boat was painted to-day as it had been nine years before.

I followed her closely on board, impelled by a strange fascination I could not explain, which I struggled against, but was unable to overcome. The sun was shining brightly, and the river danced and sparkled in the afternoon light. There was the busy hum of life all around me. The splash of the paddles, the cries of the lightermen, the whistle of the engine as the train crossed over the new bridge at Hangerford—all the varied sights and noises of the river on a summer's day were present, to impress on me the reality of what was going on around me. But as I stood there on the deck of the steamer I felt as one who has turned back the pages of his life, and sees and hears once more sights and sounds he dimly remembers to have seen and heard long ago. I felt as when, a child, I caught sight suddenly of my own reflection in the glass; and at that sight the memory of what had been in times long past seemed just about to return to me, till the very effort of thinking shattered the image which was being formed, and left me grasping the fragments of a memory.

I looked toward the shore. The old man was standing with his eyes fixed on his companion, and an expression almost of terror on his face.

"She's on board," he whispered, hoarsely, to one of the crew, who was standing by the paddle-box, as he stooped and unlatched the rope from a hook on the landing-stage.

The man did not answer, but looked rapidly round the boat. At last his eye fell on my companion, and remained fixed on her with an earnest gaze, which showed she was the object of his search.

Once more I think over what I then saw, to try if a shade of doubt lurks in my mind as to the reality of what took place. No, I heard the words the old man uttered as distinctly as I now hear the scratching of my pen upon the paper. Nor did I merely passively receive their sense, I acted on them. I stepped toward the paddle-box to question him, but before I had time to reach it the boat forged ahead and we were off. For a few moments, as the fresh breeze dried cooled my temples, I seemed to shake off the spell which bound me to her who had cordoned to me that strange story. I walked forward—I struggled to get as far from her as I could. But then the thought of her delusion, of what she might attempt were there no one there to prevent her, came upon me with redoubled force. It was my duty to protect her, to see, that she did not attempt to act in earnest the story she had told me.

I found her seated on one of the centre benches in her old position, looking dreamily at the river, never moving, never speaking. I stood near her. There were few passengers on board, and of them none seemed to notice the beautiful girl who was quietly sitting apart, apparently absorbed in thought. She walked to the side. I followed; I could not, I must not leave her. She leaned on the bulwarks, and watched the water foaming from the paddle-wheel.

She looked up into my face and spoke quickly, "Would you try to save me if I fell into the river?"

"I can not swim," I said, evading the question. I felt more convinced than ever that her mind was wandering; I must keep close to her. I could, at all events, prevent her jumping overboard; though if she once succeeded in that I could be of no use. As I leaned there by her side looking down upon the water it suddenly occurred to me that some of the crew of the steamer must know her. The words spoken by the old man at the Temple Pier evidently referred to my companion, and the man to whom he had spoken had asked no explanation of them. I had now a chance of leaving her without her incurring much danger, for she was seated again in the old place and the old position absorbed in thought. I walked to the stern and spoke to the man who was steering.

"Do you know that lady in black?" I asked, pointing to the place where she was sitting. He looked at me rather strangely, I thought, but said nothing. I repeated my question.

"That lady in black with the red shawl?" he said; "no, I don't."

"No, no; the lady in black next to her, all in black."

He looked again, and then answered sharply, "There ain't no lady in black there at all. Master's speak to me, Sir, it's against the rules."

I had followed his eyes. He had looked straight to the place where she was sitting, but he had not seen her. Once again the veil seemed lifted from the past, and I saw what had happened long ago. The vision flashed across my brain and was gone; but so quickly that I could not retain it, and even the memory of what it was perished with it.

I was turning to find another of the crew, when I saw that the lady had left the seat where she had been sitting, and was again leaning over the bulwarks. It would not be safe, I felt, to leave her there alone, so I gave up my project for the present and joined her.

We were steaming close by the scaffolding of the new embankment, a strong tide was running out, and the yellow river foamed and splashed round the piles. My companion smiled as she watched it, a happy, childish smile. The boat stopped at Westminster; she never moved, and I dared not leave her; she clung to the bulwarks, and gazed more earnestly than ever at the water. "You had better sit down," I said, wishing to get her away from the side.

"No, the time will soon come now,"

"Do you get out at Lambeth?"

"Before."

"There is no pier between this and Lambeth."

She smiled, a strange sweet smile. Her mind was running on that delusion of hers, that fantastic story of her suicide nine years ago. We were nearing the place where she said it had taken place; I must watch her closely. When we got to Lambeth I would appeal to the crew, to the passengers, would have her removed from the boat, and restored to the keeping from which she must have escaped.

The boat started; slowly it forged ahead under Westminster Bridge, and as the sunlight was shut out, and the dark, cold arch stretched over us, I thought of her smile. It was like the grave, and I shuddered. I saw her shudder too.

I tried to speak to her, but I could not; I went close to her, I almost held her. The boat shot out again into the sunlight; this was the time she had spoken of. I tried to grasp her dress, but my hand refused to move; I could not speak; I could not act. With one bound she was on the bulwarks, and had plunged headlong into the river. I did not pause for one moment; without a thought I yielded to the irresistible impulse which seemed to force me to follow her. I dashed into the water after her—I sank—the water hissed and bubbled in my ears. I stretched out my hands vaguely, for I could not swim; they touched something; it was her dress. I drew her toward me. I felt her arms twice round me, and press me tight and tighter as we sank. Then for the first time the thought occurred to me of risk to myself. I should be drowned. I struggled to escape, but she held me firmly; I tried to push her from me, but she pressed me close and closer. I was being suffocated, her arms strangled me, and her weight dragged me down. We were still sinking; my strength was failing me, and I struggled more feebly. A rush of roaring, hissing water, a sense of utter darkness, and I remember no more.

I was in bed when I awoke again to consciousness; I felt weak and faint; I lay still with hardly the power of thought. Gradually the whole of what had taken place on that afternoon came back to me, clearly and distinctly as I remember it now.

"Is she saved?" I murmured, more as an echo to my own thoughts than as a question; for I did not know that there was any one in the room.

"Hush!" said a kind voice by my bedside, and a grave middle-aged man took my hand. He felt my pulse; "Hush!" he said, "the fever has left you, you must not speak."

"Is she saved?" I asked again. "I must know."

He shook his head, but did not answer; he turned to a woman who was sitting in the window; "The fever is gone," he whispered, "but he is wandering still; you must take great care of him."

"I am not wandering," I said, impatiently; "I only ask if the woman I jumped in after was saved?"

"She was not," said the doctor; "now keep quiet, every thing depends on that." But as he looked to the nurse I saw him shrug his shoulders. I was not satisfied. As I got gradually stronger I tried to question the nurse as to the fate of the unfortunate woman, but I could get no information from her. She seemed almost frightened when I mentioned the subject; so I gave up asking her any questions, being determined that when I could get about I would make inquiries for myself.

Many times, while I lay on my sofa still weak from the effects of my illness, did I recall the incidents of that afternoon. Many times did the face of that poor girl return, haunting me with its exquisite beauty. I have tried to think how it was, that, knowing my own helplessness in the water, without one moment's hesitation I plunged in after her. The impulse on which I acted was sudden and irresistible; an impulse the effect of a cause unknown to me, and which in all probability I shall never know.

I was now nearly well, and was sitting up turning lazily over some old volumes of the Illustrated London News. I was tired of the pictures, and was glancing through some short paragraphs of gossip, when the following lines caught my eye:

"DEATH ON THE RIVER.—A few days ago two bodies, one of a lady and the other of a gentleman, were picked up by some lightermen off the Erith marshes. It appears that the deceased got on board a Chelsea steamer on the 1st of this month. Soon after the boat had passed under Westminster Bridge the lady jumped overboard, and the gentleman immediately followed her. Neither of them ever rose again. Advertisements have been inserted in

several papers, as the deceased were evidently in a respectable position of life, but the bodies have not yet been claimed. The lady was dressed altogether in black, and was of singular beauty."

I read it over again. I looked at the date of the paper. It was the very month nine years ago. It was the very day, the 1st of the month. What strange fate was it that had thus thrown in my way a confirmation of that story which I had persuaded myself originated only in the brain of a madwoman? Again I questioned the reality of what had happened; again I tried to think I had been the victim of some delusion. No; to me at least the events of that afternoon were real; my memory reproduced them all with minute particularity. How I had been saved, my kind doctor had told me; of the risk I had incurred there could be no doubt.

The first time I was able to leave my room I hastened to make inquiries. I may say at once I met with no success. I questioned the crew of the steamer, and what passengers I could find, but to no purpose. They shook their heads; no lady had been seen to jump overboard. The old man at the Temple Pier was hardly more communicative; he had observed no lady particularly on that day; he did remember a lady jumping overboard, and a gentleman jumping in after her; he was then one of the crew of the steamer; it was a Chelsea boat. The gentleman and lady were both drowned, and their bodies were washed ashore, he believed, on the Erith marshes; but more than this he could not, or would not say. And with this I am obliged to rest satisfied.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

The choicest address to the month that we ever heard was that of a commanding officer, a man of few words, but he only used one, and that was "March!"

At this time a pack of dogs is said to be worth a king's ransom. The monarch referred to was probably David Mc-Halswood.

The friends of Mr. Jeremy Diddler would do well to remember that this, above all others, is the month for raising the wind.

What flower is most like a shepherd's dog?—The willow-flower.

SAWS BY OUR OWN SAWYER.

All have their several tasks in life,
Let each his own perform;
Don't touch the tiller of my boat;
Paddle your own oar.

That bird that flies from nest to nest
Its added eggs must see;
My highest leave for no to guide;
Paddle your own oar.

That husbandman both his barns will see
Who seeks to follow true;
No capitals in two ships can ride;
Paddle your own oar.

For your own postage save your breath;
Who'd send his life for you?
Your spoke but stops my chariot-wheel;
Paddle your own oar.

For-every that traveler must go
Who wears a neighbor's shawl;
Your car can never go with mine;
Paddle your own oar.

Mr. Quibb, reading that "it has been decided in the Court of Queen's Bench, in Dublin, that a vicarage of the Church of England can legally marry heathens," observed that that might be very well as a measure of economy, but that even in the hardest times he should prefer to marry a woman.

A poor Irishman, seeing a crowd of people approaching, asked what was the matter. "A man is coming to be buried," "Oh," he replied, "I'll stop to see that, for we carry them to be buried in our country."

KITTAPHI ON A WATER-DRINKER.

How like Ned Bass, who on a sudden
Left off most best for heavy padding;
Forsook old stumps, and sold his soul,
And every drink for Adam's ale;
Till flesh and blood, reduced to water,
Consisting of more dose and water,
Wine, wanting salt to keep out meat,
And had to take it to a cruet,
Mustard and crushed tea &c.

A Western soldier, who had been through all the campaigns and shared in many of the fiercest battles of the war, written from his house, that "he never realized the horrors of war till he got home to Indiana and found his gal married to a stay-at-home dry-goods clerk."

When was breakfast the lightest?—When the crew jumped over the moon.

"Your purse, Tom," said an indulgent father to his spendthrift son, "contains more of a thunder-bolt." "How so, father?" "Because it is always lightning."

Connecticut has long been notorious for the facility with which it permits the marriage tie to be dissolved, and it gave occasion some years ago to a proposal by an Episcopal clergyman of Hartford, which was privately circulated among his friends. He had opened the House of Representatives with a prayer, and found himself the spectator of an extraordinary process, so alien to his own position, and so characteristic of the Legislature of Connecticut, that the result was the following:

IMPROVEMENT.

For cutting all corners—Laws passed,
Connecticut is fairly named;
I twain convene in one, but you
Give those whom I convene in two;
Each legislature seems to cry,
What you Connecticut may.

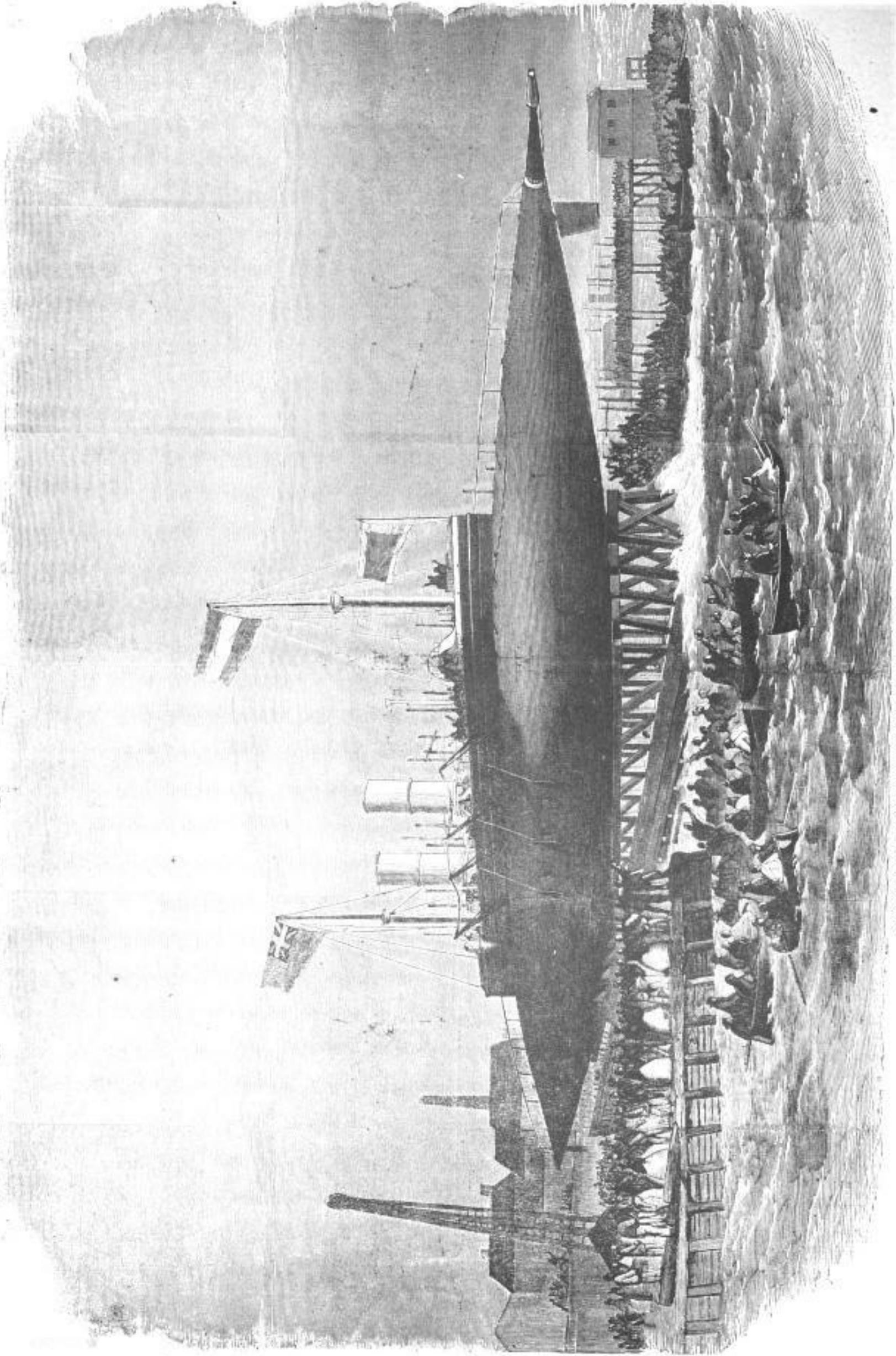
Little Bob begged hard the other day, when some friends were dining with us, to be allowed to come in and sit at the table during dessert, which I told him he might do, provided he neither talked nor annoyed people by asking for fruit. He very readily assented to this condition, which he honestly fulfilled to the letter. At last I heard the poor little fellow crying and sobbing most pitifully. "What is the matter, Bob?" I said. "What are you crying about?" "Why, pa," he replied, "here I am, asking for nothing, and getting it!"

THE TRUSS DISEASE OF CONGRESSMEN TO MINDS.—Miss, minor, minor.

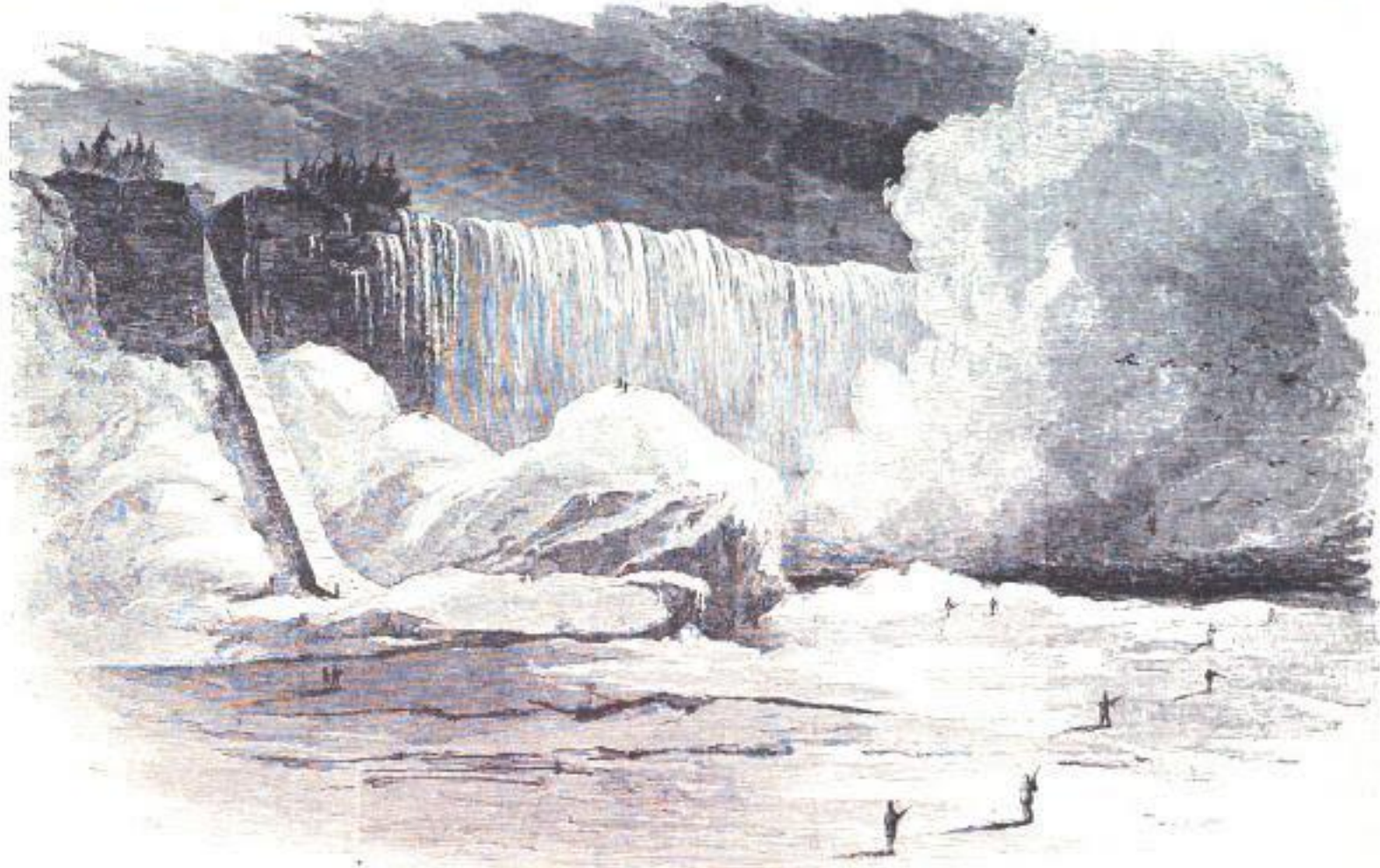
The art of economy is drawing in as much as one can, but unfortunately young ladies will apply this "drawing in" to their own bodies when they wish to avoid any thing like waste.

One of the readiest ways of contracting loose habits is to put a belt around your dressing-gown.

As the quickest way to make a fortune a contemporary suggests marrying a respectable young lady and selling for clothes.



LAUNCH OF THE STEAM-YACHT "BOSS WINANS" AT MILLWALL, ENGLAND.—[See Page 205.]



THE ICE BRIDGE OVER NIAGARA—SWEENY'S SKIRMISHERS (DUCK-HUNTERS) ON THE ICE.—[SKETCHED BY T. B. DAVIS.]

IRELAND AND THE FENIAN LEADERS.

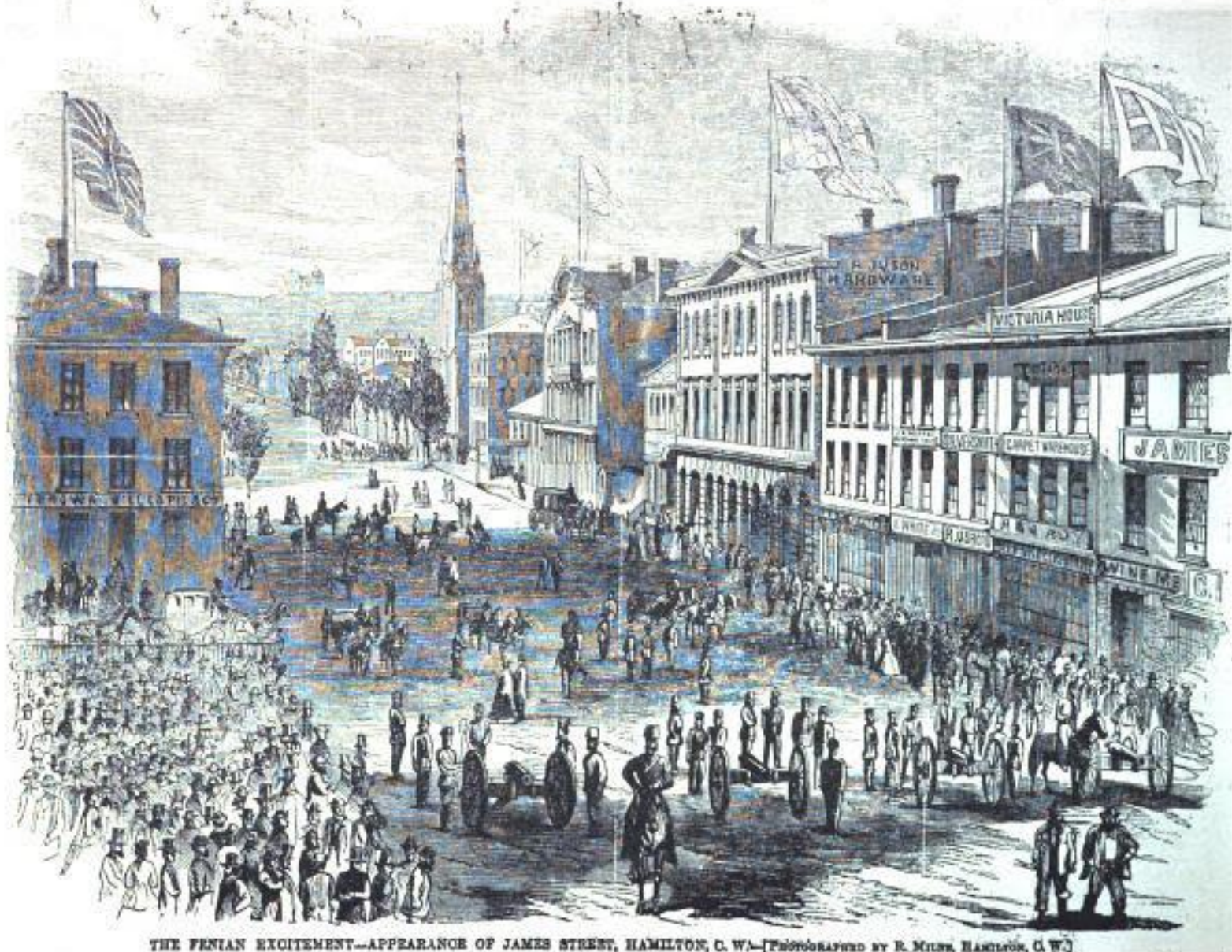
Ireland has gained little by previous revolutions which have been undertaken under far better

surprises and certainly have been occasioned by far greater provocation than that which is now threatened. No conspiracy can be conceived offering relatively greater prospects of success than those preceding the insurrections of 1843 and 1848; yet both

fastened the yoke of the conqueror upon the conquered more completely than ever. At this time not only is the Church opposed to the revolution, but there are in Ireland alone friends enough of the English interest to more than hold in check the

advocates of Irish independence. The best class of Irishmen are not Fenians.

Ireland is sadly misgoverned, but her condition is certainly better than it has been at any previous period. It is true that Irish landlords spend little



THE FENIAN EXCITEMENT—APPEARANCE OF JAMES STREET, HAMILTON, C. W.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY R. MYLNE, HAMILTON, C. W.]

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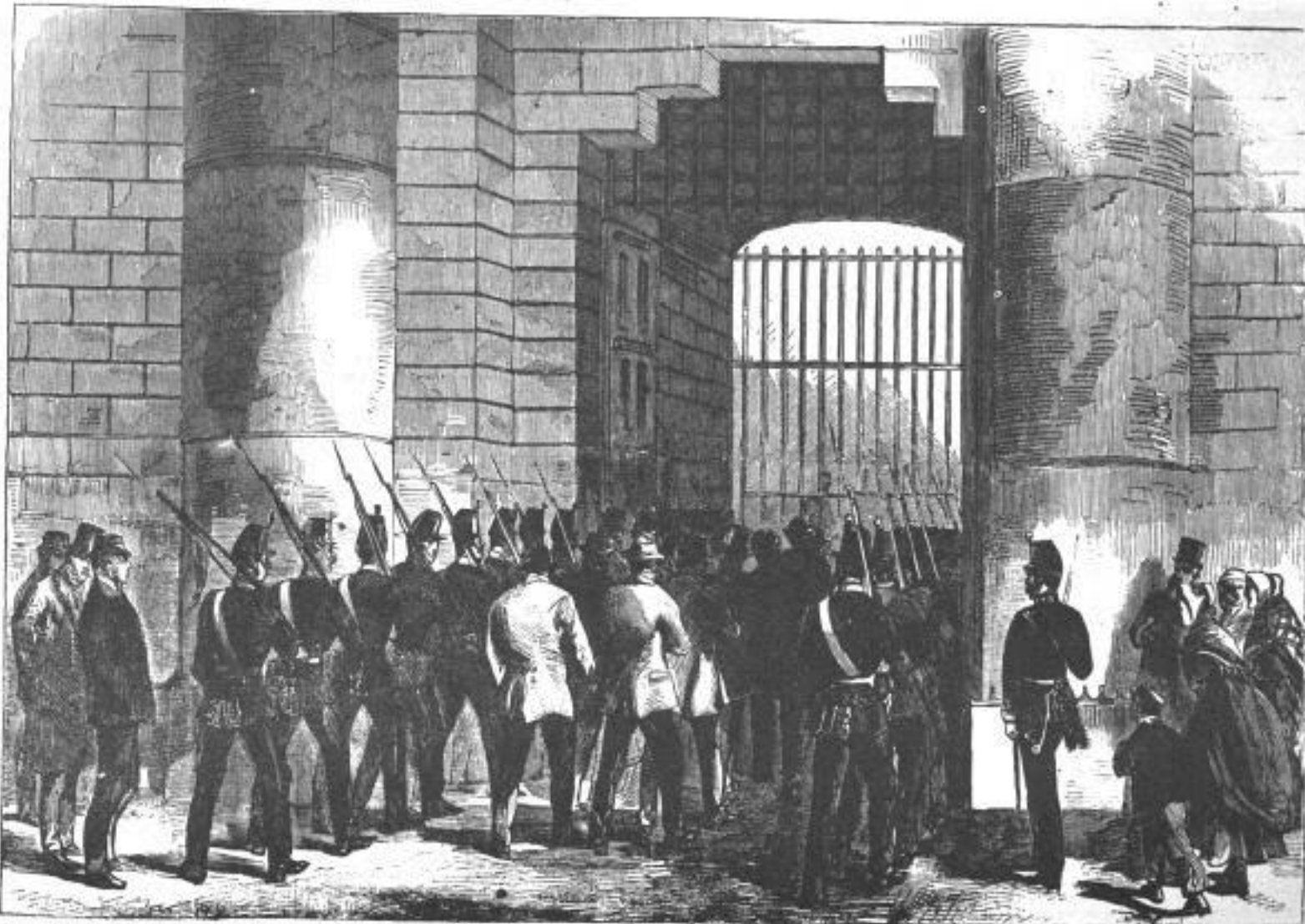
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THE FENIAN CONSPIRACY IN IRELAND—MARCHING PRISONERS INTO THE COUNTY PRISON AT CORK.—(See Page 112.)

DRESSING FOR CHURCH.

(EASTER SUNDAY.)

Has any body heard the bell?
You have?—dear me, I know full well
I'll never dress in time—
For mercy's sake, come help me, Luce,
I'll make my toilet very spruce—
The silk is quite sublime!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1866.

PRESIDENTIAL PATRONAGE.

WHATEVER may be thought of the general wisdom or policy of the President's veto of the Freedmen's Bureau Bill, there can be no doubt that one point of it was very suggestive, and that was his opposition to the further increase of Presidential patronage.

alarming sign under a free Constitutional Government.
The excuse offered merely reveals more clearly the danger of the enormous patronage of which we speak. It is urged that, to differ with the President, is to run the risk of encountering the organized opposition of the army of office-holders, who, in other countries, are called the "creatures" of the Government.

In the Senate debates Mr. Fessenden is always conspicuous for an incisive good sense, which is the rarest as it is the most excellent quality of a Senator. In opposition he is always reasonable, speaking to the merits of the special case, and not planting himself upon abstractions.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE PAPER-MONEY MEN.

The paper-money men have won a substantial victory. On 23d March the Morrill bill passed the House of Representatives, with amendments prohibiting the Secretary of the Treasury from curtailing more than \$10,000,000 of United States notes in the six months following the passage of the bill, and \$4,000,000 in each subsequent month—in other words, restricting contraction to the pitiful amount of about \$18,000,000 during the recess, say 24 per cent. of the total volume afloat.

CONGRESSIONAL LEADERSHIP.

Among the living statesmen of this country there is none who commands profounder popular confidence than WILLIAM PATT FESSENDEN, Senator from Maine.

It is one of the marvels of the time that no man known as a radical has vindicated the party and the country against Mr. STEVENS. The opposition of gentlemen like Mr. Raymond and Mr. Davis of this State does not avail.

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the restoration of specie payments, and no interest whatever in prolonging the present era of paper-money and fluctuating values. We must not disregard the use that will be made of this fact at the fall elections. By that time politicians will have taken hold of the currency question as a political issue. It will be easy to demonstrate that the great cost of living is mainly due to the depreciated condition of the currency, and opponents of the dominant party will plausibly argue that but for the opposition of such Republicans as STRICKLAND, BOUTWELL, and others—in the interest of vast manufacturing corporations in Pennsylvania and New England—the currency would by that time have been curtailed, gold would have been lower, and the cost of living substantially reduced. It will be further argued by the Opposition press and speakers, that but for the unwillingness of the majority in Congress to admit Southern men to seats, the currency would already have been in process of contraction, and the cost of living on the decline.

As for the Secretary, he will probably do his duty as best he can with such powers as Congress may confer upon him. We regard it as a great mercy to him that the original bill did not pass. Had that measure become a law nothing could have saved him from wholesale charges of corruption and speculation in the stock market. If his power to contract the currency be definitely limited to \$18,000,000 between this and December he can, of course, effect little or nothing toward the restoration of specie payments. Gold will fall simply because every one will understand that contraction is only deferred, not abandoned, and because the cotton crop is likely to more than pay our foreign debt. He will doubtless exert himself to convert as large a proportion as possible of his short-date obligations into long bonds, and, by getting rid of his debt on call and of his debt certificates, will emancipate himself from the control of the banks. Another year of high prices and high taxes will satisfy Congressmen that they can not with impunity advocate the interest of manufacturing companies in opposition to the public interest, and the Secretary will then have his revenge.

THE CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE ON RECONSTRUCTION.

A GREAT deal of unreasonable wrath has been lavished upon the Reconstruction Committee. The President denounced it as a Central Directory, which was an unfortunate expression, because it has no resemblance to a Central Directory; and the papers that steadily palliated the rebellion declaim against the Committee as an irresponsible body to which Congress has helplessly committed its functions. This is a natural opposition, because these papers also decry the test oath as unconstitutional, and urge the admission of the late rebel States to all their old rights without conditions. They are, therefore, very impatient with a Committee charged to inquire whether such a policy is wise and safe.

The truth is, that when Congress met it was clear that it must at once adopt the policy of reorganization urged by the opponents of the war, or it must not. To adopt it was to make the war a tragical farce, and to invite rebellion. Of course a loyal and honest and able Congress did not entertain the proposition for a moment. Then it was necessary to determine the exact situation of the country, and to consider the conditions upon which it seemed best that the unorganized States should resume their old relations. This was not a point to be settled by any theory whatever. It involved a knowledge of facts; and the first duty was to collect information, compare opinions, and elaborate methods. Obviously Congress itself could not undertake this work directly; and, unless it were prepared to abdicate its authority, and to allow the President to settle by his sole individual will the gravest question which could ever arise in our history, it was indispensable to appoint a Committee to investigate and compare, to consider, and finally to report, that the whole subject might be treated intelligently by those who were elected by the loyal people of the United States to decide the question.

Nothing could be plainer or more reasonable. Surely if any subject ever demanded the most prudent and thoughtful deliberation it is the reorganization of the Union. It is not a matter to be "hurried up," nor to be determined by an abstract theory. It is the most practical of questions. As Mr. SEWARD said in his letter to Mr. ADAMS describing the interview of President LINCOLN with the peace-ambassador from Richmond in February, 1865: "His power (the President's) is limited by the Constitution. And when peace should be made, Congress must necessarily act in regard to appropriations of money, and to the admission of representatives from the insurrectionary States."

The Reconstruction Committee is thus simply a Commission of Inquiry with no power whatever; and as Congress appointed the Committee because information was necessary to wise action, it very properly resolved not to act until it had the information. At any moment it may alter its instructions to the Committee,

or it may discharge it. But it might just as wisely be denounced for referring questions of contested elections to a committee upon that subject, and declining to decide until the committee reported, as for intrusting this most vital inquiry to a carefully selected committee. So, also, to complain that it has not presented a complete scheme of legislation upon the subject, is to complain of the nature of the case. The essential information is, of course, slowly obtained and must be well weighed. Meanwhile, as fast as the Committee sees that a special measure is desirable, it reports it to Congress and asks action upon it. This course is also revised; but if the Committee had been silent to this time would its conduct have been more satisfactory to its opponents?

It is surely a very thoughtless and impatient complaint that the loyal people of the United States, by their representatives in Congress, are considering with the gravest deliberation the most momentous question of reorganization of the Union. The point is not whether loyal representatives are to be admitted, because nobody but a Copperhead claims that any other shall be. The question is, whether South Carolina and Mississippi shall, by the admission of members to Congress, be declared to have resumed all the rights in the Union which New York and Iowa enjoy. It may be that it is most desirable; but is Congress to be blamed for carefully considering the question?

THE LAW OF TESTIMONY.

In the State of New York, since the spring of 1857, the parties to civil suits are equal witnesses with all others. The reform has been an improvement, and the vast majority of lawyers in the State would doubtless smile at the proposition to return to the old system. But the question is asked, and with extraordinary emphasis—if parties to civil suits may witness for themselves, why should not the defendant in a criminal suit testify for himself?

There really is no sufficient answer. If both parties were disqualified there would be at least an air of impartiality. But it is not so. The just theory of the law is that every person is to be presumed innocent until proved guilty; but the practice is to hold him guilty until he can establish his innocence, and he is not suffered to help establish it. If you enter any court where a man is upon trial for an infamous crime of which he may be as innocent as you are, it is impossible not to see that he is already regarded as guilty. We do not deny that this springs from the steps necessary to security which must be taken; but certainly we do not give the accused a fair chance if we silence him. The practice of the law in this respect is amusingly illustrated by a story of a certain New York Judge who was about to sentence a negro for some trivial offense. "Stand up, Zingo!" said his Honor. "What have you to say why the sentence of the law should not be pronounced upon you?" Poor Zingo, frightened out of his small wits, began to stammer, "Why—Mass—Mass—Knick-erbocker—" "Not a word, Zingo," interrupted his Honor, "not a word;" and sentence was pronounced.

A writer in the *American Law Register* for January, to whom we are indebted for this good story, and who treats the subject with great spirit and force, says that the only theory upon which the testimony of a party to a civil suit was rejected was that if he said anything favorable to himself it must needs be perjury, and that the same reason is urged for a similar exclusion in criminal proceedings. But there is no delay in receiving a plea of guilty. It is only when the story of an accused man helps him that it is discarded. But having rejected the theory in one case, we must reject it in the other. Besides, before the examining and committing magistrate the arrested person may make a statement, and this statement may be used against him, and so may come before the jury without the sanction of an oath. Now if the accused may be heard unsworn before a magistrate, why should he not be heard, sworn, before twelve magistrates or a jury. "If," as the writer of whom we speak says—"if his statements are receivable to influence the magistrate in holding or releasing him, why should they not be received in the form of legal testimony to influence the jury in convicting or acquitting him?"

Again, if the theory be that the accusation renders the accused unworthy of credit, why do we allow one of two accused persons to give States evidence and suffer him to escape by implicating his accomplice? By this offer we beibe both honest men wrongfully accused and rogues anxious to escape to swear falsely. Yet, so determined is the impartial lawyer-convict, that if the State's evidence should tend to exonerate both the accused, it will not be produced.

In the State of Maine, by an act passed in 1863, the respondent to any criminal charge is allowed to testify; and Chief Justice APPLETON of that State says of these changes: "So far as I can judge, they are favorable to the ascertainment of truth—the great end for which judicial proceedings are instituted.....I anticipate

from the change proposed a greater certainty of correct decisions in criminal proceedings. The guilty will be less likely to escape. The danger of the unjust conviction of the innocent will be diminished." It appears that in no civilized country save the English-speaking lands is a person accused of crime forbidden to testify for himself. It is a relic of a false and foolish view of human nature. It is a view corrected by our experience and ridiculed by the inconsistency of our practice. If "the profession" will raise the banner of reform upon this subject it will be the banner of triumph.

SLAUGHTER-HOUSES IN NEW YORK CITY.

THE question of the removal of these establishments to the suburbs of the city has lately engaged the attention of the new Board of Health; but in the discussion between the butchers and the Board there was one point of considerable importance entirely overlooked. This was the condition of the cattle as to health, produced by their transfer to the city in cattle-trains, and the superiority of abattoirs in the country. It must be very evident that by taking cattle off their feed and transporting them in cars from the prairies of the West, or from Canada—and the majority of our cattle come from these quarters—they must be bruised and feverish on their arrival at the pens, and in no condition for immediate slaughter. It would be evidently better to kill the animals fresh from pasture and transport the carcass quartered to the city.

The butchers object to this plan on the ground that the meat would, as they say, "be mused" in a jarring train. But this slight disadvantage has to be weighed against the greater disadvantage of unhealthy meat produced by bruises and fever. It would not be difficult, however, to construct cars on the plan of a cooling-house, so that meat might be transported in them without being bruised, heated, or in any way damaged. So far as expense is concerned, if the business were conducted on a large scale, there would doubtless be an advantage in having cattle slaughtered along the great lines, by which they are now conducted into the city—the Harlem and Hudson River roads.

The question, What food we shall eat, and what scrutiny shall be employed in its selection, is one of more importance than is generally supposed. Many diseases are produced by meat injured by an improper mode of feeding animals. This is much more extensive in old countries than in ours, where we yet have vast prairies and abundant crops of corn; but in the Atlantic States, owing to the exhausting plan of cultivation pursued, animals are fed much less luxuriously than throughout the West. Cattle and hogs are there fattened generally in large inclosures, and with abundance of nutritious food, and improper feeding is the exception. But elsewhere such feeding is the general rule. A hog fattened in a close pen can scarcely be fit for food. The air of such a confined place is bad. The refuse of all food is considered good enough for the pig, and it is fed to him from a reservoir in which it is allowed to accumulate until it ferments. The prejudice of the Jew against pork is doubtless due to this mode of feeding, known to produce scrofula not only in the animal, but in those who partake of the flesh. We need not speak of the abuses in fattening cows which have been kept in what are called swill-stables, as the food which comes from these sources is well known to be dangerous to health.

Food that is wholly desirable and proper can best be obtained from animals which are allowed to take exercise during the process of fattening; and if a few butchers would unite in the purchase of extensive grounds in Westchester or Putnam counties and carry out this plan, we feel sure that the enterprise would be rewarded with good customers and large profits. The new Board, instead of directing their attention merely to the question of cleanliness, by influencing removals from the inhabited portions of the city of all slaughter-houses, would promote both the health of the animals and of the consumers.

PREVENTION OF CHOLERA.

In his admirable lectures Dr. SOUTHWOOD SMITH tells us that epidemics all belong to the class of Fevers. The Black Death, the Oriental Plague, the Sweating Sickness, Cholera, Typhus, Small-Pox, and many other diseases of less severity are epidemic and periodical in their character, and are usually preceded by indigestion. The first outbreak of cholera in Great Britain was heralded by it, and the influenza of 1847 announced the cholera of 1848. During the prevalence of cholera all other diseases are apt to partake of its type, owing doubtless in a great measure to the terror which pervades a community at such times, and we find that the reaction of the mental impressions on the body are so powerful as frequently to result in the death of the unfortunate unless his attention can be diverted from himself.

Cholera, like all other epidemics, is fearfully rapid in its action, and if death does not occur in a few hours the patient will usually recover. The great object to be attained in the treatment of the

disease when it has announced its presence is to gain time. The sufferer should go to bed at once and send for his physician, for every moment is of value, and proper assistance in the first onslaught of the attack will often decide between life and death in the ultimate result.

Whatever opinions physicians may hold regarding the contagious character of various epidemics, all agree that certain conditions are alike favorable to their development and rapid progress as well as to their fatality. Filthy streets, dirty sewers, exhalations from putrid animal and vegetable substances, are all powerful predisposing causes of the production not only of cholera, but also of typhus and all other diseases of the fever class.

The influence of the foul air voided from the human body is also exceedingly pernicious to the system, especially in overcrowded, ill-ventilated rooms and buildings; but so great is the infatuation of the majority of men regarding the subject of ventilation that, in spite of the evidence of the nostrils, it is often asserted that there is no difference to be found between pure and foul air; whereas the experiments of Dr. ANTON SURRU show that if we condense the air of an overcrowded room and allow it to remain for a week or so it forms a glutinous deposit that possesses a strong animal odor, and if examined from time to time by a microscope the deposit shows the appearance of vegetable growths in which hosts of animalcules are rapidly produced, thus demonstrating in the most satisfactory manner the presence of a large amount of organic matter in the air expired from the lungs.

The poisonous character of the organic matter contained in such expired air, and in that exhaled from the skin, is demonstrated by the same authority in the statement that a few drops of the liquid matter obtained by the condensation of the foul air of an overcrowded room introduced into the veins of a dog produces death, with the usual phenomena of typhus fever.

In the face of such facts it is fully longer to disregard the important subject of ventilation if we desire to escape the epidemic that now threatens us, an attack of which is now regarded as being even disreputable to the patient, since it involves a gross ignorance of the ordinary laws of hygiene, and a disregard of cleanliness in the personal or household arrangements.

It is of course impossible in an article to indicate the means which families and individuals should employ to protect themselves as far as possible from the invasion of this disease, and since the old saying that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure applies with marvellous force to the cholera, it is the duty of all to observe with care the laws of hygiene as laid down in the works on this subject. An excellent summary of them will be found in a book on *Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene*, recently published by Professor DEANER, in which the questions of diet, ventilation, bathing, etc., are fully discussed and brought within the reach of all intelligent minds.

"INSIDE."

THE story of this name, which appears serially in the *Weekly*, certainly fulfills its promise. It is the most graphic and clearly authentic sketch of the social condition of the late rebel States during the war, and will have a unique value to the historian of the stormy time, and, like all true pictures of a great range of society, is full of value to the statesman and political thinker. The writer of such a tale is not a solitary product of the region in which it is laid; and it is to such clear and intelligent comprehension upon the part of the thoughtful people of the South that we must look for wise action in the future. They are the real friends of the Union and of peace.

SOLDIERS LEFT-HAND WRITING.

IT was in this paper that many of the soldiers who competed for the prizes of left-handed penmanship first saw the invitation to that generous rivalry, and they will now learn with pleasure the result. It is plain from the number of specimens that no Yankee loses his heart with his arm, for there were some two hundred and seventy manuscripts collected from nearly every State in the Union. The loss of two arms, indeed, did not daunt one competitor, who sent a specimen of writing with the mouth, which was remarkable and honorably mentioned. The Exhibition Room was prettily arranged, and, except for an unexpected limitation of time, it would doubtless have been a point of popular interest. Yet it was long enough open for General GRANT to visit it. He was delighted with the display, and wrote a letter playfully confessing that he should be unable to decide upon the merits of the competitors.

This, however, was a responsibility which the Committee could not escape, and after careful inspection and consideration they awarded the prizes, although they would doubtless have confessed that it was often very difficult to discriminate. The original sum offered was five hundred dollars by WILLIAM OLAND BOWEN, who was the projector of the enterprise. To this two hundred and fifty dollars were added by the Sanitary Commission, and as much more by the Committee, making one thousand dollars in all. The first prize of the first class was awarded to FRANCIS H. DUBMAN, private in the Thirty-first Pennsylvania Infantry. There were twenty-eight prizes altogether, and we wish we had room for the names of the recipients, who were from every part of the country, from Maine to Dacotah. General HOWARD, the Head of the Freedmen's Bureau, who is one of the left-armed soldiers of the Union, did not compete for the prizes, but he wrote a pleasant letter to Dr. BELLows, one of the Committee.

It was an enterprise most honorable to Mr. BOWEN and to the brave Yankee soldiers, all of whom showed in the sentiments they wrote that if nobly left-handed they were no less nobly right-hearted.

THADDEUS STEVENS.

The figure which in the present Congress looms up above every other is that of THADDEUS STEVENS, of Pennsylvania. Certainly if we were to select the portrait of that Congressman which would be most interesting to our readers it would be the portrait of STEVENS.

The subject of our sketch was born in Caledonia County, Vermont, April 4, 1793. Immediately upon his graduation at Dartmouth College, in 1814, he removed to Pennsylvania. Teaching in an academy in that State, he at the same time prepared for the practice of law. He was admitted to the bar in 1816, in Adams County. In 1833 he was elected to the Pennsylvania Legislature, and also in the years following until 1838, and again in 1841. In 1838 he was appointed Canal Commissioner, and in 1842 he removed to Lancaster.

In 1849 Mr. STEVENS was elected a Representative from Pennsylvania to the Thirty-first Congress. He was a member of the Thirty-second, and also of the Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh Congresses. In the latter he held the most important position in the House—that which is usually conceded to the leading member—namely, that of Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. In 1862 he was elected to the Thirty-eighth Congress, and subsequently to the Congress which is now in session.

Not a man of great statesmanship though of sincere patriotism, he is inconsiderate in the policy which he urges upon the country, and in his utterances upon important matters of State. He is bold, and even rash in speech. Chief-Justice TANEY had slept in his grave little more than a twelvemonth when, in an important speech in the House, Mr. STEVENS had the boldness to declare that the opinions of the Chief-Justice on negro citizenship had damned him to everlasting infamy, and, he feared, to everlasting fame. In the same speech Mr. STEVENS expressed his impatience at the magnanimity of the Government in its attitude toward the conquered Southern States, and advocated a revival of the policy which had been visited upon the vanquished in the less civilized epochs of Roman history. Mr. STEVENS is more of an alarmist, we think,



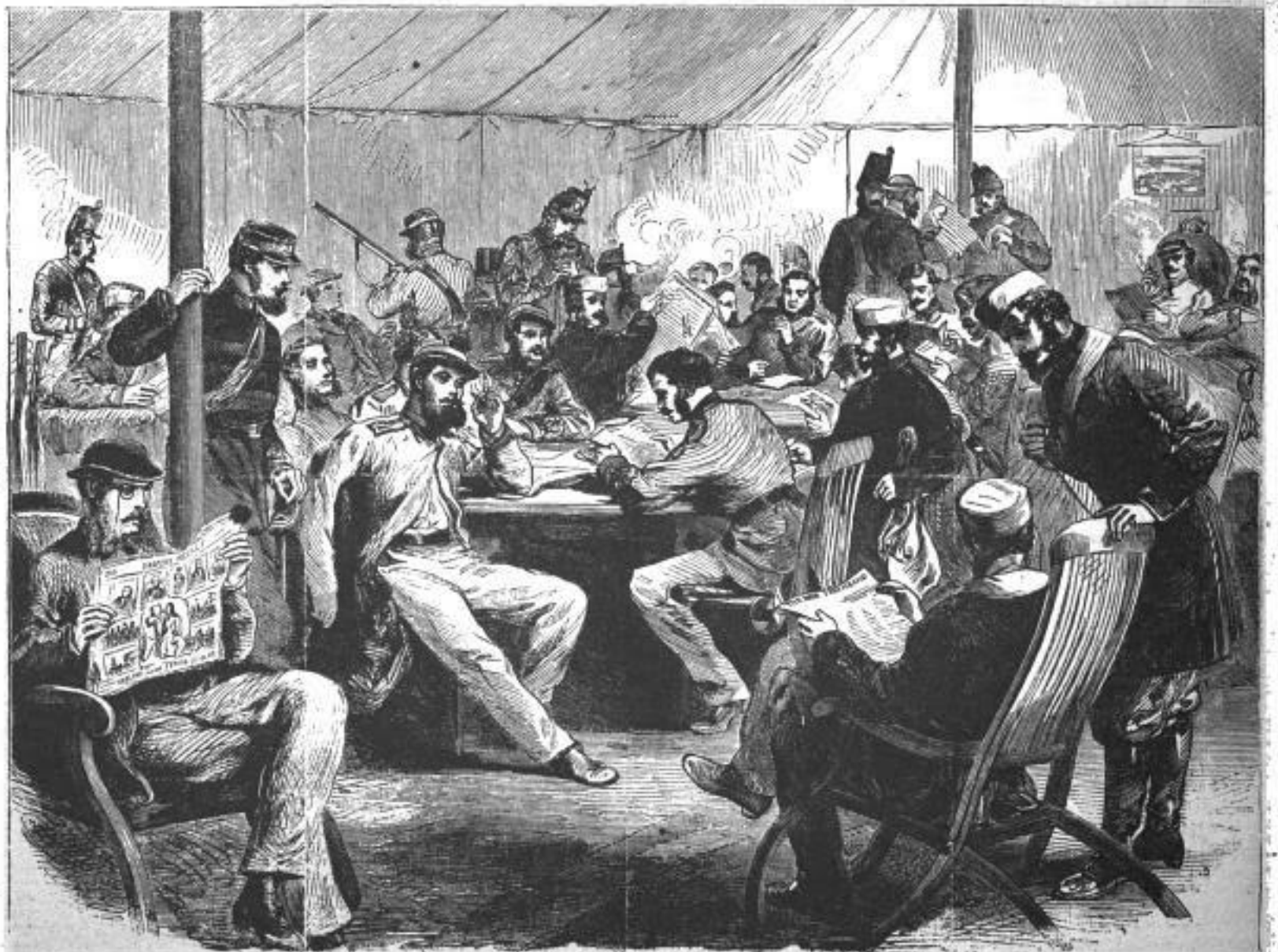
HON. THADDEUS STEVENS, M. C.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BEAUF.]

than becomes an honest statesman. He exaggerates trivialities. Because President JOHNSON simply expressed an opinion in regard to the proposed amendments to the Constitution, Mr. STEVENS saw in this a dreadful usurpation, not unworthy to be compared with that which cost CHARLES THE FIRST his head. We mention these things as characteristics of Mr. STEVENS's boldness and extravagance. His attempt, afterward, to treat the President's 23d of February speech as a hoax, foisted upon the country by the Copperheads, was equally extravagant as a bit of buffoonery.

That which gives Mr. STEVENS the great power which he wields in the House—a power which is almost irresistible—is his emphatic and earnest denunciation of treason. The country has suffered so much in the past from vacillation, that it greatly admires any thing which looks thorough and straightforward. Mr. STEVENS's words have a gladiatorial strength which would have done honor to the boldest of Rome's orators. They sway men by their sledge-hammer strokes—they are words of iron. Whatever be the verdict of posterity in regard to the wisdom of Mr. STEVENS's acts and speeches, future generations can not fail to render him the tribute which is always yielded to extraordinary force of character.

THE FENIANS.

We continue this week to give illustrations of matters connected with the Fenian movement in Ireland and Canada. Apparently very little is being done by the Fenians themselves. We hear a great deal of volunteer drilling and parades in Canada directed against Fenians, but we are not aware of the fact that there has been found a Fenian in arms. Ireland has been put under martial law and the Habeas corpus act suspended—and yet there has not been the first shot fired, nor the first act of overt rebellion committed. We smile when we remember the protracted howl of indignation which all England raised when, in the midst of the most serious rebellion which history records, we suspended the act of Habeas corpus. It also excites a



CANADIAN VOLUNTEERS AFTER DRILL.

and to read the indignant comments of the principal Canadian journals on the neutral attitude assumed by our Government toward the whole affair. The British are protesting most emphatically to-day the profound and instructive maxim which they have always pronounced to all the peoples of the world: "Do as we say, but not as we do."

It is reported that **SEVERUS**, the Head Centre of the Fugian Brotherhood, has escaped from Ireland. It is now several weeks since he escaped from Richmond Bridewell prison, of which we give an illustration on our first page. This prison is a Government establishment, and is also a house of correction for male and female convicts. Weaving is the principal employment of the males; those sentenced to hard labor are put to the tread-mill. The prisoners, on being discharged, are paid one-third of the earnings of their labor. This prison, as well as others in Dublin, is full of Fenians.

Arrests continue to be made all over the country. Eleven men charged at Skiloberren, on 28th February, with being concerned in the Fenian conspiracy, were brought to Cork next day, and lodged in the county jail. We give on the same page with Richmond Bridewell prison an illustration of these prisoners entering the jail. Our illustration on page 212, presenting the Canadian Volunteers resting after a day's drill, speaks for itself.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE
A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mrs. Dr. Warner had remarked to her husband only yesterday: "Dr. Warner, will you tell me what we are coming to? Flour forty dollars a barrel, sugar four pounds for a dollar, salt twelve cents, coffee one dollar, molasses two dollars and a half, lard forty cents, chickens fifty cents, eggs one dollar, butter a dollar and a quarter—those scoundrel Yankees! And not a calico in town under a dollar a yard, domestics a dollar and a quarter, shoes ten dollars, a paper of pins five dollars! If I only had all the Yankees right in front of a cannon—Lincoln and all—loaded to the muzzle, and could shoot that cannon off, I could die happy. And there's snuff, not a grain of it to be had!"

Mrs. Warner stopped; words failed to express her indignation. In fact the English language had long since been used up by Mrs. Warner.

Its very strongest words had been hurled by her so long and so continually upon the heads of the invaders that they had become insipid and meaningless to her. It is weeks now since she has first remarked that, if she but could do so, she would with her own hands send the North into atoms so small that Omnipotence itself should never find them, nor Omnipotence itself put them together if found.

From Colonel Ret-Roberts's last speech that was; but even that had become language too feeble to express her loathing and abhorrence. Having said fifty times a day that the Yankees were worse than devils, and that even hell was a punishment too light for them—said this in all possible inflections of the idea, what else could be said? Even Mrs. Warner was conscious of a some of exhaustion.

As to the Doctor, what had he to do but to be as little at home as possible, yet in some word of flattery whenever his conscience and a lull in the storm permitted, and so endure? The Doctor agreed in all the lamentations of his wife upon those who had brought about the ruin of the country, with this slight difference only—that the Xanthippe of his bosom located these authors in Washington, and he located them in a somewhat lower latitude. When the infinite diversity of sentiment between the Secessionists and the Union people at the South during the war is considered, the wonder is, not at the alienation that existed there on that account, but rather that no greater explosion followed. But then there was on the part of the Union people an amazing amount of—what is the softest possible word for dissembling?—and a still more astonishing degree of silence. And there was an ominous meaning in that very silence, taken in connection with the class character of the Union people, hitherto and in all other matters, for forecast and prudence, which disqualified their Secessionist acquaintances exceedingly.

There is Mrs. Sorel. The times bring many troubles to her besides the absence of her son at the war. She goes out very little these days. None of the Union people do so any more than they can help. But she meets, as all Union people do, with coldness, sometimes actual denunciation, in company when she does enter it. Often is she under the necessity of entering the small room adjoining her chamber, where is little furniture beyond a chair and a table with a Bible upon it; often than of old, and she remains there longer in these days. Yet she always comes out from it calmer and in happier mood, if possible, than even in her palmiest days of yore. Nothing can be more placid than the conversations she and Edward Arthur, her guest, hold across the next little table at breakfast, dinner, and supper; for Mr. Arthur is rarely away from home in these days any more than Mrs. Sorel. Mrs. Sorel has even to remonstrate with



MRS. SOREL'S COMPOSE.

her guest upon his confining himself too closely to his studies.

The truth is, in the absence of the papers, reviews, and new publications of all sorts in which he once delighted, Mr. Arthur has taken to the old English divines in his library, volumes yellow with years and near a yard long, for which he has hitherto found little time. Into these volumes, as into pools pure and deep, he plunges over head and ears, and so forgets the times and himself. Nor are these the only pools into which he plunges. Every morning, to keep as fresh and as strong as possible, he is up and away on his horse to a creek miles off in the dense forest, into which he goes headlong, to return by the time the sun is up, glowing with his bath and the exercise, hopeful of happy days beyond Secession, hungry for his breakfast and for his studies afterward. A little Virgil occasionally; periodic Greek Testament likewise; and Hebrew also, straying away in its elephant tracks far away from Secession, across Canaan, through the rocky gaps of Sinai and Horeb, and on toward Abraham and the Crucifixion.

What with these, the Old Divines, and his exercise, he is preparing sermons having more of the pith and essence of the Gospel in them, leaving away while so engaged from Secession

and civil war. It may be only his imagination, but he has an impression that he is just now in special training for a work after Secession is over—some great work in which he is to accomplish more than he has ever dreamed of so far. At any rate he will prepare himself as thoroughly as possible.

Here is a morning, some weeks after his last conversation with Mr. Fergussen, when the gallop and the bath before breakfast do not quite suffice. It is in vain after breakfast that, after getting through his lessons with Robby, he essays the folio of theology. It may be a deep pool at other times, but this morning it seems a frozen one. He can not penetrate beneath, but slips and falls continually on the page as on a surface of ice.

On account of the bells last night? Even from Mrs. Sorel's, three miles away, he could hear the great rejoicing in Somerville—all the bells, all the cannon, all the smaller arms. He woke at midnight with the first stroke of the Methodist bell, by far the largest in Somerville. "If Providence is willing, I am," he said to himself in the act of awaking; but there was no more sleep for him that night.

Somerville has been quite dependent of late, and the reaction of joy over victory is immense. Colonel Jiggins has a negro boy over at Mrs. Sorel's with the paper long before breakfast. Mr. Arthur has read it to Mrs. Sorel of that kind. Cause for rejoicing, indeed! There have been a series of battles near Richmond lasting several days. McClellan has been captured, with his entire army! The gun-boats have managed to escape down James River, but that is all; 60 generals, 140 captains, 30,000 Federals killed, 80,000 captured stores, histories, colors without computation! The war is virtually over! Colonel Jiggins comes along after breakfast.

"Of that vast army, ma'am," he says to Mrs. Sorel, "Bill Perkins was saying last night only 75 privates made their escape, and at last accounts our army was in full pursuit of them!" And Colonel Jiggins, brimmed with enthusiasm, insists on reading over aloud the whole paper from end to end to quiet Mrs. Sorel washing up the breakfast things.

No, Edward Arthur can not get into the merits of the folio this morning. He evades Colonel Jiggins, goes to the stable, saddles and mounts his horse, and rides slowly away he does not care whither. It runs like a ditty in his mind over and over again—"If Providence is willing, I am!" Old passages of Scripture come to the surface, in his memory, of themselves—"His ways are not as our ways, neither are His thoughts as our thoughts. He doeth according to His will in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth. None can stay His hand, or say what doeth thou...." And yet if Secession could but have been put down! One country again; one flag again; universal amnesty; peace and prosperity again, firmer,



ARTHUR AND ALICE AT THE OLD GIN.



"ONE MORE GLANCE, ABOLITIONIST."

greater than before!" His mind runs over it all as it is: "The success of the great Wrong! The triumph of wicked men! Anarchy victorious North and South! And is it possible, after all, that such men as Lamson, Roberts, Barker, and the long tail of Captain Simmons, Bob Withers, Tim Lamson, and the like are right? Right? Pleading to God? And all who think unlike them are wrong? their opinions displeasing to Heaven, and now justly rebuked?" It was partly broken rest the night past, but Edward Arthur felt as he rode along as if the very foundations of reason and religion were out of course.

The seven days of Chickahominy were days of disaster to you loyal hearts at the North, were they? Believe it, your deepest feelings in regard thereto were but, in the phrase of old Cervantes, "as cheese-cakes and cream-tarts" to the agony of a deferred, night destroyed, in the bosoms of hundreds of thousands of us at the South, losing our common country as much as you. As much as you? Far more. Though trembling lest you should lose it, you still possessed it. We at the South, actually stripped of all we loved, of flag and country, were yearning for their return. In the great wreck common to both, you were as those of the wrecked still holding on to the floating fragments, though they seemed slipping from your grasp; we were as those drowning without even that, peering and clutching—ah, how desperately!—amidst the roaring foam.

It is raining heavily, and the rider looks around to find that his horse has stopped of its own accord under the roof of an old gin. He has been there before in his excursions. The gin is an abandoned one in the centre of a tract of land, which the furrows, newly leveled by the rains to a plain, and a fragment of an old rail here and there, show to have been once cultivated. There is the screw, too, hard by, its long levers, with their little cap of a roof, idle evidently this many a day. The pit beneath is caved in. There are scraps of rope, shreds of bagging, great piles of cotton seed blue and steaming in the rain around. Yes, many a bale of cotton has been planted and gathered and ginned and pressed and wagoned away from this deserted spot. Edward Arthur is in full sympathy with the scene this morning; how much better to be there just now than in the hotel in Somerville, or even at Mrs. Sorel's. As he alights from and ties his horse to one of the huge posts which support the upper room of the gin-house, the under story being open all around, he is glad he has not to converse with even Guy Brooks this morning. Mr. Ferguson, too—he knows that the Scotchman is that instant in his room there in Somerville contemplating the blazing dispatch which he has just filed in its place in his ponderous scrap-book. There is a gleam of satisfaction in the young minister's mind as he sees, in imagination, the peculiar expression which is that very instant tingling, so to speak, the very tips of the Scotchman's grizzly beard.

But he is to have company at last. There is a galloping of a horse across the old field. It is a lady; she rides her pony in under the projecting roof, and is off and shaking the drops from her riding-skirt before he can get to her assistance. She raises her head as he approaches. Of all persons on earth it is the person whom he would most desire to meet just there and then. Of all persons on earth it is just the person whom he would there and then most ardently desire not to meet.

It may be owing to the fact that we have double lobes to the brain and a double set of organs to the heart; but certain it is a man may have in brain and heart, and at the same moment too, a double set of thoughts and emotions—double and strong, and in exact conflict with each other. And it is with a man in such a case as it is with a steamer, say, when the engine on its one side is propelling, with the engine on its other side backing. Round and round, morally speaking, goes the individual, but not an inch does he advance either down stream or up current. At least Mr. Arthur certainly had, at this moment, just such speed.

But who can venture to assert what her opinion of the chance meeting in that lonely spot was? If you gather any thing from her blush on first perceiving her companion, what are you to gather from the pallor which, the moment after, left her face in such striking contrast with the black velvet cap upon her head, and the black plume which drooped, heavy with rain, down to her cheek? Prompt enough to speak, however:

"All my fault, Mr. Arthur!" she said, gayly. "I have been spending a few days with Anne Wright, an old school-fellow. I determined to ride home this morning, come what might. Anne told me it would rain, but I thought pony would get me home first. Mr. Wright is in Somerville; the hands were off in the fields with the horses, so I had to come alone. I deserve it for starting. But I will have my way, mamma says. How came you here?"

Mr. Arthur has but a disjointed reply to make. Disjointed, because he has no reason for having ridden there at all. And because she is so beautiful—ah! how beautiful! He has not seen her, to converse with her, for many weeks now; and she has changed so! It is all in the sex. Boys do not change so. The youth of eighteen is very much the individual he was at sixteen, only taller—so coming out of any chrysalis with him.

But how is Alice Bowles. When Edward Arthur removed to Mrs. Sorel's Alice was but a girl—a lovely girl, but only a girl, although Mr. Neely used in the habit of visiting her so often. But to-day Alice Bowles alights from her pony in the old gin a woman. Her face is full, and her ruddy lip, and clear eye, and gentle yet

firm expression, is that of a woman—no longer a girl. She always bore herself in that erect and imperial manner—a something about the white brow as if made for a crown—a bend about the neck as of Marie Antoinette among the *sous-couverts*. Before, it was a manner that went and came with her varying moods; but to-day it is herself. It may be the plumed riding-cap she wears; it may be her long riding-dress, which brought up vague memories of grand ladies in their trains at court; it may be it was in the excitement of her rapid ride causing her face to glow so; it may be the contrast between the young beauty and the littered earth on which she stood and the dissipation around her; or maybe it was her sudden advent through the dreary morning, and upon him in a mood as dreary; but, whatever was the reason, she came upon him there very little else to him than an angel from heaven. Had he not loved her at first sight, years ago, when she was only the bud of what had now opened into the perfect rose?

There was one advantage he had over her. He had not come upon her in her retreat there, in the out-of-the-way old gin, but she had come upon him; and, somehow, from the first he had yielded to her the burden of the conversation. His first look as he met her had said so much that he felt, and she felt, he had little more to add. Ah! how she talked, in order to keep from bearing or saying any thing!—cutting with her riding-whip at the shreds of cotton on the ground, shaking the drops of rain from her riding-skirt, smoothing her already smooth hair on each side of her brow.

"And oh, Mr. Arthur, I nearly forgot. What is the news?" she suddenly asked, after all other topics were exhausted. "Anne and I could hear the noise all the way to Mr. Wright's. What great and glorious something has happened this time?" And she entered on the topic with a sense of indefinite pain, and yet of indefinite pleasure too.

Mr. Arthur related the contents of the dispatches. Quite accurately, too, which was a wonder in those days. As a general rule it was a thing impossible, quite impossible, to do then. A man might try to tell his eager neighbor the contents of the last dispatch the moment he laid it down, but he never could repeat it accurately. If he was a Union man his version was far more unfavorable to the Confederacy than at least the printed lines warranted. If he was a Secessionist the news he repeated from the paper was much more encouraging for the Confederacy than even the largest capitals of the sheet just in his hands would justify.

"I need not ask your opinion of the news," said his companion, more thoughtfully. "I presume you will say of it, as you did of the news from Slidell—it is partly true and partly false. And you were right. But it is a pity one can not believe the whole of a matter from the first, and with all the heart. One could enjoy one's self so!"

"You have no apprehension about your brother—?"

"Oh no!" interrupted his companion. "Did not mamma show you—ah! I forgot at the moment that you do not live with us now. No; mamma received a letter from him only ten days ago. He is in Charleston—under arrest, I am sorry to say. There was some Mississippi or Georgian put over him in rank. Very foolishly he neglected to obey some order, something of the kind; I do not exactly understand it. At any rate, Rutledge—Rutledge Bowles, as mamma always persists in calling him—is under arrest in Charleston. Since Rutledge can not bring himself to comply with the wishes of his superior, it is a great pity they can not make it a rule to comply with his. At least mamma almost says so," added Alice, with a good deal of demure frown at the corner of her rosy mouth.

Her eyes being intent on the particular shred of cotton she was switching at with her riding-whip upon the ground, Mr. Arthur had an opportunity of looking at her. Poor young fellow! she was so beautiful; so full of life and grace! And Secession has put them so far apart—not as the East is from the West; that similitude is obsolete in these days—but as far apart from each other as the North is from the South.

"You know I have never seen your brother," said her companion, seeing at the moment with great satisfaction that the rain was beginning to fall heavier than ever. "But is there not—?" and in his half-hesitation Alice hastened to furnish the question for him.

"A strong resemblance between Rutledge and myself? In character, yes, I dare say there is. We are both of us altogether too impatient of control—too much in the habit of having our own way. It is a dreadful defect of character, Mr. Arthur," she said, looking up only for an instant at him, and then resuming her chattering, though it was at least "an inch" of "a king," of the unfortunate piece of cotton; "but I do not see how either Rutledge or myself are to blame for it. We inherited it from our father, who was celebrated for his fixedness—if there is such a word—of opinion; and we have been trained to it from our cradles. If he had only lived it would have been far better for us both; but you know how indulgent mamma is."

"I for one would not live any otherwise than as you are for the world," Mr. Arthur said, emphatically—only it was to himself, not a syllable of it reaching his lips. And yet she knew as well, in the silence which followed her remark, that he was saying just that as if he had said it aloud.

"Only to think," she hastily added, therefore, "of the thousands of brave men that must have been killed; that is, if there really was any fighting at all in Virginia."

"And of the many thousands that are yet to die in hospital and upon battle-field before this

war is over," added her companion. "We read of Roncevalles and Fontenoy, and the gallant knights dying at Chevy Chase, and all. Yet the simple truth is, old Froissart, whom you remember we read together last summer, tells of no brave gentlemen nobler or braver in every sense of the word than our Southern soldiers. Chivalry boasts of nothing which the South is not equalling every day, and every hour of the day."

"But we of the South deserve and wear the name of Chivalry, Mr. Arthur, only too well," said Alice, after a pause. "I wish I could not think of it as I do; but, somehow or other, we seem to be as antiquated as Chivalry is, too. As to the nobleness, generosity, courtesy, and valor of our armies, I suppose all the world is agreed; but, with all that, I can not help having a vague but painful sense that we are classed by Europe with Spain, behind the age. If one half of the feeling of the world in regard to us is admiration, the other half of that feeling is pity. I am afraid it is owing to some book or other which I should never have read; or it may be some natural perversity of my character, but it does seem to me as if our armies, gallant as they are, are warring against—what shall I call it?—against Destiny."

It may have been some improper reading, or it may have been the independence of her nature rebelling against whatever happened to be dominant; but it had pained her mother that Alice was not as thoroughly under the rule of the enthusiasm of the day as she desired her to be. Perhaps Mr. Neely had visited her too much—had overdone in his conversation the topic of the hour. Devotedly, too, as she loved her mother, she had known Mrs. Sorel too long not to acknowledge to herself the calm superiority of her sense and judgment to the mere impulse of her mother, beautiful as that impulse was—not that Mrs. Sorel had conversed with her on the great question of the day. At least not for months now had she heard a word from her lips upon the merits of the quarrel. In truth, very rarely indeed in those days were the families thrown together. Mrs. Sorel had always spoken frankly on the subject when she spoke at all, and Mrs. Bowles was as decided in her feelings on the subject as Mrs. Sorel was in her convictions. Feeling vs. Conviction—that was the case at issue.

"If you will permit me, Miss Alice," said her companion, "I may be able to explain you to yourself. If you had read and thought as little upon the whole question now convulsing the country as the mass of those around you—I mean upon both sides of it—I dare say you would think and feel exactly as they do. Or if, notwithstanding all your thought and reading, your character admitted of your forgetting every thing of the kind, and giving yourself up blindly to the popular emotion, whatever it was, then, too, you would feel and think, as, for instance, your friend Miss Anne Wright does. I do not mean to flatter you, Miss Alice, but I can not say what I wish to say without seeming to do so," he added, knotting the lash of his riding-whip industriously as he spoke.

"I only wish I was as happy as Anne in her whole-heartedness upon the subject," said Alice. "How she does abuse the Yankees! I do believe she thinks if the Yankees succeed they will actually make her go to the wash-tub for them, enslave her, make a house-maid or a field hand of her. I'd like to see them come cavorting around me, her father says. Anne says she'll die first. I would certainly hate to eat any dish of her preparing, if I was Mrs. Lincoln, or whoever her future mistress is to be; it would be far from wholesome, I was telling her so last night," said Alice, with a laugh. "But, then, there is my dear, dear mother," she added, with sudden gravity.

"Will you forgive me, Miss Alice?" said her companion. "My admiration and affection for your mother are second only to your own, and I venture to say only this," he continued, gravely, although he saw the color rising in her cheek: "if you had been born at the date of your mother's birth you would have felt and thought just as she does to-day. It may be your misfortune, but you were born some thirty years after your mother. There has been a vast change in the very fashions worn since then. Look at your mother's miniature, taken when she was a bride. There is—whether we like it or not—a still greater change in the opinions of men. A person of active intellect—one who reads, thinks, arrives at independent conclusions—can not be the same in opinion with one born a third of a century before, unless you lived like Robinson Crusoe on a desert island, or unless you lived exclusively in your own section, like the Chinese, or unless you went—"

"Fast asleep, like Rip Van Winkle," interrupted his companion. "Dear me, how it rains! How mamma will scold me for venturing out from Mr. Wright's! You must excuse me, Mr. Arthur; but the plain truth is, I hate to think in these days. I wish I could stop thinking, I'm sure. I would give all I possess for a good drink from the flagon that put Rip Van Winkle asleep!"

"To come out of your cave at last, as he did, and find all the world changed by other hands than your own. Well, perhaps so. And yet if there is indeed a great change for the better to be brought about by human brains and human hands, I confess I would prefer not to live altogether apart from it. I would like—at least in my happiest moments I feel so—to have a hand and a hand in the work. But it is a wearisome thing to think upon so steadily. I never felt it more so than to-day."

Although Alice did not look at her companion she none the less saw the care and pain, even anguish, upon his face. With a woman's quick insight, however, she saw that the anxiety and

uncertainty almost which used to—or which she months ago fancied used to—mark the countenance of the young minister, was given place to a twofold expression of confidence and peace; an expression growing from day to day through great suffering into an aspect of certainty and joy. Yet Mr. Neely was true; the handsome man of the two, so fat and rosy, and full of cordial sympathy with the invading South.

"If a person does not agree in sentiment with the people of the South what does he stay here for? Evidently he ought to be with that people in whose opinions he agrees. If I was with the North I would go there, and I would say there." That was Mr. Neely's decided opinion in his last conversation with Alice—or rather in his last conversation with Mrs. Bowles when Alice was present. Mr. Neely did not mention Mr. Arthur's name in that connection; so that he could, of course, have no reference to him; certainly not.

"But suppose, Mr. Neely," Alice had innocently asked, looking up from her sewing—a soldier's shirt it was, one of a dozen made from the cover of her piano, cut up for that purpose as the only material to be had—"suppose you possessed property at the South, valuable property, all the property you owned in the world. I believe it is the certain loss of property in the South for a person to leave as you advise; if you held the sentiments you mention, you would leave, as you say, at the sacrifice of all you possessed?"

"I certainly would, Miss Alice," he replied, enduring her clear look. Perhaps in such a case Mr. Neely would. But perhaps in such a case Mr. Neely would not, also.

"Then if you were now at the North, entertaining the sentiments you do, you would instantly leave the North for the South, giving up all you owned there to do so?" asked Alice. Her beautiful eyes were full upon him. What could he do?

"I would, Miss Alice, I certainly would!" Oh, Mr. Neely! Not to know that you knew, and that she knew, whether you spoke true or not. But, then, the temptation was so great to Mr. Neely the greatest temptation possible in the whole world.

"Suppose, Mr. Neely, though you disapproved of the step taken by the South, and agreed in the course pursued, in consequence of that step, by the North, yet you shrink from engaging in actual war upon your own people, or even from being surrounded by such as were, how then?" Alice had asked.

"These are no days for such nice distinctions, Miss Alice," the school teacher had promptly replied. "As one feels and thinks so should he act. A man must adopt one side or the other, and without a particle of reluctance or shame is doing so. And men will do so whose views are clear. He that is not against us is with us; he that is not with us is against us—plain as the multiplication table, Miss Alice."

Alice really did not know what to reply. But it seemed strange to hear this gentleman from New England speaking so freely of *We* and *Us* in connection with Southern affairs. The possessive pronouns in all their inflections were used with painful frequency by the Yankee Secessionists. "Our brave boys!" "The way *We* are whipping them, too!" "The diabolical designs meditated against *Us* by the Federals!" and kindred phrases, were more frequent on the lips of men like Mr. Neely from the North than of those who had never been outside the South in their own selves, or in the persons of their ancestors, since Jamestown was settled.

It seemed somewhat of a coincidence, then, with Mr. Neely's previous remarks, that Mr. Arthur should say now, loving Alice as he did, and answering her very thoughts:

"I do not wish to speak of myself. Here in God's providence I am. Not a day, or a moment of the day, that I do not feel how painful a thing it is to differ from public sentiment, especially from the sentiments of those among whom we have lived all our lives, than when there are none in all the world whom we esteem or love more. I have done my very best to become a Secessionist, but I can not. I have done my utmost to believe, at least to hope that, after all, the Confederate Government will be a success and a blessing to the South. For my life I can not think so. I can not get away to Europe, and if I could I would feel very much like Jonah on his way to Tarshish, stern or so stern. No, I am in charge here as a minister of the Gospel. So long as I am permitted to do so, I will continue the duties of my office, obeying faithfully the Scripture directions as to the Government over me. I was, I may almost say, in agonies of mind at first. I am getting used to it. I have within me such a settled sense that I could not have acted otherwise than I have done that I am coming to feel as quiet in mind as a man can be—a kind of solid quiet greater than I ever possessed before. And my experience, though I am not so situated as to have correspondence, or the least intercourse in any way, with one of them, is that of perhaps thousands of my brethren in the ministry at the South, and, in some respects, of hundreds of thousands of the very best men, all Southern men, and destined to do a great work in and for the South yet. But if I knew this hour, Miss Alice, that I was the only Southern man in the whole South entertaining the sentiments I do, I could entertain them not a jot the less for that. It may be my misfortune, it may be my crime, it certainly is my case. As to the future of myself and of my country I am learning to leave the whole in the hands that are managing it, perfectly satisfied in advance as to the result. You must really excuse me, Miss Alice," he added, with a smile. "It is the first time I have spoken to you thus of myself. I assure you it shall be the last time. It has only happened so, you see. You must endure it as one of the accidents of this rainy day."

But Alice did not hear these last words. It was only a few days ago that she had been reading Milton, and why she knew not, but the lines were passing through her mind as she spoke:

"So spoke the simple Abbot, faithful frank
Among the fatuous, faithful only he:
Among innumerable false, reserved,
Unspoken, unsaid, uncertainty,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Not number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
Through single."

Her head drooped until the plume of her riding-cap almost concealed her face. But, at last, Edward Arthur said nothing to her of himself which she did not know already, and know fully as well as he did himself. She stood still, occupied with the shred of cotton on the ground at her feet. But no longer cutting at it as before, moving it rather hither and thither with the lash of her riding-whip, lovingly, caressingly even, as if it were some living thing which she would not hurt for the world.

"No, but Miss Alice, what I want to know"—Mrs. Warner had said to her in the courtyard where the ladies met to work for the soldiers only the week before, and it was after a long stretch of remark by Mrs. Warner on the one topic—"what I want to know is just this: do you not believe that the Yankees, invading our country, burning our homes, killing our women and children, are worse than the very devils in hell?"

"How should I know, Mrs. Warner?" Alice had replied. "I have never been to the abode of the evil spirits you speak of. I never saw a devil in my life. If I was to come upon a person possessed with one I would keep as far off from—dear me, you must excuse me, I must go and get Mrs. Seel's yonder to give me some more thread."

"I tell you, Dr. Warner," Mrs. Warner remarked to her husband at supper that night, "there is something wrong about that Alice Bowles. Her mother, Mrs. Bowles, such a genuine Southern woman, too. You are their family physician, and sure enough I am your influence on her has not been favorable for the South. You are the plague and misery of my life with your milk-and-water way of thinking and talking, or rather not talking at all upon the subject. How a man of your years, one who reads the papers every day, can be as mild as you are! And, then, knowing my feelings on the subject, hearing every day and hour of your life all I say—I do believe it is just to cross me. Because I am so strong for the South you are exactly the opposite!" Which statement, by-the-by, was not far from the truth. But Dr. Warner only ate his supper with the shower-bath droop about the head, and nothing so endured.

"Alice's father was a staunch Secessionist years ago," mused Mrs. Warner, aloud, striking her tea-spoon against her empty cup. "That is his portrait hanging up in their parlor, grand enough to look at; only it's a pity he couldn't have left a few more negroes to his wife and children. There's Rutledge Bowles, Mrs. Bowles is so over-lasching talking about. A worthless, drinking, gambling fellow, there in Charleston, if half I've heard about him is true. He'd better be here at home making money for his mother. But he's a good Secessionist, was active in the taking of Fort Sumter there at Charleston. Did Alice ever visit the North?" asked Mrs. Warner, suddenly.

"I believe not," replied her husband. "Because it always has the worst effect on Southern people. Spending the summer at the North? I reckon that old cry is over. I never was out of the South! And a far better Southern man you would be, Dr. Warner, if you had never spent that time in Philadelphia, attending medical lectures. If I only had my way," said Mrs. Warner, for the three thousandth time, "no Southern citizen should ever visit the North on any pretext. Nor Europe either, for that matter; they are just as rank Abolitionists there as at the North. Won't recognize us on account of Slavery, Taney said there in his speech in New Orleans! Yea, if I had my way I'd build a wall a hundred feet high all round the South, in real earnest; nobody should go out and nobody should come in. To think how they used to flood the country with their books and papers and peddlers and things! Hang them!"

"I am sure Alice has taken an active part," began the Doctor. "Presenting that flag? Sewing, and singing at concerts for the soldiers, and all that?" interrupted his wife. "There's something wrong for all that. I began to think so that day she opposed having a lottery for the assistance of that regiment. It was against the rules of religion, she said, and there is a law of the State—wonder how she came to know that?—expressly prohibiting it. As if any body would dare enforce such a law these days. And as if Brother Barker himself did not go in for it, and have the meeting to arrange for it in the very church. But, opposed or not, we had it any how. No, I know exactly how it is," said Mrs. Warner, in a lower and more intense tone, peering at her husband under mysterious eyebrows, and shaking the tea-spoon at him like the rhymer of a magician. "It is Mr. Arthur! Haven't I got eyes? Never tell me! And he living there for years, now; helping her in her studies, and all that stuff. He's gone to live at Mrs. Seel's, I know. He doesn't visit at Mrs. Bowles hardly at all. I met their boy Charles on the street and asked him only the other day. I know they ain't engaged, for I asked Mr. Arthur himself when he was here last. But there's something wrong in Alice's mind about Secession, and it came there just in that way, you mark my words. And how people—you among them—will continue to go and hear him preach these days is more than I can understand. For my part I'd just as soon—"

But we have no disposition to share in Dr. Warner's martyrdom.

A very smart woman was Mrs. Warner. Long and unwearying investigations into the affairs of others had given her a remarkable power of insight. Who will deny all of her reasonings in this matter? The being a Union man involved, at that period of the war, in general estimation, the being either a fool or a knave. Now Alice could not believe that Mr. Arthur was either, so that her faith in the desperate depravity of Unionism may have thereby been shaken. And there was Mrs. Seel too, such an old friend, one whom she had so long loved and esteemed, a South Carolinian too; her sentiments were all against Secession. It only happened so, you see. But was ever fly entangled in a web so terrible? It was Spenser's ever old and forever new Song of the Fair Una traveling through the wilderness. Ah, how dark and brambly the way! Consider this Southern girl—for here is but one case of how many thousands of her sex: born on the bosom of the old era, tended by it from birth with its ten thousand tenderest touches; all the deep aversion of early and life-long prejudice repelling her from the bringers-on of the new era; all the warmest sympathies natural to the bosom with soil invaded, kindred slain, valor struggling against overwhelming odds: add to this the ever-present force of an almost universal enthusiasm. And the new era dawning over her, with skies so dim and with hints so vague of its coming clearness. Happy are those whose lot is in the centre, say, of one era—Luther's parents, let us instance. Happier still those who live in the centre of the era which follows—those possessed of a perfected Protestantism, we will say. But the transition period between the two eras—how stormy and full of all perplexity! In every transition period the perplexity lies not without only—it is within one's own bosom that the shadow is darkest, its strife bitterest. Easy enough to do the right when a sincere soul but knows the right—the agony is to know with sufficient clearness what is the right.

If one dare plagiarize from Brother Barker his mode of finding the times in prophecy, we might be tempted as we read to let finger and eye linger upon this prophecy as bearing upon the days of Secession: "It shall come to pass in that day that the light shall not be clear nor dark; but it shall be one day which shall be known to the Lord, not day nor night: but it shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light." Only look in Brother Barker's little black Bible. You will find the margin of the two verses immediately before this passage is all worn away. Brother Barker, standing in the pulpit a hundred times during Secession, has kept the fore-finger of his left hand pressed just there, holding on like an anchor to the passage, while all the rest of his body swung about wildly in a tempest of declamation, proving that therein Secession and its glories were set forth with a distinctness which left only the inference of judicial blindness upon those who could not see it. Let us do the brother justice; only recognize the fact that the passage in question does refer to Secession, and it is striking, very striking indeed. However, Brother Barker never put our interpretation upon—if you have curiosity to look them up—those sixth and seventh verses of the fourteenth Zechariah—the reverse, in fact.

The rain is falling less and less heavily upon the leaky roof of the old gin-house, if the parties within only knew it. Twenty times has the young minister said to himself, "No, Sir, no; this is neither the time nor the place." But there is something about the drooped head and the hue upon the cheek, even in the motion of the gloved hand holding the riding-whip, as it toys with the shred of cotton on the dust, that emboldens him. He has been speaking out his soul, his heart; and how soft and affecting are the tones of the voice when one does so! "And, next to the approval of my own conscience, do I desire your approval," he is beginning to say, when Alice raises herself and looks across the old field plashy with water. She has heard nothing, but a woman's instinct of approaching danger is strong upon her. And at last she sees only a man on horseback hundreds of yards away riding slowly toward them. It is strange how swift the sex is in its reasonings and conclusions.

In the instant of seeing the approaching horseman she says, and she says it hurriedly:

"May I ask it as a special favor, Mr. Arthur, that you will mount your horse and leave me? You see the rain is over. Excuse me, but please do." How earnest she is!

Mr. Arthur hears, with sense of pleasure at the tones, but with surprise at the request.

"I know you will excuse me and comply with my request if you only know why I ask it," she said, still more hurriedly, her eyes upon the horseman, her gloved hand resting upon his arm.

"Really, Miss Alice," her companion began—"Oblige me this once," she continued, in tones of entreaty and apprehension. "Yonder is Mr. Wright. You know his character and sentiments. I have a fear that he may be intoxicated."

"You must excuse me, Miss Alice," interrupted Edward Arthur, gravely and coldly. "I understand your apprehension, but I can not do as you wish." And a flush almost of anger mounted to his temples.

It was too late. Alice basied herself with her pony, leading him in front of her companion, who assisted her to mount.

"Why, good-morning to you, Mr. Wright," said Alice to the horseman, who had now reached them, in tones of gawpy singularity in contrast with those she had just used. "I will be glad of your secret back to your house. I would start

this morning for home in spite of all Anne could do. But I have got wet; do let us make haste; the rain is over." And she lifted her reins, gathered in her hand as if to start, keeping herself, however, still between Mr. Arthur and the person she addressed.

With an "Excuse me, Miss Alice!" Edward Arthur struck her pony a slight blow with his riding-whip, and Mr. Wright, who had reined in his horse with drunken dignity, sat staring at him face to face.

Alonso Wright. As refined and agreeable a gentleman as you could meet with any where when sober. When drunk, a devil incarnate. Long ago had he killed his first man. It was when he was intoxicated, and because he fancied at the time the individual in question, a merry youth of sixteen—Jim Hartley—was looking impudently at him. Very rarely had he got drunk since then. But when he did become intoxicated the passion for killing some one again came upon him as a mania, as part and parcel of his drunkenness. It all took place before Mr. Wright removed to his present home; in fact he had come hither on that account; but, unless rumor lied more even than it usually does, if Jim Hartley was the first he was by no means the last man Mr. Wright had killed. Every body knew Alonso Wright; and when drunk here on his throne had not courtiers more abject. That is, such of them as did not fly the spot. Shunned as his house was by almost every one except an unselect few, it was on that very account that Alice had felt specially drawn to poor Anne Wright, her school-fellow, and hence her visit to her.

As Alice anticipated, Mr. Wright was drunk, very drunk. How could it have been otherwise in Somerville last night after the arrival of such news? There had been a military prohibition on the sale of liquor in the place for several weeks now; but the authorities themselves "raised," as they styled it, "the blockade on whisky" to celebrate the glorious victory over McClellan. Men who never drank before got drunk in Somerville last night. Men whose whisky had been cut off for the months past drank last night in Somerville with the frenzy of long abstinence. Even Lamson was shocked at the state of Somerville last night, Tim Lamson, his nephew, wallowing and vomiting on his office floor in the experience of his first "regular spree." And Mr. Wright, having an entire grocery abandoned to him during all last night, had so far killed no one. He was riding home with an unsatisfied craving in his heart, his loaded revolver ready for any emergency that might arise. Vague wrath slumbered in his bosom against whatever negro might come out to hold his horse as he should dismount at his gate. Not a negro on the place, however, but will find pressing business on the remotest part of the plantation when it is known that "Mass Lenny is comin'."

Such is Alonso Wright, a slight-built, sandy-haired, pale-faced man, who now sits on his horse gazing upon the young minister, of whose presence he was not aware until Alice and her pony had moved from between them.

It all takes place as in a second of time.

"And who are you?" Mr. Wright says, with a sudden half-closing of his eyes and an oath.

Edward Arthur knows perfectly well who and what Alonso Wright is. More than once has he been received with the most gentlemanly courtesy by Mr. Wright in visiting there. But that was months ago. Besides, it was under Mr. Wright's own roof, and drunk as he is, were it under that roof he was now meeting Mr. Arthur, he would have treated him as a gentleman and a guest. But they are not in Mr. Wright's house; Mr. Wright is drunk, and this Mr. Arthur is strongly suspected of being a Union man. Nothing more absorbed by Mr. Wright even when sober than that.

"My name is Edward Arthur," replies that gentleman; but his manner is stern from his knowledge of the questioner and of what may follow.

"A preacher and an Abolitionist," says Mr. Wright, with a volley of oaths.

Mr. Arthur has nothing to reply, but has turned to the post at which his horse is tied, and is slowly unfastening him to return home.

"And now you are going to run, are you? what you Yankees always do. Hold on!" exclaims Mr. Wright, in a tone such as only men like those of his class can use. "Get out of the way!" he adds, with a cut of his whip across the head of Alice's pony, which she is endeavoring to ride between them. He hears not a word Alice says—is not aware of her existence. His eyes, almost shut, are fastened upon his prey.

"Look here," he adds, slowly, drawing his revolver from his girdle as he speaks, "I've got one boy away in the army fighting the Yankees. Ten to one he was killed in that last fight at Richmond. If there is any thing in this world I would like to do this morning is to kill an Abolitionist. Now, you say 'Hurry on, hurry on, David!' or 'Hurry on, hurry on, David!'"

Knowing his man, hearing that indescribable tone of his voice, Edward Arthur had no doubt that he meant what he said.

"Do, Mr. Arthur, for my sake, my sake, my sake," Alice keeps on repeating, still endeavoring to force her pony between them. But pony fears Mr. Wright's whip and Alice's cut.

Unarmed, no chance of springing upon him before he can shoot, there is no alternative.

"Fire when you please, I will die first!" he replies, as pale, as cold, as rigid as a statue.

There is the sharp crack of a revolver, with Alice's shriek on the air. It may have been that Mr. Wright has been drunk too long, or that there was an extra quantity of strychnine in the whisky of last night; for the genuine liquor is running very low in these days of the blockade—but the bullet sings by Mr. Arthur's left ear, and he stands erect and unhurt. And

next, what? He thinks of springing upon the desperado, but he knows there are five more charges in his weapon! Mr. Wright curses his nerves and again presents his weapon.

"One more chance, Abolitionist," he says, "Hurray for Jeff Davis and the Confederacy—out with it!"

The young minister has no reply at all to make this time. Pale, cold, rigid he fastens his eye, glittering like ice, upon that of Mr. Wright. No attention at all does that individual pay to Alice, who has leaped from her pony and stands at his side pulling with both hands at his coat, weeping and entreating. He keeps his weapon leveled at the forehead of his intended victim, his finger on the trigger full a minute.

There is neither flinching of muscle nor quailing of eye there. The desperado slowly lowers his weapon. "Well!" he exclaims, with an oath, "you are as brave as a man can be. I'll do you that justice if you are an Abolitionist. I could not kill even old Lincoln himself if he was looking me as straight in the eyes. We'll cry quits if you say so;" and he rose in his stirrup to replace his weapon comfortably in its sheath at his waist.

"No, Sir," said Mr. Arthur, sternly. "I am not a specially brave man that I am aware of. But it happens to me just now that I am not particularly in love with this world, and I am, I trust, prepared for the other. Besides, I am not in your hands or in those of any other man; now, as always, I am in the hands only of God."

"It looked very much as if God had turned you over to me just now; one touch of my finger on that trigger and you would have been in the other world sure enough. However, we won't quarrel about it. Ah, this is you, Miss Alice," he continued, "is it? You must really pardon me any rudeness. But we do not capture a McClellan and his entire army every day"—the ruffian instantly lost now in the polished gentleman. "Shall we ride? Anne will be glad to see you."

"Thank you, Mr. Wright," said Alice, who was by this time seated again on her pony. "I believe I will ride on home; Mr. Arthur will be kind enough to escort me. Good-morning," and the two rode slowly off, leaving Mr. Wright carefully buttoning up his waistcoat to protect his cherished weapon from the damp, hesitating but what he ought to use it yet. And long sits Mr. Wright upon his horse, looking after them as they ride away, doubtful in reference to the course he has pursued in failing to kill some one, especially the chance, in his very hands, too, of having neglected to kill a Union man! Dissatisfied Alonso Wright is with the event and with himself. Stop! Ten to one some of the hands have been up to something on the place since he left yesterday. Wants to be free, do they? Only one good chance at any one of them—and with appetite quickened by new hope of food, Mr. Wright spurs from under the old gin, and rides rapidly home through the drizzle.

Alice rode along the miry way in silence, weeping and mornth struggling with and neutralizing each other in her bosom. It is remarkable how little these two can find to say to each other under the circumstances all the way to Mrs. Bowles's front gate in Somerville. Mr. Arthur is almost haughty in his bearing, certainly very cold and quiet. And so, assisting her from her pony, they part, Mr. Arthur declining to enter the house on the plea of neglected studies.

Yet all the way to Mrs. Bowles, and when he parted with Alice at the gate, our clerical friend fancies that his companion sits on her pony with a form more erect, and the morning as of a new purpose breaking on her face. "Only fancy, I dare say," he said to himself as he rode homeward, "only fancy!"

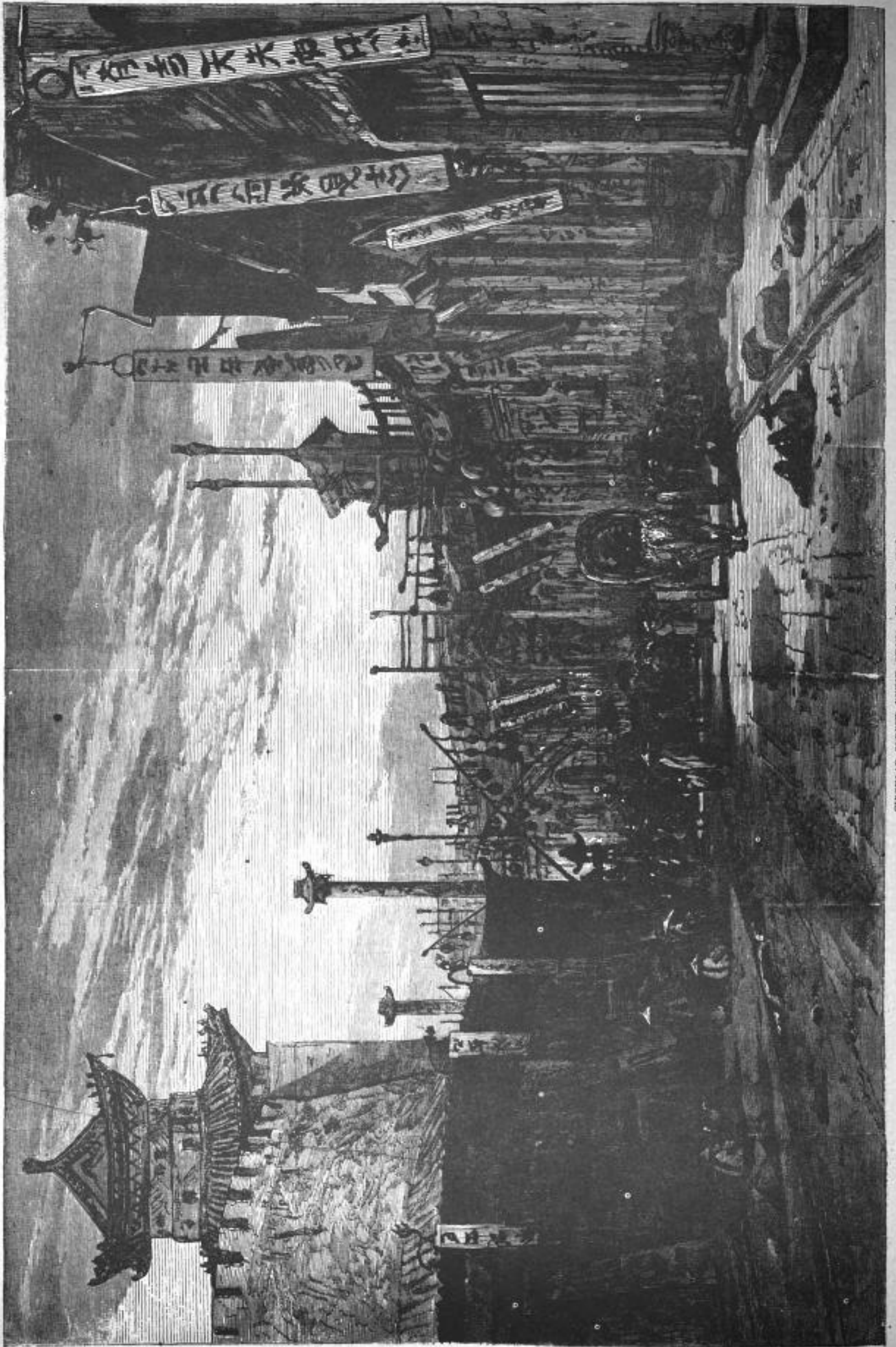
"Proud? For any one to speak of my being proud!" Alice says to herself, as she stands in her room, her hand wandering mechanically about the fastenings of her hat. Unconscious of herself utterly, because so conscious of another, and that other not Mr. Beakel Neely either, immaculate Secessionist though Mr. Neely is! Four years since the writer has seen a copy of Tennyson—not a copy at present in hundreds of miles, from memory let the lines be ventured:

"Love took up the harp of life, struck on all chords with right,
Struck the chord of self, which, trembling, passed in quiet out of sight."

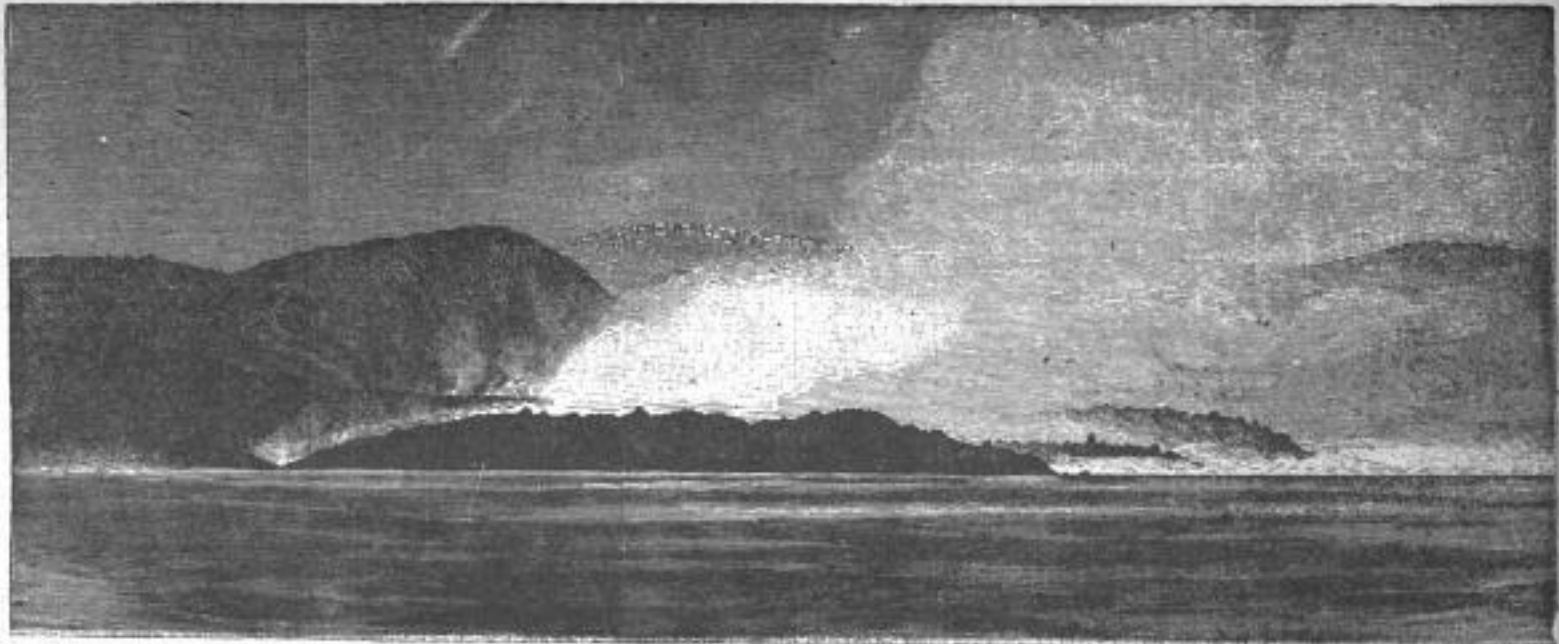
CIRCULAR STREET, PEKIN.

Our engraving on page 216 will give the reader some idea of the extraordinary bizarre aspect of the capital of the Celestial Empire. Can any thing be more strange and fantastic to American eyes than this Circular Street of Peking? We can hardly realize the multifariously quaint and grotesque peculiarities of the scene before us. The streets of Peking to an immense extent are composed of shops where the custom every where is to attract attention from your neighbor by hanging out signs of all forms and descriptions, and in every direction, representing the kind of articles, goods, and merchandise sold within, and bearing names and announcements written in the picturesque Chinese characters, yellow and gold, on silk, or stuff, or calico, till the street is more gay than a fleet dressed with flags for a Royal reception; signs, slung gibbet-wise or like strained pennants into the street; or dangling from a flag-staff like a streamer or the French oriflamme; or perched on the top of a mast; together with a thousand other devices of inexhaustible grotesqueness. Add to all this the ceaseless irregularity of the houses of the tent-like houses with curved eaves like a pagoda; then people your quagmires with the strangest race on earth, and you may form an idea of the Quadrant of Peking.

Peking consists of two cities—a northern and a southern.



CIRCULAR STREET, PEKIN, CHINA.—(See Page 110.)



VIEW OF VOLCANIC ERUPTION AT SANTORIN, WITH THE TOWN OF THERA IN THE BACK-GROUND.

VOLCANIC ERUPTION AT SANTORIN.

OUR American Consul at Athens, Mr. CAMFIELD, sends us two photographic views of the extraordinary convulsion which recently took place at Santorin, in the Grecian Archipelago. We give a few extracts from Mr. CAMFIELD'S letter, followed by a detailed description of the marvelous event, translated from a Greek paper:

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Athens, February 21, 1866.

I send you herewith two photographs of New Kaimeni, taken by the best photographer here, who accompanied the Commission sent by the Government to see the eruption of the submarine volcano, of which the inside coasts of Thera and Santorin form the internal walls of the crater. I also send you a very perfect map made by an officer of the Topographical Engineers, on which are indicated the part of the island sunk and the new elevation.

The view showing the act of eruption was taken from Old Kaimeni, and where you see a smooth sea, along the edge of which this vapor is rising, there has now grown up a little island. The new promontory is a tongue of land running out between two little islets or bays, in the larger of which the little island, and on the smaller the promontory, George I., has sprung up. Beyond the smoke may be seen the town of Thera, about 2½ miles from the eruption, on the island of Santorin.

The other photograph represents the part of the island which is sinking, and the white houses in the water up to the windows show their peculiar style of building, which the Santorines, with their Bosnian neighbors, have succeeded in inventing. The black mass, forming the principal



MAP SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE ERUPTION, BETWEEN 100° AND 103° LONGITUDE, AND 36° AND 37° LATITUDE.

object in the picture, is the new promontory now at rest. The pools in the sinking portion of Kaimeni and the lake of fresh water mentioned in the following description by DROSDALA.

This description is a translation of the first observer, J. DROSDALA, published in Greek in the newspapers of Syra. It is interesting as being the production of the only man on the island of Santorin who can read and write.

An ex-minister of the marine, who came from Syra, told me, as the latest news, that heavy shocks of earthquakes had taken place at Santorin, and the whole gulf seemed one mass of smoke. The Government has sent a Commission to investigate the subject. I saw to-day letters from two members who agree in surmising every thing up to this date as merely probable, and give it as their opinion that a new island will rise, bounding forth with magnitude at eruptions of lava streams.

The rock I have seen from these eruptions seems half-way between basalt and lava, is black, and on the fracture presents minute crystals of feldspar.

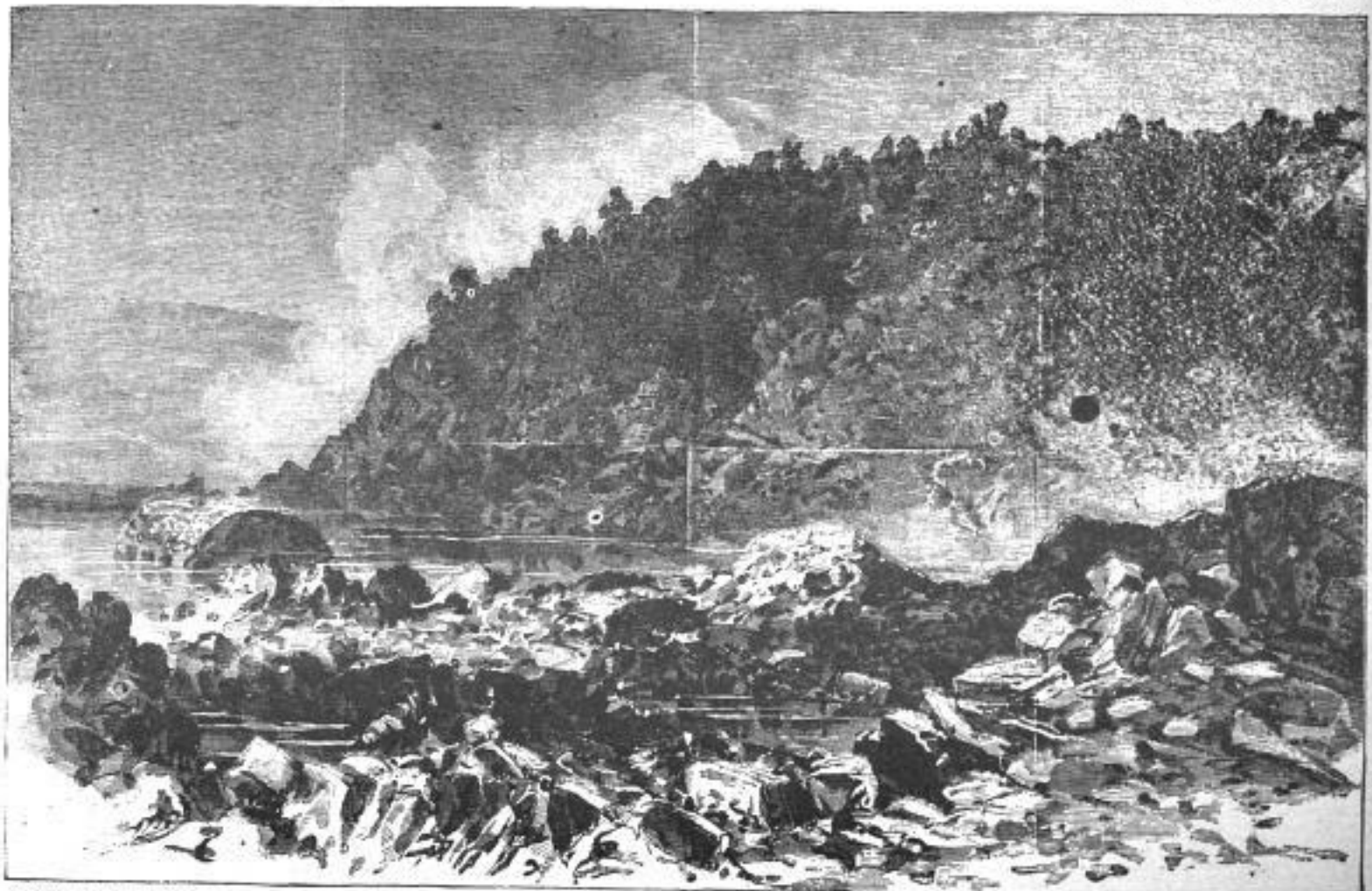
In the description which follows the reader should bear in mind that a metre nearly corresponds to the English yard, being 89½ inches.

DROSDALA'S ACCOUNT.

To the *Neuroch of the Cyclades:*

Syros, January 23, 1866.

A remarkable phenomenon has for several days occupied the attention of the inhabitants of Santorin. On the 15th instant a low rumbling sound was heard from time to time in New Kaimeni, and especially at the place called Vliovos, where are the volcanic waters. At the same time stones detached from different parts of the island were constantly falling about. To a number of the 30th cracks could be seen on the walls of buildings, as also in the ground and the newly erected quay. Toward noon the mudblaze



ERUPTION AT SANTORIN.—VIEW SHOWING THE SUNKEN PORTION OF NEW KAIMENI IN THE FORE-GROUND, AND BEYOND THE NEW PROMONTORY OF GEORGE I.

AN APRIL FOOL.

begin to be more frequent, till they sounded like successive discharges of artillery. In the little harbor of Valance the sea was violently agitated, and an immense volume of white foam rose incessantly from the depths. At the same time we could see on its surface and on its borders white vapors giving an odor of sulphur. The afternoon of the same day the boiling of the sea increased, and the ground on the beach commenced gradually to sink down. The morning of the 20th, about five o'clock, a mass, forming a conical pile of 15 to 25 square metres at the base and from 4 to 5 in height, was seen on the sea. After an hour they entirely disappeared. We then went upon the spot with the sub-professors and some others to make a reconnaissance of the phenomenon. We then saw that the whole southwestern part of New Kaimosi was shattered in places. A chasm, commencing at the western shore near the port of St. George and directing itself toward the east, divided in two equal portions the originally formed hill and almost the entire island. Other numberless rents, some running from east to west, others from north to south, separated into a number of parts the ground of the whole southwestern portion of the island. This land, which is formed out of layers of earth but of an accumulation of volcanic stones and sand, or rather of the powder of basaltic rocks, was always very dry and in no way susceptible of vegetation. We saw here four little lakes of pure water, whose size was slowly increasing; for having measured the largest of all, which had hardly an area of 15 square metres, we saw its waters rise five centimetres within four hours. We advanced toward the focus of the volcanic action and perceived a sulphurous odor like that of rotten eggs. White and effervescent vapors arose from the agitated sea, and from time to time we saw spots appear of greenish color, proving that the vapors which arose were of hydro-sulphurous and hydro-phosphoric nature. The ground was constantly shaken, though it subsided very slowly, directing itself toward the interior of the port in question. This depression of the ground was much more perceptible toward the western portion than the eastern; this last showed a depression of hardly three metres, while the western portion had sunk more than six metres. This subsidence, as I have said, took place incessantly and gradually; for having measured the surface of the water at the moment of our arrival and that of our departure, we saw that in the space of four hours the soil of the western portion had sunk sixty centimetres (about three-fifths of a yard).

The sea was agitated and red, like water containing a great quantity of argillaceous mud. Its temperature was that of the soil of the sea, but it tasted bitter, and when taken up in a transparent vessel appeared turbid. The effervescence was very great, and bubbles came from the abundant springs containing sulphuric acid, which expired with force from its depths, accompanied with much noise from the gases escaping with violence. About 5 P.M. of the same day we felt at Sanctora a slight shock. The night of the 20th and that the sea around New Kaimosi was milky white on its surface, and as the interior of the little harbor we could see at intervals flames of red color which continued some distance, while in the harbor of St. George a rapid current was formed which prevented the vessels from entering suit, especially against the wind, which blew directly into the entrance of the port. The four lakes formed in the morning were a little larger, and five others containing very clear and sweet water had appeared, while the subsidence of the ground gradually continued, though less rapidly on the shore east of the chasm, where it was estimated at 10 centimetres per hour. All the remaining buildings of the island are now full of cracks; the old rapures have increased and new ones made their appearance, but always on the southeast side of the island, and nowhere beyond the port of St. George. The low rumbling continues, and slight quakings of the soil near Valance continue to take place at intervals. The boiling sea afterward became lakewarm, and its violence was such that it rendered the approach of boats impossible. The odor of sulphur was carried by the wind as far as Sanctora. The gulls and other sea birds, which on the first day had assembled in numerous flocks to feast upon the dead and dying fish which floated on the surface of the gulf, did not appear at all on the 21st.

In the night of the 21st and 22d we saw from time to time flames in the chasm, and principally on the west coast, where in the morning there was seen as proceed without interruption a cloud of white but black smoke. The subsidence of the ground continued with the same violence to-day. The vents, and particularly those south of the conical hill, enlarged sensibly. The water in all the lakes, with the exception of one alone, became red and bitter, and the sea-water of Valance reddish hot, as also the rocks of the neighboring shores, while the boiling and the best transmit themselves beyond the chasm to the west of its western arm, under which appears to be the focus of the volcanic action. The boiling of the sea has extended to almost the entire Gulf of Sanctora. Last night the odor of smoke became more intense, and at three red flames are seen at the centre of volcanic action, and the smoke became thicker and of deeper color. These flames, which occasionally diminished, continued on here and a half, after which they disappeared, and we see in the same place a shield appear, which gradually increases. I am going on the spot to examine these three curious phenomena.

P.S.—N. C., Jan. 23, 11:30 A.M.—The reef has been changed to an island, to which I was unable to approach very closely on account of the temperature and the boiling of the water. I approached, however, on the land side within a distance of ten paces, and could observe all with perfect accuracy. The night is a magnificent one, and the more agreeable since, without the least danger, we can see the boiling gradually increasing. The smoke, although thick, and rising in showers from all parts of the rising island, has neither a disagreeably strong odor nor a very high temperature, and in no way impedes the respiration. There are no flames to be seen, and even the boards of hats destroyed by the subsidence, or belonging to the little vessels long since sunk in that port, and to-day raised with the bottom of the sea, appear attached to the rocks on the surface of the island, preserving themselves in the midst of the smoke without being at all burned. There are no quakings of the ground to be noticed. There is no noise. The storm sea no longer upturns the sea; but the island develops itself quietly in the form of a bubble, from inside to outside, with such rapidity that I can hardly mark with the eye the great increase, although unable to distinguish in what manner the storm sea which are successively added.

Now, as I am writing, I estimate the height of the inlet at from 15 to 20 metres, and its size 25 to 35 metres in length by 8 to 10 in breadth. The subsidence of the neighboring soil appears to-day to have been arrested. The water of the entire Gulf of Sanctora is, as yesterday, colored red and thick. On the shores of New Kaimosi it is lakewarm, while on the spot where the eruption takes place, and on the west of Valance, along its exterior shores, it is in a state of constant effervescence. It is singular that these volcanic phenomena have as yet exercised no influence on the island of Sanctora, except a slight shock, which made itself felt at five o'clock this morning of the 26th instant. The meteorologic condition has never experienced any influence upon these phenomena; for whether calm, or when violent winds were blowing from different points of the compass, or even amidst the rain, they have continued to operate alike.

P.M.—The island has increased to nearly double its former size. It directs itself apparently away from the place where it made its appearance. I do not believe any volcanic eruption has ever shown itself as mild and benevolent toward its beholders. God grant it may remain so until its close!

Jan. 24.—This night the island has continued to form itself with the same tranquillity. Its shores are business, so as to resemble a great heap of burning coals. The smoke which rises is equally business, so that it might well be compared to a comet's tail. Some of the laborers present a phosphoric glass, and from the great sheets at the summit of the conical hill rise at intervals reddish flames.

6 A.M.—The smoke ceases in proportion to the size of the growing island, which is continually progressing, but not with the same rapidity as yesterday. The sinking of the ground appears to have ceased. The waters of the sea are as yesterday—those of the whole gulf colored and troubled. Fortunately the day is fine, and I am going on the spot to examine again from the nearest spot this beautiful and magnificent sight.

IRA HART had been foolish enough, in the first place, to leave his father's pleasant farm on the edge of the village of Brownville, and come to New York City in search of employment. Setting aside the motives which do mostly influence young men to leave farm-life and seek the life of cities—which motives settle the question of folly for a good many young men—it was foolish in our friend Ira to come to a city where labor-seeking young men are "as thick as flies in a molasses cask," and expect to get a recognition of his merits on the strength of his own honesty of purpose. Boys from the country are constantly doing this foolish thing, and constantly repeating it, as Ira was very much inclined to do after three weeks' vain search for employment. The little money he had brought to the city with him was nearly all gone—nevertheless he had lived very quietly in an attic room of Mrs. M'Packer's boarding-house, instead of running up hotel bills.

It was the first of April, and Ira came out of his boarding-house and walked up the street, debating with himself as to what direction his efforts for the day should take; for he was unrelaxing in his endeavors to obtain employment, day after day.

He had not gone three rods before he was aware of being an object of interest to a cluster of juveniles who danced and grinned delightedly in his vicinity. Remembering that it was the first of April, Ira put his hand behind him and quietly removed a slip of white paper from his coat-tail, to which it had been hooked with a bent pin.

"April fool!" sang out the boys; and the inscription on the paper corroborated their view of the case.

A minute later, he saw a poorly-clad young woman pause and stoop over, about to pick up a small package which lay on the sidewalk in front of an unfinished building.

"April fool!" yelled half-a-dozen boys, popping out from behind a pile of bricks, and pointing jeering fingers at the stooping girl.

She drew back her hand as quickly as if it had been burned, and moved away with a flush of confusion on her red, thin face.

Ira went idly up to the package and picked it up, unassuming of the jeers of the urchins, hilarious at the appearance of a fresh victim so quickly after the last. Supposing it to be a paper of soap, Ira was about to empty it into the road of the gutter, when something in its feeling deterred him. It did not feel like soap.

He opened one end of the package, and found that it contained a little red shoe—a lady's shoe—together with some bits of baby embroidery, and a red rattle. Evidently the boys knew nothing of the contents of the package, which some one had accidentally dropped, and which they were none of them brave enough to open on the first of April.

"Whoever tied up these things so neat," said Ira, "tied 'em up because he valued 'em."

He turned the package over, and found on one side some writing, nearly obliterated by the mud and wet.

"I'll take it to the house and dry it," said he, and then, perhaps, I can read the writing."

So he walked back to Mrs. M'Packer's, and descended straightway to the kitchen, knowing there was no fire in the house that mild day except that which burned in the kitchen-range. The cook was gracious, and did not resent the intrusion; indeed she wiped a chair with her apron, and placed it by the range for our friend. Bridget liked a civil word as well as her betters, and Ira was always courteous to servants—a result of his country breeding, perhaps. I am not sure but Ira was more at home in the kitchen than he was in the parlor up stairs, where the boarders sometimes quizzed his rural airs, especially Mr. Strutt, the dandy bachelor of 35, who furnished the waggery for Mrs. M'Packer's establishment by common consent.

The mud being dried, Ira was able to read the inscription on the paper: "J. G. Bandrol, No. — Broad Street, New York City." The package had evidently come through the mail. There was a post-mark dimly visible, and a space where there had been postage-stamps, now washed off.

Ira resolved to take the package at once to its address. That was a part of the city he wanted to "beat up" to-day. He found the owner of the package in the counting-room of a large grocery wholesale house, at the designated number.

Mr. Bandrol took the package with eager hands.

"Where did you find it?"

Ira told him.

"You saw the notice in the Herald this morning, I suppose?"

"No, Sir; I saw no notice."

"What? You didn't see the reward offered? Then how'd you happen to think it worth your while to bring a little mess of stuff like that all this distance? You couldn't expect a reward?"

"I didn't come for any reward, Sir," said Ira, moving away. "But—" he stopped and turned about, "since I am here, I'll just ask you if you've any work for a young man. That's an honest question that I'm asking at every chance I get."

"No; there's no vacancy with us."

"Then I bid you good-day, Sir."

"Hold on!" said Mr. Bandrol. "You'll be looking up the notice and coming back after the reward. You may as well take it now. Here!"

He handed Ira a ten-dollar bill.

"Reward!" said Ira, turning the clean greenback over and over in his hand. "No, Sir," banding back the bill, "I prefer to earn my money."

Mr. Bandrol looked at him with some surprise. A clerk sitting at a tall desk exchanged a wink with a fellow clerk, which said, as plainly as words, "Here's a green one!"

"There!" said Mr. Bandrol, without taking the money, "you better run along. If you don't want it you can give it to the poor. If it's any consolation to you—you seem to be a superstitious young man—I'll just say to you that I wouldn't take a hundred dollars of any man's money for that little mess of rubbish. My wife has nearly cried her eyes out

over it less. Go along; give the money to the beggar-woman on the corner if you like."

"Very well, Sir," and Ira left the office.

"John," said Mr. Bandrol to a porter, "call that young man back."

John obeyed.

"Give me your address," said the merchant to Ira; "if I hear of any place for you I'll send you word. What do you want to do?"

"I can keep a set of books, Sir," said Ira, "or I can roll a hogshead or shoulder a barrel. I'm not afraid of work."

Mr. Bandrol handed him a pen, and motioned him to write his address on a slip of paper, which Ira did in a clear round hand. The merchant looked at it, nodded, and put the slip away.

I know very well what nine out of every ten young men—whether city or country boys—would have done if they had had Ira Hart's little piece of good luck; but Ira was a trifle peculiar, you see—and that is the reason why I happen to have a story to tell. If there were not once in a while a green and peculiar young man to relieve the dead level of commonplace young men, I don't know what would become of the story-tellers, I'm sure.

The absurd and extraordinary idea which found a lodgment in this young man's brain, as he stood at the corner of Wall and Broad streets, thinking over his April Fool adventure, was something like this:

"That pale-faced girl who was about to pick up the little package would have picked it up if these boys had not yelled 'April fool' at her, and frightened her away. She would have returned it, and got this money that's now in my pocket. By good rights then the money is hers; and I'll find her and give it to her. I don't know as I ever saw my duty plainer before me in my life."

A regular-built greenhorn this young chap, wasn't he, Charley Eastboy? And now he'll go poking round the neighborhood looking for that girl, like a needle in one of his father's haystacks. Big thing for the first of April, ain't it?

As it happened, however, Ira knew the house in which this girl lived. He had seen her go in or out of the tall tenement building three or four times; and as her manner was uncommonly modest, and she looked so very sad, his interest had been just sufficiently awakened to enable him to recall the place now to his recollection.

But in that building, with its single entrance-door in front, there were perhaps a score of different households—perhaps more than a score; and if he had entered it he knew not which of all these doors to knock at, in order to find this particular young woman. So when he reached the building, as he did along toward noon, he posted himself on the opposite side of the street, and looked up at the dizzy seven stories of brick and window, in the hope that he might catch a glimpse of the face he wanted. If he failed to see her Ira had a dim notion that he would go through the house and rap at every door in it till he found the right one.

While he stood there he became conscious that he was again an object of interest to that same heavy of urchins who had frightened the girl away from the package in the morning. They were, it was plain from their gestures, relating the sportive incident of the morning to a new-comer, an older boy, clearly a boot-black by profession, and a bully among these youngsters. Presently the boot-black sang out, with the peculiar drawl of his tribe:

"Hehah! Who did? Who hollered April fool at her? I'll whack 'em in de snoot for it! Who hollered at her?"

Ira caught this up quickly. He went over to the boys.

"You know that girl who was going to pick up that package this morning just before I picked it up?"

"Yes," said the boot-black; "you bet I know 'er. Didn't she give me some bully soap when I had the fever? I'll whack any feller who hollered at her."

"That's your sort!" said Ira, diplomatically, patting the boy on the shoulder; "but just show me to her door, will you? I've got something for her."

"Well, I don't," said the boy, looking Ira over with a precociously knowing squint, and seeming to hesitate. "Yer a stranger to me, mister. But," he suddenly added, "I guess yer ain't on it, neither—I don't mind! The young lady ain't to home, though."

"She isn't?"

"No. She goes out caseen'day-times, an' stays home nights. Come round 't'night 'bout seven an' I'll be here waitin' for yer."

This conversation took place in the doorway of the tenement building in question; and Mr. Strutt, our hero's fellow-boarder—be of the terrible wretched the participants therein as he passed the corner of the street on his way to dinner.

"I saw you in the doorway of a mansion in an adjoining street to-day, Mr. Hart," said Strutt, at the dinner-table, winking to his friends as much as to say he had a capital thing on the young man from the country now; "had you been calling on some friends or relatives there?"

"What do you mean?" said Ira, blushing violently, as he was fatally prone to do when directly addressed in the presence of all these elegantly conducted ladies and gentlemen at Mrs. M'Packer's.

"I mean the tenement house in — Street, where I saw you a few minutes ago," said Strutt, smiling blandly. "Relatives there?"

"No," said Ira, eating his dinner industriously.

"Ah, only friends?" persisted the tormentor.

"No, there's nobody there I know in particular," said Ira, still blushing deeply.

"Then, Mrs. M'Packer," said Strutt, laying down his knife and fork with much solemnity, and addressing the majestic lady at the head of the table. "I fear we are about to lose a fellow-boarder. I suspect Mr. Hart is looking for apartments elsewhere."

At this surprising acclimation of wit a titter ran round the table at our hero's expense.

"It's none of your business what I was doing there, Mr. Strutt," said Ira, with a sudden energy

that drove the blood all out of the dandy bachelor's face with a rush, "but since you've made me blush before all these people when I've really nothing to blush at, I'll tell the whole story."

Whereupon Ira related his April Fool adventure, and how he was going to see the girl to-night, and give her the money that belonged to her.

Mr. Strutt was in ecstasies over this story; it was the most refreshing thing he ever heard, of its kind, really; cucumbers and lettuce and things wouldn't be a circumstance to it; he cracked several brilliant jokes in rapid succession on the subject.

Somehow Mr. Strutt's jokes did not meet with their usual success on this occasion. The majority of the boarders were positively touched with respect for this young man's remarkable verisimilitude; there was an odor of fresh, natural simplicity about it by no means disagreeable.

After tea that evening Ira went around into — Street, and found the little boot-black practicing a darkey breakdown in front of the tall tenement house.

"I told Miss Harvey yer was comin'," said the boy; "an' she sayed praps yer was her brother. 'S that so?"

"No," said Ira, "I'm not her brother," and he thought again of Mr. Strutt's witicism about "relatives."

Ira Hart had never seen poverty like that which met his gaze on being ushered into the room where Miss Harvey lived; together with her invalid mother, as afterward appeared. There is a much lower depth in New York, but he had never seen it. This was bad enough, in all conscience. No carpet on the floor; no curtains to the windows; no picture or ornament, even the cheapest, to relieve the barren aspect of the walls; and all the furniture in the room was a bed, a chair, a table, and a little stove. There was a cupboard which let into the wall, and as the door stood ajar, Ira saw a meagre collection of dishes—half a dozen, perhaps—and cooking utensils. But cleanliness was every where.

The girl had met our hero with a face full of inquiry, and placed the only chair for him, saying in a whisper:

"Please to sit down, Sir, and please don't wake up mother by speaking very loud."

This referred to the thin, white-faced woman who lay asleep on the bed, evidently far gone with consumption.

Ira looked about him with his deepest blush. He felt as if he had no right to look upon this poor girl's dire poverty. It seemed to him almost like looking on her bare feet—a necessary exposure which he had no business to cast his eyes on.

"I—I—didn't know you were so poor," stammered Ira, standing up and tugging at his pocket-book; "here's some money that belongs to you," and he handed her the ten-dollar bill.

"No," said the girl, looking with strange eagerness at the money; "it is some mistake. It does not belong to me."

"Oh, but you don't understand," said Ira. And then he explained what the reader already knows.

"Oh, how can I thank you?" said the girl, taking Ira's hand and pressing it to her lips. "God must have sent you to us. We are in sore need. I keep your gift for mother's sake."

Tears of gratitude filled the girl's blue eyes, and at sight of them Ira's face grew better than ever, so that he had to get out his red silk handkerchief and wipe it repeatedly.

"Can I—can I do any thing else for you?" said he. "I should be glad if I could serve you any way."

The girl looked him in the eyes, and gave him a smile so sweet that it thrilled him through and through.

"I thought you would ask me that question," said she. "I don't know why; but I thought you would. Yes; it is possible you can do that for us which will be more to us than even this money, which is so welcome—so welcome! I will tell you our story in a few words."

So Ira sat down and listened.

"We lived in a little village in the western part of the State—and she named the village—" and had a tolerably comfortable home. My father was a carpenter and joiner—my mother's second husband. He died suddenly about six months ago, leaving us very poor; and, besides, mother's health had declined so fast that she feared for the future. She has a son somewhere in this city—my half-brother. I have never seen him. He left home when I was still a baby. Mother resolved to come down here and find her son. We are perfectly unused to city ways; mother is so innocent of the world that she never realized what a great city this was, and what a place to search in; and of course I know nothing about it. After we got here the appalling truth became apparent. Mother grew worse and worse. We had rented this room and furnished it quite decently; but lately I have had to pawn one thing after another, till this is all we have left. I have earned what I could with my needle, but that is very little. Mother is rapidly sinking, and the future looks very dark unless my half-brother can be found. But I know no more than a child where to look. You are a man, perhaps you could find him."

"I'll try, at any rate," said Ira. "Please to write his name in this little book."

She took the pencil he offered her and wrote as desired. Ira read it, and jumped up out of his chair.

"Gracious!" he cried, but in a suppressed voice; "who'd ha' thought it?"

"What is it?" asked the girl, with flushing face.

"I'll bring him to you this very night," said Ira, putting on his hat and plunging out of the room.

"Wait till I come back; 'twen't be long."

He ran as fast as his legs would carry him around to Mrs. M'Packer's, and rushed into the parlor where a party of the boarders were enjoying a quiet game of whist.

"Ah, here's our April fool!" muttered the irrepressible Mr. Strutt, winking to his friends. "Well, Mr. Hart, have you surrendered the intruding greenback, and what did the girl say? I'll bet the girl

J. DUNNELL.

gave, Jenkins, she cracked him on the back and sang out, 'Bully for you, country!' Didn't she, Hart?"

"Well, not exactly," said Ira, forgetting to blush on this occasion. "But she thanked me very heartily on behalf of her sick mother; and she sent word to you, Mr. Strutt, that she'd like to see you."

"Me?" said Strutt, looking up from his cards in astonishment; "you're getting your green worn off fast, Hart. But you can't April-fool me, you know."

"Your mother," said Ira, very solemnly and deliberately, and looking Strutt full in the face, "lies helpless on a bed in that tenement house. Your half-sister, Miss Harvey, is watching over her. Both are suffering in the direst poverty. Will you walk over and see them? If you won't, I invite these ladies and gentlemen to go with me and see Mr. Strutt's relations in his stead."

"Here's some hanged mystery or other!" exclaimed Strutt, pushing back his chair and flinging down his cards; "I'll go and see what it is."

Ira accompanied Mr. Strutt to the door of the room, told Miss Harvey who he was, and then considerably left the three alone.

The result was that the dandy bachelor, who was not at all a bad-hearted fellow, had his mother and sister placed in a situation of comparative comfort the next day.

How this April-fool adventure of Ira's got to Mr. Baudrol's ears in all its details I could easily explain at length if it were worth while. It did get to his ears, at any rate, and a few days after the young man got a note from the Broad Street grocer. This note was placed in Ira's hands by an old gentleman named Gray, also a booster at Mrs. M'Packer's; and it offered our hero a good situation in the counting-room of Baudrol, Van Wyck, and Baudrol, wholesale dealers in groceries, where he is still at work, to the satisfaction of all concerned.

One of the aforesaid concerned, I promise you, is Miss Agnes Harvey; for Ira has continued the acquaintance with this young woman. What will come of it it is impossible to tell. Agnes is certainly a very nice girl.

MY TEMPTATION.

I WAS brought up a weaver, as my father was before me. I was a good hand at my trade, and I worked steadily at it. When about twenty-four years of age I married a girl who was also a weaver. She was quiet, amiable, and industrious, and made me an excellent wife. We soon had a family, but as we were in constant and good work we not only contrived to keep the wolf from the door, but lived in comfort and respectability as well. We worked for many years for the same firm, one of the largest in England, doing our work well, and never during the whole time wronging our employers to the value of an ounce of silk.

When I was about thirty-five years of age the head partner sent for me, saying he wanted to speak to me on a matter of great importance. I, of course, presented myself at the office, and shortly afterward was ushered into his room.

"Come," he said, "we have always been much satisfied with your behavior, and now we are going to advance you. The under-foreman in our receiving-room is going to leave us, and you may have his appointment, if you like. Your wages will be thirty-five shillings a week, and your wife can work for us as before."

You may easily believe I was overjoyed at the offer, which I immediately accepted; and two days afterward I entered on my duties. They were very light, and consisted principally in receiving the work brought home by the weavers, examining it to see that it was properly done, and giving out the bobbins for fresh work. Times were now very flourishing with us, and we earned sufficient to give our children a good education. My employers were perfectly satisfied with me, and I worked on soberly and honestly.

After I had been seven years under-foreman, the foreman one day died suddenly; and I was most anxious to know who was to succeed him, as he had been a very good friend to me, and we had worked on very amicably together. My doubts at last terminated in a very satisfactory manner. The head partner sent for me one morning, and told me the firm were so pleased with my steady behavior that they had determined to offer me the situation of foreman, with a salary of two hundred a year, to be paid quarterly. I was, naturally, delighted at the intelligence, as I considered my fortune as good as made. I thanked the head of the firm most gratefully for his kindness, and assured him that every effort should be made on my part to give him satisfaction.

"Of that I am assured, Mr. C—," he said (it was the first time he had called me "Mister," and I was not a little flattered by it); "you can now enter on your duties as soon as you please."

When, in the evening, I told my wife of our good fortune, she was completely overwhelmed by it, and for some time could hardly realize it; but when I told her that the head partner had called me "Mr. C—," she was even more pleased at that than I had been myself.

"And why should you not be called Mr. C—?" she said. "I am sure you would make as good a gentleman as the best of them."

"Fair and softly, my dear," said I. "Let us first feel our feet, and then we will talk of that afterward."

My duties now were not more severe than formerly, but far more responsible; for I was intrusted with considerable sums of money to pay the workmen. I had also an under-foreman to assist me, who was a sharp, clever fellow; and we got on very well together. Once a week my books were audited by the firm, and I was frequently complimented not only on my exactitude, but also, as I was a good gentleman, on the neat manner in which they were kept.

Although my income was now two hundred a year, it had not increased much in reality, for it had been suggested to me that, now I was in a situation

of trust and responsibility, it was hardly just that I should allow my wife to drudge like a common weaver. I, without hesitation, admitted the justice of the remark, but I hardly thought my wife would agree to it; however, I was determined to try her, so I told her when I went home in the evening that I hardly thought it right she should continue at the loom, considering the position in life we were now in. To my great surprise my wife not only made no objection, but positively told me she had already thought so; and she had wished to speak to me on the subject, but did not like, as she was afraid I should think her lazy.

Although my wife had now given up the loom, she was by no means idle. Unlike most weaver's wives, she was an expert needle-woman, and she occupied herself in making the children's dresses. True, she had always done so before, and had had time for the loom as well; but now we were in a more genteel position, the children had to be better dressed, and, of course, a good deal more needle-work had to be done; but, as my daughters were now old enough to help their mother, it was no great increase of expense after all.

After I had been a few months in my new position my wife one night said to me, "Our landlord called to-day, and I paid him for the quarter. He talks about increasing our rent. He says you have had the house too cheap for some time past, considering the rate of rents in the neighborhood."

"I shall not pay any more than I do now," I replied, "and it is a shameful thing for him to want it, considering how long I have been his tenant. I would rather look for another house than pay a shilling more than I do at present."

"Well, dear," said my wife, "and I think you are right. Besides, there's another thing strikes me. We are living here with common weavers, and mixing with them, which is not quite right considering the difference in our position. And then the girls are growing up, and they ought to do something better than marry weavers."

I was struck with the justice of my wife's remark, and requested her to look out for another lodging or house, which she promised to do.

The next day when I returned home I found my wife had busied herself in finding a new dwelling for us. She had set her mind on one in the Hoxton Road. It was certainly considerably larger than our own, and much more expensive. We were paying twenty-five pounds a year, and this was forty without taxes. It was, however, far more respectable, my wife said, than the one we were then living in in Fleur de Lis Street, and she had hit upon a plan to make it less expensive than it appeared at first sight. It was to let off the first-floor to some single gentleman who was employed in the city in the daytime, so that in point of fact we should have all the credit for the appearance of the house and not be at any higher rent than we then were.

I complimented my wife on her excellent arrangements; the house was taken, and in a few weeks we were in possession.

But although the rent of the house would not be more than our old one when we had let off the first-floor, and the appearance we should create would be far greater, there was the expense of furnishing to be taken into consideration. This somewhat crippled us for the moment, but my wife said in a short time she would make up the amount by the rent of the rooms.

We found without difficulty a tenant for our first-floor, a young man, clerk in an insurance office. He was a quiet, orderly young fellow enough, paying regularly his rent every week. I now proposed that we should begin economizing the money we had paid for the extra furniture, but my wife objected to do so till later, as she had other expenses to meet at the moment. I inquired what they might be.

"Why, my dear," said my wife, "it is utterly impossible that the girls and I can dress now in the manner we did in Fleur de Lis Street, when we were living among weavers. The people about here are very genteel, and I don't like to dress different from our neighbors. We are now in a good position, and we ought to make a better appearance."

I foolishly admitted her arguments, and we set only out of saving the money for the furniture, but we got somewhat into debt for the purchase of new clothes as well. When my wife had obtained the new dresses for herself and children they certainly looked very well in them, and I was, I admit, very proud of my family; but unfortunately, after the purchase had been made, we did not save the money we had expended on the furniture. We continued to live on quietly enough; but we spent, I am sorry to say, somewhat more than our income, though not to such an extent as to cause us any uneasiness. I, however, was obliged to apply to a loan office for assistance, which I had so difficulty in obtaining; and as I contrived to pay up the interest, the affair gave me very little trouble.

I have told you the commencement of our misfortunes, I will now tell you how our gentility ended. My wife's love of dress increased, and with it our expenditures; but our income remained the same. At last my wife ventured to me that the clerk on the first-floor had begun to show great attention to Charlotte, our eldest daughter, and she had every reason to believe it would end in an offer. His family, she said, were very respectable, and it would be an excellent match; and she considered the best thing we could do would be to get acquainted with them. I told her we must be careful what we did. I had no objection to make the acquaintance of the young fellow's family; but at the same time we must be careful not to increase our expenses, as I had already great difficulty in keeping up the payment of the interest of the money I had borrowed from the loan office.

"My dear," said my wife, "what nonsense you talk! How is it possible we can mix with people in a better position of life than ourselves and spend no more than we do now?"

"How much money should you want?" I inquired.

"I do not exactly know. I must get the girls some new dresses, and we must cut a dash a little."

You know, after all," she said, "that if he marries Charlotte, you will not be at the expense of maintaining her; so, in the long-run, it will be no loss to us."

I gave in to her plan, and I applied at the loan office for more money, but to my great annoyance I experienced this time considerable difficulty. However, I got the money at last, and my wife bought Charlotte some new things; and we got intimate with the clerk's family, who appeared very genteel people, and took to us immensely. We visited at each other's houses occasionally, and at last the young fellow proposed for Charlotte.

Every thing, with the exception of my increasing debts, went on flourishingly. On one occasion we went to a dinner-party at the house of the clerk's grandfather, an old solicitor, for the purpose of introducing Charlotte to him. My wife, as we were preparing to leave home, appeared very nervous, and after fidgeting about for some time, said, "The old gentleman is a very sharp fellow, my dear. Take care you do not let any thing fall that will show that we were at one time only weavers, because he imagines we are far higher folk than you suppose."

"I do not wish to speak about family matters at all," I said; "at any rate, you need not be afraid of me. But what makes you think they believe we are better off than we are?"

"Well, my dear," said my wife, coloring slightly, "I don't know how it occurred, but they all believe you are likely to be taken into the house as a partner."

I was exceedingly angry when I heard this, and I inquired of my wife from what source such an infamous falsehood proceeded?

She replied that she did not know; but implied me so strenuously, and at the same time with so guilty a look on her countenance, that in case it were mentioned I would not contradict it, that I fully perceived it was a piece of boasting of her own. I scolded her severely on the matter, and told her that if it were spoken of, I should certainly contradict it. Fortunately nothing on the subject was mentioned during the evening, and although it was a source of quarrel between me and my wife for some days afterward, the affair at last died away.

We had now to invite the old solicitor and the family to dine with us; but before the day arrived I found my wife had got considerably into debt in the neighborhood, and I was again obliged to apply to the loan office for assistance. The secretary told me they would consider my application, and let me know the result; and in a few days their decision came. It was not only that they refused to advance me any more money, but that when my outstanding bills were due they should certainly press for the full amount.

This news came like a clap of thunder on me. What to do I know not, or where to find the money. To add to my sorrow, six months' rent was owing on the house, and the landlord was pressing for it. However, I shut my eyes to the circumstance for the moment, resolving that, as soon as the dinner-party should be over, I would turn over a new leaf and insist on far greater economy being practiced in the house.

The day arrived for the dinner-party, for which my wife had made great preparations. Before leaving the house I took the opportunity of requesting her to be as moderate in all this as she could, and was on the point of leaving her, when a knock was heard at the door, and a broker's man entered with a distress warrant for the six months' rent. I was perfectly agast when he told me his errand; but I was powerless, I had not twenty shillings in the house, and it wanted a month before my next quarter's salary would be due. I had no alternative but to leave him in possession; and with a heavy heart I proceeded to business.

I got on as I best could till the time arrived when I was accustomed to take my dinner. Being to dine at home that day, I went to a neighboring public house to get my lunch. As I was seated at the table, the gloomy aspect of my affairs came before me, and my eyes filled with tears. Ashamed of my low spirits, and seeing the necessity of my resting myself, I called for a glass of spirits-and-water, although ordinarily a most sober man. As I drank it my courage revived, and I began to think in what way I could retrieve myself. But one way presented itself to my mind, and that was a most rigid retrenchment. This I firmly resolved on practicing, even against any opposition on the part of my wife; but still the disagreeable fact presented itself to my mind, that a broker's man was in possession, and that the same day we were going to give an extravagant dinner-party. Something must be done, but what? To brighten up my thoughts, I called for another glass of spirits-and-water. As I drank it the idea came to my mind that a considerable sum of money was at that moment in my possession, but it was my employers'. Why could I not borrow some without their knowing it? If I could pay out the broker's man I should reduce to a certain extent my credit. To-morrow, I argued, I will sell off every thing and replace the amount. The sale of my furniture would be enough for that, and the payment of the money I owed to the loan office as well. The idea then occurred to me that my wife might oppose me, but I silently and solemnly swore that no persuasions of hers should induce me to alter my determination.

I now returned to the house of business. There was a considerable sum in the till, of which I kept the key—more than one hundred and fifty pounds. I took from it, trembling the while like a leaf, the money I required and not a shilling more, and shortly afterward, pleading a violent headache, I returned home and paid out the broker, to the great joy of my wife.

The dinner-party passed off in a most satisfactory manner, although perhaps it appeared more so to me than it really was from the quantity of wine I was obliged to drink to drown the thought of the action I had committed. The next morning I rose with a severe headache; and my wife was so overcome with her exertions the day before that I left her in bed when I went to business. However, I argued,

it mattered but little; the next day would be Sunday, and then I should have ample time and opportunity to express my determination to my wife, for I was fully resolved I would sell every stick of furniture I possessed, and enter some cheap ready-furnished lodgings nearer to the house of business. On the Sunday I told my wife the resolution I had come to, and a terrible scene we had of it. She accused me of gross cruelty and meanness. She told me I might at least have waited till the wedding was over, and then she would have offered no objection. Many times I was on the point of telling her of the desperate action I had committed, for I would not acknowledge to myself it was a dishonest one, although I should have considered it infamous in another. Charlotte at last came to my wife's aid, and her tears quite subdued my courage. As the license for her marriage had already been obtained, I at last gave way; and it was understood between us, that as soon as the marriage came off, which was to take place in a fortnight, my plan would be adopted.

One morning in the next week I received a message from the firm to attend at the City house of business about some alterations in my duties. I immediately suspected there was some change to be made in the manner of paying the weavers, which had already been hinted at once or twice, and that my accounts would be audited on the next Saturday, the last in the month. When I arrived, there was no one in the counting-house, and on the desk was a new blank check-book. The devil prompted me, and I peevishly abstracted from it a blank check and put it in my pocket. When I saw the head partner he received me very coolly, and told me that on the next Saturday my books were to be examined, and a new system was to be adopted. I promised every thing should be in readiness, and left him.

I was now desperate, and I resolved on forging my employers' name to a check for one hundred pounds; but when I took the pen in my hand I lost all courage. Still, I argued, it must be done; and I went to the public house, and after drinking two glasses of gin-and-water I had sufficient nerve to commit the forgery.

But now, how was I to get the check cashed? At last I remembered that my daughter's sailor was to call in the evening, and I resolved to make him my tool. When I arrived at home I again applied to the bottle for courage, and as he was leaving the house I told him I should be obliged to him if he would pay a check cashed for me at the London and County Bank the next day, and bring me the money in the evening. He readily promised to do so, and kept his word; but unfortunately he was personally acquainted with the cashier, and they had some little conversation together on indifferent subjects. To shorten a sad story, the fraud was detected, and I was tried and found guilty. My employers recommended me to retrace my account of my previous good character, and I was sentenced to only three years' imprisonment. My daughter's marriage was of course broken off, and my wife has since died of a broken heart. Some weavers kindly assisted my children, but the youngest were sent to the work-house and my family broken up. I have paid dearly enough for a couple of years' gentility. When I leave here, God only knows what I shall do; my character is gone, and nobody will employ me.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE RAILWAY'S DUE.—A New York railroad man. What part of a building would a proud man be likely to avoid?—A basement.

A person was boasting that he was sprung from a Irish family in Ireland. "Yes," said a by-stander, "I have seen some of the same family so high that their feet could not touch the ground."

Do the ladies like short or tall men the best?—Why, by reason of course.

A little boy in an over good family was rebuked for looking into his spelling-book on a Sunday. Says he: "I don't see why I can't look into the spelling book on Sundays so well as I can the Testament week days."

How and you shall reap." That's so. We sowed our seed on the other day and reaped a lot of harm.

"Take off your hat, man," cried a judge to an Amazon in a riding-dress. "Yes," said a lady, "was the reply. "Then," said his lordship, "I'm not a judge."

THE HEAD AND TAIL OF HIS OFFENSIVENESS.—The best Dublin on dirt in that Stephen is described as a lady's maid, and it is in the service of a lady at Kingstown. This is rather a descent—from a head-centre to a hairdresser.

What room in the house reminds you of a troublesome complaint?—The room attic.

Prize gets before a fall." It frequently gets before a waterfall.

A REAL SCOTCH JOKER.—What's the next wise to Golden Sherry?—Silvery. (Silver—oh?)

THE HEART'S MOURNING.—Eating a meat-pie, and wondering, after a pause, what the contents were composed of.

A POOR.—As a schoolmaster was employed the other day, in Scotland, in his delightful task of teaching a sharp scotch in cipher on the slate, the provisorious pupil put the following question to his instructor: "Whaur din a' the figures gang till when they're rabbit out?"

PROVERBIAL EPICURAM.

Cheerily, that nothing costs, Off goes the way to money; Five are attracted less by far With vinegar than honey.

"Opportunity makes the thief." Not in our case. We found a big anchor and chain cable on the sidewalk the other night, and we didn't touch it; there was nobody about neither.

Why is a boarding-house keep'r who fertilize his table with strong butter like a naval officer who has built his table alongside another in action?—Because he is prepared to repel boarders.

An Irish married mother, being asked if he had composed any thing lately, replied, "My last work was a composition with my children."

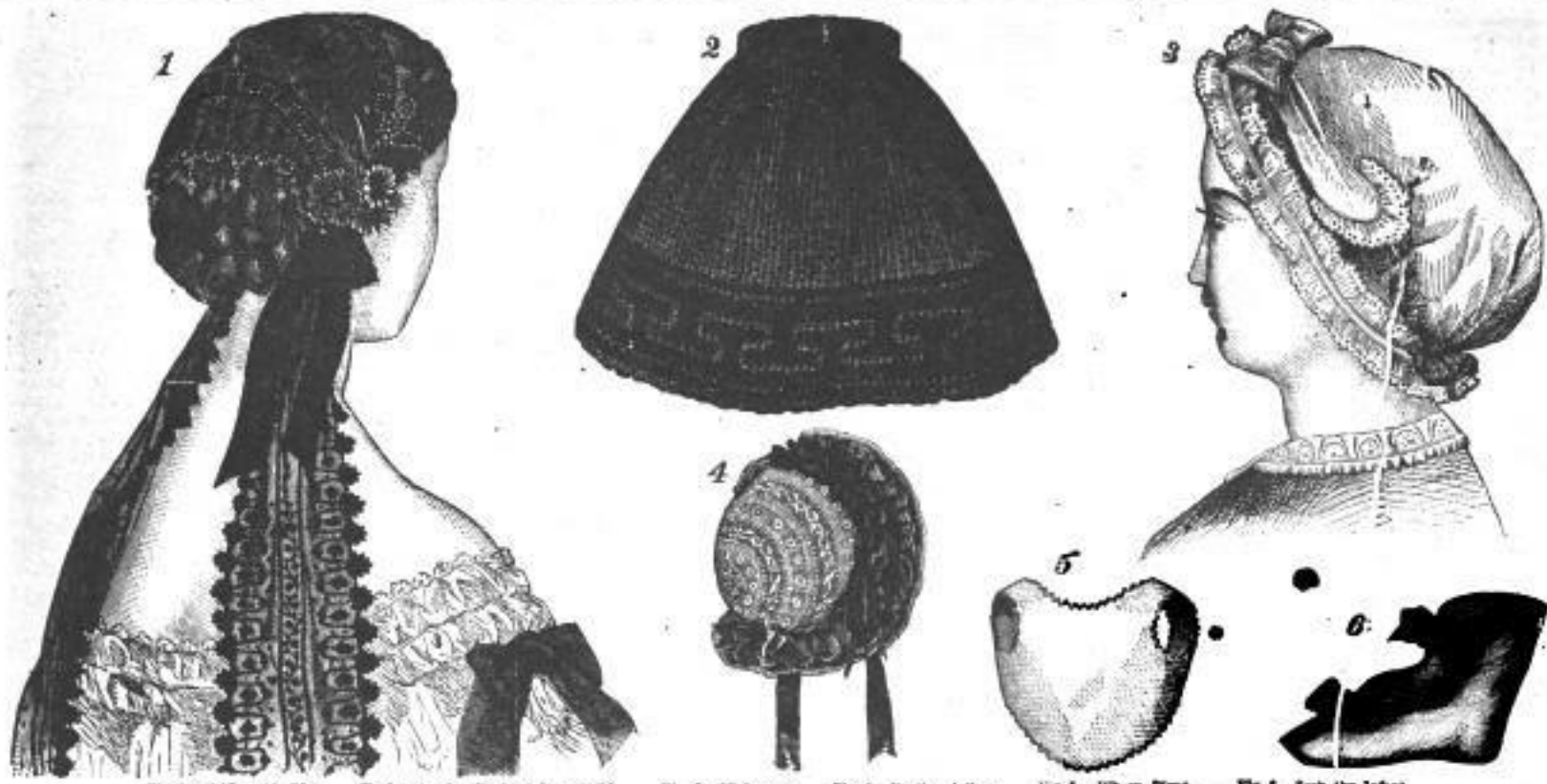


Fig. 1.—Children's Hat. Fig. 2.—Crocheted Petticoat for a Child. Fig. 3.—Night-cap. Fig. 4.—Baptismal Cap. Fig. 5.—Hat on Pique. Fig. 6.—Sock for Infant.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1866.—[See Page 211.]

MARY ANERLEY.

Leaves Mary Anerley, sitting on the stile,
Why do you blush so red, and why so strangely smile?
Somebody has been with you—somebody, I know,
Left that smooch on your cheek, left you smiling so!

Quells Mary Anerley, waiting by the wall,
Waiting in the chestnut walk, where the snowy blossoms
fall,
Somebody is coming there—somebody, I'm sure,
Kisses your eyes are full of love, kisses your heart is
pure.

Happy Mary Anerley, looking, oh, so fair,
There's a ring upon your hand, and there's sprits in
your hair!
Somebody is with you now—somebody, I see,
Looks into your trusting face very tenderly!

Quits Mary Anerley, sitting by the shore,
Her face as your knee, roses round the door—
Somebody is coming home! Somebody, I know,
Made you sorry when he said: are you sorry now?

PARIS FASHIONS.

COIFFURE CLOTTÉE.

This head-dress consists of two velvet ribbons,
embroidered with clear, white glass beads, and a
border of black lace, representing a Grecian pat-
tern, about a quarter of a yard long. The ribbons
are supported by a half-circle foundation of wire
covered with black silk.

The black lace is slightly gathered, falling over
the head, and is ornamented with steel pendants in
the star form.

The two pieces of lace are united on each side,
and are fastened upon a foundation of about half an
inch wide, forming two bands, each half a yard in
length. Upon one side is a bow of black velvet
ribbon about an inch wide, and a bunch of mixed
flowers. The ends of the black velvet ribbon are
fastened under the chignon by an elastic cord.

CROCHET PETTICOAT.

(For a child from two to four years old.)

This petticoat is wrought in *finesse* crochet;
the centre of scarlet worsted, and the border of
black in design à la grecque. The petticoat is com-
menced on the border by making a chain of 173
stitches of black worsted. The first three rows
are made in the undulating crochet stitch, which is
a variety of the *finesse*, differing only in the man-
ner of taking up the stitch.

From the fourth to the eleventh row the *finesse*
crochet stitch is used with black worsted. The
next three rows are done in the undulating crochet.
Then the scarlet worsted is taken for the centre of
the petticoat, and eleven rows are made in the or-
dinary *finesse* crochet. The narrowing is com-
menced in the second stitch of the twelfth row by
uniting two stitches, and in the following row
counting these two as one. The narrowing is re-
peated seven times in each row at intervals of seven
stitches, and is continued in the same man-
ner every third row—that is, in the fifteenth, eight-
eenth, twenty-first, twenty-fourth, and twenty-
sixth. After the twenty-seventh row, which is
the termination of the petticoat, a row of plain
stitches is made, and the two opposite sides are
sewed together, leaving a space of about four inches.
As a finish to the border a row of scallops is made



GEORGE PEABODY.

in scarlet worsted, each scallop being composed of
two plain stitches separated by two fancy ones.

NIGHT-CAP.

Fig. 5 serves as a pattern for this cap, which is
composed of a crown and a fore part. The crown
is cut to a point indicated in the model, and is gar-
nered and sewed to the fore part, which is only a
straight band about an inch wide and two-thirds
of a yard long, sewed together in the middle to
form a point. On each side, about four inches
from the middle behind, is a large eyelet hole for a
string to pass through.

The gathering of the crown comes altogether be-
hind. The cap strings, which are about an-inch

wide at first, but increase in width, are trimmed at
the ends with a bit of lace. A trimming of fine
muslin covers the front, composed of two bands
lightly gathered in festoons, and stitched on with a
band.

RED "EN TOQUE."

Cut out the *bb* whole, according to Fig. 5. Trim
with loops or edging on the parts indicated in the
pattern. Put on a button, and work a button-hole,
as in the pattern, and fasten on each point on the
shoulder a bow of ribbon about four inches long.

SOCK FOR INFANT OF SIX MONTHS.

This sock is made of white fannel, bound and
ornamented with cherry ribbon. It is cut from a

seamless piece of fannel, with a lining of muslin.
Bind together with ribbons. Sew the two sides to-
gether in the middle behind. Proceed in the same
manner with the middle of the upper part from the
toe upward. Make a bow of ribbon about an inch
wide for the top of the shoe.

PEABODY SQUARE, ISLINGTON.

The magnificent bounty of an American mer-
chant has bestowed a quarter of a million sterling
equal to one and a quarter millions of dollars, on
the poor of London; and the trustees of this fund,
since the first installment of £150,000 was placed in
their hands, have thought it best employed in the
construction of improved dwellings, as described in
their lately published report. The sites for the
erection of these buildings are variously situated.
Our engraving on page 221 relates to the plot at
Islington. This plot measures 47,668 square feet,
and cost over \$40,000. There are four blocks of
buildings, to comprise in all 155 tenements, with
ample accommodation for upward of 650 persons.
The whole cost of these buildings, exclusive of the
sum paid for the land, will amount, when the ac-
counts shall have been closed, to \$158,450.

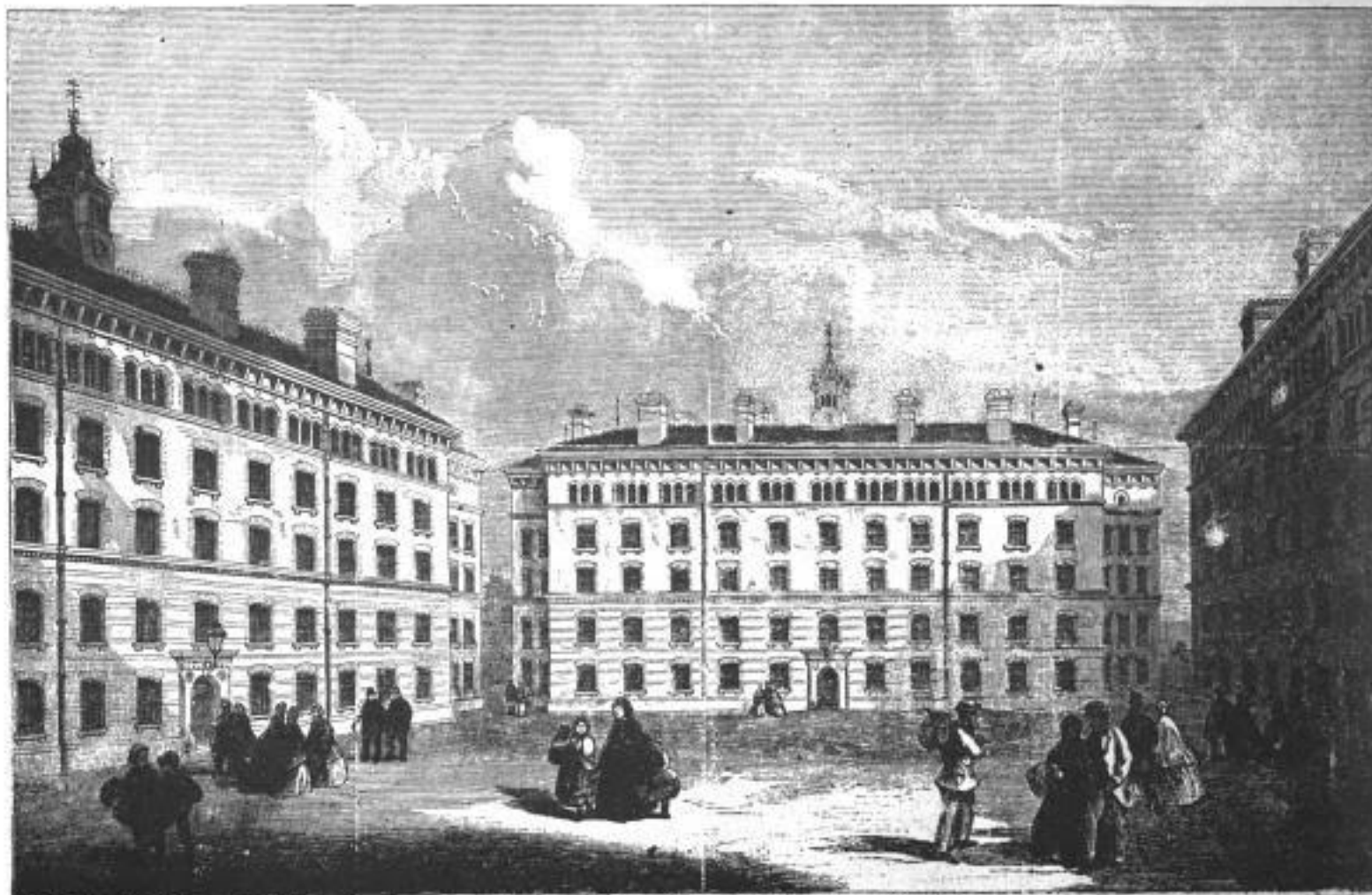
The entire community at Islington now consists
of 674 individuals, of whom 19 are widows, the rest
married persons and children.

The buildings consist of four blocks of houses,
five stories in height, which are let out in tenements
of one, two, and three rooms. Each block will af-
ford accommodation for sixty families, or 240 in the
aggregate. The rooms are each of them about 9
feet wide and 12 feet long, and of a suitable height.
The attic of each block is paved with tiles from the
Isle of Wight, and is surmounted by a handsome
ornamental turret. There is also accommodation
for washing and drying, and at each end of the
buildings is a cistern 12 feet long, 6 feet wide, and
4 feet deep, capable of containing 1760 gallons of
water. Every thing has been done to render the
sanitary arrangements complete in every respect.

The principle and organization in each of these
extensive structures is the same. Drainage and
ventilation have been insured with the utmost pos-
sible care; the instant removal of dust and refuse is
effected by means of shafts which descend from every
corridor to cellars in the basement, whence it is
carted away; the passages are all kept clean and
lighted with gas without any cost to the tenants;
water from cisterns in the roof is distributed by
pipes into every tenement, and there are baths free
in all. Laundries, with wringing-machines and
drying lofts, are at the service of every inmate.

The weekly rent charged for one room is 2s. 6d.,
or about 62½ cents; for two rooms 4s.; and for three
rooms, 6s. As Mr. PEABODY directed by his letter,
the sole qualification required for a tenant is "an
ascertained condition of life such as brings the in-
dividual within the description of the poor of Lon-
don, combined with moral character and good con-
duct as a member of society."

GEORGE PEABODY, whose gift to the London poor
is the most magnificent ever made by a private per-
son to a public charity, is the leading American
banker in London. He is a native of Danvers, Mas-
sachusetts, and about 74 years of age. He became
a partner in a trading house in Baltimore, and went
to England in 1836.



HOUSES FOR THE LONDON POOR—PEABODY SQUARE, ISLINGTON.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Prognostics are being fulfilled. Victims are about to be...

The first-mentioned fact is evident from a glance at the daily monetary quotations. The second is more apparent from an inspection of the general market reports...

The large number of houses in the market, both "for sale" and "to let," the actual decrease of rents, and the other unflattering admission of real estate owners...

The prospect of breathing in clean streets and pure air looks brighter than ever before. True, only a beginning is as yet made; but that is a thorough beginning...

It is said that "there is neither Cattle Market nor slaughter pen in Paris. The great markets are at Poissy, fifteen miles distant, and at Senones, five miles away...

In those markets the greatest attention is paid to decency, cleanliness, and to the comfort of the animals. They are carefully fed and watered, and no undue driving, hauling, or tormenting is permitted...

What a contrast is this Paris system to the unwholesome and infamous practices which among us have been so successfully pursued! We could almost wish that a revolution Napoleon had, long ago, enacted certain laws for New York city.

A superb sleeping-car has recently been constructed, designed to run weekly between this city and Chicago, on the New Jersey Central Railroad. This car, which is valued at about \$25,000, is fitted up in the most splendid manner...

An embargo conspires a long list of "Carolines of Humanity," some of which would be quite worthy a place in Danvers's Museum. Among them are:

The husband that says to his wife on a Monday night when she is in bed, "dinner is behindhand, and 'tuck down.'" "My dear, you look tired—let me walk up and down with the baby while you rest!"

The man who is consistent, and goes out to chop kindlings for exercise after having recommended bed-making to his wife as a beautiful method of expending the chest!

The man who is always delighted with the domestic pudding and pie, and don't expect a daily bill of fare like a Parisian French restaurant!

The man who never saw a collar pattern that fits so much better than his ever did!

Of course, there are females as well as masculines "Carolines" in the list; but we think it more appropriate, considering the "sphere of woman," that they should be only on private exhibition!

Some irreverent investigator inquires if the use of the handkerchief is a part of theological training. As an excuse for making this inquiry, he says:

"I notice some ministers take it out of their pockets as they do their sermons, and lay it on the pulpit. Some spread it out lengthwise through the middle of the Bible; some roll it up and tuck it under the Bible; some shake it over their heads; some stretch it in their hands as if they were going to throw it at the audience; and some keep crowding it into their pockets and pulling it out again, with a nervousness, as if they did not know what use to make of their hands. I want once to hear a popular young preacher, and as much as half of his sermon was made up of pocket-handkerchiefs, and the most of the other half was gold watch and bits of poetry."

Ministers seem to be privileged to be eccentric. There is a story told of a certain preacher who wound up his sermon one Sunday with the following sentence: "On account of the warmth of the weather and the ripeness of the berries, and because I've to go to Ardruant in time, I will say no more at this time." And at another time, when he had read his sermon through, he shut the Bible with a clap, remarking, "And now, brethren, I have done."

We have a distinct remembrance of a venerable and worthy minister of New England, who, in his travels, fre-

quently came impudently to the house of a friend. After being seated at the tea-table, he would often say, in the most unbecoming manner possible, "I would like some cold ham-pudding and milk for my supper;" or ask for some other article, equally unlikely to be prepared.

At a recent Fashionable soiree several American ladies appeared without veils. It was remarked of them that, "whereas they formerly resembled in their shape upon umbrellas, they now have a good deal the appearance of closed oars. What they sacrificed in breadth, however, they make up in length, and the trains which they wear are so long that the inconvenience of getting about is quite as great as it was in the days of crinolines." A vast quantity of underclothing is said to be necessary as a substitute for the discarded hoops, which, indeed, were invented to remedy this very inconvenience. Whatever be the mode which is destined to prevail, let us hope that it may be confined within modest bounds. It is more the exaggeration of a fashion than the fashion itself which has hitherto been the subject of complaint and ridicule.

It may be mentioned in this connection that, at a grand reception recently given at the French Academy, a petition was made that the lady guests would dispense with crinolines altogether for that particular evening, the number having in view the accommodation of a larger number of guests with seats; but, sad to relate, very few complied with the request.

It is currently reported that young ladies are now wearing small bells attached to their gloves for evening! reminding one, as they think through the merry dance, of the nursery ditty of the old woman—

"With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes, she shall have music wherever she goes."

What next will female fashion bring?

Somebody, who seems to understand the subject, thus discourses upon the late:

"It is never too late to do right; as, for instance, a gentleman began to study grammar after he had written for the press six years. It is never too late to get married; Naomi, the daughter of Knock, took her first husband at five hundred and eighty. It is never too late to drop any habit; James, the inventor, wrote sixty-five volumes before he could shake off his 'tobacco' habit."

It is sometimes too late to 'pay the question;' a man once did so to a 'charming widow' just as she reached her house after burying her first husband. 'You are too late,' was the reply, 'the clergyman spoke to me at the grave!'

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 22: In the Senate, Mr. Morrill reported a joint resolution from the Committee on the District of Columbia, appropriating \$25,000 for the relief of destitute negroes in the District, to be expended under the supervision of the chief of the Freedmen's Bureau, which was passed.

March 21: In the House, a bill making appropriations for the legislative, executive, and judicial business of the Government was passed.

March 20: In the Senate, the bill making each of the States of Louisiana and California a single judicial district was passed; also the bill authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Mississippi River at St. Louis.

March 19: In the House, the bill making each of the States of Louisiana and California a single judicial district was passed; also the bill authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Mississippi River at St. Louis.

March 18: In the Senate, the bill making each of the States of Louisiana and California a single judicial district was passed; also the bill authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Mississippi River at St. Louis.

March 17: In the House, the bill making each of the States of Louisiana and California a single judicial district was passed; also the bill authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Mississippi River at St. Louis.

March 16: In the Senate, the bill making each of the States of Louisiana and California a single judicial district was passed; also the bill authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Mississippi River at St. Louis.

March 15: In the House, the bill making each of the States of Louisiana and California a single judicial district was passed; also the bill authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Mississippi River at St. Louis.

March 14: In the Senate, the bill making each of the States of Louisiana and California a single judicial district was passed; also the bill authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Mississippi River at St. Louis.

March 13: In the House, the bill making each of the States of Louisiana and California a single judicial district was passed; also the bill authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Mississippi River at St. Louis.

March 12: In the Senate, the bill making each of the States of Louisiana and California a single judicial district was passed; also the bill authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Mississippi River at St. Louis.

March 11: In the House, the bill making each of the States of Louisiana and California a single judicial district was passed; also the bill authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Mississippi River at St. Louis.

March 10: In the Senate, the bill making each of the States of Louisiana and California a single judicial district was passed; also the bill authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Mississippi River at St. Louis.

March 9: In the House, the bill making each of the States of Louisiana and California a single judicial district was passed; also the bill authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Mississippi River at St. Louis.

March 8: In the Senate, the bill making each of the States of Louisiana and California a single judicial district was passed; also the bill authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Mississippi River at St. Louis.

March 7: In the House, the bill making each of the States of Louisiana and California a single judicial district was passed; also the bill authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Mississippi River at St. Louis.

March 6: In the Senate, the bill making each of the States of Louisiana and California a single judicial district was passed; also the bill authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Mississippi River at St. Louis.

March 5: In the House, the bill making each of the States of Louisiana and California a single judicial district was passed; also the bill authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Mississippi River at St. Louis.

March 4: In the Senate, the bill making each of the States of Louisiana and California a single judicial district was passed; also the bill authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Mississippi River at St. Louis.

March 3: In the House, the bill making each of the States of Louisiana and California a single judicial district was passed; also the bill authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Mississippi River at St. Louis.

—viz., the Villa de Madrid and Elnon—had been successful in finding—and to their cost too—the object of their search in the harbor near Anson, Island of Cuba. The Spanish ships stood in close shore in order to find the druck of water, when they were opened upon by a very heavy battery on shore, armed principally with guns recovered from the lost frigates Ansonia, and one of the Elnon, received one heavy shot below the water-line, which had to be plugged. The two frigates steamed as close in as they dared and opened fire, although at long range, upon the American and British ships; but after two hours' work and expending about seven hundred shot and shell, they halted off, finding that the shore batteries must be first silenced or destroyed before they would be able to get inside at the ships they anchored. The next day the two Spanish ships returned to Valparaiso.

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250 Ladies' Gold Watches, 40 to 75
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200 First-Class Sewing Machines, 45 to 75
1,000 Cake-Baskets and Ice-Pichers, 15 to 20
1,000 Fine Cutlery and Silver-Flatware, 10 to 20
2,000 Sets Teas, Dessert, and Table-Spoons, 5 to 10
5,000 Sets Tea, Dessert, and Table-Spoons, 5 to 10
2,000 Napkin Rings, per pair, 5 to 10
4,000 Pocket Knives, per pair, 5 to 10
10,000 Gold Pens and Gold-Pointed Holders, 5 to 10
5,000 California Diamond Rings, 5 to 10
1,000 Fancy Enamelled and Steel Rings, 5 to 10
5,000 Vest, Guard, and Neck Chains, 5 to 10
10,000 Magic Spring and Snap Lockets, 5 to 10
5,000 Drinking Cups and Goblets, 5 to 10
10,000 Beautiful Photograph Albums, 5 to 10
175,000 Other Articles of Jewelry, Silverware, etc., 5 to 15

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Five photographs, with certificates, and a silver butter-knife as premium, sent for \$1; eleven for \$2, with a fine napkin-ring; thirty for \$5, with a 20-picture album worth \$5; sixty-five for \$10, with a silver butter-dish or 100-picture album, worth \$10; one hundred for \$15, with a solid silver full-jeweled hunting-cased watch, worth \$10.

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2000 Revolving Cameras, \$15 to 25
2000 Drinking-Cups, 7 to 10
5000 Oval and Chased Gold Bracelets, 5 to 10
2000 Vest, Neck, and Guard Chains, 5 to 10
2000 Ladies' California Diamond Rings, 5 to 10
2000 Magic Spring and Snap Lockets, 5 to 10
10000 Gold Pens, Silver-Mounted Holders, 4 to 10
2000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases, 4 to 10
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry, 5 to 10
5000 Tea, Dessert, & Table-Spoons, per doz., 12 to 14
5000 Dessert and Table Forks, per doz., 14 to 16
4000 Pocket Knives, per pair, 5 to 10
2000 Napkin Rings, per pair, 5 to 10
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Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up and mixed; and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents; 5 for \$1; eleven for \$2; 25 for \$5; 65 for \$10; and 100 for \$15.

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FOREIGN NEWS.

It is stated that the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs has been authorized to make a fresh treaty with the Mexican Government for the completion of the Austrian volunteer corps for Maximilian.

The friendly relations between Prussia and Austria continued unimpaired and unobscured. In France nothing of importance was going on except that the Prince Imperial was going over his rounds.

The latest news from the South Pacific brings the report of a naval action between Spain and the South American Allies. The portion of the Spanish squadrons which had been for some time past at sea looking for the Allied fleet

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THE REISSUE OF
HARPER'S WEEKLY.



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"THE CURT REPLY."

There are, we suppose, few of our readers who do not remember from very early days the anecdote of the ambitious BALDWIN scratching on a window-pane, where it would meet the eye of his Royal mistress, the line—

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall!"

and QUEEN ELIZABETH'S dubious, or, as Mr. FOLANSONY'S title suggests, "cart," rejoinder, forming a couplet—

"If thy mind fail thee, do not climb at all."

Yet we must confess that, unless the gentle reader has studied history to better purpose than ourselves, he will find some difficulty in fixing the time, place, and circumstances of the story. It is, of course, beneath the dignity of FROTHING; it has no documentary evidence to recommend it to Miss BRACKENBURY; it is not to be found in Miss AIKEN'S more gossiping "Memoirs of the Court of Elizabeth." We turn with confidence to TYLER'S tolerably elaborate "Life of Raleigh," and, lo! it is not even there. The first reference to it we light on is in one of the early memoirs of Sir WALTER—that by OGDEN. But this only proves a faint scent to guide our chase; the anecdote is given, but with no details whatsoever, and FULLEN'S "Worthies" is quoted as the authority. But, slack-day! our fox only proves a bark here after all. The anecdote is given in the boldest possible manner; only the phraseology is a little more antiquated, reading thus:

Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall.
 If thy heart fails thee, climb not at all.

The popularity of the anecdote is doubtless due in great measure to Scott's introduction of it into "Kenilworth," where it appears with all the circumstantial embellishments of the novelist's imagination. The handsome young gallant has just been, according to the tradition, taken into the Queen's service in acknowledgment of the chivalrous sacrifice of his richly-embroidered cloak that Gloriana might walk dry-shod. Intoxicated with certain musks of the Queen's favor, received when accompanying her Majesty in her diversion on the river, and after the return to the palace at Greenwich, when, at evening, she was walking in the gardens, "Squire Lackcloak" contrived that a maid of honor should see him enter a summer-house and write on a window-pane with a diamond ring which the Queen had given him as a recompense for the loss of his cloak. The sequel is, of course, perfectly evident.

The attempt to paint an anecdote is generally a misemployment of the resources of art. However, we can hardly find fault with the artist for selecting a subject which enabled him to represent

"good Queen Bess" in all her brave attire, and (whether the incident be true or false) so characteristically engaged. We must, however, take exception to the portraiture of her Majesty, as being as outrageously flattering, in its way, as RALPH'S own extravagant adulations of "the goddess," "the Diana," "the Venus"—his excessively vain yet most sagacious Queen. At this time ELIZABETH was approaching sixty, her features were very strongly marked, and she never had the embossment of the picture. The peeping BALDWIN is, on the contrary, not so good-looking as his authentic portraits. Mr. FOLANSONY is an Irish artist, studying at Munich. In No. 480 we gave an excellent picture by him of "John Donnan in Bedford Jail."

THE GREAT FIRE IN CINCINNATI.

We give on page 226 illustrations of the recent conflagration in Cincinnati, sketched on the spot by our artist, Mr. WAIN. The fire broke out in Puck's Opera-house. This building—the most splendid structure of the kind in the West—was completely destroyed. Very fortunately the immense audience, congregated to hear "Milesomere Night's Dream," had dispersed before the accident occurred, otherwise we should have occasion to detail the horrible features of another human holocaust devoted to the Moloch of Flamma.

The first appearance of the fire—due, it is thought, to a gas explosion—was in the scenery back of the

stage at 11:30 P.M. The Cincinnati Commercial thus describes the scene which followed:

"In five minutes the flames had wrapped the whole magnificent interior of stage and auditorium, and burst through the rear portion of the roof. On the wings of the thoughtless provided, the flames shot on to a great height and lay out over upon adjoining buildings. Some large masses of black smoke burst from the window of the Fourth Street front windows. At a quarter of twelve the scene was existing in the extreme. The half square bounded by Fourth, Vine, Baker, and Walnut streets had a dome of luridly glowing flames, through which columns of smoke shot up, and from which showers of sparks and branches of flames floated upward, and then descended upon the burning mass below. The dome and ceiling, with their gorgeous and artistic ornamentation, fell with the roof with a terrific crash, and there burst upward a dazzling light, blinding in its intensity. Slowly but surely the fire swept down through the various stories of the office—through of floors and studios—steadily down to the magnificent street, reaching the entire length of the building on the first block of Fourth Street, into the mouth of literature, the store of thousands worth of books of Cassell's store, the valuable stock of Freeman's book-publishing, the fine establishments of W. C. Peters, and Philip Phillips, piano, the immense goods stored in the Adams Express rooms, the collections of DEANE, PRATT, WOOD, & De HAN'S Commercial Institute, the editorial room of the National Union, Harper's job printing establishments, with its valuable machinery, and all the dozen offices besides. From the rear and west side of the Opera-house the flames marched with overwhelming strength to the eastern stable of the Adams Express Company and the building of the Cincinnati Daily Reporter. The fall of a large mass of wall upon the roof of the Reporter building insured its partial destruction, and soon the flames were communicated to the rear of the first and second floors, and rushing upward, swept through the front windows, and told the story of their power to the firemen, who rushed up to grapple with them. But with the same power already so terribly used the descending flames wrapped the structure in their embrace, and the work of destruction was soon far advanced through the job-rooms, where were stored nearly \$100,000 worth of cuts, through job-presses, and composing-rooms, and editorial rooms; through the engraving-rooms of Jones & Hart—all totally destroyed."

The total loss is estimated at \$1,751,000, over one-half of which was involved in the ruin of Puck's Opera-house.

Our artist has sketched the scene presented by the ruins the day after the fire. An interesting feature of the sketch is the view given of the Chain-gang at work among the ruins.

THE LATE KING OF SIAM.

It is perhaps not generally known that there are usually two Kings of Siam. But the Siamese Royal Brothers, an elder and a younger—not Siamese twins—hold unequal shares in the divided monarchy—two-thirds of the power being vested in the First and one-third in the Second King. The junior of their paternal Majesties has lately been removed by death; we therefore give his portrait on page 226. The senior, whose fame as a learned Buddhist sage, with his other philosophical and literary accom-



"THE CURT REPLY."—[By G. F. FOLANSONY.]

ishments, has been attested by high authority, pursues a wise and liberal policy, which has resulted in a great increase of the prosperity of his kingdom, since the treaty of 1825 opened the navigation of the Meikam and other Siamese rivers to European shipping and commerce. In the year 1864 the foreign export and import trade of Siam amounted to more than \$12,500,000, and employed 55,000 tons of British shipping, besides a great quantity carried on its native vessels, which are built of the teak wood of the country, on the best European models, in the dock-yards of the Meikam. The export of rice, especially to China, is a most important article of Siamese enterprise, amounting to 125,000 tons in the year; and this kingdom is in a fair way of becoming one of the wealthiest and most civilized of Eastern states. The Second King, recently deceased, "would have been," says Sir John Bowring, "a very distinguished man, if he were not eclipsed by the more active nature and more prominent position of his elder brother. He spoke pure English, wrote a hand which might be a pattern for a European schoolmaster; he had work-shops for the manufacture of scientific and mechanical instruments; he had, moreover, a taste for literature, and I found the shelves of his library filled with European, and especially English, books." The palace at Bangkok, in which both Kings resided together, is a large pile, inhabited by about 2000 persons; the First King's wives being more than 300. There was little distinction, as regards the pomp and ceremonies of their Court, between the royal pair.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1866.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

It was unfortunate that the President should have lately said to a delegation from New Jersey that he is too old to change, for the greatest changes of his life have occurred within the last five years, and no reasonable man is ever too old to be convinced. Especially at a time like this, when the wisdom of public policy and the national welfare depend not upon theories but upon the actual condition of affairs, it is surely the part of wisdom to cultivate patience and toleration and an open mind. During the dark days of the war a Union Senator came one day from an interview with President Lincoln and exclaimed, impatiently: "There's no bracing atmosphere at the White House! The President's mind is never made up. No Union man is stronger for seeing him." Then it was a very dull Union man. Mr. Lincoln was strong because he was patient. His patience enabled him to know and to weigh exactly the force of opinions. If he had constantly said upon the vital points of the war, "My mind is made up. I am not to be moved," he would have lacked precisely the distinctive quality of his greatness as a man and of his fitness as President.

President Johnson's temperament differs from President Lincoln's as General Jackson's did from General Washington's. Mr. Johnson likes a fight. All his life he has been a sturdy political champion. He has been trained in the most orthodox discipline of the most despotic of parties, and he gives blows as well as takes them. At the close of a fierce war he stepped into the Presidency over the body of his predecessor murdered by those who would gladly have killed him; and his grim resolution to maintain the Constitution and Union, as he understood them, promised to be inflexible against all whose views differed from his own. But forgetting, as it seems to us, that the most patriotic men may honestly differ in a crisis like the present, he rather imprudently recognizes as the only friends of the Union those who support his policy in every point, without weighing the probable and obvious motives of such support in many quarters. Thus while he declares himself with peculiar emphasis the defender of the Union and Constitution it is remarkable that those who have not shown during the war that they were its enemies doubt the wisdom of some of his measures, while those who have been the open and bloody or secret and treacherous foes of the Union, now vehemently applaud every word he utters and every act he does. Is it that those who with Andrew Johnson have hitherto defended the Union against every assault did not comprehend what they were doing; or is it that those who after long deliberation struggled fiercely to destroy it, are at heart its most intelligent advocates, its truest friends, and the safest counselors in its reorganization?

But this rapturous approval of the President by his political enemies is not a new phenomenon. The party which advised surrender to the rebellion, and exhausted the language in contemptuous vituperation of Mr. Johnson while he stood like a rock against their treasonable fury, has no course left but to excite and exaggerate division between him and his friends. They applaud him not because he demands that treason shall be made odious, not because he maintained military rule and suspended the *Actus cypus* in the disarmed States, not because he imposed assent to emancipation upon those States and excepted large classes from amnesty, not because he denounced that "a public enemy * * * should be subjected to a severe ordeal before he is restored to citizen-

ship," but because his measures do not command the unqualified support of all Union men, and because they hope to widen a difference into a fatal breach. When Mr. S. S. Cox, who said at Chicago in 1864 that Lincoln and Davis ought to be brought to the same block together now says at New Haven that Mr. Johnson, the faithful friend of Mr. Lincoln and elected with him, is the best of Presidents, it is hard to believe that a politician so experienced as Mr. Johnson does not estimate such support at its true value. He must know that the breach between him and the Copperheads is irreparable. He must know that they would willingly use him as a wedge to split the Union party, as a stalking-horse to their own purposes, as a spring-board to leap into power; that they would use him to the last and then contemptuously discard him. He ought surely to know that the party which must rely for success upon its old alliance with the old spirit of Slavery in the South, and not upon the new spirit of Union and Liberty there, would as soon vote for CHARLES SUMNER as for ANDREW JOHNSON. The Copperhead policy of to-day is a vast reaction against the spirit and results of the war and in favor of the old Southern policy. In such a reaction does the military Governor of Tennessee, the Senator who alone from his section defied to the death the leaders of that old Southern policy, think that he has any place? Had the Presbyterian chiefs honor and confidence in the Court of the Restoration?

The President can not hope to create a new party however doubtful States may waver. The Union party comprising that overwhelming majority of loyal men who sustained the war can not dishonor merely because the war is over. It will of necessity cohere until the fair results of the war are secured. With whom, then, will the President trust himself, with his friends or his foes? However he may differ with those friends, can the difference be really so radical as it is with his opponents? We have no wish to conceal that difference. The various views and measures which compose what is called "the President's policy" are undoubtedly held and proposed by him in perfect good faith. They are inspired by the conviction that the great object now to be attained is security with conciliation, and the preservation of our constitutional system. In this conviction all patriotic men will agree. But upon the question what is security, and what is or is not Constitutional, there are wide differences. When the President assumes that by a formal acceptance of the terms he has imposed the Union is really restored, when he refuses to hear of further delays or conditions; when he opposes any constitutional amendment, or any serious national legislation whatever until the late rebel States are represented in Congress; when he thinks that the present remedies of law are sufficient for whatever friction or wrong there may be in States so long distempered, or, if they are inadequate, that they should not be strengthened until those States have a voice in Congress, he differs from the vast body of the Union party, and apparently begs the very question at issue, which is, upon what conditions those States shall have a voice?

It is not enough that he declares himself the defender of the Constitution against those whom he calls its new assailants. It is not enough that he declares his abhorrence of centralization. It is not enough that he declares that he stands by the Union, and that those who do not agree in every point of his policy are enemies of the Union. That question still remains. The President is unquestionably pure of purpose, and very determined. He may be clear in comprehending and skillful in interpreting the Constitution. He has certainly proved his fidelity to the Union. But the equal integrity, and ability, and devotion, and firmness of Congress can not be questioned. President Johnson must see that the Union party can not accept the indiscriminate support of all his views and measures as the test of constitutional fidelity; and he makes a profound mistake if he regards the situation as a struggle between himself and Mr. THOMAS STEVENS. When he sees those who have as little respect for Mr. STEVENS's wisdom as he has himself gravely questioning his course, it is a fatal delusion if he sees only Mr. STEVENS.

The question is simple. Is it possible for the President to believe that the party whose last general and official manifesto was the Chicago Platform of 1864 is sincerely the Union party of this country? Would he trust to that Convention to settle the questions of to-day more than of two years ago? If the alternative is presented to him of surrendering to that party, or of attempting to form a party composed of the Copperheads, the late rebels, and a few recruits from the Union line, or of continuing to act with those who have fought with him the good fight, but who now, in some important points, differ with his judgment, we shall believe, until belief is impossible, that he still holds to his words of the 8th of February, "that he might differ with some of his friends, and he should feel wholly at liberty so to differ, and to state the grounds of his contrary belief or opinion; but he considered himself identified with the great Union party, and had no desire or intention of being found outside.

He intended to exercise his own judgment, but was ready to yield it when he found it was not sustained by the judgment of the people."

CONNECTICUT.

THE result of the election in Connecticut is peculiarly significant. It shows the great Union line unbroken. It is a plain proclamation that the loyal people of that State, whose sons and brothers went to the war, from which so many never returned, are not yet ready to deliver the State and the country into the hands of those who denounced the war and excused the rebels. ISAAC TOWNY and THOMAS H. SKYMOOR, one of whom, as Secretary of the Navy, did what he could by sending away the national ships to paralyze the Government, and the other of whom, as candidate for Governor, openly expressed his sympathy with treason, are not the accepted political leaders of Connecticut.

The contest indeed was, as usual, severe, but the result was a remarkable triumph for the Union party. In 1864, at the Presidential election, when the honorable existence of the Union itself was at stake, the Union majority for Mr. LINCOLN was only 2406. Now the war is over. There is naturally a certain reaction. The Copperheads masked themselves behind a candidate who voted for the war supplies in Congress, and even for the Constitutional Amendment. The Union party is disturbed by the attitude of the President. His sympathies, under the circumstances, were unquestionably against the successful candidate who had frankly declared his difference with the President upon certain points. The canvass was conducted upon the radical ground in a State which last autumn refused impartial suffrage by 7000 majority; and yet, notwithstanding all these influences which undoubtedly impaired the majority of General HAWLEY, reducing it to half of that of Mr. LINCOLN, the whole Union ticket is elected; there are 14 Union Senators to 7 of the Opposition, and a Union majority of 50 in the House.

The result secures a Union Senator in Congress in place of LAFAYETTE S. FOSTER, and, we hope, indicates that the question of impartial suffrage may be successfully revived at no distant day. It holds Connecticut firmly among the States the people of which, with charity for all and malice toward none, propose to reorganize the vast disturbance of the Union upon the simple constitutional basis of justice.

THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

THE Civil Rights Bill was drawn with simplicity and care for a very necessary purpose. It declares who are citizens of the United States, defines their rights, prescribes penalties for violating them, and provides the means of redress. The power to do this springs from the very nature and function of a supreme government. But the power being conceded, it is fair to demand that any measure of legislation shall be shown to be necessary, politic, and constitutional.

It is certainly essential to an intelligent use of language in the laws and common speech that the true meaning of citizenship should be defined. Nearly a fifth of the population of the country are colored. They are subject to the Government; they support the obligations and do the duty of citizens. Are they citizens or aliens? Can any thing be more unreasonable than to fear or hesitate to define their status? If they are not citizens, are they aliens, are they unnaturalized natives? Domesticated aliens and foreigners have the protection of law, indeed, but these are neither. They are native to the soil. They owe and perform the obligations of other citizens. Why not call them citizens?

That color was not originally a disability for citizenship is undeniable; for the citizens of the several States became, upon the adoption of the Constitution, citizens of the United States, and in some of the States at that time colored persons were not only citizens but voters. Naturalization and other laws in 1802 and 1803, by implication and directly, admit that color is not a disability. In 1848 Mr. HUGH S. LEGARE, Attorney-General of the United States, gave his opinion that a free colored man can be a citizen. But as the Government became thoroughly tainted with the spirit of slavery, the reluctance to acknowledge the fact increased and obscured the whole question. Mr. MARCY, as Secretary of State, held both opinions, that colored men were and were not citizens. Passports have been both issued and refused to them as citizens; and finally the spirit of slavery culminating in the DRED SCOTT decision, declared that a free negro was not a citizen. In 1862, under the Government purged of the influence of slavery, the question again arose, and Attorney-General BARUS in a masterly opinion held that color was not a disqualification. But the baffled party of disunion still asserts the contrary. President Johnson in his veto of the Civil Rights Bill admits a difference of opinion; and the Constitution, while it speaks of citizens, nowhere defines the term. It is therefore both timely

and wise, at the close of a civil war which has abolished slavery, that the highest authority should declare distinctly who are citizens of the United States, and what are the rights to which citizens are entitled.

The policy of such a measure is plain from the fact that the civil rights of millions of the native population of the United States are destroyed in certain parts of the country on the ground of color; that this invasion springs from the spirit and habit of slavery, and that, if not corrected by the supreme authority, the inevitable result will be a confirmation of that spirit, and a consequent perpetual menace of the public peace by deepening the conviction of the outraged class of the population that the chance of legal redress is hopeless. The good policy is evident from the further fact that the country earnestly desires repose, but that repose is and ought to be impossible while millions of loyal and tried friends of the Government are exposed, as in the absence of such a bill they are exposed, to the vengeance of those who are still, and naturally, alienated from the Government. Nothing can tend so surely to confirm the peace of the Union as the kindly but firmly expressed intention of the Government to protect and enforce the equal civil rights of every citizen; understanding by civil rights, according to Chancellor KAUF, "the right of personal security, the right of personal liberty, and the right to acquire and enjoy property." This is substantially the explanation given by President JOHNSON of the right conferred by the Emancipation Amendment. "Liberty," he said to the colored soldiers and to Judge WARREN, "means freedom to work and enjoy the products of your own labor." The Civil Rights Bill merely secures that freedom; for no man enjoys the fruit of his labor if he can not own property, and sue and testify and convey.

But if the United States had the constitutional right to confer this freedom, can it be unconstitutional to defend it? If it were constitutional for the Government to insist that the late rebel States should recognize this liberty, can it not insist that they shall assent to its definition and protection? What else was the significance of the second clause of the amendment authorizing the Government to enforce it? Having freed a man from chattel slavery, is the Government bound to look on passively and see him reduced again to virtual slavery, by a State vagrant law, for a trivial offense? The President, indeed, asks in his veto whether the present laws are not sufficient to protect the rights of the freedmen. What rights? If they are neither citizens, nor domiciled aliens, nor foreigners, what rights have they? Clearly their status must be determined before their rights can be defined; and then, if existing remedies are adequate, they are not impaired by the bill. If they are not adequate, the bill is plainly necessary.

The President's objection to the bill as special legislation is a manifest misapprehension. The bill is universal in its application. If the rights of any citizen of whatever birth or color are invaded any where in the country the bill provides the remedy, without any exclusion or exception whatever. But the veto lays great weight upon the fact that "worthy, intelligent, and patriotic foreigners" must reside here five years before they can become citizens, and expresses the opinion that the bill discriminates against them in favor of those to whom the avenues of freedom and intelligence are just opened. But the President hardly puts the case fairly. Let us ask it in another way. If "worthy, intelligent, and patriotic foreigners" are to be made both citizens and voters at the end of a residence of five years, is it unreasonable that worthy, intelligent, and patriotic natives, all whose interests and affections are and always have been bound up with the country, should be made citizens, merely, at the end of twenty-one years? If it be objected that the mass of the natives in question are not intelligent, will it be asserted that the mass of the foreigners are so? If it be right to take a foreigner totally ignorant of our language and government and the whole spirit of our system and give him a vote at the end of five years, can it be wrong to take a man like ROMER SMALL, who instinctively knows and loves and struggles for the Government, and at the end of three years of emancipation give him, not so much as a vote, but the name and rights of a citizen? That is a question which we do not find answered in the Message.

The objection that the bill interferes with rightful State legislation is not sustained by a careful consideration of the bill. If the United States may lawfully define the civil rights of their citizens no State can lawfully impair those rights. The bill leaves the legislative discretion of the States unimpaired by any thing but the fundamental civil rights of all citizens which the nation itself protects; and it gives the United States courts exclusive jurisdiction under an express clause of the Constitution.

But the most extraordinary objection urged by the President is that the Civil Rights Bill undertakes to settle questions of political economy. It is not easy to see precisely what is meant by this statement. The bill provides that all citizens shall have the same right to

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make contracts, to sue and be sued, to give evidence, to inherit and convey property. Is this settling questions of political economy? We should as soon have suspected that it was an attempt to solve astronomical problems.

But the serious objection to the veto lies in the fact, which is evident throughout, that the President thinks enough has been done to redeem the sacred honor of the United States, not of the separate States, pledged to the emancipated class. He says indeed that he will co-operate with Congress to protect them; but Congress has maturely considered and presented two methods of protection, and he rejects both. What is the President's plan? Is it to leave them to the Black Codes? Is it to call them free, thereby exasperating the late masters, and then suffer those masters unchecked to forbid them to own property, to bear arms, to testify, and to enjoy any of the rights of freedom? Is it to trust to time, and to hope that when the present generation, to whom we gave our word, is exterminated, some kind of justice may be done their posterity by those who come after us? The present danger to the Union is not in the direction feared by the President. It is not from the United States doing a simple Constitutional act of justice; it is from the States perpetuating the old injustice from which our troubles spring. State rights interpreted by slavery brought us bitter alienation and bloody war. State rights interpreted by liberty can alone give us Constitutional unity and enduring peace.

WHAT IT COSTS TO CORNER WALL STREET.

About three months ago the leading director of the Erie Railway Company fancied he observed that the stock of that concern had been overbid by the reckless Bears of Wall Street, and undertook to "corner the shorts;" that is to say, to buy up the stock, so that the speculators who had sold it for future delivery should not be able to buy when they wanted it. The stock was then in the neighborhood of 80. The director bought and bought, and as he bought the stock rose. Pretty soon it was 85, then 90. Still the director bought on, and by-and-by it was 95, and presently 97. If he had gone on buying it might have been 100, or 110, or even 120, by this time. There are limits, however, to the capacity of even the boldest speculators. By the time the Erie director had bought rather more than all the stock afloat in this country he thought it was time to stop.

He had achieved one half of his enterprise. He had pretty thoroughly cornered the shorts. Foolish operators who had sold Erie short at 80, found themselves compelled to buy it in at 95, and the difference—\$1500 on every hundred shares—went into the pocket of the speculative director. There were many who, having sold short at 80, refused to buy in at 95, and remained "short," borrowing the stock from day to day. These the speculative director punished by refusing to lend the stock except for a bonus—say \$50 a day for each hundred shares. Day after day passed, and a few resolute patient "Bears" paid their 1/2 per cent. a day, and refused to cover. All the weak and faint-hearted "shorts" had already bought in.

The question now was, what to do with the stock on hand? A few thousand dollars had been taken from "Bear" speculators. But, this apart, the speculating director found himself the owner of all the Erie afloat in this market at an average cost of over 90. There was no demand for the stock. Nobody in Wall Street or out of it wanted 100 shares. At 80 there had been a small consumptive demand. At 95 there was none at all.

The speculative director formed many combinations, by some of which he succeeded in interesting others in his operation. In the course of a day or two these combinations led to disputes among the confederates, and some of the parties in interest began to sell. Others followed, and the cry of *coupe qui post* being raised, such quantities of stock were thrown upon the market that in a few days the price fell from 97 to 75.

The speculative director had not succeeded in selling all his stock. As his account then stood the speculation had cost him something less than half a million. It was a painful reflection for a man who was accustomed to make, not to lose, money in stocks, and especially in Erie.

A week or so elapsed, and the director resolved to look for his money where he had lost it. He began to buy Erie again. Other operators were as quick as he, and Erie began once more to rise rapidly. From 75 it jumped up to 80, from 80 to 85. At 85 to 85 1/2 the speculative director made his grand demonstration. He bought all the stock that could be had at the price—say 30,000 shares in a single day. On the following day all the Erie loaned out was called in. From 1/2 to 1/4 per cent. a day was again demanded for the use of the stock. Once more the Bears were squeezed within an inch of their lives, and none but the resolute held out. On the next day the grand pinch was

ordered. The stock opened at 87, and every one said it was going to go before noon. To the amazement of every one, at 87 there was an ample supply; fully 10,000 shares were sold in the morning, quite sufficient to supply the more pressing wants of the Bears. It subsequently appeared that some weeks previously, when Erie was 75, the speculative director had sold a call for 10,000 shares @ 85, and the holder of this call had defeated the corner by supplying the Bears at the expense of the seller of the call. Thus once more the attempt to corner the shorts had failed.

It took the speculative director but a few days to realize that he had once more missed his mark. Most of the shorts had covered their contracts, and as there was no consumptive demand for the stock at 86, it was clearly futile to put up the price. The director began to sell with vigor and dispatch. How much he sold and at what prices is only known to himself and his brokers. Within a fortnight the price fell 10 per cent., and real stock was still being delivered from the speculative director's board. It is not unreasonable to suppose that at least a quarter of a million must have been lost by him and his friends in their second attempt to corner Erie.

It is now supposed that they have altered their position, and gone short of the stock. In this new adventure they may or may not retrieve the losses they have met with in their previous attempts to corner the street. But Erie will have to fall very low indeed to yield them the \$750,000 thrown away in the two abortive enterprises of January and March 1866.

The lesson should not be lost upon Wall Street speculators. If the leading director of the Erie, with unlimited capital, unrivaled skill, and vast power, could not succeed in making money by cornering that stock, it is safe to conclude that no stock can hereafter be profitably "cornered," unless the party which corners it be content to take the stock and keep it for an indefinite period of time thereafter. Such operations, in a word, inflict severe loss upon the Bears, but yield no profit to the Bulls. The feeling of Wall Street is such at the present time that the mere mention of the words "clique" or "corner," in connection with a stock, is sufficient to prevent operators dealing in it. No one will buy or sell a cornered stock. And though people who sell that which they have not got are naturally victimized by such cliques as undertake to buy up stocks reported to be oversold, it does not follow by any means that the cliques themselves will find a market to dispose of the stock they buy. The public argues that a cornered stock must be let alone, and when the Bulls, after ruining the Bears, try to convert their property into cash, they can not, as a rule, do it any cheaper than has been done by the Erie director. *Prairie du Chien* stock, some account of which was recently given in these columns, could not be sold today in any quantity at 50, though the last reported sale was 96, and the clique—which owns all the stock in existence—bids 92 as a matter of form at each board.

In an article published early in January we alluded to the probable downward course of prices in Wall Street during the present year, and to the prospect of moneyed speculators combining to corner this and that active stock. Both expectations have been realized. Prices have fallen and are falling; and three of the most active stocks—Erie, Michigan Southern, and Rock Island—are or have been cornered. The result is that business is falling off in Wall Street, and that the circle of operators is being steadily diminished. The Bears are being cornered and bled profusely; the Bulls are being loaded up with stocks which they can not sell, and which they will only be able to hold so long as money remains easy. The indications are that business will continue to decline until speculation runs mainly into Governments, which can not be cornered, and in which no thimble-rig can easily be practiced.

THE "METEOR."

THE case of the *Meteor* is peculiarly interesting as showing the extreme care of the United States Government to maintain the honorable American traditions of neutrality. Nothing can be more desirable, nothing can be more dignified and impressive than to show to the world that, when we denounce British neutrality as a mere name, we know what we said, and were not crying out merely because we were hurt. Yet it is quite possible that, for the very purpose of pointing that shining moral, our Government may be a little hasty to seize an occasion. And that is the exact question of the *Meteor*. Has she been justly detained? Is a violation of the Neutrality Laws intended?

The *Meteor* is a noble screw war steamer. She was built in the best manner, is thoroughly equipped, could be readily armed, and was doubtless intended for service during the late war. The war being over she was about sailing from New York for St. Thomas in the West Indies, when the Spanish representatives here complained that she was to be sold to the

Chilean Government now at war with Spain, and asked for her detention. The Government immediately issued the necessary order, and the ship was seized. The claimants of the ship moved that the Court appoint appraisers, that the ship might be justly valued and bonds taken, and the vessel released. Upon this motion Judge Burrs decided, on the 23d of March, that the release was not obligatory, but discretionary with the Court. He held that the importance of a strict observance of the Neutrality Laws was so great that the United States should have reasonable time to prove their case; and that when, as in this instance, a forfeiture was claimed under the third section of the Neutrality Laws of 1818 it was clearly the intention of the Government to detain the vessel in order, if necessary, to execute the forfeiture. The application for release was therefore overruled.

It now remains for the Government to justify its action, and to prove that the claimants have fitted out a ship to commit hostilities against any country with which the United States are at peace. But should the charge fail it is a very hard case for the claimants. The libel was filed on the 23d of January. It is now the second week in April. If the charge be baseless, if it were wanton, the owners, so long deprived of the use of their property, and subjected to the expenses and delays of an important suit, have apparently no remedy but lobbying Congress to give them compensation. Judge Burrs himself offers them no other redress. There is no reason or excuse for so shiftless and unjust a state of things. If a citizen brings an ungrounded suit he is made to pay the piper. If the Government does the same thing it should be subject to the same penalty. Great property interests should not be left unremedied to the prepotent action of a Department, to the discretion of a judge, or to the delays of the law. If the owners of the *Meteor* mean to break the law let them pay the penalty. But if they are innocent let the accuser pay for the losses he has inflicted. And this is a redress which should be established by law.

THIERS AND LOUIS NAPOLEON.

IN his late speech upon the grant for the Great Paris Exposition, Mr. BANNA, the Chairman of the House Committee of Foreign Affairs, said that he had no doubt of the wish of LOUIS NAPOLEON to go to war with this country. It was not surprising, therefore, that the honorable gentleman proposed that we should accept the Emperor's polite invitation to his Fair, and that we should go thither in Monitors and military baggage-wagons, carrying our "20-inch guns and 1000-pound projectiles," with Admiral FARNAULT at the head. If, however, the French Emperor is still desirous of war with us, after the result of our domestic struggle, we hardly think that the mere spectacle of our projectiles can accomplish what the prolonged and vigorous use of these projectiles failed to achieve. We should have been glad to hear the reasons of Mr. Banks's faith, for we doubt if this country or France is of his opinion.

The Emperor of France is a much daller man than he has been hitherto supposed if he is not convinced that his Mexican expedition is a failure. He knows very well that the United States are waiting for him to leave Mexico. He knows that Mr. SEWARD's dispatches, however polite, are perfectly plain in their statement of the feeling of this country; and that if we wait we do not cease to watch, and that any serious movement of increased persistence upon his part would lead to still further remonstrance. He is aware that we have as yet made no false move. His Mexican enterprise is unpopular at home. The pressure against it grows constantly stronger, and he is doubtless persuaded that this Government is much too sagacious to overthrow that opposition by a policy which would unite France to vindicate its honor.

Meanwhile the late speech of M. TUTTAS reveals a new danger to the French Emperor. Hitherto the opposition in France has been revolutionary and not legitimate. It has opposed his dynasty, and has thereby justified him in summary repression. But the astute old political fox, M. TUTTAS, has adroitly changed his base. He declares that there is now no question of the dynasty. That is established. But he asks for the liberty which the founder of the dynasty has promised, and which he has hitherto withheld upon the plausible pretext that it could not strengthen the hands of its enemies. The opposition itself now removes that pretext, and respectfully requires a fulfillment of imperial pledges. This is an immense fortification of its position, for now if there be any danger of revolutionary measures it is not upon its side. It can now reasonably demand, as TUTTAS does demand, freedom of the press, personal security, and retirement from Mexico and other unpromising expeditions.

There was never a time in which watchful quiescence was so clearly our true foreign policy as at this moment. Neither LOUIS NAPOLEON nor the United States deceive themselves as to the traditional enmity of the two countries.

France aided the Colonies not because the Bourbonnais really favored rebellion, but because helping the Colonies was a heavy blow to Great Britain. The debt that we incurred to LOUIS XVI. has been fully canceled by LOUIS NAPOLEON. He has put himself completely in the wrong. He must right himself or account to France. Our position is one of steady observation.

LENGTH OF LIFE.

DIVERSE animals have different limits of life, the varieties being of all degrees, from the insects of an hour up to the animals that live even beyond a hundred years. There is in such case a period of growth in which supply continually exceeds waste, followed by a period in which there is an even state, supply and waste being balanced, and then comes a period of decline. These periods seem to have quite a definite relation to each other, for the longer is the period of growth the longer is the middle period of maturity, and therefore the longer is the whole life. For example, the horse that gets its growth so much sooner than man, does not live half so long; and the elephant, on the other hand, which arrives at maturity about the thirtieth year, lives to a much greater age. Of fishes the salmon, which attains its full size quickly, has a short life; while the perch, the carp, and the pike, which have a slow growth, are long-lived. The same truth holds of the vegetable world.

Length of life depends somewhat upon the degree of intensity of the vital action, and is longest where this is lowest. Tortoises, crocodiles, and fishes furnish us many more instances of great longevity than the warm-blooded animals, which live comparatively a much more active life. And of the warm-blooded tribes the less active are generally the longest lived. Thus the stately peacock, and slow-moving parakeet lives about twenty years, while the restless and quarrelsome cock has a much shorter life. Still shorter is the life of the sparrow and of the smaller birds generally, and their activity is, we know, intense. The rulo does not always, however, hold good; for the bear, though he sleeps much, and is far from lively when he awakes, is rather short-lived, while the active camel sometimes reaches even the age of a hundred years.

We may thus infer that the natural limits of life in different animals are determined generally to the activities natural to each. There is a range of action for every animal which is consistent with its best development, and either going above or below this is detrimental to it. Man is not fitted for such activity as is maintained, for example, by the restless canary-bird, nor for such a low grade of life as that of the tortoise; and if he choose either his organization will suffer, and life will be shortened. You slow living and too fast living are alike injurious.

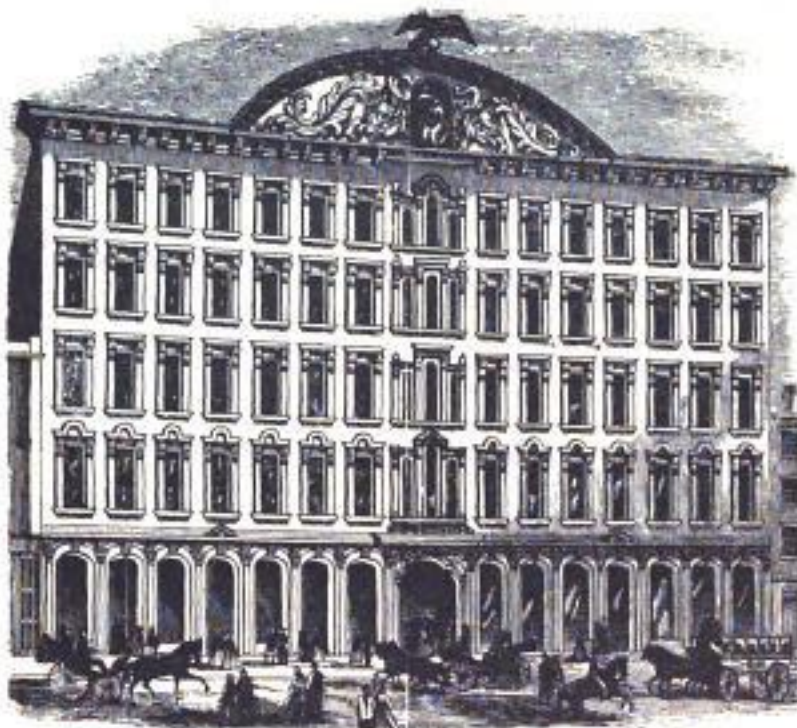
It can not be said, then, that there is a certain amount of vital power given to every individual, and that the less this is put forth the longer it will last. On the contrary, the putting it forth to the extent of the design of his nature is essential to its maintenance. In other words, some good degree of action is necessary for the development of the vigor of health. Yet it is not probable that the due observance of the laws of health would extend the limits of life very far beyond what they are at present, though it would very largely lessen the mortality at all periods short of old age, and render life more comfortable and useful.

There is one consideration in relation to length of life of too great interest to be omitted. As mental tendencies are transferred from parents to children we should naturally suppose that there would be an accumulation of them from generation to generation, which would continually shorten the period of human life. But this is shown not to be the case by the fact that the statement of the Psalmist applies to the present time. The reason of this obviously is that the tendency in the system is always to health, and as mortal infirmities are always resisted, and their results are often removed—a truth which is exceedingly conspicuous in all hygienic effects, as well as in the struggle against actual disease. A full vitality is often obtained by this vicissitudinal nature over hereditary morbid tendencies of the most decided character.

SOLDIERS' FAMILIES LABOR AND AID SOCIETY.

IT was the reproach of the country after the Revolution that the soldiers were neglected. But the spirit that sustained the economic labor of the Sanitary Commission during the late war does not flag. The thoughtful, womanly care which was felt in every hospital and almost upon the very battlefield is still mindful of its charge, and is zealously devoted to its humane task. Thus as the Great Street Home in this city for divided soldiers is to be closed on the 21st of April, the "Labor and Aid Society of New York for soldiers and soldiers' families" is organized to continue the work and to prevent sending disabled soldiers to the Almshouse. The Institution will have the services as Matron of Mrs. BOWELL, who was the efficient Matron of the New England Home. Already there is a Laundry in operation to which the soldiers' wives or widows come to work daily, and are paid one dollar a day. There will be a hospital in the house for disabled soldiers, and a school in which mothers can leave their children, while they are themselves at work elsewhere in the building. Baking-making and other simple branches of industry will be introduced, and the character and experience of the ladies who direct the society are sufficient proof of the sagacity, thrift, and tenderness with which the Home will be managed.

The Institution needs money now, but it is intended to be self-supporting. The Sanitary Commission promise a thousand dollars some time hence; but our good friends might wisely resolve that he gives twice who gives quickly. Mrs. JAMES GIBBONS and Mrs. B. B. MONTGOMERY will gladly give any information or receive any contribution.



PIKE'S OPERA-HOUSE, CINCINNATI.—FROM A LITHOGRAPH PUBLISHED BY E. MOOREHEAD, CINCINNATI.]



GREAT FIRE IN CINCINNATI—CHAIN-GANG AT WORK ON THE RUINS.—(SKETCHED BY A. R. WADE.)



THE GREAT FIRE IN CINCINNATI, MARCH 24, 1866—BURNING OF PIKE'S OPERA-HOUSE.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WADE.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE
A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



CHAPTER XIV.

"But I do sincerely hope, my friends, that we are ready by this time to turn away from these second and seventh chapters of Daniel. There are a host of other passages in Scripture I am anxious to show you. Astonishing, is it not, that men should have supposed so long that America was not referred to in the Bible? Why there is not a day passes but I, for one, find some fresh allusion in it, especially to our glorious Confederacy. Yes, let us leave this behind us as settled. By 'the Ancient days' here in Daniel is clearly meant the old United States. By the 'one like unto the Son of man' is as undoubtedly meant the Confederate States. The 'mountain' refers, as we have seen, to the United States also. 'The stone' cut out of the mountain without hands, 'which is to dash all other nations to pieces, and become the great central Christian nation of the millennium, is, as we have clearly shown you, the Confederate States. Any flaw in our reasoning is simply impossible. The man that can not perceive this is hopelessly rotten. Heaven forbid, dear brethren, there should be a Union man among you!"

And here Brother Barker pauses, wipes his streaming face and then his moist hands with his very damp handkerchief, lays it beside his Bible to dry, takes another sip of water, and begins afresh. He is in the pulpit on his regular monthly appointment in the Pines, a country neighborhood some fifty miles from Somerville. A log church it is, densely crowded to-day. On his last regular Sabbath there Brother Barker had preached a thanksgiving discourse upon the defeat and capture of McClellan at Richmond, so powerful as to bring him into a state of homesickness from which he is not recovered even yet. "I'd rather wear out than rust out," he has remarked; and to-day he is delivering one in his series of sermons upon the Confederate States in Scripture.

The fact is, it is long now since Brother Barker has preached anything else except the war. Nothing in the world more insipid, behind the times, obsolete for the present, than the Gospel. But has he not taken up prophecy instead? And is not prophecy as much a part of Scripture as the old gospel? And Brother Barker frankly disclaims all credit as the discoverer of his new interpretations of prophecy; they are discoveries too splendid for that.

"I only use the investigations of other divines at the South," he said. "The documents themselves can not be circulated as widely as they ought owing to the dearth of paper. But so conclusive are these discourses, so exceedingly encouraging to every Christian patriot, that so far as my poor bleeding lungs will allow I am making them known by word of mouth to all under sound of my voice. I learn there are up here in the Pines some who hold to the old Union still; few, very few I do hope. If the brutality of the North, if the justice of the Confederate cause have not convinced such of their error, Scripture surely must. Scripture, brethren, Scripture! And right here let us turn, if you please, to another passage.—But wait a moment. Look at me," says Brother Barker, folding his long arms upon his narrow chest, and standing back a little from the pulpit. "As you all may know, your unworthy speaker was born at the North. I have some half dozen brothers alive there this very Sunday, I suppose. Do you want to know the Scripture that cared me of my last love for the North? Turn then to Genesis forty-first, fifty-first. Wait a moment. What was the first great battle of our revolution? Manassas! Very good. Now read the passage: 'And Joseph called the name of the first-born Manasseh: For God, said he, hath made me forget all my toil, and all my father's house.' See?" And with the finger of his left hand on the passage, Broth-

er Barker spent a vehement five minutes in showing how entirely the South had in and by that battle been made to forget its long slavery to the North, all affection even for that the home of its ancestors.

"Scripture prophesied enough for me here," he said, with both palms on his Bible. "My old father? Manassas! My brothers there? Manassas! The North, and all in it, now, henceforth, and for evermore? At the very least utter forgetfulness and eternal alienation. In other words, Manassas, Manassas! And yet there are people who doubt whether our war is referred to in this Holy Book!" added the preacher, with an air of patient resignation.

Another application of the handkerchief to face and neck and hands; another sip at the glass of water.

"Let us turn now to Isaiah sixty-sixth, seven and eight." And Brother Barker reads—"Before she travailed, she brought forth; before her pain came, she was delivered of a man child. Who hath heard such a thing? who hath seen such things? Shall the earth be made to bring forth in one day? or shall a nation be born at once? for as soon as Zion travailed, she brought forth her children." Now remember," continues Brother Barker, leaning one elbow on the desk, his long forefinger demonstrating the point—"remember what has been proved that, as the ecclesiastical Zion was a type of the New Testament church, so the political Zion was equally an emblem of the central nation in New Testament times—that is, America." And clearly does the preacher apply the prophecy to the instantaneous secession of the South.

"Turn again to Daniel twelfth, seventh." And Brother Barker finds the place and reads—"When he shall have accomplished to scatter the power of the holy people, all these things shall be finished." Now, who are the holy people? asks he. "America, of course, the Christian Israel. What was their being scattered? Secession evidently. And what was to be accomplished then and thereby? Look at the seventh chapter going before: the establishment of Christ's last and most glorious nation—these Confederate States! Can any thing be more conclusive?" And Brother Barker goes over the passage and his comment thereupon several times to impress it upon the minds of his hearers. Very fixed is the attention of those hearers.

"Once more, if you please. Isaiah twenty-seven, twelve." And the preacher reads—"Ye shall be gathered one by one, O ye children of Israel." The exact manner of Secession! No co-operation, no movement out of the Union is a body; "one by one" do the States secede!" And on this point also Brother Barker dwells at length.

"Let us turn now to the eleventh of Zechariah." And the preacher reads the chapter. "By the breaking of the staves therein—Beauty and Bands—was prophesied the dissolution of the Union. The three shepherds alluded to in the passage, and all that is said of them there, how manifestly it refers to Missouri, Maryland, Kentucky, and their temporary exclusion from the Confederacy!" And the interest is thrilling as Brother Barker shows from the passage how the North, in its awful destitution and self-division, are to "eat the flesh of one another!"

But the enthusiasm of the preacher overflows all bounds as he turns to the fourth chapter of the Prophet Micah, and paints therefrom the millennial splendor of the Confederacy. Over and over again does Brother Barker read it. "In that day, saith the Lord, will I assemble her that hath been, and I will gather her that is driven out—drives out!" cries the preacher, "and her that I have afflicted; and I will make her that halted a remnant, and her that was cast far off a strong nation." "And the Lord shall reign over them in Mount Zion from henceforth, even forever." And so to the end of the chapter, at which the speaker arrives entirely exhausted.

"Matthew twenty-first, forty-third," resumes he, his handkerchief almost dripping in his hand from its service upon face and neck. "Therefore say I unto you, The kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof." In the verse before is allusion to a rejected stone," reasons the preacher. "You will remember we saw this stone all through Scripture; cut out of the mountain of the old Union; destined to destroy and supersede all other nations is the Confederate States; 'become the head of the corner' it there says. Why? Because the Union, the old Christian Israel had failed—verse forty-three—to bring forth fruit—fruit which the Confederacy will bring forth!" And closing the Bible, Brother Barker describes at length the awful apostasy of the North, its universal infidelity and abominable wickedness. "Ought I not to know?" he asks, in conclusion. "Am not I a Northern man? born there, raised there? It is sometimes asked by people," continues the preacher, with both hands clenched upon the ledge of his pulpit, and leaning as far forward as possible between them—"sometimes asked why we Northern born men make the strongest of all Secessionists. I will tell you, brethren. It is because we who have lived at the North know the North so much better than men at the South. From long, personal, close observation we know the North!" And what intense loathing did the preacher infuse into the word! Strange that his audience should have such a sense of distance as hearing this from the lips of one born there! True, of course, but they did not like him to assert it. The Brother is conscious of this, and falls back a little disconcerted upon the thirty-fourth chapter of Ezekiel, the eighteenth and nineteenth verses.

"You need not take my word, friends; see

what Scripture says of the conduct of the North." And he reads—"Seemeth it a small thing unto you to have eaten up the good pasture, but ye must tread down with your feet the residue of your pastures? and to have drunk of the deep waters, but ye must foul the residue with your feet? And as for my flock, they eat that which ye have trodden with your feet; and they drink that which ye have fouled with your feet." And the minister illustrates this prophecy of the tyranny of the North over the South by its course in regard to the Tariff and the Territories, consoling himself with the speedy righting of the South, prophesied so clearly in the verses which follow.

"Some of you have been rather trying to joke me about my last sermon here," the preacher says, by way of digression. "True, I did believe then that McClellan was defeated and captured. Suppose it was not so complete a defeat as we then supposed; and where is that one of us that had any doubts on the subject then? Look again at my text of that sermon: 'I will remove far off from you the Northern Army, and will drive him into a land barren and desolate, with his face toward the east sea, and his hinder part toward the utmost sea, and his stink shall come up, and his ill savor shall come up because he hath done great things.' Is there a man that does not see that Scripture refers here to Lincoln's army, by its very name, too? I need not enter into this passage again. If it has not been fulfilled entirely yet, it certainly will be, and that soon. But let us turn to Daniel again, seven, eighteen, this time. 'The saints of the Most High shall take the kingdom, and possess the kingdom for ever, even for ever and ever.' Now what does 'saint' mean when applied, as Scripture means it should be here, to a government? Why, it means a mild, a gentle government. Friends, contrast the Confederacy with the old Federal Government. That bound the States together strong and hard; ruled them with a rod of iron; the most despotic Government, as this was shown, that ever disgraced the earth. But our glorious Confederacy! How perfectly mild and easy it is! The States are free to go and come under it as each one pleases, no restraint, no coercion. The North is invading us—does our Confederacy invade them? No, brethren. It only asked to be allowed to go out of the Union in peace. It did not want a war. It never dreamed of a war. This day it is the gentlest, most peaceable, most lenient; the lightest, easiest government the world ever saw. No wonder Scripture speaks of it under the name of 'saint.' Ah, if the North could but come up to the true idea of all government in this nineteenth century; the millennial, the Christian idea of government—States free as air to vote themselves whichever way they like! Instead of that, what do we see? Why, the old heathen ideas of permanent rule, coercion, war! I tell

you, friends, Secession contains in itself the very essence of Christian freedom; it is a Gospel doctrine; it is the very germ and substance of all human organization in millennial times!" And largely did Brother Barker expatiate on this theme.

"Bear with me, brethren," he continues, as he searches the pages of his Bible. "I want to show you another, here it is! Zechariah thirteen, from the seventh verse." And here the pen recoils from recording in such connection the first, at least, of the verses quoted by the preacher. By "the man that is my fellow" Scripture meant, according to him, the "one like unto the Son of man" referred to in Daniel; in other words, the Confederate Government. "And it shall come to pass, that in all the land," continued the preacher from his Bible, "saith the Lord, two parts therein shall be cut off and die; but the third shall be left therein." When we seceded there were thirty-three States, you know," continued the preacher, holding his finger upon the passage for after use. "Three classes there were among these thirty-three States. First, the Border States; second, the Coercion or Northern States; third, the Confederate States, eleven, you observe; just a third of thirty-three. The two parts cut off from God's new and glorious nation, our Confederacy, shall die, you see, be defeated, destroyed, perish—the Border and the Northern States. The third—our Confederacy—shall be left in the land in permanence and prosperity. And look how our trouble from the blockade and the war is farther prophesied—verse nine—"And I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried: they shall call on my name, and I will hear them: I will say, It is my people: and they shall say, The Lord is my God."

But it is impossible to follow Brother Barker. Only the intense excitement attaching to every syllable said by any one on the one topic enabled the audience to sit so patiently under his eloquence. Less than twenty minutes of a discourse from his lips on any other topic would have worried them out. There was a force, too, in the glowing enthusiasm of the speaker. Whoever else did not believe at least did believe in his interpretations of prophecy. Need we say how he described the impending convulsions at the North from the sixteenth chapter of Revelation, the nineteenth verse? Or the rout at Manassas and in all the other battles of the war, as foretold in the forty-eighth Psalm, fourth, fifth, and sixth verses? Or the future influence of the Confederacy over the world in the nineteenth chapter of Revelation, the fifteenth verse, the "rod of iron" referring to its commercial, and "the sword out of his mouth" referring to its moral influence? That Secession was the act of God himself, He setting up the Confederacy with his own hand, Brother Barker proved from



BROTHER BARKER.

the second chapter of Daniel, the forty-fourth verse. The peculiar estimation set by Heaven upon the same Government, from Isaiah the twenty-eighth chapter and fifth verse. And that the Almighty himself was fighting for them the prophet Zachariah has left beyond question in the fourteenth chapter and third verse of his prophecy. Let those who wish to study the theological aspect of the insanity of the times refer to the chapters and verses specified at their leisure. Let them remember in doing so that there were men who sincerely believed in Brother Barker's application of them, and a new insight will be had into the depth and desperation of that insanity.

But the preacher has reserved some of his most telling texts to the last.

"In my previous discourse I showed you," said he, "that in Scripture the number seven refers to the seven States that first seceded. Permit your humble speaker to give you a few more illustrations of this most striking fact." And so he drains the last drop of water from the pitcher, falls when he began, pulls down his waistcoat by the lower edge, moves pitcher and glass out of his way by placing them on the bench behind him, and resumes:

"Micah, brethren, fifth, fifth. 'Then shall we raise against him seven shepherds and eight principal men.'" And clearly it is proved that while the seven principal men means the seven States which first seceded, it is Virginia, seceding when the Federal Government had become "Assyrian" in its attitude toward God's chosen, which makes the eighth.

"Once more, brethren. Isaiah fourth, first. 'And transferring the passage with the forefinger of his left hand, with the other hand he entreats special attention. "And in that day seven women shall take hold of one man, saying, We will eat our own bread, and wear our own apparel; only let us be called by thy name, to take away our reproach.'" Dull indeed must his brethren be if they do not see the singular and striking meaning of this at a glance. The seven women are the seven States in a desolate condition when they first seceded. Instantly they all lay hold of one man. "You see it, brethren! They take the Confederate Government to be a husband over them. Each is to remain, you observe, an independent State; insists on feeding and clothing itself; they only want the Confederate Government as a sort of protector. The reference of Scripture to our new nation is as minute as it is abundant. Who can doubt, then, the peculiar regard had for us by the Almighty?"

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Nadab and Abihu? Alas, the censor of this

minister never glowed except with "strange fire." Most of his ministry had been spent in onslaughts upon other denominations, and it was wonderful the skill with which he planted detached passages from Scripture like so many separate things into scourges for his foes; for all who did not agree with him were foes, actual and active foes to be met and defeated as such. Neutrality? No more than moderation was there an atom of it in his character; therefore he could not conceive of its existence in that of any one else. And when Brother Barker did preach the Gospel, it was in tones so vehement, so unlike the gentle accents of his Master, that the very Gospel heaven, and Gospel hell, and Gospel salvation seemed too strongly of the minister himself to have their due influence. Even the wind which bloweth as it listeth never blew at all in his estimation save as it blew exactly when and where he would have it, and in a hurricane at that.

"Just one thing more, my friends," says Brother Barker, as soon as he has recovered voice enough for the purpose. "When I was explaining just now that prophecy from Daniel about the saint-like character of our Confederacy, its being, in other words, the mildest government the world ever knew, so mild as to be almost no government at all, just these, brethren, I saw a gentleman in this congregation shake his head. I ought to have stopped and spoken of it on the spot. The truth is, I was under such headway I could not stop then. Let us now ask the Brother why he shook his head?"

There is instant and intense excitement in the audience, the deep stir within the heart of war. The minister stands silent for some minutes, but no one stirs or speaks.

"I believe you are the friend that shook his head," the preacher remarks, and his long finger indicates a man among the congregation. An unusually large and tall man it is, a conspicuous object on account of towering above those around as he sits. A large sun-burnt face, plenty of black hair and whiskers, butternut coat and pantaloons, no waistcoat, hickory shirt, copious use of tobacco in the way of chewing—nothing else noticeable.

"Paul Brooks, I think," adds the preacher, all the St. Dominic and the Temperance stirring in his veins.

"Me!" exclaims the gentleman designated, after a torrent of amber. "Did I shake my head?"

"Yes, Sir, you did," says the inquisitor, solemnly, and in the discharge of a painful duty.

"I did, but I didn't know it. But I know I thought No very strong just there. Now I come to think of it, I dare say I did." The speaker says this coolly enough, but he knows the peril he has incurred, feels it creep along his bones, Kentucky as he is, even more than he acknowledges it in his mind. There is breathless, painful silence.

"May I ask why—may this intelligent audience of Southern citizens ask why you shook your head?" The preacher speaks as to a criminal condemned. He will let him say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, however.

"When I shook my head, though I didn't know till now that I did it," replies Paul Brooks, "it was when you made Scripture say this new movement was the freest and mildest Government on earth. What I meant by shaking my head was—conscription and martial law."

The preacher hears him in silence; then only draws together his lips to restrain unspeakable words, shakes his head in the deepest sorrow, and takes up his hymn-book.

"Forty-sixth Psalm, second part, long measure," he begins.

"Will you excuse me one minute?" says the Kentuckian. "I don't like to mention such things seeing it's Sunday. You won't object, I suppose; and I think a good many of us would be interested."

The preacher pauses, hymn-book in hand, with the air of a martyr at the stake, assailed but patient.

"You say Scripture speaks plainly of this new movement?" asks the Kentuckian.

The preacher assents with a low bow of the head. There is something indescribable in it. It is as of a judge on the bench to some unreasonable prisoner whose fate is already settled.

"And we must take exactly what Scripture says of this movement—that is, what Scripture may seem to say about it?"

Brother Barker smiles a sad but patient assent.

"And we, as good Christians, must obey what it says in reference to this movement to the letter?"

The Kentuckian retains his seat, but spits copiously between each question.

"By movement I suppose you mean our glorious Confederacy," replies the preacher, appealing with both hands to the audience in scornful deprecation.

"Yes, Sir," says the Kentuckian, very mildly, even persuasively.

"You have some intention in your question, I see that. But yes, Sir, yes. What Scripture says of our Confederacy—and it alludes to it continually and pointedly—we must do. Of course." And the preacher loses a little of the martyr as he stands on the defensive.

"There are one or two texts in Scripture," begins the Kentuckian.

But "Brother Barker was sharp as a steel-trap," as was afterward remarked by some then present. "Exactly as I thought," he interrupts, at the same time closing his Bible and pushing it away from him. "No, Mr. Brooks, I will not read those passages. For one, I can not, I dare not make such mockery of the word of God."

"Nothing more to say," remarks the Kentuckian, and so expectorates and subsides into

his former indolent position on the rude seat he occupies.

"Forty-sixth Psalm, second part, long measure!" says the preacher, briskly, and with some emphasis, hymn-book in hand.

"Hold on a moment, Brother Barker!" It is an old man seated with a staff between his knees, near the pulpit. "I don't like this way of doing things on a Sunday, and in meeting. But now we are at it friends present would like to hear you read them passages; every thing bearing on the point is interesting."

The preacher acknowledges the movement of assent among the crowded audience. But he can not comply.

"No, Brother Robinson, if I would I could. As a minister of the Gospel, standing here in this sacred place, I can not, I dare not make mockery of God's blessed book."

"The shortest way is, let us read them then. Friends present want to hear. No danger of Scripture hurting any of us whatever part it is. Name the texts, Mr. Brooks." And Brother Robinson, the patriarch of the neighborhood, is standing before the pulpit, the minister's Bible in hand.

"I had no intention of disturbing the meeting," began the Kentuckian.

"Passages, Mr. Brooks; you name them passages," interrupted the patriarch.

The Kentuckian names the eighty-third Psalm, the first five verses. The patriarch is a long time finding the place. Brother Barker leans, with a patient smile, on his elbow, rested upon the pulpit.

"Keep not thou silence, O God; hold not thy peace, and be not still, O God. For, lo, thine enemies make a tumult; and they that hate thee have lifted up the head. They have taken crafty counsel against thy people, and consulted against thy hidden ones. They have said, Come, and let us cut them off from being a nation; that the name of Israel may be no more in remembrance. For they have consulted together with one consent: they are confederate against thee." *Humph, confederate against thee!*" The patriarch has read the passage very slowly.

Brother Barker groans.

"Hold on," he says; "Brother Barker has just told us how one-third of the States—eleven, that is—see the Confederacy Scripture speaks of. I see the ones confederated together in this place are mentioned lower down. Let's count." And the patriarch transfers the Bible to his left hand, while he counts aloud with the fingers of his right upon the stand: "Edom, Ishmaelites, Moab, Hagarenes, Gebel, Ammon, Amalek, Philistines, inhabitants of Tyre, Assur, children of Lot—by jingo, eleven exactly!" Deep sensation among the audience.

"Any more places, Brother Brooks?" he asks, after a long pause, during which he is counting over again to be certain. "Out with it, Brother—yes, eleven exactly?"

"Isaiah seventh, second, third, fourth, and seventh verses," from Paul Brooks. Breathless attention.

"And it was told the house of David, saying, Syria is confederate with Ephraim." *Confederate! Yes, well.* And his heart was moved, and the heart of his people, as the trees of the wood are moved with the wind. Then said the Lord unto Isaiah, Go forth now to meet Ahaz, and say unto him, Take heed, and be quiet; fear not, neither be fainthearted for the two tails of these smoking firebrands. Thus saith the Lord God, It shall not stand, neither shall it come to pass. *Humph, queer!*

There is a movement of interest in the congregation as the reader ceases.

"My friends," begins Brother Barker, holding up his right hand.

"In one moment, Brother Barker," the patriarch interrupts him. "Any more passages, Mr. Brooks?"

"I was told Mr. Barker found a good deal about the Confederacy in the Bible. I happened one day in Somersville to come across a Concordance, and hunted out the places where the word occurs. Our preacher says the Jews were emblems of this country, so I thought the word in their history might teach something. However, only two passages more. Let me study a moment. Ah, yes—Obadiah, seventh verse," says Paul Brooks.

"Chapter?" asks Brother Robinson, turning over the leaves.

"Ain't any chapter, seventh verse."

"All the men of thy confederacy have brought thee even to the border: the men that were at peace with thee have deceived thee, and prevailed against thee: they that eat thy bread have laid a wound under thee: there is none understanding in him," reads the patriarch. The very slow manner in which the passage is read is itself almost equal to a running comment upon it. The interest in the congregation deepens.

"Only one more: Isaiah, eighth chapter, ninth verse," says Paul Brooks.

"Associate yourselves, O ye people, and ye shall be broken in pieces; and give ear, all ye of far countries: gird yourselves, and ye shall be broken in pieces; gird yourselves, and ye shall be broken in pieces. Take counsel together, and it shall come to nought; speak the word, and it shall not stand." But there ain't any thing about the Confederacy in this," says the patriarch, looking up.

"Go on," says the Kentuckian, with a copious expectoration first.

"For the Lord spoke thus to me," the reader continued, "with a strong hand, and instructed me that I should not walk in the way of this people, saying, Say ye not, A confederacy, to all them to whom this people shall say, A confederacy; neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid."

"That's all," said Paul Brooks. The reader closed the volume, laid it on the

pulpit, and took his seat, resting his chin again on the staff between his knees. Dead silence.

"And do you, Sir," said the preacher, aggressively—"do you, Sir, say to this intelligent Christian, intelligent Southern congregation, that those passages have reference to our glorious young nation?"

"I say nothing about it. You all bear me witness you attacked me first. I only say, if all your places in the Bible mean as you say, what do these other places mean?" And in the silence that follows the splash of the Kentuckian's indignant expectoration is distinctly heard.

"I have read, I have heard of awful perversions of this blessed and sacred book, brethren," says Brother Barker, after a pause, and in deep and measured tones; "but such an awful desecration and wretching of Scripture I never heard in my life. On Sunday! In this holy place! During the very hour of divine worship! Only this one thing I've got to say, brethren—and the preacher leaned over his pulpit toward his audience, and spoke in low, significant tones—"I've been told before Paul Brooks is a Union man; now I know it from his own lips!" And the brother drew himself back, as with a calmness awful to behold. "Forty-sixth Psalm, second part, long measure. Brother Stevens will please raise the tone, my bleeding lungs will not permit."

A ROMANCE OF THE HAREM.

AN ORIENTAL ADVENTURE.

THE bold, cunning, cruel, yet beautiful Nuzly Hasein, daughter of Mehmet Ali, has been the heroine of many a romantic story. The following incident, though "strange," is said to be "true."

Count Luigi, a young Italian nobleman of effeminate appearance, became possessed with an intense desire to visit the interior of the Princess's Harem at Cairo. He bribed a lady, with whom Nuzly Hasein was intimate, to assist him in carrying out his mad whim. Accordingly Her Highness was informed that a lady of rank from Europe was anxious to see her Harem, and to pay her respects to a Princess who was so renowned. An audience having been granted, Count Luigi, thoroughly disguised in female attire, proceeded alone to make his romantic visit—his friend utterly refusing to accompany him in so perilous an enterprise.

On reaching the palace he was received in true Oriental style, by haughty concubs, and beautiful slaves; and at length, after numerous ceremonies, was ushered into the presence of the Grand Princess Nuzly.

The Count thus describes his visit and subsequent adventures:

"The Princess Nuzly was of small stature, though beautifully made. She wore, over a pair of wide bright amaranth-colored silk trousers, a large white Cashmere dress, the loose sleeves of which displayed her well-formed arms, and which, being open in front, made her twin a yard and a half in length. A waistband of splendid large pearls, fastened with two large diamond clasps, encircled her waist. Her tiny feet were encased in a pair of satin slippers, embroidered with costly pearls. Her head-dress consisted of a large fillet of golden-colored crepe Cashmere, which was twisted very prettily around her head. Her long black hair, neatly plaited, was rolled up behind and fastened with large diamond pins. Her bracelets consisted of strings of enormous pearls; her necklace was composed of some of the finest pearls imaginable, which fell negligently on her clear alabaster skin. I fell desperately in love with her at first sight. How incomparably beautiful she appeared! How haughty and tapered was her nose; what a sweet, pretty mouth; what pearly white teeth; the whole of her features were perfection itself! But her eyes! Ah, what eyes! They were the most piercing I had ever beheld; at one glance they seemed to scan me from head to foot, to read my thoughts, and cause my heart to palpitate most violently. In short, they shot through the very innermost recesses of my mind. Every time that her penetrating glance was fixed upon me I felt my countenance change, and I could have sunk into the earth. Is it possible, thought I, that those scrutinizing orbs can read the audacious lies that I had framed?"

"Pipes and coffee, according to custom, were served; and then I commenced conversation with my vice-regal hostess. As soon as the usual compliments had been exchanged, I conveyed to Her Highness my friend's deep regret that her sudden indisposition had prevented her from accompanying me. I told her that she was extremely ill, almost in the last agonies of death, and I am really astonished that I did not even go so far as to state that she was dead.

"When once we begin to tell lies we hardly ever know where to stop. The excuses that I made for that lady's absence were graciously accepted by the Grand Princess, and our conversation passed on to other subjects.

"Have you any family?"

"That is always the first question which an Oriental lady asks her visitor. I answered, as a matter of course, in the negative.

"Therefore I suppose you are journeying to Jerusalem to pray to your prophet to give you some?" added the Princess.

"Your Highness, with singular aptitude, has guessed the object of my journey."

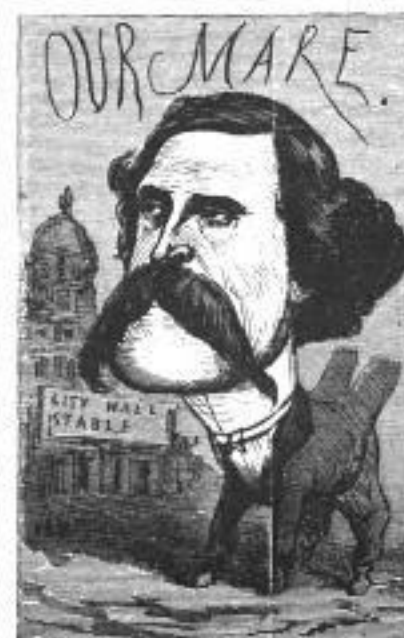
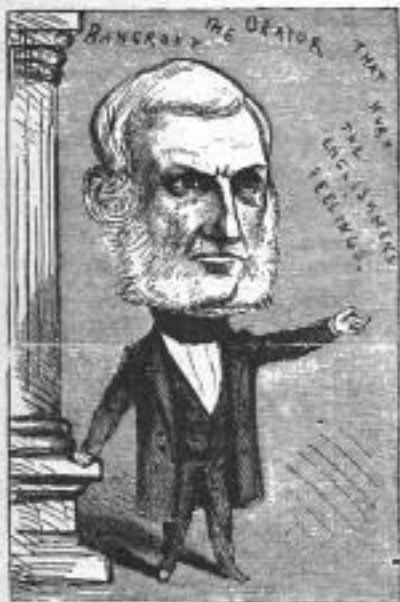
"May Allah grant you your desire! for then your husband will love you more affectionately. Does he go with you?"

"No, your Highness, business detains him in Europe."

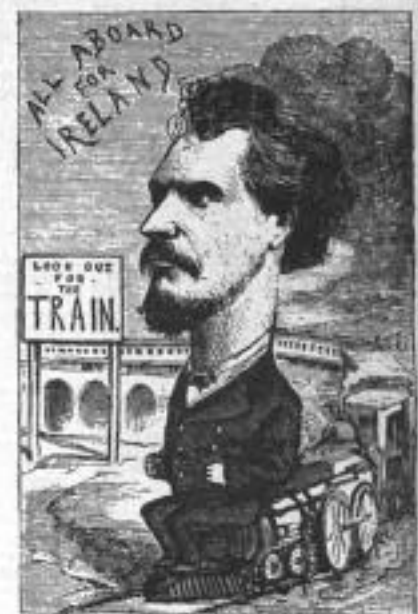
"I am sorry for that: for it must be very dull to have to travel all that long way alone. For when a woman has to endure loneliness it is almost as wretched as death."

"The subject which she had broached was a very delicate one for me; so I endeavored to turn the conversation upon some other topic.

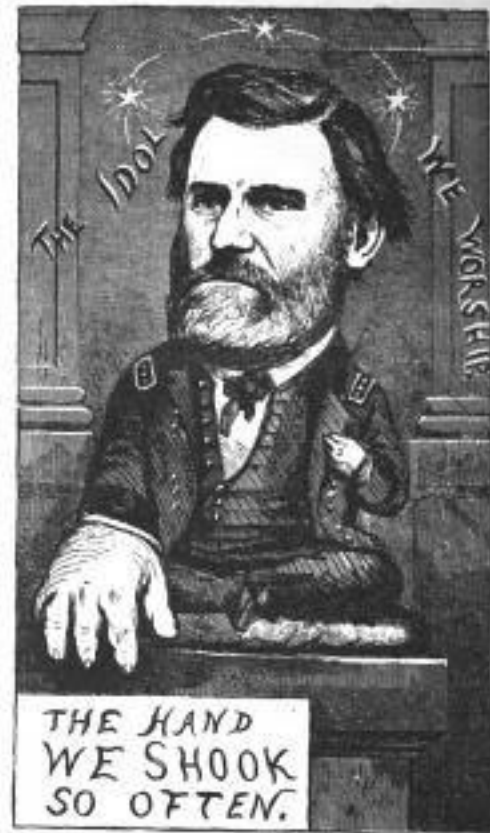
"It very seldom happens that women in the East meddle with politics, especially Princesses; never-



GRAND MASQUERADE BALL, GIVEN BY Mr. MARETZEK AT THE CAR



Opera, Academy of Music.



The Nast



THE BAL D'OPERA AND CARICATURE DECORATIONS.

Our double page this week represents the grand Bal d'Opera which took place at the Academy of Music on Thursday night, April 5. It was undoubtedly the event of the season, and proved a great success, the committee having spared no expense to make the arrangements on as grand a scale as possible. We hope, from the lot with which this one went off, that Mr. Maxwren may be induced to repeat the experiment annually. The picture is surrounded by representations of a few of the caricatures with which the ball-room was decorated. This new and original style of adornment emanated from the fertile brain of our own artist, THOMAS NAST, and greatly redounds to his credit. There were nearly a hundred paintings, all of them excellent caricatures, easily recognized at the first glance, and they formed the principal topic of conversation. They each of them amazingly portrayed the characteristics by which the various distinguished individuals were known, but none of them could be considered ill-natured; all parties fired alike, from the President down. The caricatures are to be sold by auction at an early day, at the Somerville Art Gallery in Broadway, near Fourteenth Street, when we hope Mr. Nast may amply realize the just reward of his talents and industry.

THE WORKERS.

Clack, clack, sound the hammers now; The sturdy axles ring; The bellows roar, and the hot flames pour Their ruddy light far over the floor; And the trawny smiths, they sing.

Whir, whir, go the busy looms In the factories dark and high, Where the tired workmen softly sigh, Through the crusted pane, on the blackened walls, From the pure and beautiful sky.

Stitch, stitch, go the needles bright And the silver gleaming thread; Women toiling early and late, While the eyelids drop with a heavy weight, To earn their daily bread.

Click, click, go the slender types, As they fall from the printer's hand; Sizzling wide each burning type, As it shaped itself in the mold that wrought, Far over the waiting lead.

Burr, burr, go the busy planes In the honed workshops, where The shrewy planes all day ply Their noisy craft; and the shavings fly, And their fragrance fills the air.

Ring, ring, chime the village bells, As the mighty lever falls On the solid bars of steel and gold By the swarthy colliers fobbed and riled In the great mine's vaulted halls.

Delve, delve—hear the miners at work Far down in the hidden mines, Telling by day and telling by night—'Twas the nervous gloom, where no ray of light—'Twas the worn and aching bones.

On, on speed the sharpened plows As they turn the heavy soil Where the sturdy farmer guides the share Though the last year's furrows, gleaming bare, With the heavy hand of toil.

These are the workers, hour by hour, With hearts that are brave and true, From dawn till dark, through the whole day's length, Each gives with an earnest will his strength To the work he finds to do.

But a greater task for all remains Which will only end with Time; And this grand task is 'mid the restless din Of the constant struggle that keeps us in To make our lives sublime.

DIMPLE.

She had golden hair, black eyes, a brunette skin, and a dimple in her chin. I think I fell in love with the dimple.

I wasn't any body in particular then, only a farmer's lad with a pair of strong arms, and plowing all day in old man Barton's field I used to see her come down into Aunty Maple's meadow joining it, with just a tall fence between, to milk the cows. I didn't know her name, and I felt shy about asking it; for who, at eighteen, likes to be laughed at? And I called her, to myself, "Dimple."

I used to say when the sun began to dip behind the Camel's Hump, which, either purple or white, was always to be seen from the field on clear days, she'll be here in half an hour. And there she always was, with her stool and pail, calling to the cows by name. There were four of them; Saks, and Short-horn, and Dapple, and Crammie. One day Crammie brought us acquainted.

They had taken the beast's calf from her, and she was like a wild thing about it; and just at milking-hour that torment of a boy, Nat Maple, hid himself behind the bushes and made a lowing sound. Crammie thought it was a calf, and when that minute Dimple opened the gate she lowered her horns and made at her.

What with the surprise and the fright together the girl stood quite still, turning white as the lilies in the pond close by; the pails dropped out of her hand and the stool flew any where, and there she was, woman like, giving herself up to her fate without a struggle.

There was a man near though, and he was over the fence with a great oak stick in a minute, and the next Crammie was on side of the gate and Dimple on the other. Brutes with four legs, like brutes with two, are generally afraid of those they know are not afraid of them, and it never entered Crammie's mind to toss me, I fancy.

But there was Dimple in a swoon, and the farmhouse a quarter of a mile away. So I could only fill my hat with water from the pond and sprinkle

her face with it, and lift her head upon my arm and hold it there, trembling to think she might have been frightened to death, until the great black eyes opened again, and the lips parted and began to grow red again, and she would stand up all pale and trembling. I steadied her with my arm for a minute or so, and then I took the pails and went into the meadow and did the milking for her, and after that I carried the full pails home for her, for she was trembling still. By that I earned a smile and a nod when we met, and, maybe, a word over the fence at milking times, for in the shadow of Camel's Hump one didn't care much, just then, about formal introductions.

Her name was not really Dimple, of course. It was Hetty Shaw; but I never thought of her by any name but the first, and pretty soon I began to call her so. I think she liked it, for what girl ever had a pretty dimple in cheek or chin without knowing it? None that ever I heard of.

I'm sitting in a velvet chair just now, in a room that cost goodness knows how much to furnish. I've an account at the bank, and shares in the South-east Railway Company; but I'd change in a minute if I could back to raw, awkward John Jasper, perched on a rail fence, with nothing in his pocket but a hole, talking to Dimple, milking her cows in Aunty Maple's meadows; and ransy a richer man than I would give you any thing you could ask to put him back into a poorer place than that, if you'd only give him youth and the girl he first loved into the bargain.

It was the sort of thing to remember in dreams, that homely courtship, under the blue sky of heaven, with earth's clover under our feet. Cut that bit out of my life and it isn't worth much, to my thinking.

"Yes, I was courting her. I hadn't said 'Will you be my wife?' yet, in so many words, but words are not needed when hearts know each other. I had looked and said enough, no doubt, and I went every where with her, and had that air of proprietorship in her which every man, high or low, understands, and took the liberty of finding fault with her gowns, when I didn't like them, and of telling her she looked better in pink than in blue; and she put up with it. Just the surest sign in the world that she liked me.

Nobody found any fault with these things that I knew of but Hal Maple, the widow Maple's son. It seems he had liked Dimple as well as a man could like a woman, and, perhaps, might have told her so, if it hadn't been that he was a drowsy sort of chap, with a fondness for books (he was studying for a doctor), who let time slip through his fingers without marking it, and who never guessed Dimple had a lover until he met us, face to face, her hand in mine, in Green Lane one Sunday evening.

Dimple tried to get her fingers away, but I held them tight, and a blue lightning danced in Hal Maple's eyes, and his cheeks flushed, and I saw through his pale student's face clear down into his heart. He was as jealous as Othello.

Not that I knew much of Othello then, seeing I had never been to a play in my life; but a few months after when I went to Boston and saw it performed, the actor—he must have been a good one—looked over the lamps into the pit at me with just Hal Maple's face, blue lightning in the eyes and all, as I saw it in Green Lane.

After that meeting he tried his best to make up for lost time, but it was too late. I don't blame the fellow for hating me; and he kept the hatred pretty much to himself, and never did an ungenerously thing. He was a gentleman by nature was Hal Maple.

How proud I was, and how glad I was, and what pyramids of little hopes I built! Not one of which could have been built without Dimple. I even forgot the one trial of my life—the thing I had fretted and fumed over more than I can tell you—nothing more nor less than being a farmer's lad when I wanted to be something more, and stopping short with a common school education when it had been in my mind to be a scholar. Nobody had I envied more than Hal Maple, whose mother could send him to college and let him study for a profession; who would some day be called Dr. Maple, and have a gentleman's position in the world. Now the tables were turned. Hal Maple envied me. We're a cruel lot in this world. I rose a good deal in my own estimation by having made myself envied.

This was my plan just then. To live along in the shadow of the Camel's Hump, working and saving until I could get a piece of ground. To build a little house on that, when it was bought, and marry my little Dimple. Then if we had a cow and a churn, a pite table, and four chairs, and a big feather-bed, what more could mortals want to begin with? I never should have thought of any thing more if one bright day—I think Satan showed him the way—my mother's Uncle Darrow had not found me out. He had quarreled with my parents long before, and in his old age had grown remorseful. He told me plainly he was not rich enough to make me rich without injuring his own children, but he was ready to give me a start in life. "A respectable start," he said, looking at the dust upon my boots and the bits of hay on my clothes, "and one year mother would approve of."

Well, I had given up all hope of such a thing, but the wish was not dead yet. It flashed up into flame at his words. I thanked him and pleased him by looking genuinely grateful, and that day got ready to go back to Boston with him. I was so busy that every cow in the meadow had been milked by the time I jumped the fence to have a talk to Dimple.

"Dimple," I said, in a hurry, "I'm going to Boston by the eight o'clock train."

"To Boston!" she cried; "for long, John?"

"For good, Dimple," said I.

If her color had been paint, and she had dipped her cheeks in the pond, all the red could not have left them faster. I saw I had frightened her, and began to reassure her.

"I have excellent prospects there," I said. "I've always hated this life," and then I told her all. She ought to have been pleased, but she cried instead. "How lovelier it will be!" said she.

"I shall miss you, I'm sure," said I; "but I'll write twice a week and come down when I can. It won't seem much. Besides, it's not for long, you know."

At that her cheek changed to scarlet.

She talked a good while in womanish fashion about what I should do in the city, and she sat down by me on an old stump and let her head rest on my shoulder, and by-and-by grew more cheerful. But oh, how hard it was to leave her after all!

I kissed her and went away, and came back again to kiss her once more; and then I stopped to wave my hand to her, and stopped again, just at the foot of the hill, to see the little figure looking after me; and once more at the top, when a flock of pink I knew to be her gown was all I could see against the green grass, and then I found my sunburnt cheeks wet and guessed how they came so. People never die at the minute they afterward think would have been best for them. I think my soul would have gone straight to heaven if my body had dropped, a bit of clay, under the sycamores on the hill-top just then. I had a good mind to go back to old man Barton that minute and ask him to take me back, and refuse to accept any offer that would separate me from Dimple for a day; but in an hour or so I began to think myself an idiot for harboring any such fancy. At eight o'clock I stepped into the train and was off for Boston.

I was three-and-twenty now, and it was hardly the thing to begin to study. My education was sufficient for a mercantile life, and into that I entered. At a low point, of course, but with a chance for rising. My salary was what would have been a small fortune to me a year before, and at first I intended to go back to—and marry Dimple and bring her up to Boston to keep house for me in a week.

I didn't know what city life was then. In a week my cousins had taught me. The clerk's salary was not enough to dress and live alone on as I must. I must wait for Dimple. Meanwhile I wrote to her. She answered with such queer, crooked, ill-spelled notes, my name in the corner written "Master John Jasper," and "with great care" beneath it. I used to kiss them and put them in my bosom at first. After a while I sent her word to have them left at the post-office until called for, because those at the office used to grin so when I got them. At my uncle's it was worse yet. There were three pretty girls there who teased me unmercifully about them, and who screamed with fun at the crooked folding and the unnecessary caution to the postman on the back. It was very cruel of me to be ashamed of darling Dimple's loving letters, but I was. They did her such injustice. That was the way I excused myself. They did her such injustice. She was a lady when you spoke to and looked at her.

So I thought; but three months with those fashionable cousins of mine, and I went down to— I met Dimple at the church door, and walked home with her. She was more beautiful than ever; but so rapid had been my education that I noticed, after the first happiness of the meeting was over, that she had on leather shoes, and that her bonnet was what the Mademoiselle Darrow would have called "a fright." Besides, it certainly was not stylish to hang on my arm with both hands as she did, and to carry her handkerchief folded flat on her hymn-book in the bend of her elbow. But for all that I loved her, and thought of the time when she should be my wife. I knew now it could not be until I could hire a house fit for a gentleman to live in, and buy Dimple dresses such as ladies wore, and have sofas and lounges and *stee-a-die* to sit on, instead of the four pine chairs which would have contented us once. I think I gave a sigh or two, even then, for the lost simplicity and the ease with which I could have settled down in the poor little cottage three months before; and I remember burying my face in my hands half the way back to Boston, with a sort of miserable desire to shut out thought along with the daylight.

It was six months before I went down again; and then I must have cut a very fine figure, for there was a regular air in the church when I went in, and I heard a whisper of "Boston store clothes."

I had a cigar-case of prime Havanas in my pocket; a watch and seals at my fist; a diamond ring and a pin to match; but I was by no means rich enough to be married. My salary would be doubled next quarter; but then I had my aunt's estimate of "the least a young couple could live on."

Perhaps my manner was colder to Dimple than it had been. She looked sad when we parted; and it was a whole fortnight before she wrote. I did kiss her letter then, for I had been anxious about it.

Oh dear, dear! what little things our tragedies and comedies on the stage of actual life are made of! Write them down, and half the time no one would read them. Little things happened to me, and drove me step by step into a new road, and so it came to thinking that I never should be able to marry; that is, a poor girl, and that there was no reason in the world for writing so many letters, and that, all things considered, I would not. So those queer little notes went unanswered, until, in her fright, Dimple came down to Boston to see me. That ended it, for she was no fool. By the next post, after she went back, came this note to me:

"Mr. JOHN JASPER,—I am not angry—only I have seen that things are not as they seem. You and me have both said a mistake, and it is better to speak plainly about it than to let it go on longer. In this you will find your ring, and, by some odd hand, I will send your letters. Please send me mine, for it is not fit you should keep them now; and believe I shall always wish you well. "HARRY SHAW."

When that note came I raved and stamped and tore my hair at first; then I cooled down. It was better—much better; and then it was her doing, not mine. (How I lied to my-self!) So pretty soon I sent back her letters by a country woman who brought mine, and it was all over between us, and Dimple was not my Dimple any longer.

Sitting in the close city office, in the hot summer days, I used to think sometimes of the breezy green meadows and the waving grain-fields, and wonder

whether she came there at sunset, as of yore, to milk the cows. That sort of thing made me wretched though; so I did as little of it as I could, and at last resolved to do what my aunt had been trying to wheedle me into all along; namely, marry Miss Graymarsh for her money. She was very rich, and wonderfully stylish, but not so young as she had been, and never in all her life pretty. I danced with her a few evenings; called on her a few mornings; sent her a bouquet and tickets for the Opera; acted as her escort there; proposed, and was accepted under cover of the music, and was married in two months.

After that I had the finest home I knew of—a wife who "shimmered like the sun," with her fine silks and jewels, like the bride of the ballad—owned the fastest trotter on the road, and was as idle as I pleased. Was I happy? Do you suppose a bird is happy in a gilded cage? Over and over again, waking or sleeping, I heard the thinkle of the cow-bells, and saw Dimple looking over the bars at me—Dimple, with her golden hair and jet-black eyes. I hardly knew what the color of my wife's eyes really was.

I led a life fast and wild as life could be. I was only home once in a while. Then, after the first, it was easier, tamer, and quarrel—quarrel, tamer, and easier. "My" house, and "my" horses, and "my" money from her from morning until night. We never had a child; so there was nothing to bind us together. Still we went through the forms of society, and nobody guessed we were not fond of each other, I suppose. At last we went to Newport, as usual, one summer; and one gleaming morning she would have me go down on the beach. I wanted quiet and my cigar. She turned on me fiercely:

"My money bought you," she said, "and I do not choose to appear, what I am, a neglected wife. Come, I have paid for your attention at least."

I did not go with her. I said words to her which, even with such provocation I never should have said, and she went alone. An hour after I left my room and sauntered down stairs. There was a crowd at the door, another crowd down on the beach, a dreadful something in every face, turned seaward, a whisper of "Keep him back!" "Stop him!" It was of me they spoke; but I forced my way forward and saw men bearing something white and dripping up the path. My wife. By what chance no one ever quite knew she had been drowned. My first thought was that she had drowned herself, and, conscience-smitten, I swooned upon the floor.

When all was over and I was free, with wealth to squander at will, I began to think how I might have made some little happiness for myself by being more tender to her. How even her love would have been better than her contempt. The splendid empty house was a haunted place to me, and I shot it up, and went wandering here and there over the world. I went to Europe. I came back, and found home no happier. I tried California. I lived a month in Canada. At last I thought of the Camel's Hump, and the village in its shadow.

I longed to see the old place once again. Perhaps I wanted to know what had become of Dimple. And there, in a few days, I found myself at the hotel, quite a fashionable place by that time, with Brussels carpets and mattresses in the bedrooms, and a piano in the parlor.

The place had altered. The people were dead or scattered. A young farmer had old man Barton's land, all but a piece cut off by the railway. The Smiths were all in the grave-yard, and the Brown girls had changed their names to a woman. Nobody remembered me, with my great man's mustache and beard, for the smooth-faced young fellow who had lived among them; and the only house unchanged was the widow Maple's. She lived there still, and her son with her. She had hair as white as snow now, and in the middle of his head was a great bald spot, such as students have, nine times in ten, before they are forty.

There was a gilded sign—"Dr. Maple"—on the side of the door, and he had a gig; that was all. I wondered whether I should find Dimple there. After a while I saw her. Down in the meadow, milking the cows, calling them by name, as she did in the long ago. I half expected to hear "Crammie" called, they looked so like the old ones. It was not a girl who milked them now, for I had been away fifteen years, but a woman—a very handsome woman of two-and-thirty. She did her task deftly, aided by a little girl who came with her and went away, not seeing me. But I had seen her glance over the fence where another youth was plowing as I used to plow, and I wondered if she thought—She had the same black eyes and the same golden hair; and I had been right about the face, it was the loveliest in the world.

I could not rest after that. I rode past the house daily; sometimes I saw her, sometimes not. At last a lucky, or unlucky chance befell me. I was thrown from my horse, broke an arm and a rib, and was carried into Dr. Maple's house.

I was in pain, and only half-conscious at first, but as I grew better I began to know that Dimple was my nurse. Her hand smoothed my pillow and gave me my medicine. Often she kept vigil at night, and her face was always gentle and her voice low. What an angel she seemed to me! and even then I could not but notice that her countenance, girlish ways were softened down, and that she was quite a lady.

She knew me, for she called me by name; but what did she think of me? That was a problem I could not solve. As I grew better I knew that I must solve it somehow. I had loved Dimple once, and I loved her yet, with a sort of new love too, born of the present as well as the past. And I wondered whether she had kept single for my sake.

At last I spoke to her.

"Dimple," I said, "will you come here?"

She was sewing in the fading light near the window, but she laid down her work and came to me.

"Do you want any thing, Mr. Jasper?"

"I do, a few words with you."

"And welcome," she said, smiling.

"I'm so much better now," I said, "that I shall



KAMEHAMEHA V., KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—(See Page 230.)



THE LATE KING OF SIAM.—(See First Page.)

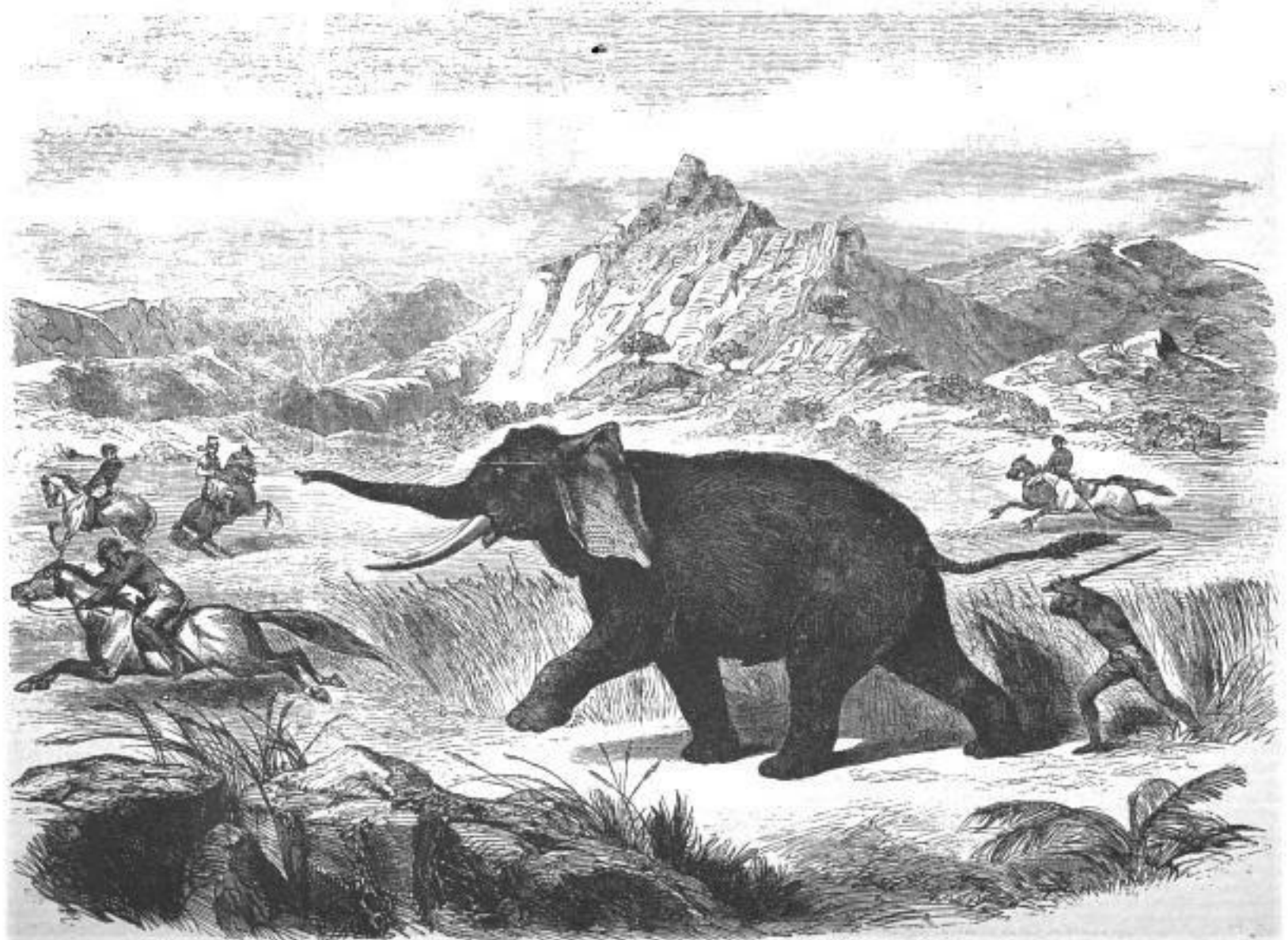
ELEPHANT-HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

We give on this page an illustration of a characteristic scene in Central African life as witnessed by the well-known traveler, Mr. S. W. BAKER, in

his expedition to the sources of the White Nile and the shores of Lake Albert, Nyassa. The subject of the sketch is elephant-hunting with the sabre, as practiced by the Hamran Arabs on the frontiers of Abyssinia, along the Setite River. Mr. BAKER hunted with these Arabs for some months in 1862.

So dextrous are they as riders that they can pick up a stone from the ground at full gallop, and both dismount and remount at the same pace. They hunt all kinds of animals with no other weapon than the sabre, including the lion, the rhinoceros, and the elephant. The great art is to divert the

attention of the elephant when hunted to bay; the enraged animal then follows one man with great fury, and at this opportunity a hunter gallops up behind him and, swiftly dismounting, severs the "tendon of Achilles" with one blow of the sabre, used with two hands. This at once disables the



ARABS OF ABYSSINIA HUNTING THE ELEPHANT.

huge beast, and, the blow being repeated on the other leg, he quickly bleeds to death, being thus actually killed with the sabre.

No other tribe but the Haranan Arabs hunt in this way. The danger is exceedingly great, and many hunters lose their lives. Having shared in these hunts, Mr. BAKER has been an eye-witness to what might otherwise have seemed, even to an old elephant-hunter like himself, quite incredible.

ROBERT EDMUND LEE.

ROBERT EDMUND LEE was undoubtedly the most popular of the conspicuous Confederate leaders. The political chiefs had all excited special animosities, but a certain passivity of temperament and mildness of manner conciliated all who came personally in contact with Lee, and his military career had separated him from local intrigues and consequent odium. It pleased the imagination of his section, also, that he was of a noted Virginia family spring of English Cavaliers. His father was "Light Horse" or "Legion Harry" of the Revolution, who had been warmly praised by WASHINGTON and GUNTER, and was known as one of the most dashing officers of that war. Lee himself was the owner of the White House estate and of Arlington House, and, as second in his class at West Point, as a brave soldier in Mexico, where he was brevetted as Colonel, as Superintendent of the Military Academy, and Chief of Staff to Lieutenant-General SCOTT, he added individual distinction to that which he had inherited, and completed the spell which charmed the Southern fancy. It was not difficult for that fancy to see in such a man, when placed at the head of an army, a "great Captain," and to describe a leader whose life was correct as a "Christian soldier and gentleman."

General Lee was born in 1807, and graduated at West Point in 1829. He was First Lieutenant of Engineers in 1834, and Captain in 1838. He was Chief Engineer with General WOOL in Mexico, served gallantly in the chief actions there, was severely wounded, and finally brevetted Colonel. In 1852 he was Superintendent at West Point. In 1855 he was relieved and made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Cavalry. On the 16th March, 1861, he was made Colonel of the First Cavalry. From the time that he left Mexico until he drew his sword against the United States he had seen no active service, except that, during the night of the 13th October, 1858, following the failure of old JOHN BROWN'S enterprise at Harper's Ferry, Lieutenant-Colonel Lee arrived with sixty United States marines and two pieces of artillery, and occupied the Armory guard, very near the engine-house.

Colonel Lee remained attached to the military family of General Scott, and in intimate personal and official relations with him, until the 20th of



ROBERT E. LEE, IN CIVIL LIFE. (Photographed by Brady.)

April, 1861, the day after the massacre in Baltimore, and six days after the fall of Fort Sumter. On that day he wrote to General SCOTT from Arlington House, resigning his commission. He had already received overtures from the rebel authorities in Virginia, and no one knew better than Colonel Lee that resignation in the face of the enemy, with the intention of joining him, is treated as desertion by the military custom of all nations. But

led in the political school of his section, which made the flag under which he had always served an unmeaning rag, a sincere sophistry doubtless saved Colonel Lee from the sense of dishonor. In his letter of resignation he speaks with unquestionable sincerity of "the struggle it has cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted all the best years of my life and all the ability I possessed.... Save in defense of my native State I

never desire again to draw my sword." It was not the letter of a conscious conspirator, but of a man deluded and confused by a conflict which he could not comprehend. On the same day he wrote to his sister: "Though I recognize no necessity for this state of things, and would have forbore and pleaded to the end for redress of grievance real or supposed, yet in my own person I had to meet the question whether I should take part against my native State. With all my devotion to the Union and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home." After speaking of his resignation and his hope that his State may never need his services, he concludes: "I know you will blame me, but you must think as kindly of me as you can, and believe that I have endeavored to do what I thought right."

These letters were written on the 20th of April. Three days before, on the 17th, the Virginia Convention had secretly voted to secede. On the 23rd Governor LETCHER proclaimed that the State had joined the Confederacy, although the question had not yet been submitted to the people, and he placed the whole military force of Virginia under the supreme command of JEFFERSON DAVIS of Mississippi. Yet such was the confusion of Colonel Lee's mind as to the actual situation, that on the 6th of May he accepted the chief command of all the secession forces in Virginia, seventeen days before the State voted to secede, which she did, under the advice of JAMES M. MASON that every one who offered to vote against secession should be shot. In his late testimony General Lee says that he unhesitatingly took the oath to the Confederacy if it were required, but he does not recall the fact. He was soon afterwards appointed General, and finally Generalissimo of the Confederate forces, but remained in Virginia throughout the war, personally directing the operations in defense of Richmond.

It is remarkable that the fate of the Confederacy should have been entrusted to one who recognized "no necessity for this state of things," and who acted from what may be called a mechanical sense of duty. General Lee, according to his own testimony, had none of the ardent convictions of his associates, and his career is an interesting illustration of the moral confusion so often produced by a merely military training. For granting Virginia to be the supreme authority to which he owed allegiance, was all that Virginia did to be approved and personally supported by him merely because she did it? Is the moral duty of a man abrogated because his government commits a crime—for surely a resolution involving the misery of war, if it be of "no necessity," is a crime. Taking General Lee's own view, if Virginia fled upon a foreign government without necessity, was the foreign government to



THE LATE SOLOMON FOOT, SENATOR FROM VERMONT.—(Photographed by Brady.—See Page 236.)



THE REV. ALEXANDER CRUMMELL.—(See Page 236.)

submit; or if it resisted did its resistance make the assault necessary? Such questions, of course, were not asked by General Lee. He was a Virginian. Virginia commanded, or he thought she did, and he obeyed, but with more slacity than might have been expected of so reluctant an adherent of State sovereignty. Such conduct may show the discipline of the soldier, but it certainly proves the moral confusion of the man.

Mexico had proved the personal gallantry of General Lee, but his genius as the commander of an army was yet to be proved. In the opening of the late war his strategy in West Virginia was much celebrated among the Confederates, but it failed in its results. He was defeated there by General Fremont at Greenbrier, and his military capacity was first fully tested in the Peninsula Campaign. He was already called a great captain; he stood upon his own ground; his army equaled that of his antagonist, and that antagonist was McClellan. Here certainly was an opportunity. A candid writer in HARPER'S admirable "Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion," who has thoroughly studied in the reports of both sides the Peninsula Campaign and the Seven Days' Battles, says that "never in history was better fighting and never worse generalship on both sides;" and he attributes Lee's success in raising the siege to the fact that he committed fewer errors than McClellan.

Lee's two aggressive movements were fatal failures. The first ended at Antietam, which the rebels claimed as a victory—a claim which is ostensibly confirmed by McClellan's permission to Lee to withdraw across the river unopposed. The second ended at Gettysburg, which, with the fall of Vicksburg, was the turning-point of the war. General Lee continued, however, to show a brave front in Virginia, although he doubtless foresaw the final catastrophe of his cause. The country favored him entirely. It was peculiarly difficult for an invading force, and Lee, taught by sharp experience, remained upon the defensive to the end. General Grant's final campaign against him was masterly. His task was simple, but it was tremendous; for it was to hurl the enemy back upon his base, and destroy him on the way, if possible; and failing that, after he was securely entrenched in his citadel. It was done; and General Lee's surrender to General Grant was the virtual end of the war.

The confidence of the Confederates in General Lee was unshaken to the last, and they would doubtless have gladly seen him made Dictator. No word of censure or of harsh criticism was ever spoken against him, and when he surrendered he was more trusted than ever. His portrait hangs in all the homes of the late insurgent section; and it is one of the curious incidents of the whole insurrection that a man doubtless of an amiable character, but of no more remarkable qualities than General Lee has displayed, should be its idol.

The strongest feeling against General Lee among loyal citizens arose, first, from his proceeding directly from the military confidence of General Scott to the direction of the enemy's operations; and then from his total inaction during the sufferings of Union men at Belle Isle, the Libby, Andersonville, and Salisbury. In his late testimony he states distinctly that he knew of no cruelty, and has no reason to believe that it was practiced; that no report of suffering was made to him; that he knew, of course, in a general way, that prisoners on both sides suffered somewhat; but the care of prisoners was entirely in the hands of the War Department, and he had heard vaguely that it had done what it could for relief. But General Lee could not have been ignorant of the horrid reports. He must have known from the papers that Congress had appointed a Commission of Investigation. He must have seen the accounts of the condition of returned prisoners; and Belle Isle was almost in sight of his home in Richmond. If the circumstances had been revealed, if the cry of the whole Confederacy against our treatment of their prisoners had gone up to heaven and through the world, if they had appointed Commissions of Investigation, and we had read detailed reports in their papers of the treatment endured by their captive soldiers—and if a prison under General Grant's very eye were noted as one of the worst, and General Grant had either asked a question or expressed a wonder, nor sought in any manner whatever to test the truth of such harrowing and innocent tales—we are very sure that General Grant's portrait would not now hang in every loyal home as it does, and the loyal heart of the Union would have as severely denounced as now it sincerely applauds his name.

After the surrender in April General Lee withdrew from public observation, and in the following October he was elected President of a college at Lexington, Virginia, where he has since resided. The war has stripped him of his considerable private fortune. He has, unfortunately, like all the chief leaders of the Confederate movement, fully acquiesced in the result of forcible Secession. His testimony reveals his opinion that "generosity and liberality toward the entire South" would be the surest and speediest method of reconciliation, and that he does not know or suspect any intention there of further resistance to the Government. Yet he does not conceal his conviction of a present total alienation of feeling, nor his opinion that it would be better for Virginia to be rid of the colored population. He adds that he has always been of that opinion, and has always favored gradual emancipation.

The family name of Lee has a certain prominence in our history. THOMAS LEE, the grandfather of General Lee, was acting Provisional Governor of the Colony of Virginia more than a century ago. He was the grandson of the first emigrant of his name to this country. His son, RICHARD HENRY LEE, the celebrated orator, moved the resolution of independence in the Continental Congress, on the 7th of June, 1776; and he and his brother FRANCIS LIGHTFOOT signed the great Declaration. History will estimate their powers very differently. It will not call any of them great. It will record in their conspicuous weakness of character; but it will doubtless acquit them all of base intention.

THE LATE SENATOR FOOT.

On Wednesday, March 28, SOLOMON FOOT, United States Senator from Vermont, died in Washington. He was the oldest member of the Senate in continuous service. He was, as Senator DOOLITTLE said in Rutland the other day, "revered as the Father of the Senate."

Senator Foot was born in 1802, at Cornwall, Addison County, Vermont; graduated at Middlebury College in 1826; became Principal of Castleton Seminary in 1826; was a tutor in the University of Vermont in 1827; and from 1828 to 1831 was Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Vermont Academy of Medicine in Castleton. His mental predilections, always toward the legal profession, directed him toward the bar, which he entered in 1831, and, settling at Rutland, which city had ever since been his home, he at once commenced practice, and was at once successful. The appreciation of his fellow-citizens did not long allow him to remain in his chosen sphere of action; for in 1838, 1836, 1837, 1838, and again in 1847, he was sent to the Legislature as Representative from Rutland, and his popularity in that assembly afterward, in 1837, raised him to the Speaker's chair, which he occupied during his last three terms of service. After this a wider sphere of duty demanded his presence, and he entered Congress in 1842, being re-elected in 1844. Returning to Rutland in 1846, after having declined re-election, he resumed his legal practice, but was suffered to retain it for only four years, being elected United States Senator in 1850. He held this position ever after. His present term of office would have expired in 1868. His Congressional life was active and highly serviceable. He was an able and conscientious member of several important committees, and during a part of the Thirty-sixth and the whole of the Thirty-seventh Congress President pro tem. of that body.

Senator Foot was, at the same time, a man of great tact in all the details of business, and a speaker of considerable oratorical power. No one could look upon his face without being convinced of three things: that Mr. Foot was a man of great common sense; that he was a perfect gentleman; and that he was a Christian. "When I leave this chamber," he said, shortly before his death, "I wish no parade, no ostentatious demonstrations to be made; only the ordinary proceedings which custom and propriety impose. I desire to be borne to my friends and home in Rutland, Vermont—a people who have always been faithful to me, more faithful to me than I have been to them, I fear; they have done so much for me. I have no home there, but they will prepare every thing needful; and there by them, among that people, let me be buried." "I was not present," says Senator DOOLITTLE, "when he breathed his last; but from the account which I received immediately after from those who were present, his consciousness remained clear to the last, and his utterance distinct, almost to the very last breath. In his last words, distinctly uttered, he left another message which speaks not only to you and to me, but to all men and for all time. In all history I can not remember to have read of a dying Christian whose last words were more touching and heavenly, and more triumphant over death and the grave. Seeing his time was at hand, the words of the twenty-third Psalm were then repeated to him by his wife. He called her to his side and folded his arms around her for a moment. Then, as his breathing became choked, he said: 'What! can this be death? so easy? Has it come already?' In a few moments after, with a face lighted up as with a soul just entering into Paradise, he joyfully exclaimed, 'I see it! I see it! The gates are wide open. Beautiful! Beautiful! And in a very few moments after uttering these words he expired. As a statesman and a Senator, we honor him as a man of noble character. We cherish his memory as a true and faithful friend. We love him, and as a dying Christian what a glorious example to all mankind!"

KAMEHAMEHA V., KING OF HAWAII.

The portrait which we give on page 236 of the King of Hawaii is pronounced to be a very good likeness.

This King KAMEHAMEHA V., pronounced KAMIA-MAMA, succeeded his brother, the late King and husband of Queen EDMA, on November 30, 1863, being then thirty-one years old. Since his accession he has exhibited considerable ability, judgment, and firmness. One of the first acts of his reign was to refuse to take the oath to the existing Constitution, and by a peaceful coup-d'etat to give his subjects a new Constitution, which Englishmen doubtless think better adapted to their state of civilization and their national ideas than the democratic one established by his uncle, KAMEHAMEHA III., under the influence of the American missionaries, in 1822.

The history of the revolution in the politics of the Sandwich Islands thus brought about under British influence is very interesting. By the articles of the Constitution given to the people in 1822 by KAMEHAMEHA III., it was incumbent on the successor to the vacant throne to take an oath that he would maintain the Constitution of the kingdom whole and inviolate, and would govern in conformity therewith. This no lover of free government would hesitate to pronounce an advance upon the previous political status of the kingdom. Up to the year 1839 the Hawaiian Islands were governed by an absolute monarch, and upon strictly feudal principles. In that year the efforts of the American missionaries who had given much useful assistance in governing the country, worked so far on the patriotic King, KAMEHAMEHA III., as to induce him to sign a Bill of Rights, and, the following year, to grant a Constitution, by which absolute rule was yielded up, and irresponsible power exchanged for government by the three estates of king, nobles, and people. In 1850 the King, influenced by his British friends, recommended a new Constitution,

less Democratic in its features. It was perfected in 1852 and signed by the King, who died two years afterward.

At a later period Mr. WYLLIE, a Scotch gentleman connected with the Government, corresponded with Sir JOHN BOWRING concerning further alterations. Sir JOHN, the editor of Jeremy Bentham, had a horror of democracy. The opening sentence of the Declaration of Rights, borrowed from its American prototype, that "all men are born free and equal," appeared to this aristocratic gentleman to be too revolutionary; but in spite of his reasoning the clause was retained. Article 12 of the Declaration pronounced that "No person who imports a slave or slaves into the King's dominions shall ever enjoy any civil or political rights in this realm." Article 19 prescribed, "All elections of the people shall be by ballot;" and Article 78 established manhood-suffrage.

KAMEHAMEHA V., who came to the throne in November, 1863, wished to get rid, by means of a national vote, of universal suffrage, and to replace it by a qualification based on income and property. He refused to take the oath prescribed by the Constitution, and called a convention to alter the provisions of this latter instrument. The conflict in the convention was spirited and sharp. There was much wrangling, and out a little abuse. On the part of the representatives there was determined opposition to the King's design.

On the 13th of August the King's patience had broken down. "This is the fifth day of the discussion of this article," said his Majesty. "I am very sorry that we do not agree on this important point. It is clear to me that if universal suffrage is permitted this Government will soon lose its monarchic character. Thank you, delegates and nobles, for the readiness with which you have come to this convention, in accordance with my proclamation. As we do not agree, it is useless to prolong the session. And as at the time his Majesty KAMEHAMEHA III. gave the Constitution of the year 1852, he reserved to himself the power of taking it away, if it was not for the interest of his Government and people; and as it is clear to me that that King left the revision of the Constitution to my predecessor and myself; therefore, as I sit in his seat, on the part of the sovereignty of the Hawaiian Islands, I make known to-day that the Constitution of 1852 is abrogated. I will give you a Constitution." His Majesty requested ministers to remain at present in their respective positions, in order to avoid confusion and disturbance, and he then dissolved the convention.

On the 20th of August, a week after the breaking up of the Convention, the promised new Constitution appeared. It omits the obnoxious axiom about "free and equal," gives the King a larger place in the state, makes cabinet ministers more responsible, excludes the ballot, prescribes as the minimum qualification of a representative real estate of five hundred dollars' value, and annual income of two hundred and fifty dollars; and of an elector, property of one hundred and fifty dollars, or twenty-five dollars a year rent on leasehold property, and seventy-five dollars yearly income, together with certain intellectual acquirements. It includes a stringent article on royal marriages, and on the accession to the Crown; and, the King being unmarried, it provides for a new step for a royal family, should the present race become extinct.

The little kingdom of Hawaii is, we are glad to see, increasing in commercial prosperity. There is a rapidly-increasing export of sugar, coffee, and other produce, whence the islands are called the West Indies of the Pacific. The foreign population of English, Americans, Germans, and French is yearly increasing. The native population is inadequate for the labor required, and the Government has lately sent out a Commission for importing coolies. A line of steamers is about to be established between San Francisco and China, calling at Honolulu, which will shorten the voyage from England to about six weeks. The country seems to offer many inducements to intending emigrants.

REV. ALEXANDER CRUMMELL, A.B.

ALEXANDER CRUMMELL, though born in America, is probably of purely African descent. His appearance certainly shows not the slightest taint of white blood. His father, BOSTON CRUMMELL, was stolen from the neighborhood of Sierra Leone about the year 1780, when he was 13 years old. His mother was born in Jericho, Long Island, and her ancestors had been free for at least a hundred years. She was brought up in the Hicks family—a family that produced the celebrated Unitarian Quaker ELIAS HICKS. Both parents were brought up in the Episcopal Church. Their son, ALEXANDER, was born in New York in 1819, and attended until 1832 the "African school No. 2," established for colored children by the Matamoras Society. In 1835, with his father's consent, he took all his little scanty earnings, and, thirsting for knowledge, went to Canaan Academy in Connecticut. This school was designed to furnish an advanced and solid education to colored youth; but the spirit of prejudice was so bitter in the neighborhood that, in August of that year, "a mob assembled in Canaan, and, with the aid of ninety-five yoke of oxen and two days' hard labor, finally succeeded in removing the academy from its site—and afterward they destroyed it by fire." The pupils were compelled to leave the town. Young CRUMMELL returned to New York.

About this time a school was established at Whitesborough, New York, known as "Onesida Institute," to which colored pupils were admitted; and to this new hall of learning, then under the presidency of Rev. BENJAMIN GREEN, a most able teacher and thinker, he repaired, and remained three years. While there he supported himself by the labor of his own hands in the field. Again at home, and with a yearning to enter the Christian ministry, at the earnest solicitation of his pastor, Rev. PETER WILLIAMS, he applied for entrance into the General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal

Church. But he was refused on account of his complexion.

With undaunted resolution he went to Boston, and through the influence and kindness of Rev. T. M. CLARK, D.D., now Bishop of Rhode Island, Dr. CROSWELL, and Dr. STROUD, of Boston, he was introduced to Bishop GASWOLD, of Massachusetts. The Bishop received him as a candidate with great cordiality, and remarked that "he wished he had a score of colored candidates—he would gladly receive them all." He went to New Haven to complete his theological studies at Yale Theological Seminary; after which he was ordained Deacon by Bishop GASWOLD in St. Paul's Church, Boston, and Priest by Bishop LEE, of Delaware, in St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia.

He officiated in Philadelphia and New York until 1848, when he went to England. While in England several distinguished persons, who knew of the treatment he had received by the church in New York, proffered him a university course at Cambridge. He accepted this, and continued at the University three years and a half—took his degree of A.B., and, leaving England, went as a missionary to Africa. He became a citizen of Liberia, and labored with great acceptance and success, not only among the heathen natives, but in Monrovia and at Cape Palmas, in raising the standard of thought and education among the emigrant population. He became Master of the High School at Cape Palmas, and three years ago was appointed "Professor of Intellectual and Moral Science in Liberia College."

Mr. CRUMMELL is in every sense a finished man. Polished in manners, dignified in deportment, interesting and instructive in conversation, logical in thought and eloquent in delivery, both extemporaneously and in the pulpit, he is an ornament to his holy calling, and vindicates in his own history and person the claims of his race to justice and equal rights.

Among his published writings are, "An Elogy on Clarkson;" a volume of "Addresses, Sermons," etc., published in England; "The Responsibilities of the first Fathers of a Country;" "The Negro Race not under a Curse;" "The Relations and Duties of Free Colored Men in America to Africa;" "The English Language in Liberia;" and "The Future of Africa," published three years ago in New York. This last volume, made up mainly of discourses and addresses delivered in Africa, evinces talent, thought, and cultivation of no common order. The leading idea is, that the colored man, then shut out from a worthy career in Europe and America, has a promising future before him in Africa, where he has been called to meet the demands of civilization, commerce, and nationality.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 27: In the Senate, the President's Veto Message, giving 82 objections to the Civil Rights Bill, was received.—The vote on the New Jersey contested election case was reconsidered, and Mr. STOCKTON was declared not entitled to his seat.—32 to 21.

In the House, Mr. CORKING, from the Joint Committee on Reconstruction, reported the testimony taken in reference to the States of Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina.

March 28: In the Senate, the death of Senator FOOT, from Vermont, was announced, and the Senate adjourned.

In the House, on Mr. MORTON'S motion, a bill was passed, enacting that "All proceedings involving the levy and collection of the national tax provided in schedule A of Section 500 of the Act to provide Internal Revenue, etc., approved June 20, 1864, and the act supplementary thereto, approved March 3, 1865, and all proceedings in the levy, return, and collection of the income tax, approved by act set, be postponed for the space of two months. Provided: That all the provisions, remedies, and penalties in said act shall remain in full force and effect in all respects, except so far as the same are changed as to time by the postponement aforesaid."—The Bankrupt Bill came up, and Mr. HOPKINS spoke strongly in its favor. He said some such bill was necessary. He had examined this bill thoroughly, and was free to say that he believed no bankruptcy bill was ever drawn in the country so equal and just in its provisions to all sections of the country as this one, because it extended its benefits to the people of the Southern States as well as to the people of the Northern States. The bill was defeated—yeas 56, nays 78. A motion to reconsider prevailed, and the matter was postponed for one week.

March 29: In the Senate, no business was transacted, and the Senate proceeded at 1 o'clock to engage in the funeral services in honor of Senator FOOT.

In the House, resolutions of respect toward Senator FOOT were adopted, and the House adjourned until Monday.

April 1: In the Senate, Mr. WILSON, from the Military Committee, reported the bill to equalize bounties in a new form, when it was re-committed to the Military Committee. It gives to every soldier in the late war eight and one-third dollars per month, minus the amount already paid.

In the House, Mr. WARD offered a resolution, which was adopted, in favor of prompt action in authorizing an equalization of bounties.

NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

March 27: In the Senate, the bill incorporating the New York Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and authorizing an appointment of an Assistant Superintendent of Schools in Brooklyn, were passed; also, the bill to change the name of the Free Academy.

In the Assembly, the bill relative to powers and duties of General Park Commissioners, and also to extend their term of office for five years, was passed; also the bill to prohibit the Mayor and Comptroller of New York from disposing of real estate belonging to said Comptroller was lost by a vote of 45 to 33—requiring a two-thirds vote.

March 28: In the Assembly, the bill to incorporate the Underground Railway Company was considered in Committee of the Whole, and discussed at length. No material amendments were made to the bill as printed. It was ordered to a third reading. Afterward the rules were suspended, and the bill put upon its third reading and passed, yeas 94, nays 13.

March 29: In the Senate, bills were passed conferring upon the Metropolitan Board of Health the exclusive power to grant licenses for the sale of liquors within the said district, and prohibiting the Railroad Companies in this State from issuing free passes.

In the Assembly, the bill declaring eight hours' labor a day's work was lost—yeas 64, nays 64.

THE PROCLAMATION OF PEACE.

The President has chosen the anniversary of the capture of Richmond as the fit occasion for an official proclamation of the close of the war, or, to use the words of the Proclamation, "that the insurrection which broke-

less articles in the States of Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee, Alabama, Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Florida is at an end, and henceforth to be so reported."

NEWS ITEMS. The shipment of produce (including cotton) from this port, week ending March 31, reached the currency value of \$4,187,500, making the total value of the exports of produce and merchandise from the port, since the 1st of January, nearly \$27,500,000.

The hospital records, which have just been noted up, show the enormous aggregate of 233,000 Union soldiers to have died on battle-fields and in hospitals during the war to suppress the rebellion. This does not include those who died at their homes of lingering diseases contracted in the service.

The resignation of Major-General John M. Palmer, commanding the Department of Kentucky, tendered seven days ago, has been accepted by President Johnson. General Jefferson C. Davis has been appointed in his place. J. Ross Browne, who accompanied General McDowell in his expedition to Arizona, was taken sick at Soda Lake, and had to be left at Fort Mohave.

FOREIGN NEWS.

From England the principal item of interest is the continued advance of American securities. Five-Twenties having reached 7 1/2. The London Times of the 11th announces that a British war vessel will be sent out, after due notice, to exclude American fishermen from the British Fisheries. St. Patrick's Day passed off quietly in Ireland. No disturbance whatever occurred, and the customary festivities passed off as usual.

In the House of Commons on the 13th, Mr. Gladstone, in a lengthy speech, explained the Reform Bill. The main features are a reduction of the qualification of county voters from fifty pounds to fourteen pounds competency, and for boroughs to seven pounds rental, and to reduce the poll tax from one penny to one-half penny. The measure will add about 400,000 to the number of voters. The bill deals only with the franchise, leaving the redistribution of representation for another session.

The cholera is said to have made its appearance in some of the districts of Germany. In that case the danger to ourselves is somewhat imminent, on account of the continuous stream of emigration to the United States from that country.

ALEXANDRA HOTEL, HYDE PARK CORNER.

This magnificent Hotel, occupying one of the most cheerful, healthy, and pleasant sites in London, overlooking Hyde Park, Golden Square, and the Serpentine, is now open as such a "Grand Tourist" as to render it the cheapest and most desirable Hotel in London.

It comprises numerous suites of Apartments, a spacious and elegant Coffee-Room, a Ladies' Coffee-Room, a Smoking-Room, &c.

There is an Ascending-Room for Visitors to every floor. Arrangements can be made for Board and Lodgings for a fixed charge.

WEDDING BREAKFASTS PROVIDED. APPLICATIONS TO BE MADE TO THE MANAGER.

IRON CASTINGS AND STEAM BOILERS.

THE HINKLEY & WILLIAMS WORKS, 410 Harrison Avenue, Boston.

Are prepared to manufacture common and gun-metal Castings, of from ten pounds to thirty ton weight, made to green sand, dry sand, or loam, as desired; also fine and Tubular Boilers, and "HINKLEY'S PATENT BOILER," for Locomotive or Stationary Engines, warranted to save a large percentage of fuel over any boiler now in use.

ART NOTICE

WENDROTH TAYLOR & BROWN'S Fine Miniatures from Life, and copied from other pictures. Engravings made by E. Y. KELLY & CO., 179 Broadway. Please examine specimens.

Alcock's Porous Plasters

A celebrated physician says he was amazed at the great number of beneficial indications produced by one of these Plasters. He affirms that headache is cured by one worn just below the forehead; that one placed over the nasal will cure hysteria as well as dysmeny, and affections of the bowels.

CURE OF YALCOCK VEINS.

T. ALCOCK & Co.—Seeing your notice in the Police Gazette, I got four of your Porous Plasters, and placed them on the parts where the pains were most acute, and in less than twelve hours could walk as well as ever. I could hardly believe it, I was so well pleased. I wanted to see if the increase would come back on me or not, so I did more walking that day than I had done in a week. The next day I had some pain in my hip; but I put on a plaster there, and in two hours the pain was all gone; nor have I felt it since. Certainly they are the best application for the relief and cure of pains in the joints and back, and for various or enlarged veins, I have ever known; and I would not be without them on any account.

Yours, truly, JOSEPH GARWOOD. Principal office, 294 Canal Street, New York. Sold by all respectable Dealers in Medicines.

A Household Necessity Exists for the Use of

DURNO'S CATARRH SNUFF,

Which, in the first stages of a cold, acts like magic. Headache, Hoarseness, Dysphagia, and Bronchitis, Sore Eyes, Dizziness, Bad Taste and Smell—being the result of Catarrh—this snuff removes and prevents all these, and restores a healthy throat. Its effects are pleasant and safe, even for infants who suffer from Croup.

It has the highest professional testimonials. Sold by all Druggists, or sent by Mail to all parts of the United States, for 25 cents for One Box, or \$1 for Four Boxes. Address JAS. DURNO, P. O. Box 1765, New York. Wholesale by D. BARNES & CO., 21 Park Row, N. Y.

G. L. & J. B. KELTY,

MANUFACTURERS OF WINDOW SHADES, IMPORTERS OF CURTAINS AND CURTAIN MATERIALS, REMOVED TO 447 BROADWAY, Above Canal Street. NEW STYLES FOR 1866 NOW READY.

J. H. Winslow & Co.

100,000 Watches, Clocks, Silver Articles, &c.

Worth \$500,000!

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SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES.

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200 Gold Watches..... 70 00
300 Ladies' Gold Watches..... 60 00
600 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches..... 15 00
1000 Revolving Cutlery..... \$15 00 to 25 00
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5000 Oval and Chased Gold Spoon-knives..... 5 00 to 10 00
3000 Vest, Neck, and Gaiter Chains..... 5 00 to 10 00
3000 Ladies' California Diamond Rings..... 3 00 to 6 00
5000 Magic Spring and Soap Lockets..... 4 00 to 10 00
10000 Gold Pens, Silver-Mounted Holders..... 4 00 to 6 00
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases 4 00 to 6 00
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry..... 5 00 to 10 00
5000 Tea, Dessert, & Table Spoons, per dozen 22 00 to 24 00
5000 Dessert and Table Forks, per doz..... 14 00 to 16 00
4000 Dinner Knives, per pair..... 6 00 to 10 00
3000 Napkin Rings, per pair..... 6 00 to 10 00
21000 Other Articles..... 4 00 to 10 00

Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are sent out in envelopes, sealed up and numbered; and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate you will see what you can have, and then it is all your option to send one dollar and take the article or not. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents; 5 for \$1; seven for \$2; 10 for \$3; 40 for \$10; and 200 for \$15.

Agents wanted every where. Great inducements to ladies and gentle to act as such. Full list and send for circular, which gives special terms, full list, and particulars. Address J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 208 Broadway, N. Y. (INCORPORATED 1861.)

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General Robert E. Lee's story of the operations of the Army of Northern Virginia, just published in Part 55 of the Rebellion Record, edited by FRANK MOORE. Illustrated with wood portraits of Maj.-Gen. R. W. HENRY and Maj.-Gen. H. J. HUNT. Price 50 cents. D. VAN NOSTRAND, Publisher, No. 129 Broadway, New York.

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Photograph Albums, great assortment, Cartes de Visite of Noted Persons, &c. &c. French English, and American Novelties.

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A simple Chloroform, Balm, and 100 engravings of Animals, Birds, and Insects. 50 K. Card and the "Ladies' Gossip" all FREE. Send 19 cents postage, to BRUCE, HICKENS & BOYD, Publishers, Station 14, Bellevue House, New York.

THE CHORUS WREATH: A collection of SACRED and SECLAR CHORUSES from Gustavus, Opeter, and Popular Old and New Books; designed as a Standard Book for Church, Musical Societies, Charities, and Schools, and containing all of the most desirable Pieces for Private Practice and Public Performance. Price \$1 25—on receipt of which copies will be mailed, postpaid. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

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That will not break by heat, gives a LARGE FLAME, BURNS UP ALL GAS AND SMOKE; in fact, the MOST PERFECT ARTICLE KNOWN.

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Prepared by Mail, of the choicest sorts. Also Fruit and Ornamental Trees, 150,000 Fruit Seeds, Grasses, and Strawberries, &c. of the best kinds. Priced Descriptive Catalogues, gratis, to any address. Wholesale Lists for the Trade. Agents wanted. B. N. WATSON, Old Corner Newsroom and Book Establishment, PLAZA, N. Y.

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DR. STRICKLAND'S PILE REMEDY has cured thousands of the worst cases of Hemorrhoids and Bleeding Piles. It gives immediate relief and effects a permanent cure. Try it directly. It is warranted to cure. For sale by all Druggists. Fifty Cents per Bottle.

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Result from a lack of ability in the stomach to convert the food into nutriment. Strengthen the digestive powers with HOTTETTER'S BOTTLES, and vigor will return to the muscles, flesh, and the entire system. For sale by Druggists. Fifty Cents per Bottle.

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Ladies affected with Dandruff on the Face, called moth-patches, or freckles, should use PERKY'S celebrated MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERKY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by all druggists.

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The embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. Originally patented May 12, 1852; Improvement patented June 9, 1862. The celebrated FAMILY GIFT SEWING MACHINE, with numerous attachments, is essential in operation, saves the STRONGEST FORCE, and sews with regularity and accuracy. Makes the machine superior to any other of the kind. It is not out of order in 5 years. It has taken the prizes at 30 Fairs, and received the approval of all the principal journals and of those who have used it. It is the best low-priced sewing machine that has received a premium, or that is PATENTED.

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Single machines, all countries, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, \$5. \$3 dollars guaranteed. Agents wanted every where. Circular, containing liberal inducements, sent free. Address all orders, FAMILY GIFT SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, Office 103 Nassau Street, New York.

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THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

It was early in the spring of 1856 that this Compound was originated. A member of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a disagreeable cough. I had for some months previous thought that a preparation, having for its basis the inside bark of white pine, might be so compounded as to be very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in disease attended to, I compounded a small quantity of the medicine that I had been planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was exceedingly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. Soon after this I sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been suffering for some weeks with a bad cough, occasioned by a sudden cold, and had raised more phlegm with blood. She soon found relief, and sent for more. She took about an ounce of it, and got well. In November, 1855, I first advertised it under the name of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

As a remedy for kidney complaints the White Pine Compound stands unrivalled.—Boston Journal.

This great New England Remedy is now offered to the afflicted, having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become so well known. It cures sore throat, cough, croup, diphtheria, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and pulmonary affections generally. It is a remedy for diabetes, bleeding from the kidneys and bladder, and gravel; and for piles and hemorrhoids it will be found valuable. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicinal generally.

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250,000 Pins, Gold and Silver Watches, Articles of Silverware, &c., worth over \$2,000,000.

All to be sold for \$1 each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

Splendid List of Articles.

- 10 Grand Piano-Fortes..... \$200 to \$1200
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300 Ladies' Gold Watches..... 40 to 75
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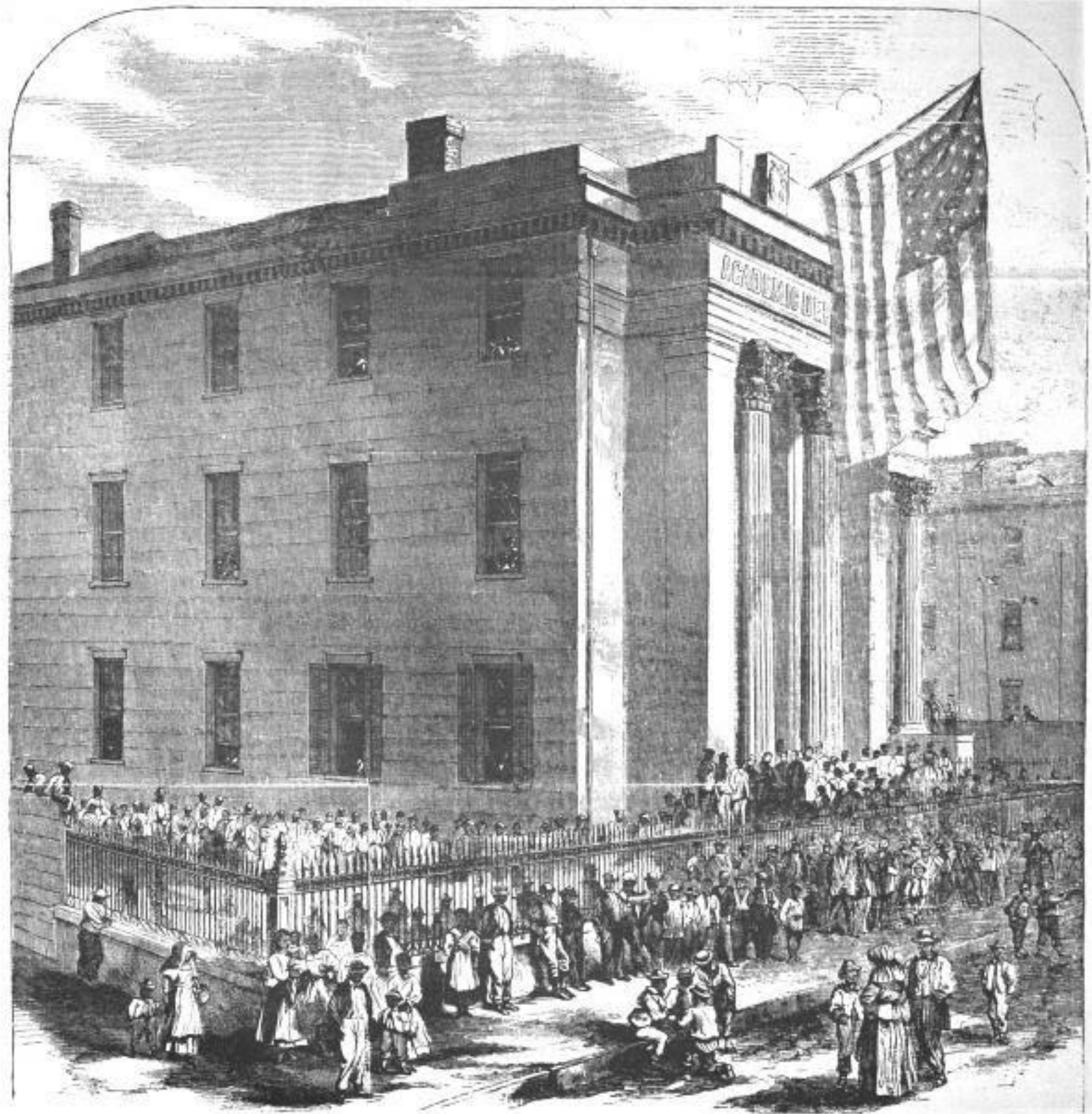
SCHOOL FOR FREEDMEN.

The "ABRAHAM LINCOLN SCHOOL" for freedmen, New Orleans, was opened on the third day of October, 1865, in one of the buildings belonging to the University of Louisiana. Rev. THOMAS W. COO-WAY, then Assistant Commissioner of the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands, obtained it of Governor WELLS, on condition that another building, known as the "School of Medicine," and held by the Bureau for the use of the freedmen, should be released. Soon after this school was opened it had over eight hundred pupils, and an average attendance of seven hundred and fifty, with

fourteen teachers, being the largest freedmen's school in the United States. From seventy to eighty per cent. of the pupils are of mixed blood. Up to the first of February Mr. EDWIN F. WAVES, a native of New York State and graduate of Yale College, was principal. His successor is Mr. M. A. WARREN. Owing to the recent change in the school system which Beuret Major-General BAIRD, Assistant Commissioner, has been compelled to adopt from a free system to one in which the tuition is paid by the pupil, the number of pupils has decreased to about four hundred, with eight teachers. The tuition required is \$1.50 per month. The building on the left is a part of the Medical

College which has been closed during the war, but is now opened and patronized by a large number of students. In front, between the two pillars, see the teachers, while in front, and on the steps, see the pupils just dismissed from their studies. **THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, CHICAGO.** The Chamber of Commerce building, of which we give an illustration on page 253, is one of the latest of the many new and handsome public edifices erected of late years in Chicago. It is located

at the southeast corner of La Salle and Washington streets, and fronts the Court-house Square. The style of architecture is decidedly composite, the beauty and majesty of art having been made subordinate to the amount of capital stock and the prospect of future dividends. The dimensions of the main building are thirty-three by one hundred and eighty-one feet, and one hundred feet in height. From the main door the entrance leads up a short flight of stairs to a hall which extends the whole length of the building, each side being apportioned into business business rooms, all of which are occupied by merchants, banks, and insurance companies. The sides of the building face respectively on



THE "ABRAHAM LINCOLN SCHOOL" FOR FREEDMEN, NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY LILIENTHAL, NEW ORLEANS.]

in Salle Street and Exchange Place. From this the ascent to the grand hall is by a double flight of stairs. This hall is the finest, in all its details, erected in the West. Eighteen windows throw their colored rays upon the room. Its loftiness, the harmony of the coloring, and the general character of the design are very imposing. It is elaborately adorned with frescoes, paintings, and appropriate designs. The hall is one hundred and forty-three feet by eighty-nine, and forty-four feet from floor to ceiling.

The building was erected and the site purchased by an incorporated company, known as the "Chamber of Commerce," composed of members of the Board of Trade. It cost about four hundred thousand dollars.

On Wednesday, August 30, 1865, this grand edifice was dedicated, with imposing ceremonies, to Commerce. The dedication of the building was followed by a series of festivities covering three or four days.

The Board of Trade of Chicago, to whose enterprise the city owes the successful completion of this handsome structure, is composed of about fifteen hundred members. It was organized in 1848, and then numbered less than one hundred members.

For the illustration of this building, as also for the description above given, we are indebted to the courtesy of JAMES & ALAN, of Chicago, who have recently commenced the publication of a beautiful work (issued monthly, and to consist of 25 Parts), entitled "Chicago Illustrated." Chicago has made more rapid strides of progress during the last dozen years than is recorded of any city in the world's history; and the enterprise of the city is far beyond that of other cities of equal and even larger population.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1866.

RADICALISM AND CONSERVATISM.

In every political contest in a Constitutional system the names of Conservatism and Radicalism will be applied to the opposing policies, while the history of such governments shows that the policy which truly conserves the principle and spirit of a free system is that which is called Radicalism. In the conflict of opinion in England before our Revolution GEORGE III. and Dr. JOHNSON were the chief of Tory Conservatives, and saw in the doctrines and policy of EDWARD BURKE nothing but Radicalism and the overthrow of the monarchy. But BURKE was the true Conservative. His policy would have saved the empire upon its own principles.

In this country at this moment both Radicalism and Conservatism, as the names of a policy of national reorganization, are very easily defined and comprehended. Thus Radicalism holds that the late rebel States should not be suffered to take part in the government of the Union which they have so zealously striven to destroy except after searching inquiry into their condition, and upon terms which shall prevent any advantage having been gained by rebellion. By the result of the war the suffrage of a voter in South Carolina weighs as much as the vote of two voters in New York. Is that a desirable state of things? Would any fair-minded voter in South Carolina claim that he ought to have a preference in the Union because, however honestly, he has rebelled against it? Radicalism, therefore, favors an equalization of representation as a condition precedent to the full recognition of the disturbed States, and every citizen of those States who sincerely desires national unity and peace will favor it also.

Radicalism holds that equal civil rights before the law should be guaranteed by the United States to every citizen. It claims that the Government which commands the obedience of every citizen shall afford him protection, and that the freedom which the people of the United States have conferred the people of the United States shall maintain. Is that a perilous claim? Is any other course consistent with national safety or honor?

Once more: Radicalism asserts that, as the national welfare and permanent union can be established only upon justice, there should be no unreasonable political disfranchisement of any part of the people. It denies that complexion, or weight, or height are reasonable political qualifications, and it refers to the history of the country to show that they have not always been so regarded even in some of the late slave States, and remembers that both President JOHNSON and his predecessor were friends of impartial suffrage. Holding this faith, Radicalism urges that while we may honestly differ as to the wisest means of securing political equality, yet that all our efforts should constantly tend, with due respect for the proper and subordinate functions of the States in our constitutional system, to protect those equal rights of man with whose assertion our Government began, and in consequence of whose denial that Government has just escaped the most appalling fate.

This is Radicalism. Is it unfair? Is it unconstitutional? Is it anarchical or revolutionary? It denies no man's rights. It deprives no man of power or privilege. It claims for the National Government nothing which is not inseparable from the idea of such a Government. Does it demand any thing that every prudent and patriotic man ought not to be will-

ing to concede? The views of Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS and of Mr. SUMNER, sincerely entertained and ingeniously defended as they are, are not the Radical policy. Mr. STEVENS holds that the disturbed States are conquered provinces in which the land should be confiscated, as that of Ireland has been three times over without giving Ireland peace. Does any body suppose that even the House, which respects Mr. STEVENS's sturdy fidelity to his own convictions, agrees with him, or that the National Union party holds his view? Mr. SUMNER holds that equal suffrage should be required of the absent States as a condition of representation, and in a Radical Senate which passed the Civil Rights Bill over the veto by a vote of 33 to 15, Mr. SUMNER's proposition obtained 8 votes. Those gentlemen, of course, support the Radical policy, but they do not shape it. The opinions of the Union party are to be found, as President JOHNSON says, in the party platform. The policy of the Radicals is to be seen in the measures they adopt; and of the forty-two bills which at the time of the last veto they had presented to the President, he had signed forty.

In our present political situation Conservatism is the policy which declares that the late rebel States are already in a condition to resume their full functions in the Union, and which denounces Congress for presuming to inquire whether that opinion is well founded. It denies to Congress—that is, to the representatives of the loyal people who have maintained the Government—the authority to look behind the credentials of any man who comes from a State still panting with rebellion, and ascertain the origin and validity of the authority that issued the credentials. It objects to the legislation of Congress while eleven States are unrepresented, without reference to the reason of their absence, thus virtually maintaining the monstrous proposition that a combination of States, by refusing to be represented, may prohibit national legislation. It denies that the United States ought to protect the equal civil rights of citizens before the law, and would admit the absent States to Congress before requiring their assent to an amendment equalizing representation. Conservatism is the policy which, forgetting that the United States are bound by every moral obligation to secure the freedom which they have conferred, apparently believes that that freedom will be best maintained and the national peace most truly established by leaving those of every color who were heroically faithful to the Government during the rebellion to the exclusive mercy of those who sought to destroy it.

These are the distinctive points of the Conservative policy. Are they agreeable to a honorable and intelligent people? And of what is this policy conservative? If of the Constitution and Union, it will of course be earnestly supported by their true and tried friends. Is it so supported? Who are the present Conservatives? Who shout and sing and fire cannon and ring bells in jubilant exultation at every measure in supposed accordance with this policy? The reply is, unfortunately, unavoidable. The Conservative party, or the supporters of the policy we have described, is composed of the late rebels and of those who justified and palliated rebellion, with a few Republicans. And who oppose this policy? Who are the Radicals? The great multitude of those who believed in the war and supported it, whose children and brothers and friends lie buried in the battle-field in every rebel State, whose sentiments are now as they have been for five years expressed by the Union press of the country, and whose voice speaks in the vote of Union Legislatures and in the result of the spring elections.

It is useless for Conservatism to claim that conciliation is essential to reorganization. Nobody denies it. But the cardinal question is, not what will please the late insurgents, but what will secure the Government. If it be said that the Government can not be secured by alienating its late enemies, the reply is, that it certainly can not be secured by alienating its unwavering friends. If conciliation contemplates the filling of national offices in the South by known rebels to the disregard and exclusion of Union men, thereby rewarding rebellion and discrediting loyalty—if it proposes to leave freedom of the United States to the Black Codes of Mississippi and Carolina, and to recognize the fatal spirit of caste which has been our curse—then conciliation is simply a name for ignominy, and Conservatism may see its fate in that of Secession.

Radicalism has not a single vindictive feeling toward the late rebel States, but it does not propose to forget that there has been a rebellion. It has the sincerest wish, as it had the most unshaking expectation, of working with the President to secure for the country what the country has fairly won by the war, and that is, the equal right of every citizen before the law and the full resumption by the late insurgent States of their functions in the Union only upon such honorable and reasonable conditions as Congress might require. All reasonable men who support that policy will not lightly denounce those who differ with them. They will strive long for the harmony of those with

whom during the war they have sympathized and acted. They will concede minor points of method, and bear patiently with impatient rhetoric leveled at themselves. But they will also bear steadily in mind the words of ANDREW JOHNSON when he accepted the nomination which has placed him where he is: "While society is in this disordered state and we are seeking security, let us fix the foundations of the Government on principles of eternal justice which will endure for all time." The Radical policy was never more tersely expressed; and it will unquestionably be maintained, for it is founded in the plainest common sense and the profoundest conviction of the loyal American people.

THE REPRESENTATION OF THE LATE REBEL STATES.

THOSE Union men who ask impatiently why Congress does not immediately admit any member from a late insurrectionary State who can take the oath do not seem to reflect that the admission of a member is the recognition that the State from which he comes has fully resumed all its rights in the Union. It is assuming the very point which Congress appointed a special committee to investigate and determine. It is the final act in the process of reorganization. The President so understands it. He said to Governor COX, of Ohio, that when loyal representatives were admitted "the work would be done;" for, in his judgment, the States in question "were restored in all other respects."

If there are Union men who hold that no further measures precedent to complete restoration of all their functions to the late rebel States are necessary, they will naturally complain that their representatives are not admitted. If there are those who think that Congress, as at present composed, is constitutionally incompetent to act upon this or any other subject, they will protest against the absence of such States. If any think that its action, although perfectly lawful, would be hastened or improved by the representation of the absent States, they will properly demand their presence. But if neither the competency nor the capacity of Congress be questioned, and if any thing still remains to be done in the legislative work of reorganization, why take any step that may embarrass it? Those who think continued exclusion impolitic must show why, in such a situation as ours, the utmost prudence and deliberation are inexpedient. Whatever may be the feeling in loyal States, we are very sure that there is no sincere Union man in South Carolina or Alabama who is not more anxious that all possibility of peril from the readmission of Carolina to Congress should be plainly averted than that the State should be admitted.

If the disturbed States have a right to be represented as once, it can only be upon the ground that they have reorganized their local governments in a manner satisfactory to Congress. This was the condition imposed by President JOHNSON in his appointment of Provisional Governors. The Convention of the State was "to present such a republican form of State Government as will entitle the State to the guaranty of the United States therefor." Who was to give this guaranty? Congress, of course. Has Congress given it? Until Congress gives it what claim has the State to representation? The President, indeed, is of opinion that Congress ought to give it. He goes further. He dispenses with the action of Congress as necessary. He said to Governor COX that the States were restored in all respects but representation, and that it was too late to question their right to be represented. This is the President's opinion often and strongly stated. But still the decision of the question does not rest with him. The guaranty of the United States can be given by Congress alone; and when President JOHNSON virtually declares that his opinion settles the matter, that to differ with his view is to endanger the Union, and that he is carrying out the policy of his predecessor, he forgets that President LINCOLN in his last public speech, after alluding to the differences upon the subject of reorganization among Union men, said of the State Government which he had erected in Louisiana, and which had the same authority with those that President JOHNSON has erected elsewhere, "I distinctly stated that this was not the only plan which might possibly be acceptable; and I also distinctly protested that the Executive claimed no right to say what or whether members should be admitted to seats in Congress from such States. The plan was in advance submitted to the then Cabinet, and as distinctly approved by every member of it." Mr. SEWARD, in his letter to Mr. ADAMS relating the history of the conference with the Confederate Peace Commissioners at Fortress Monroe, tells us that President LINCOLN said the same thing to the envoys there.

Since, then, the admission of any member from a disturbed State is the final and solemn recognition by the sole competent authority that the State has fully resumed its relations in the Union, that admission should certainly be delayed until every reasonable pretension has

been taken against the inevitable risks of the situation. We can not see upon what grounds those who hold that some precedent measures are still necessary urge the immediate admission of representatives from those States.

THE MICHIGAN SOUTHERN AFFAIR.

It was only last week that we took occasion to relate the misadventures of the leading Wall Street operator who undertook to corner the stock of the Erie Railway. Since then a much more striking corner than any he ever attempted has been successfully accomplished. A party of speculators, comprising by no means the most reputable and solvent operators of the street, have cornered Michigan Southern, and done it so effectually that the losses of the Bears have been almost without precedent. It was the old story. The cornerers bought up the whole stock of the Company. Parties who wanted to buy were offered stock seller three—that is to say, after three days. "Regular" or "cash" stock—that is to say, stock deliverable on the day of the purchase or on the following day—was not to be had. All stock lent out was called in. On 5th inst. 5 per cent. was paid for the use of stock for a single day. On 6th inst. 20 per cent. was paid in many instances. The cornering clique was willing to supply the stock at 84 seller three, while the cash price was 104 @ 107. Not even in the famous Hudson River and Harlem corners was such severe punishment inflicted on the Bears.

It is not certain that the cornerers have made any thing by the operation. It is understood that they have still on hand over \$5,000,000 of the stock of the Michigan Southern, and no one is likely to want to buy the property at present prices. A favor of roguery exudes from the stock, and careful houses will not allow it to enter their offices. It may again be tested to 100, or dropped to 50. The only safe policy for outsiders is to let it alone. If this policy be adhered to the clique may yet be compelled to sell the remainder of their stock at prices which may not them a loss on the whole operation. It is, in fact, a Prairie du Chien over again. The old clique which cornered that concern maintain a nominal quotation of 92 @ 94 for it by bidding for it themselves. At the same time they are borrowing 50—the most they can get—on the stock at an average rate of 15 per cent. per annum interest. Whenever the Secretary of the Treasury offers new funding loans, and the money-market becomes tight once more, they will be forced to sell, and may not realize over 30 @ 35. It will be the same with the Michigan Southern. If sales be forced it may fall below 50 per cent. in a couple of days. No one, in or out of Wall Street, believes in its value. In ten years it has paid three dividends. Of these the last was borrowed, and the money has not yet been repaid. A general belief prevails that the directors are speculators, and that they would withhold or declare a dividend to suit their own purposes.

It is likely that the legality of the recent corner will be tested in a court of justice. The leading director of the Erie, who has made or tried to make so much money by cornering Bears in that stock, was outraged at being himself cornered by the speculators in Michigan Southern, and has appealed to the courts for redress. To Wall Street eyes his appeal is ridiculous. A man who sells and undertakes to deliver that which he has not got, necessarily takes the chances of being able to procure the property when he is called upon to deliver it. But the matter may be differently viewed by the courts. In the Napoleon Oil Case, of which some account was given in these columns a few months since, the courts held that, where the price of a stock was advanced above its natural value by fraudulent maneuvers of a managing or cornering clique, parties dealing in the stock in good faith and in ignorance of said maneuvers could recover any losses incurred by reason of the corner. The rule of law is clear: he who buys that which does not exist buys nothing, and can not insist upon a delivery of the thing bought. If Mr. WILLIAM B. ASTOR buys of Commodore VANDERBILT the New York City Hall, which is not for sale, the contract is void, and Mr. ASTOR can recover nothing by way of damages. If JOHN Sells to SARRA the church and church-yard of Trinity there is no sale, and nothing can be recovered by way of damages. If SARRA, who owns all the land on the west side of Avenue B, buys of ROUSSEAU—who is unaware of the state of the case—ten lots on said west side of said Avenue, the courts will hold that the purchase is void, the thing sold not being in the market. In like manner, if BROWN and WILLIAMS club together and buy up all the Michigan Southern in existence; then, having all the stock in their trunk, or due to them from solvent men, bid for a quantity of stock over and above the actual capital, which SARRA and JOHN, speculators in Wall Street, agree, in ignorance of the real state of the case, to supply at a fraction above the market-price, the chances are that the courts would relieve SARRA and JOHN from their contract on the ground that the purchase

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was void, and that the purchasers were fraudulently minded.

If the commission brokers of Wall Street were wise they would put an end to this cornering business at once. For it is fatal to their business. No man can tell how to advise his customers, or how to save them from loss. To buy railway stocks, in view of the coming depression in business, is wild; to sell them in view of the prospect of corners in each successive stock, is insane. The only safe policy is to let stocks entirely alone, and to leave the brokers to feed upon each other. In other words, the inevitable effect of these corners is to destroy the business of Wall Street. It may be a question whether this is an unmitigated evil. There are many who will regard it as an event not devoid of advantage to the public at large. But the brokers, whose living depends upon the activity of trade in stocks, will not share this opinion, and it is a little curious that both boards should have suffered these corners to be accomplished without even an attempt to protect themselves.

Some ten years ago, before the crisis of 1857, when Europeans were investing freely in United States railway securities, it was proposed to place our leading railway stocks upon the list of the London Stock Exchange. To the astonishment of most people here, the application was denied—on the ground that the capital of most of our companies was so small that in the event of a Bear movement it would be easy for any one of a score of rich operators in London to corner the Bears and force them to settle on their own terms. Experience proves that the Englishmen were right. It would be to the interest of the New York brokers now to strike from their list every stock that is cornered, and to establish for other stocks a clearing day, on which contracts might be settled at the price of the day without regard to the supply of stock on the street.

THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

The Civil Rights bill declares that all persons born in the United States, and not subject to any foreign power, excluding Indians not taxed, are citizens of the United States, and that such citizens, of every race and color, "shall have the same right in every State and Territory to make and enforce contracts, to sue, to be sued, to parties, and give evidence, to inherit, purchase, lease, sell, hold and convey real and personal property, and to be entitled to full and equal benefit of all laws and proceedings for the security of person and property as is enjoyed by white citizens, and shall be subject to like punishments, pains and penalties, and to none other, any law, statute, ordinance, regulation, or custom to the contrary notwithstanding."

The bill then defines the method of protecting these rights, the details of which, if imperfect, can readily be corrected. It leaves the adjustment of political privilege to the States. It does not say that a citizen shall be a voter; it says only that he shall have the equal rights of a man.

This law, which was passed by an imposing vote in both Houses, 33 to 15 in the Senate, and 129 to 41 in the House, unquestionably expresses the profound determination of the people of the United States. They conferred freedom, and they have now defined what they mean by freedom. If a man can not own property and exercise every right that springs from its possession he is not free. This truth is fully recognized by ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, at whose instance, and against the wishes of many leaders, the Georgia Legislature has passed a bill legalizing equal civil rights to the freedmen. What Georgia has wisely done for itself the United States have done for the whole country. In doing it Congress has secured one of the most legitimate results of the war, and has laid the cornerstone of enduring peace and Union.

THE CASE OF IRELAND.

ALTHOUGH Foreigners may not be a very imposing phenomenon, yet it is not to be forgotten that the wrongs of Ireland are not a fable, but a very tragical truth. We do not need to explore history to know so much. We have only to consider the general condition of the vast numbers of emigrants from that country to this to be very sure that there must be a radical and vital defect in the system to which they are subject, and which makes them what they are. "The Anglo-Saxon race," titulary says the French Opus National, alluding to the national fast for the cattle pest, "will pay for the salvation of bulls and scourge poor Ireland." The accusation is tremendous, but to every plea of England the actual condition of Ireland must be shown and constantly alleged.

A hundred and fifty years ago MOLYNEUX published his "Case of Ireland Stated," and DEAN SWIFT his "Draper's Letters." Mr. JAMES GORDON, a writer in the London Foreignly Review, reminds us that the House of Commons could not answer MOLYNEUX's book, so they had it burned by the common hangman, while SWIFT's publisher, for refusing to give the author's name, was thrown into prison.

These events are typical of the English system in Ireland, and Mr. GORDON submits the case of Ireland anew.

It must be remembered that the Irish population is not of one race or faith. The pure Celts are few and feeble. The Roman Catholic nobility and gentry, the Episcopalians and Presbyterians, the professional and mercantile classes, with most of the land-owners, belong to the British connection. The "dangerous class" is not the original Celt, it is the Catholic peasantry in the better part of the country who are of mixed race. It is in the most English counties of "the pale" that the chief discontent is found, and if the quarrel were to be settled among the Irish themselves, the Irish of British race, according to our author, would remain masters. It was in these English counties, where Irish had not been spoken for ages, that the rebellion of '98 against the British Government raged most fiercely. The population is energetic, self-reliant, and asks only for just government and fair play for industry.

The Irish priests spring from the people. Their interests are those of their flocks. Educated upon the Continent, which is covered with the monuments of their Church, or at home pondering the ancient power of their faith, the priests point to the people the wrongs of their Church, which is proscribed and persecuted. Before the eyes of those people are the painful contrast of the ruins of the old cathedrals with the modern Episcopal chapel and its well-endowed rector preaching to his congregation of twenty souls, while a thousand of the faithful and traditional Church kneel upon earthen floors in their rude home beyond. These contrasts are deepened in effect by the traditions of alienated estates, of martyred bishops, of the long, desperate struggle for freedom, and the black penal code. The passionate power of priestly appeals upon such points to such people can be imagined.

Most of the land in Ireland has been confiscated three times, and as joint rights of ownership were disregarded the land titles are hopelessly confused. As the tenant farmer by his own outlay increases the yield of the ground the absentee landlord increases his rent and refuses long leases. Small farmers have abandoned the struggle. Large farmers throw land out of cultivation because of the greater profit of grazing. There is, therefore, no steady demand of agricultural labor; in large districts there are no resident gentry or capitalists; and the mass of the agricultural and laboring classes are hostile to the Government, which is represented to them by noble absentee proprietors, who make attorneys their agents, and pay them a percentage upon the rent they can extort.

The hostility of races and of religions has never been fiercer than in Ireland, but it is not greater than that of the native sects or clans before the Reformation. The Pope supported the King of England and the King's Irish against the rest of the Irish population until the King turned Protestant, when the Pope went over to the "Irish clergy." The terrible civil wars continued, and hatred, suspicion, and contempt were embodied in the English laws for Ireland, until the late Lord LYONSBURGH, the Tory Chancellor, described the Irish Catholics as "aliens in blood, language, and religion." He would more truly have expressed the Conservative feeling even of his own time and the last generation had he said enemies instead of aliens.

But during the last half-century England has been trying slowly to atone for the melancholy misgovernment of Ireland. The Tory or Conservative party, which never forgets and never learns, which thinks that the British Constitution is gone if a law is reformed which hangs a starving man for stealing a hen, which has brought England to the verge of civil war more than once in this century, of course resisted and resists. The safety of the British empire, as of every constitutional government, lies in the defeat of the Conservative Tory policy. As an Opposition such a party is useful; as a Government it is perilous. It opposed Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Bill, and the Corn Law repeal. It has opposed every vital reform demanded by the condition of England. The problem in Ireland will be solved by the English liberals. An actual religious and political equality and a change in the land tenure must be achieved before Ireland can rest, or England either. The key-note of English as of American liberalism—the secret of peace and welfare—is Justice.

AMNESTY.

MR. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, who held quite as firmly to the Southern doctrine of State Sovereignty as JEFFERSON DAVIS, was released from Fort Warren during the last autumn, and was lately elected Senator in Congress by the Georgia Legislature. On the 22d of February he made a speech accepting the office and exhorting his neighbors to patient acquiescence in the results of the war. It was unquestionably wise to release him, to suffer him to live at home, and to give good advice to the Georgia Legislature. But surely it is a whimsical injustice to deprive his late associate

executive officer of "the Confederacy" of the same opportunities. Why should not JEFFERSON DAVIS be allowed to acquiesce and to urge acquiescence? His offense was no greater, if more conspicuous, than that of STEPHENS; and treason, if they were guilty of it, can not be made "odious" by imprisoning the one and condemning the other.

MR. RAPHAEL SEMMES, also, who commanded the *Alabama*, and who made war upon the United States after his surrender, has been unconditionally released by the President of the United States. Mr. SEMMES was very successful in his raids by sea upon the ships of loyal merchants. He must have destroyed property to the amount of many millions of dollars. Mr. C. C. CLAY, on the other hand, was very unsuccessful. His raids by land were generally abortive, although planned upon the most comprehensive scale. We do not complain, under the circumstances, so far as they are known, that Mr. SEMMES goes free, but why is Mr. CLAY kept in jail?

We presume that these facts foretell a general amnesty. To hold DAVIS and CLAY while STEPHENS and SEMMES are released is unjustifiable. To undertake to try DAVIS is folly. It would be the trial of the Government. Does any loyal man wish to submit the validity of the war to the verdict of twelve chance men in Richmond? If DAVIS should be convicted of treason, nothing is settled. If he should be acquitted, the Government becomes ridiculous and the war is condemned. No trial can affect the public judgment of his course. Whatever the result, loyal men would retain their opinion and disloyal men theirs. If convicted, he would not be hung, for if there were any danger of the execution of such a sentence the most loyal men in the land would be the most earnest intercessors for his pardon. No constitutional Government was ever strengthened by hanging its enemies after a war in which it was victorious, and no blood shed upon the scaffold for political offenses has ever yet stained the purity of our national garments.

But while the conspicuous individual leaders in the great rebellion, like DAVIS, STEPHENS, LEE, SEMMES, CLAY, and others, instead of being pursued with rigor, are suffered, and wisely suffered, to go with no other penalty than the feeling with which the authors of so much misery will always be regarded by patriotic men, it is all the more important that every reasonable step should be taken to destroy the conditions which so fatally favored their conspiracy. That is the work in which Congress is engaged, and in which it is supported by the sympathy and prayers of those who have served the country.

"CONSERVATIVE" WISDOM.

THE last suggestion of the "Conservatives" is worthy of those who denied the authority of the United States to "coerce" rebels, and who declared the war a failure. It is simply that the President is not bound to execute a law which he considers unconstitutional—in other words, that the President may dispense with the laws.

The simple truth is, that the President takes an oath to "preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." The Constitution provides that when the President objects to a law, upon constitutional or other grounds, he is to return it to the House in which it originated, and that House shall proceed to reconsider it. "If," says the Constitution, "after such reconsideration, two-thirds of that House shall agree to pass the bill, it shall be sent, together with the objections, to the other House, by which it shall likewise be reconsidered, and if approved by two-thirds of that House, it shall become a law."

If the President's conscience forbids him to fulfill his oath and execute the law, he may do what some Commissioners did under the Fugitive Slave Law—he may resign his office.

The "Conservatism" which, by the mouth of Mr. GARRETT DAVIS, suggests to the President to refuse to recognize the Senate of the United States, and by the Chicago Times exhorts him to turn Congress out of the Capitol, naturally proposes, by the New York Herald, that he shall disregard his oath. A "Conservatism" which considers Congress "a Respublic" discovers it to be an impertinence, and the will of the President the sole government of the country, without perceiving that if Congress be a Rump, the President, who was elected by exactly the same votes, is no less a fragment.

And these are the oracles who will up their eyes at "revolutionary" radicals.

MR. JAMES M. SCOWELL.

AS THE name of Mr. JAMES M. SCOWELL will probably never be heard of again, it is instructive to note why it was ever heard of at all. He was a Union Senator in the New Jersey Legislature. The Union Senators were chosen in number, and the Opposition ten. When the seat of Mr. SCOWELL in the United States Senate was vacated, a proposition was made in the New Jersey Senate to go into joint convention

for an election. Mr. SCOWELL voted with the friends of Mr. STOCKTON against it, and refused to vote for a Convention, unless the Convention would agree to nominate a person whom he should propose. Why the whole body of Unionists in the Legislature should yield their preference to Mr. JAMES M. SCOWELL that gentleman failed to state. He declared with great solemnity that he was very honest, while nobody doubted that the others were so. The passage of the Civil Rights Bill over the veto apparently depended upon the Senator to be elected in New Jersey, but Mr. SCOWELL declined to yield, and reiterated that his honesty was truly phenomenal. Fortunately the vote of New Jersey was not necessary to pass the bill, but that State has lost one of the finest fruits of her noble victory of the autumn—a Union Senator of the United States—because Mr. JAMES M. SCOWELL, elected as a Unionist, refused to vote for the candidate selected by the whole body of Union men. He was not bound to vote for a man whom he did not approve, but he was bound not to prevent others from voting for their chosen candidate. He had no right to insist that every Union Senator and Representative in New Jersey should submit to his sole dictation; and it is because of his betrayal of an honorable political trust that the name of Mr. JAMES M. SCOWELL was noted for a week, and will not be heard of again.

HOW MUCH SHALL WE EAT?

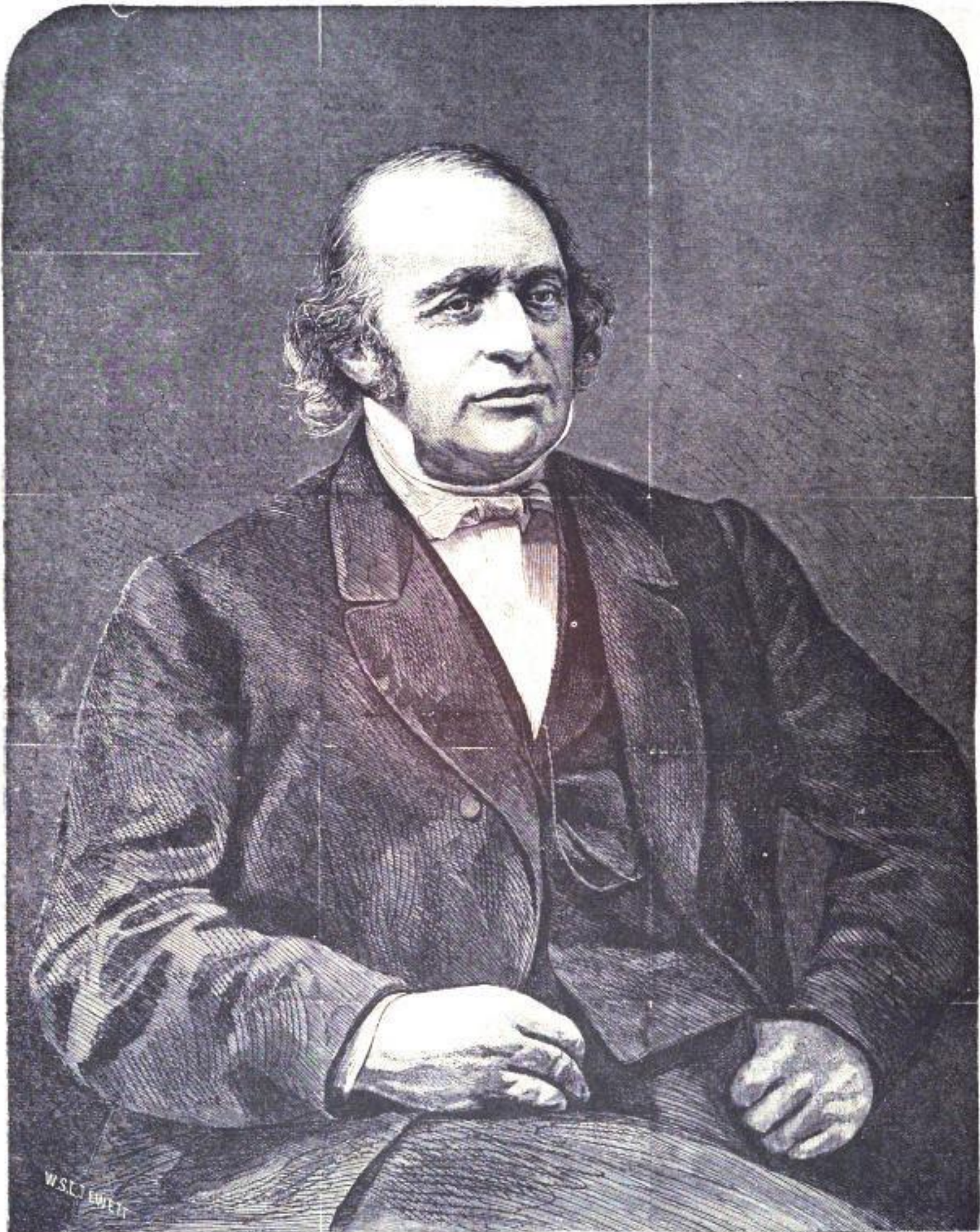
ONE of the most important items in the relation of food to health is the regulation of its quantity. This seems to be very well done, for the most part, where it is left entirely to the instinct of the animal and the amount of supply furnished by nature; for we have no evidence that wild animals commit errors as to the quantity of their food. It is otherwise with domesticated animals, for their habits are modified more or less by man's control over them, and the supply of their food is not regulated by nature. Errors of diet are often committed by them. You may make your canary-bird or your dog sick with too much of rich food; your horse may be injured by eating from a grain-bin, or your cattle by getting into a corn-field. In the case of man himself the indications of nature are very apt to be overruled by his inclinations and notions—shall we say his judgment? If so, his judgment is often at fault.

What prompts us to eat? It is what we call hunger—a sensation about the cause and seat of which there has been much speculation. Its seat is certainly, for the most part at least, in the stomach; and its cause is the want of some nutrition in the system, this want being expressed by the sensation which it occasions. The greater, therefore, is the want the more intense is the sensation, as we see in the imperative hunger which sometimes appears in convalescents who have been much prostrated by disease. This sensation is often allayed by other things besides food. Nodden had no's way, by its influence on the stomach through the nervous system, destroy it. Filling the stomach with indigestible substances will remove it, or rather overpower it by producing another sensation there, as is done by the diet-casters, and sometimes in experiments on animals.

When food removes hunger it is not by the supply of the want of the system, for the effect comes long before the nutritive part of the food can be conveyed to where it is wanted. It results from the sensation occasioned by the presence of the food and the commencement of the process of digestion. What is this sensation? Is it a sense of fullness? Many eat till there is even an oppressive sensation of this kind. But this comes after one has passed clear beyond the sensation that betokens a sufficiency of food—the sensation of satiety, as we may term it. This is quite as definite as its opposite, hunger, and it is a reliable indication. It is not a mere extinguishment of hunger, but it is a positive sensation of a somewhat complex character. There is a feeling of satisfaction, with some, but slight, sense of fullness. It is sometimes claimed that we should stop short of this, and not absolutely extinguish our hunger; but this would be a disobedience of an obvious indication of nature, and the result would be insufficient nutrition of the system, and consequent feebleness and disease.

This sensation is not an adequate guide in regard to the amount of food, unless the circumstances under which we take it are properly regulated. It may fail us if we eat too rapidly. The feeling of satiety will not come at the proper moment if the food be thrown into the stomach partially masticated and scarcely moistened with the saliva. The true sense of fullness would then be our chief guide, and there is danger of eating too much. It may fail us also if too much be made of the pleasure of the palate by variety of dishes and courses, although we do not deny a due regard to gratification in taking our food.

There should be more attention paid to the cultivation of correct tastes in regard to food. There should not be the alternation which we often see between poor living and such provision as presents extraordinary temptations to gluttony. The fruits of the different seasons should more commonly make a portion of our daily meals. There should be more uniformly good cooking of ordinary articles, and less of the usual making up for deficiency in this by a variety of luxuriously prepared food. Good bread and well-cooked meats are much less common than is supposed, even where there is a profuse display of the sickly wares of cookery, which certainly do deprave the tastes and produce disease. Simplicity—the absence of nature—with plainness and simplicity, should be the main object in the appointments of the table. Excess variety should be avoided, for this leads to going beyond the sensation of satiety, and a more or less oppressive fullness is apt to be the limit of eating.



PROFESSOR LOUIS AGASSIZ.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. SOYER, BOSTON.]

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ.

THE President of the United States referred in his inaugural to the warm reception, by the monarch of Brazil, of the scientific party now exploring that portion of South America. It is believed that this is the first time that a Chief Magistrate of our nation has called attention to any exploration of a nature so purely private in its inception and in its execution. Professor AGASSIZ is the head of that expedition, and such is the remarkable career and character of the man that his new researches have not only merited mention by the President of the United States, the enthusiastic co-operation of the Emperor of Brazil, and the deepest interest of scientific men in Europe and America, but the general public manifested in his movements as great solicitude as if he were engaged in enterprises of

great official as well as national importance. His discoveries on the Amazon have called renewed attention to the man who belongs to both continents. Born in Switzerland, he is an adopted son of the United States. Several cantons have claimed him in his native land, and our own LONGFELLOW has added not a little to the confusion in the popular mind when, in his beautiful "Ode to AGASSIZ on his Fiftieth Birthday," written in 1857, he says:

"It was fifty years ago,
In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud
A child in its cradle lay."

The fact is, that LOUIS JOSEPH BROUEN AGASSIZ was born on the 28th of May, 1807, in a little corner of the Canton Freiburg, Switzerland, not far away from the cantons of Neuchâtel, Bern, and Vaud. His father and five immediate ancestors

were clergymen of the Protestant faith. His mother, who still lives, was remarkable for her talent and acquirements. His education was of that complete kind which is open to every one in the excellent schools of Switzerland; but his tastes, influenced by Rev. Mr. FIVAS (now a resident of New York), turned in the direction of natural science. The colleges of Bienne, Lausanne, and Zurich in Switzerland, witnessed his early triumphs in the classics, in general scientific attainments, and in the particular study of medicine—his early chosen profession. He completed his academic course in the Universities of Heidelberg and Munich. Later, in Vienna and Paris, he enjoyed the association and friendship of Humboldt, Cuvier, Hyrtl, and others.

While he was yet in his teens the first Emperor of Brazil took the Austrian Archduchess LEOPOLDINA, the sister of MAXIMILIAN (the first NAPO-

LEON's second bride), to share with him the throne at Rio de Janeiro. Then it was that the monarch of Bavaria sent a corps of scientific men to Brazil, chiefly directed by MARTENS and SEIX. AGASSIZ was not yet of age when this expedition returned; but when SEIX, to whom was intrusted the zoological portion, suddenly died, there was no one in Europe whom MARTENS found capable of classifying the fishes of Brazil except the young Swiss, who had devoted more close attention to ichthyology than any other man living. The work was published in Latin, and it instantly placed AGASSIZ in the first rank of authorities. From that time to this the scientific world has been surprised and overjoyed at contributions to science on a variety of the most difficult questions in nature, which required years of the most devoted study merely to arrange preliminaries before publication. The most varied

as well as the most accurate knowledge and study are displayed in these works. The late Professor AMPÈRE, of the Sorbonne, Paris, wrote in 1832 that Professor AGASSIZ was the only man living, and one of the few who have ever existed, who had "made himself master of four sciences." Dr. MANUEL PACHICO DA SILVA, President of the Pedro II. College at Rio de Janeiro, recently made, in the *Journal de Commercio*, a résumé of the works of AGASSIZ, with comments thereon; stating that any one who reads "The Fishes of Brazil" will find that it is a work upon which any one might rest his reputation; that a close examination of the second publication of AGASSIZ—"The Natural History of the Fresh-Water Fishes of Europe"—is a work so complete that any other man would have considered it his *exquisitum opus*; that his third great treatise—"Fossil Fishes"—for which his preliminary studies were during seven years of most arduous study, and which were ten years in publication, is a monument of research and genius such as the world has rarely seen, leading through the most abstract and intricate regions of zoology, geology, and paleontology, to a new classification, which is recognized by all the leading geologists of the world; that his minor works on the Echini, on living and fossil shells, and several other subjects, were enough to satisfy the ambition of ordinary men; that his "Studies on the Glaciers," and his *Expédition Glacière*, results of years of arduous investigation and long exposure on the highest Alps, and on the great glaciers of the Oberland and Mont Blanc, did more than any other of his works to revolutionize the former theories concerning the remote period of our globe when the great snow-stern covered tropic as well as arctic zones. "Surely," says Dr. PACHICO DA SILVA, "no one would have looked for other volumes from this great and prolific man; but no sooner does he reach the United States than the New World calls forth new efforts, and we looked upon his contributions to the Natural History of the United States as the final and monumental work of this spacious mind; but now we see him investigating the rich field of Brazil, and we feel that *his* has not yet been written to the efforts of his genius."

Professor AGASSIZ came to our country in 1846. He was then Professor in the College of Neuchâtel, and visited the United States to study the aspects of nature here. We all remember the enthusiasm created by his lectures. Two years later, duty indicated plainly to the Professor that the New World was to be the field of his labors. The Professorship of Zoology and Geology in the scientific school in Cambridge is filled by AGASSIZ. The magnificent Museum of Comparative Zoology is wholly his creation in its inception, plan, and execution, and has excited the envy of Europe. It has a national importance, and in completeness and extent is the first in the world.

In March, 1865, Professor AGASSIZ left our shores with a corps of scientific men to explore the virgin fields of Brazil. Already this expedition, endowed by the munificence of NATHANIEL TAGGER, Esq., of Boston, has produced abundant fruits. The enthusiastic reception by the Emperor of Brazil, and by the people of that Empire, and the co-operation of the Brazilian Government, are grateful to our nation, which is now more closely united to the most stable Government in South America. The results of Professor AGASSIZ's expedition will, like all his works, redound to the advancement of science and to the promotion of a truthful understanding of the great phenomena of tropical nature.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.)

INSIDE
A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XV.

At the same hour in which Brother Barker is preaching the Gospel—according to Jefferson Davis—at the Pines, Edward Arthur is preaching another Gospel—that according to the Lord Jesus Christ—in his church in Somerville. And he and his comparatively few hearers know that he has got such a grasp upon the very substance and essence of that good news to men as he never had before. Yes, he, and multitudes like him at the South, in ever deepening despair of things human in these days, are looking to the Gospel and to the living God, of whom that sacred paper is but the transparent drapery, with an ever-increasing singleness and intensity to which all previous experience is tame indeed.

"It's the last time, the very last time, you catch me a-bearing him," Mrs. Warner had remarked a few Sabbaths ago as she walked her portly husband home from church. "Yes, I know it, I did say before this I never would go again, and I haven't been, you well know, for ever so long. But I thought that to-day, Thanksgiving Day for our glorious victory over McClellan, he certainly would come out for the Confederacy, and be down at last upon the Yankees. And look at it. All that sermon of his to-day only a-trying to prove what terrible sinners we are instead, telling over all our sins. Not one word about the vile wickedness of the Yankees."

"Why he said, Helen," ventured the Doctor, "that, whatever were the human instruments of chastisement employed, the Almighty would deal in strictest justice with them as with us. You see he wants us to look more at that for which we are being punished than at the punishment itself; he says that if we do not we will be more and more punished by Him until we do.



GOING HOME FROM CHURCH.

For me," added the Doctor, rashly, "I agree with Mr. Arthur entirely!"

But the Doctor never would have said this save from the warmth of just having heard the sermon.

"It's his influence has rained you; he's a traitor, a Yankee, a vile Abolitionist!" says Mrs. Warner, and so decidedly that Alice Bowles, walking home alone from church, can not choose but hear. "Always insisting and insisting upon our sins," says Mrs. Warner, "as if we are not a million times better than the Yankees. Talking, too, about the Almighty, as if He had any hand in this wicked war upon us—it's awful! Look here, Dr. Warner," adds his wife in a sudden change of tone, as a light breaks on her, "I've got it now! The one great sin the South is being punished for is Slavery. That's his idea. Ah, ha, ha. Yes, oh yes, I see! The Almighty is so angry with us because we own slaves he is using the Yankees to chastise us—chastise us, as if they could do it!—for that."

"Has he ever said so?" begins the Doctor.

"Hah, I remember now. That's why he has never preached a sermon—never, on the Bible command to us to hold slaves. Brother Barker—why there's not one preacher I know of but has done an often. Exactly!"

"I am astonished at you, Helen," says Dr. Warner, "new light, of somewhat different hue, breaking on him also. "You well know he has often urged on us—taking the institution for granted—to instruct our negroes—"

"Wants us to see to it that they are actually married and all that—as if a negro ever does more than take up with a husband or wife for a while; and as if virtuous white ladies were going to meddle in such things! Catch me! Something about the duties of negro parents to their children too. Parents! I tell you, Dr. Warner," adds his clear-spoken partner, "all such stuff is inconsistent with the institution. To preach it is to preach Abolitionism, that's all. It may deceive you, but it can't deceive me, so I tell you. And that he, a Southern man, that has lived here so long—"

Dr. Warner walks with drooped head beside his wife while she is exhausting herself upon the subject. Not that he hears a word she says. That Sunday morning when his pastor announced his settled purpose to confine himself exclusively to his spiritual duties comes up before him. People agreed that was a pastor's only true course then—now it is disloyal. Mr. Arthur's is a peculiar position. Once, at least, during the week, the bell of every other church in Somerville summons the congregation to a special prayer-meeting for the success of the Confederacy; alone of the churches Mr. Arthur's remains closed, his bell silent. The only exception to the preachers in and around Somerville, and there are a great many of them, one never sees him on the streets laughing and shaking hands over the last glorious news, or clapping and stamping at the public meetings. Not once has he even been seen at the after-said prayer-meetings, where Sam Peters prays till he can only gasp for the swift and utter destruction of the Yankees. "By the sword, Lord, by the yellow fever, Lord. Like Gideon's foes, by one another, Lord; any way, good Lord, any way, every way, so that thou only out of thy unwaiting fullness speedily destroy them!" Where Brother Barker, too, rises in prayer to such heights of exhortation as well as entreaty as he had never dreamed of even at the climax of the most successful of camp-meetings. All the "putting down, O Lord," Brother Barker clamors for these days is the "putting down of our three fiendish foes!" All the "saying" he supplicates is the "saying our now, our young, our great, our glorious Confederacy, even thine own peculiar people, O our God!"

Yes, it is a trying time for Mr. Arthur, these days.

"He's a lie, it isn't a political matter at all," Sam Peters says in reference to this speckled bird in the flock, "the very existence of Christianity as all on this continent is involved in the success of the Confederacy!" and that is the first article in the Creed—ah, you may deny it now; you know it was then—of every religious Secessionist at the South. But, in the rising tide of the times, friend after friend has been swept away from Mr. Arthur, some dead North,

some gone to the war in reality, some gone to the war, from him at least, in heart.

His congregation waxes from Sabbath to Sabbath. In pastoral visits among the few that remain, even among some as heartily opposed as he at the outset to Secession, he hears, "Well, I was opposed to the thing at the beginning as much as a man could be, but now that we are in it—and so on to the "last ditch" with the "black flag" waving over it! Such a forgetfulness of all principle in the matter, such an utter abandoning yourself to the current simply because it is a current. And that current is Lestis itself as to the Past. It matters not a straw how sincerely good Mr. Ellis, and thousands like him, once believed it to be a great sin; "now we are in it; now, you see, we are in it!" is the magical formula, and, presto! off you are gone, soul as well as body, with the movement.

A trying time for the man. There are many as clear and as firm, too, as he, but, unlike them, he can not shut himself up in his office, bury himself in the furrows of his farm, occupy and conceal himself behind his counter. He is before the public every Sunday, peculiarly before them on the often recurring Thanksgiving and Fast days. Somerville has forgotten a good many people, but he is too much before it for that. An annoying Elijah, who will not even let himself away in the seclusion of Cherish and Sarepta, but is perpetually in Abadi's path.

By slow degrees, keenly as it hurt him at first, he is becoming used to people passing him without speaking, to the cold words and colder manner of those who were once his friends. On what pretext resign? Where go if he should? What occupation can he, a man under ban, follow? He has no capital to become a merchant, no farm to be a farmer, as objectionable a teacher as he is a preacher. Let him resign to-day, before to-morrow Brother Barker will himself see to it that he is conscripted. All he can do is to continue in his present line of duty. He wonders, is the delusion in himself or in the mass around me? Ignorant and educated, sanguine and phlegmatic, silent and talkative, violent and mild, the avowed wicked and the devotedly pious—the fermentation is seething all men into madness of opinion, feeling, speech. Alas! for Edward Arthur, he is only petrifying in his isolation.

Look at good Mr. Ellis. There is almost nothing left in his store these days for sale. His last calicoes went off at two dollars a yard. Mrs. Bowles bought his last bolt of domestic at one dollar and seventy-five cents. He did have shoes at ten dollars, none now. His shelves display only empty boxes, bottles of hair oil, stone jugs, patent medicines, and an amazing number of mouse-traps. Any quantity of coffee-mills, but they are only a mockery, coffee selling at two dollars a pound. But not a cent saves Mr. Ellis. His main object in opening his store in the morning is to hear what people—dropping in during the day to ask for articles they won't get—have to say upon the one topic, while, leaning against his empty shelves, he ex-

changes instead of goods his own freshest hopes in return.

"Goods? No, Sir; and, for one, I intend getting few or none from abroad hereafter. I hope to sell nothing that is not made within the Confederacy. In a short time, Sir, we will have achieved our independence in every sense of the word."

Pity develops in a man the faculty of hope, and the vigor of Mr. Ellis's hope has reference to the Confederacy, and is amazing. His son Henry writes gloomy letters from the army and he rebukes him therefor, ignoring to every one and to himself every thing not encouraging to "the South." The paper he reads several times over on its arrival, with what heated unbelief in its discouraging items, with what magnifying fervor in its encouraging ones. The least intimation of a rumor of the latter kind is a solid satisfaction for, at least, the passing moment. He eagerly repeats it to customers calling in on vain search for axes or nails or pins. An iron-clad navy arrived at Wilmington for the South, a civil war already broken out at the North, European intervention—his sincere belief in the news satisfies all who hear it from him that it must be even so. Whoever else is absent from any war meeting Mr. Ellis is not; his sincere face giving moral sanction to the proceedings otherwise rather vindictive, not to say perfidious. It is singular, though, that he is not a more regular attendant on the prayer meetings; there is a spirit in the remarks and the prayers thereof from which, in spite of himself, he winces and shrieks. The religiousness of Mr. Ellis's belief in the Confederacy disquiets his pastor more than any thing else—all Mr. Ellis's piety running so wildly in that one channel in these days.

But the two rarely meet now. "He knows my sentiments perfectly well; how can he be so cordial with me—not cordial—so full rather of a struggling respect and concern for me still?" the pastor asks himself, wondering whether he will see his former friend at church next Sunday or no. Is it possible deep down in his soul he knows I am right? Mr. Arthur muses upon it, till one Sabbath Mr. Ellis disappears with his family from church.

Perhaps Hobby Sorel may have had an unconscious share in this last step. Not a more modest, quiet, sober little fellow than Hobby; but, to say nothing of his mother, he has by this time become exceedingly attached to Mr. Arthur, who teaches him at home, and makes a companion of him in all his excursions, his heart yearning doubly over Hobby in his state of banishment, and being repulsed from almost every one else. As with the children of all Union people, Hobby has a great deal to bear in the way of abuse. That his mother and Mr. Arthur are Yankees, Abolitionists, and traitors he is told almost every time he is sent into Somerville on an errand. But when Charley Ellis, about his own age, becoming rapidly the very bad boy which the children of pious parents sometimes do become, heaps cursing and abuse upon him, about this time, as a "whitewashed negro," with a great deal more in reference to Mr. Arthur and his



THE PROTEST MARSHAL'S OFFICE.

mother, Bobby's wrath bursts forth, and, as much to his own surprise as that of Charley Ellis, he gives this letter a sound drubbing. Of course Mr. Ellis hears only his son's, or rather his son's mother's version of the matter; that, with Charley's blackened eyes, settles the matter. Only he will not put it on that ground with Mr. Arthur.

"The prayers he offers are precisely those he might put up in a Boston pulpit; I can not stand it," says Mr. Ellis. Not that he has any more fancy for Brother Barker and the like for all that. For the present Mr. Ellis and family, his children withdrawn from Sabbath School, are adrift upon the world.

"I wonder whether I would be as dumb upon political matters in the pulpit if I was where I could speak?" said Mr. Arthur to himself, next morning as he rode home from his bath, feeling fresh and strong. "And it is an hypocrisy for me to put my position on the ground that it is the duty of ministers to abstain from politics?"

"You and your fellow-preachers of the same sentiments are in somewhat the same case here at the South that the preachers of the Democratic party are at the North," says Mr. Ferguson, to whom, in Guy Brooks's office the same day, Mr. Arthur propounds his case. "Were you and your like at the North they at the South, to say the least, the temptation upon you as upon them to speak out would be tremendous. Eh? I dare say you would be among the loudest, most violent of them all—a perfect Barker. It is only human nature, man," says the Scot.

"My convictions," means the minister, "are so very clear and strong; so very much to so many is at stake; and, then, the question is so largely a moral, in fact a religious, one! Yet surely a minister should be exclusively—"

"Oh, never mind about that," breaks in the lawyer. "You are occupying the only position you can now," and Guy Brooks continues an interrupted denunciation of the new Stay Law.

"And there is conscription," begins the Scotchman.

"The most awful violation of State Rights—the most unconstitutional thing!" burst out the lawyer.

"You must not say that; you know our Supreme Court is unanimous against you. By-the-by," continues Mr. Ferguson, "I had a visit last night from a man on land business—wanted to buy land—as if I would exchange my solid acres for his worthless paper-money! He was telling me about a District Judge in our sister State—a long story. Being a Yankee and in office he dares instantly, eagerly, that conscription is constitutional. They wanted to argue before him the question of Martial Law, as now existing in every village over the State. 'Not one syllable, gentlemen,' he said; 'my mind is already made up—Martial Law is constitutional also.' And if that gang at Richmond had enacted Polygamy it would have been the same. Poor fellow! I know all about it: at the beginning of Secession, too thoroughly informed in head and heart not to know its diabolical nature and consequences, he wined and strunk. In, however, he went at last, under the terrible pressure, desperately; now he steps at nothing, of course. My land-seeker told me the poor fellow is thinned to a ghost—you can read his misery in his face—he can not sit still a moment—in and out of every group he comes upon, seeking consolation and finding none. Like Milton's Satan he can not fly himself, however. I've put my man's information in my collection, adds he, laying his hand palm on the next volume in question lying on the table beside him: 'and you mark my words, Sir,' continues the plain Scot, 'if I do not have to complete that person's history with an account of his suicide I am more mistaken than I was ever before in my life.'

"I suppose you have that printed list of those who have not paid their War tax," asks the lawyer—"the one pasted up in the Court-house?"

"In my collection? Yes, Sir, my name leading the list. There has not been a matter relating to Secession in my reach that is not there. That collection, Sir, is nothing to laugh at—it is material of profound philosophical study. The regular steps of Secession toward despotism are perfectly beautiful, illustrating the inviolable working of moral law as the rainbow does the natural laws of light. Stay law, exemption of the rich from military service, martial law, conscription, prostituted press, terrorism—we will soon get on to currency utterly depreciated, then imprisonment of property and negroes, terrible military executions to prevent desertion, State militia passed into the hands of the Richmond gang—"

"What raving madness!" breaks in the lawyer, rising from his seat in desperation. "We needed for what?"

"For our share of the Territories, and they are gone; for State Rights, and they are gone." "For Slavery, and it will soon be gone, too. *Queen Anne's cake*—a hackneyed old proverb, Mr. Arthur. You cut loose from the Union," continues the Scotchman, "and sail off on the one bottom of Slavery! Beautiful experiment, *expérimentum crucis*, as Bacon calls such; Parady, with a bread, clean counter before him, never tried a heater, completer one in Natural Philosophy. The idea, you see, is to eliminate Slavery from all that has hitherto been mixed with it, to see how the thing itself and by itself stands. Well, not a Power in the world dare recognize your Slave Government; at home corruption and despotism and ruin until you sicken of it—to say nothing of the awful judgments of Heaven upon you by the hands of the Federals! Being from Scotland, I am impartial, of course. And such men as you two, Dr. Warner, Paul Brooks up there at the Pine, and all like you at the South, why, born and living

at the South, it is no wonder you are coming so slowly to see. But you are on the road—three years hence the Union men of the South will be the most hearty emancipationists on earth, without a spark of Northern fanaticism!"

It was an awful sentiment; but dry Mr. Ferguson stated it simply as a scientific fact. He was canny Scotch enough, however, to lower his voice as he made the atrocious statement. "And it is the hand of God," he added; "you good people could see no harm in Slavery. Very well, Heaven is putting that very cup to your lip, pressing it there bitter and long, to see how you like the taste. The Jehovah of Moses still rules, an eye for an eye, *lex talionis*—retributive justice the old Covenanters call it."

Neither of his friends would have endured such language a few months before. Yes, an immense amount of thinking was being done in the South those days, and in the mind of every reasoning mortal there, Union man or Secessionist, it all bore upon that one thing—Slavery.

"And so you had to march up, too, and take your medicine?" the lawyer asks Mr. Arthur, after a long silence. And that gentleman needed no explanation. He had stood before the Provost Marshal, and, under oath, renounced all allegiance to the United States Government, swearing fealty to the "Confederate States of America" instead. Medicine? Yes; and the bitterest to him, and to thousands like him, their manhood had ever taken. Certain zealous females of the Secession persuasion had even offered themselves to the Provost Marshal of Somerville as a committee to administer the same oath to every one of their own sex in the county. Unfortunately the Provost Marshal declined the offer; acknowledged its importance, but plead absence of instructions. Not one of the Secession females but would have died or succeeded. Not even the feeblest of the Union ladies but would have endured first a thousand deaths. Who can conjecture the issue? And, alas for Poesy, Bellona, dread goddess of war, being the most, that such an Iliad should not have been enacted!

"Tim Lamm Provost Marshal? Oh, come now, not Tim Lamm!" had been the universal remark in Somerville when that fact was announced.

Wait one instant. For it takes very little expenditure of colors—water colors—to paint Tim Lamm. A suddenly shot-up youth of nineteen was Tim, oily as to hair, sparse as to mustache, feeble as to stamina, profuse as to speech, loose as to morals, good as to only one thing on earth—and that one thing is poker. All the rest of Tim's fall length is on the canvas when it is added that Tim had "plenty of negroes," and was nephew of the editor. An exceedingly vaporous existence had Tim led up to Secession. With his hat perched, tilted well forward, upon the top of his head, a cigar in the corner of his languid mouth, nothing on the surface of this planet had Tim to do. And he did it; that is, during the day. At night it was poker.

Tim was off to the war from the first, was in one fight in which a bridge was much mixed up, and came back. Forever on the point of leaving to "rejoin his command," somehow he never got off. But as a private? No, Sir. No man readier than he to go as an officer. Not attaining to that, Lamm, editor and uncle, discovers that he can not dispense with Tim from the office of the *Star*. So Tim is compelled to smoke his listless cigar a fraction of every day in that dreary and very dirty den until his uncle can get him something as Commissary, Quartermaster, Contractor from Richmond.

So, when Martial Law is established in Somerville, Somerville finds it embodied in Tim, cigar in mouth, hat on head, back on the little table before him, ready to perform all the duties of Provost Marshal in the empty store employed for the purpose. And very easy Tim took it. Bob Withers acted for the time as his clerk on the dusty counter near by, entering the names and administering the oath. All that Tim has to do at present is to smooth down his inelegant mustache in the hollowed fore-finger of his left hand whenever he takes his cigar from his mouth with his right. Medicine? Ay, the bitterest on earth.

"An oath under duress has not the least obligation," reasons Guy Brooks and hundreds of thousands at the South. Yet who seriously revere an oath as the most solemn of appeals to God, is or is not the taking of an oath on the heels of such reasoning about as cool, as deliberate a taking the name of God in vain as a man can be guilty of? If the whole moral law, in every possible inflection thereof, were but as explicit and invariable as the Multiplication Table now!

A pitiful sight it was to see old, white-headed men, who had not had time yet to realize the possibility of Secession, the very imagination of which they had abhorred all their lives, suddenly hurried in from their homes, stood like children before this headless puppet of the hour, driven there to do so under peril of property and life, calling on God to witness they renounced the Government they had up till that instant regarded as the noblest and firmest on earth! Solemnly pledging themselves to what? To the suddenest and wildest and windiest—

Strong men came sullenly forward too. "Heaven help us! not a man in Somerville failed to come. Many swearing, as they took the oath—ah, how solemnly!—by the God that made them, to take full vengeance for this their deep humiliation. Yes, it was an oath—not to Secessionists—it left them as it found them; to Union men it was the awful pledge and sacrament of hatred and vengeance. Before that oath their purpose was merely a *resolus*—beneficial it was a vow.

In the establishment of Martial Law and Con-

scription Secession rolled up into its senile, subsiding thereafter—but oh, how slowly!—to its nadir.

"I call you to witness, Mr. Lamm, and you, Mr. Withers," Edward Arthur, as he stands before Tim's boots-soles displayed on the little red table, remarks, "that I take this oath only on one ground. Were it not for that I would perish first."

"Ah, and what ground is that?" asks Tim, with languid curiosity, clasping both hands together behind his head and tilting his chair farther back as he speaks. He manages to ask the question, too, with his cigar in his mouth.

"Solely because I am commanded to obey, by Scripture, every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake. I obey as part of my submission to the Powers that be, yielding not to those Powers but to the Providence that permits them present might, and to the express command of God in such a case as this. I submit to this as I would endeavor to do to every affliction He pleases to send, however painful. I have nothing more to say."

"I'm afraid you do not like my Government," says the Provost Marshal, with plying dignity. And if Tim used the expression once during his official career he used it—shall we venture to say?—one thousand times. He had met with it in the corner of some newspaper as the language of some other high and distinguished official in diplomatic correspondence. "I have no choice in the matter," he afterward remarks to those whose houses he has had searched for conscripts, or who are up before him for using disloyal language; "it is my Government which directs me to act as I do. If my Government did not consider it necessary they would not have made it my duty," he replies, when any one attempts to argue the matter of passports from county to county. Yet there is something, as peculiarly pleasing to Mr. Arthur as it is distasteful to Mr. Ellis, in hearing just such an individual as Tim Lamm mention the Confederacy as "my Government."

"I regarded the act of Secession as a wickedness, from voting for which I abstained exactly as I would abstain"—the Minister will add in a steady tone and looking his beardless hero in the eyes—"from the wickedness of swearing, gambling, or lewdness. Every hour I live I more firmly regard it as part of the great crime against God and man for which we are enduring and will continue to endure an awful punishment. I am submitting to it, meanwhile, only as to the afflictive Providence of Heaven, in obedience to its express command to that effect."

The old store is full when he says it. Of course he ought no more to have said it than ought Irate Paul to have made that unpleasant remark about a whitened wall when on his trial. His own ideal Minister would have quietly taken the oath and ridden back again to Mrs. Seer's, thinking and feeling as much as he pleased, but breathing no syllable aloud. He was surprised at himself, for he had no intention of saying a word. But he felt more deeply than he knew, and in the anguish of the moment could not refrain from bearing testimony against the *Beal* of the hour if he died for it.

At least no other man in Somerville did any thing of the kind. It would have been a too dangerous experiment in the case, say, of Guy Brooks, Ferguson, Dr. Warner, and the like. But Edward Arthur was so well known in Somerville, had married so many of the couples there, hunted so many of the dead there, his purity of life, his acknowledged piety, the evident sincerity of the man, as he stood there before Tim Lamm, erect, earnest, utterly fearless, took the crowd too much by surprise. Besides, just then, it was Tim who presented the majesty of Secession in his person—the contrast between the two was too striking.

"Oh, said he hated and despised the Confederacy with his whole soul! Said he obeyed it only because the Bible made him. Acknowledging, you see, the Bible is on our side. Said the Secessionists were worse than adulterers, liars, and thieves, and murderers! Got so mad he was white with rage. Had his right hand in his bosom all the time, a revolver there I've no doubt. Would you have ever thought such a thing of him, Mrs. Bowles? I used, myself, to think the whole world of Mr. Arthur, have said a thousand times Brother Barker was not to be compared to him. Now just look at those two men! Brother Barker, a true patriot, a strong Secessionist, and Barker a Northern man, you know, while he was here at the South and lived all his life there. I tell you what, Mrs. Bowles—Mrs. Warner it is, she has been in Mrs. Bowles's parlor for the last hour or so, her eyebrows wide apart at the inner ends—"if we only knew we'd find out he's a bad, bad man. There's nothing I can lay my hand on, it's true; but if we only knew! I always was doubtful about him, there's a sort of pride—My little 'Rin is a child, I know; but if she was old enough, and I but imagined Mr. Arthur had any idea of her—"

"I can not imagine what you mean, Madam," says Mrs. Bowles, more in reference to Mrs. Warner's mysterious manner than to her words. "I mean, if my 'Rin was as old as your Alice—I say it as a friend—"

"You will excuse me, Mrs. Warner," Mrs. Bowles interrupts her visitor in her staidest manner—some ten fathoms lower, forty pounds lighter than Mrs. Warner; but it is South Carolina in contrast with Mississippi, and she towers above her as did Marie Antoinette above the *oiselle*—"we will not allude, if you please, to my daughter, Alice Bowles, in this connection."

How the said Alice managed to bring in Mrs. Warner's name that same evening, as mother and daughter sat sewing together at those perpetual haversacks, is not known, but Alice suspended her needle and looked up surprised at

the vehemence of her usually quiet and refined little mother.

"Do not mention her name to me again, Alice. I did suppose our acquaintance with her was ended by my reply to her impertinence in reference to Lieutenant Ravenel's visit. It is not so much her leathsome snuff-dipping, that she should bring her filthy yellow bottle with her into my very parlor, actually converse with me, her filthy soap-stick in the corner of her mouth! It is her quick eyes and her incessant tongue. I do believe the poor creature is a sincere Southern woman; but much as I dislike the Northern people, she has a venom in speaking about them that is exceedingly unadvisable."

"That is one thing I dislike Secession for, mother. Those—Mrs. Seer, and the other Union people—with whom we used to associate most we have been separated from. Mrs. Warner is only one of the new class of people the war has thrown us among. Dr. Peel, for instance, daring to speak to you in Mr. Ellis's store yesterday; that intoxicated old oddity, Captain Richard Simmons, Bob Withers, and Mr. Lamm actually acting with you as a Soldiers' Aid Committee. That odious Yankee schoolmaster, Mr. Neely, too, actually visiting here almost every week. He never dreamed of doing so until he had the war news to talk over with you. For one, if it were not for you and Rudodge, I would almost hate Secession! And to think it is Slavery we are fighting for! It never did before, but it seems odd to me now—Slavery!" adds the young lady, with—like Mr. Arthur before Tim Lamm—a great deal more depth of feeling than she before knew herself to be possessed of.

"Aristocratic little old fool, putting on her Charleston airs with me!" says Mrs. Warner, snuff stick in mouth, that same moment at her fireside. "And that Alice of hers, so polite and reserved, as if she was a queen or an heiress. Plague take them! They say that that Rutledge Bowles the old goose is so everlastingly talking about is going to the dogs there in Charleston. I hope so with all my soul! It's a heap she needs to bring down her abominable pride." And a good deal more to the same effect, Mr. Arthur being intermingled therewith, she said that night in bed to Dr. Warner, like a veteran in the trenches, asleep by her side.

Nothing since his elevation to office pleases Tim Lamm more than Miss Alice Bowles's bearing toward him a few evenings after at a party given by Colonel Ret Roberts. Tim has long since given up Miss Alice as—"beautiful as you please—yes, Sir—but too"—a heated expression here—"proud for me!" It is his new position, of course, which causes Miss Alice to pause near him in an incidental way that night with such a smile as emboldens Tim to inform her that it is a pleasant evening; with great dignity too, the Provost Marshal's hollowed fore-finger smoothing down his mustache.

"You are quite busy these days?" says Alice at last, and with an interest in Mr. Lamm as flattering as it is novel.

"Yes, Miss Alice. Well, only tolerably so. The Secession people among us are so very willing, and those poor Union chaps are so frightened, I don't have as much to do as I supposed I would," says Tim.

"It is such a new thing among us, Mr. Lamm. Do tell me what the duties of a Provost Marshal are?" asks Alice.

"Not a bit proud these days. It is really amazing how the girls are taken by a fellow's being a Government official. Gloriously beautiful!" says Tim afterward to Bob Withers, and a dozen or so more, as opportunity offered, and not without expletives.

"Well, it is a new business to us also," he replies to his fair questioner. "Yes—oh, well, we just do, you know, what turns up to be done. Make every soul take the oath, say. Haul people up if they hesitate about taking Confederate money. A funny thing happened before me about that only to-day, Miss Alice. Joe Staples, the hotel keeper, you know, he has that Scotch Ferguson, grizzly-bearded, positive chap—oh, you know him—up before me, you see. Ferguson had lent Staples some thousand dollars, gold and silver, you know, on interest when Staples was fixing up his hotel, you see. Staples has a trunk full of Confederate money, taken in, you know, from people stopping with him. Staples wants Ferguson to take it in payment. Ferguson refuses. However, he says he may do it under protest, and steps out to consult Guy Brooks as his lawyer. Just as he steps out in comes Colonel Jiggins, cuts with a bundle of Confederate money—he had heard, you see, that Staples was up at my office, and had followed him—cuts, you know, with a bundle of Confederate money as big as a small baby, and wants to pay Staples some—well, I don't know how many hundreds, Tom Jiggins's board bill; you know he used to loaf a good deal about the hotel before he went to the war. What do you think? Staples said he would take it only under protest; steps out to see his lawyer if even that would secure him."

"And what did Mr. Ferguson decide to do?" asks Alice, with interest.

"Came back with Guy Brooks; said he would not take the money in that shape at all. Fact is, people don't like, you know, to take the money. We have the case under advisement. If I could only know," adds Tim, with the dignity of an ambassador, "what my Government would have me do—"

"You have assistance in determining?"

"Assistance? Oh yes; plenty of that. My uncle, Dr. Peel, Captain Simmons when he is sober enough, as for that, and when he is not sober, never is, you know. Fact is, I leave it pretty much to them. I only sit there, you see. We always have a detail of a dozen or so of soldiers to haul up people. The worst here is making out prospects. We let no man go out of the

county, and it is so all over the State, but we have him to tell where he is going, what for, how long, and all. However, we have blank forms. Bob Withers fills them up; all I have to do is to sign my name.

But that was just what frightened Mr. Neely. After incredible exertions for office that gentleman had been offered the post of Provost Marshal before Tim. At first he was immensely flattered. But the Yankee, though steadily smothered and trampled down in him with his own hands and feet, was too strong there for that. One night's sleep over it, rather one night's tossing wide awake over it, and Mr. Neely, with a thousand reasons, declined, exactly as he would have done any other speculation in which he might make hundreds, yet possibly, might lose thousands; for the tamer Mr. Neely was not exactly as confident of the certain success as was the outer Mr. Neely. His signature to bills for tuition, in other days, was not so glorious, but safer.

"Mr. Lamun," says Alice, after a while, in lower tones and playing with her fan, "you know how curious we ladies are; there is one thing I would like you to tell me: you have sent some of the worst of the Union men out of the country, have you not?"

Government official as Tim is, he could no more refuse those eyes! Besides, he has an increasing sense of his new importance, and does not care to diminish it.

"I ought not, perhaps, officially, you know, to tell it, Miss Bowles; but you will not mention it, we have. My Government—"

"And in every case they were hung by the road-side?" Alice is paler, but more erect, too, as she asks.

"I'm afraid so," says Tim, not quite so erect, and forgetting his mustache. "My Government is prosecuting a war—"

"It is very close in here," interrupts Alice; "a little nearer the window, if you please. Thank you!" and Tim has a deep consciousness of his importance. It is more painful, however, than pleasing just now.

"You were mentioning Mr. Barker just now, or were you not? He has taken the oath?" she asks at last.

"Parson Barker? I don't remember."

"I must have mistaken. That is—" Alice says, with a stammer and a blush.

"It must have been Mr. Arthur I spoke of," says Tim; and adds: "But it is this conscript business is beginning to make us work. It would look, you know, as if it will take all the volunteers we've got to hunt up the conscripts. In hiding, you see. And when one does catch them, their wives and sisters and old fathers and mothers crying there in my office, you know—"

"However, it relieves you that no one refuses to take the oath—"

"Oath? Oh no! Who cares for an oath, you know? There was Mr. Artbar—but of course you've heard about that?"

"Not clearly. Mr. Arthur? What was it?" It is amazing, considering their long acquaintance, how indifferent Alice is. But Tim tells the whole story very nearly as it occurred—truthful fellow, Tim, except at poker. Besides, he likes to talk, and it is a feather in his new cap to be seen by the company passing and repassing around them talking with her.

"Spunky chap, Miss Alice," he adds at last. "I haven't much use for preachers myself; but one can not help liking that man. He seems really to believe our revolution a wrong thing; shakes his head over us as if we were all out on a spree. Singular! but he really believes so! You won't mention it, Miss Alice, but fact is, of the two men, Mr. Artbar and Brother Barker, as they call him, I can't stand Barker. As to being a good Secessionist, that is all right, you know; at the same time we outsiders don't like to see a preacher mixing himself up in things of the sort too much. It's like a woman outside her sphere. It's that distinguishes us from the Yankees. There's a holy, I mean a pious, or rather a religious—oh! I don't know what you call it," says Tim, making vague gestures with both hands, "a sort of Sabbath-day something one likes to have in a person. The hardest case among us don't like to see a preacher leaving his sermons to mix up— Men are doing, you know, a good deal of cursing and swearing and worse these days; and a parson half-fellow in that sort of crowd, you know— And on Sundays, you know, and in churches, too. For one, I hate—we all do—to have Brother Barker everlastingly in with us, discussing and suggesting—"

"Only trying to moderate you leading officials," explains Alice, in wonderful good-humor. "Not a bit of it, Miss Alice! Moderate? Why, the parson is the most ultra of the whole lot. If we had actually done half the things that parson has urged on us, and from the Bible— You mustn't mention it," continues Tim, who, never less, is thoroughly thawed under the young lady's influence, "but he was for having us send Mr. Arthur out of the country. His Union influence, he said. If we had! But we won't speak of blackjacks along the road any more; excuse me, I see it doesn't agree with you. Parson Barker, his hair combed back, his sallow face, eager eyes, always at a white heat— Fact is, I can't stand Brother Barker!" says Tim, with considerable disgust. "Only you won't mention it, Miss Alice, he always puts me in mind, that man, of the Abolition preachers we read about. Mr. Arthur is mistaken, of course; but no fanaticism about him."

The question, as an official one, weighed, however, on Tim's mind. "I declare something ought to be done with Arthur. I believe my Government would justify me—"

"Oh, play your poker, and let Arthur alone," interrupts Bob Withers, frank and honest Bob, to whom the remark is made that night over the

cards. "No, Tim; no, Sir—; you, by George! let the parson alone. I believe I've got hard sense when it isn't my own good is concerned, and I've proved right, by George! more than once in differing from your red-mouthed Secessionists, Simmons, Barker, and such. For my part, I tell you this provost-marshal business won't do; you'll see yet if it will. The whole thing is only a tremendous spree the South is on, a magnificent bender and blow-out, see if it ain't. Smash up, too, some day, by George! But never mind all that; it's poker we are at now."

"I'm an awful wicked scamp—swear, drink, do things worse still—but I can't lie, by George!" says Bob in general, and he says true.

"And, my dear, I was almost shocked," Mrs. Bowles was saying to Alice the same night at home, "at the way you flirted with that Mr. Lamun. You forget that his uncle is a Yankee. Don't do it any more, dear."

LINES TO "THE DERBY."

Or Nature's wondrous stores— Her rocks and woods and shores— Let others sing;

For me, no more of that! I praise the Derby Hat, Bewitching thing!

I look at thee with awe; I think I never saw Such grace as that;

A miracle of art, Without a counterpart, Thou peerless hat!

In cities, or suburban Places, let the "turban" Sometimes be worn;

But the "bonnet" and the "hat" Beside the Derby Hat Look too forlorn.

The satisfaction that I feel at such a hat Will cease—never!

With Keats I now can say, "A thing of beauty's a Joy forever."

Incomparable hat! I am astonished that Thou art so rare;

Thou add'st a new grace, And mak'st each fair face Seem still more fair.

Then I will sing thy praise Until my latest days— Until the grave;

Never let a star be Cast upon the Derby— Long may it wave!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE LABOR QUESTION.



THE GENTLEMAN WHO TRIES TO CARRY THE EMBROIDERED BAG THROUGH BOTH DOORS—AND PARTS, IF NECESSARY.

A Doctor on Discontent.—If disquiet leads contentment to the view, is it right to expect interest of the spectator, and in the bill at long last?

"I don't miss my church so much as you suppose," said a lady to her minister, who had called upon her during her illness, for I make Sunday at the window as soon as the bells begin to chime, and tell me who are going to church, and whether they have got anything new on."

Hypocrites, like gun-barrels, are not dangerous unless they have something in them. But when the former are charged—powdered, wadded, and water-tight—they should be handled with the greatest caution. In many instances it is dangerous to even look at them.

A TOPHER'S SOLILOQUY.

Leave us their time to fall, And so likewise I: The reason too's the same— Both cases of getting dry. But here's the difference 'twixt you and me— I fall more harder and more frequently.

A madman which can only be made in words certainly "leading to a branch of the peace"—One Irishman discharging his religion to another.

If a police officer is after you, the best thing you can do is to lock the door and then tell yourself.

Mr. Wise, of Virginia, in a late speech, is reported to have said respecting that State: "She has an iron chain of mountains running through her centre, which God has placed there to milk the clouds, and to be the source of her other rivers." The Rochester American remarks: "The figure is borrowed from the New York edition, who milk the clouds as much as they do their cows, and draw from the former the most palatable and healthful portion of the condensed field."

What is new the truth?—What it does not lie.

EPITAPH ON A TOMSTONE IN ENGLAND.

"Our life is but a winter's day, Some only breakfast and away, Others to dinner stay, and are full fed, The oldest man but says, and goes to bed, Large is his debt, who lingers on the day, Who goes the account, has the least to pay."

AN ORATOR QUOTES.—Orestes. "Ma, if white people's made of dust, ain't colored people made of coal-dust?"

"Why, Bill, what's the matter with you? you look 'dewy in the mouth." "Well, Puss, I guess if you'd been through what I have, you'd look bad too." "What's the matter?" "Well, you know Sarah Saltrick, don't you, Pete?" "Yes." "I dined with her last night." "You did! What for?" "Well, I'll tell you. She said she wouldn't marry me, and I'd discard any girl that would treat me in that way."

"Ma, I've struck an oil spring!" exclaimed a young hopeful, the other day, as he dipped a slice of bread into the gravy bowl.

A very worthy minister, settled not a hundred miles from our metropolis, was one Sunday morning descending upon the importance of plain speaking. "Why, my hearers," said he, "St. Paul never used any 'highfalutin' expressions. No; he always spoke plain Anglo-Saxon!"

Mrs. Partington asks, very indignantly, if the bills before Congress are not considered, why there should be so much difficulty in passing them?

A rather profane church-goer of this city, one day asked his clergyman what was the meaning of the passage in the Psalms, "He clothed himself with curving as with a garment." "The meaning," replied the clergyman, "is plain enough; I think that the man, like you, had a habit of curving."

A true picture of despair is a pig reaching through a hole in the fence to get a cabbage that lies a few inches beyond his reach.

An Irishman lost his hat in a well, and was let down in a basket to recover it; the well being deep, and extremely dark within, his courage failed him before he reached the water. In vain did he call to those above to pull him up; they lent a deaf ear to all he said till at last, quite in despair, he belittled out: "O St. Patrick, if you don't draw me up, sure I'll cut the rope."

JAW BREAKERS.

Wish—Hahnyhnyhnygyayyl. French—Larobbeja-quelain. Welsh—ho h.

A boy was caught in the act of stealing dried berries in front of a store the other day, and was looked up in a dark closet by the proprietor. Then the boy commenced begging most piteously for release, and after using all the persuasion that his young imagination could invent, proposed: "Now, if you'll let me out and send for my daddy, he'll pay you for the berries, and lick me besides!" This appeal was too much for the grocery-man to stand out against.

A country editor received a severe "hold" by reading a fragment of newspaper in the city, and recovered a series of letters to his journal, headed "My Trip on the Blues."

A fashionable but ignorant lady, desirous of purchasing a watch, was shown a very beautiful one, the shop-keeper remarking that it went thirty-six hours: "What, in one day?" she asked.

PROVERBIAL EPICURUM.

Prize, like a wild, unbroken oak, His rider overthrows; But he who walks in humble salt security onward goes.

A Western paper suggests as an improvement in Bibles the preparation of a leaf or two in the "family record" for divorcees.

A vagabond-looking fellow was brought before a magistrate at Tourbridge on a charge of stealing turnips. After making some civil remarks, he was asked by the magistrate: "Did you not take the turnips found in your pocket?" "Certainly not," replied the prisoner. "I was to sleep in the field among the turnips and these grew in my pocket—the best of my body causing them to shoot up lower than ordinary. I stole turnips, your worship; I sown the idea!"

The turkey burst its confinement while roasting, and the stuffing escaped to the terror of the liberians (dressed left to walk it, who ran to call her mistress. "Ma'am!" she screamed, "come down and see the turkey; 'tis bewitched' surely, but some of the ornaments is healthy out!"

THEORY AT A WESTERN BARBERSHOP.—The herald reign (brilliant) begins with a bit in the mouth.

An Irishman slipped up and came down "broadside" upon his back, which killed his breathing a minute or two, besides bruising his head considerably. Recovering, he jumped up and threw himself into a fighting attitude, slouch his fist at the inn, as if he was about to take down every rascal upon the slippery substance, and with a violent gesture and threatening voice, exclaiming: "Faith, an' ye'll tak a sweet for this before long, are ye?"

DEFINITIONS.

Book-keeper.—A despatch you to send in a garden of beautiful flowers. The improved crab-tree of humanity. Author.—Conversation with the pen. Artist.—A drawing-room man-trap set by young ladies. Carpenter.—A skillful workman who repairs the damage made by the wear and tear of the machinery of life— An ill that oft must be endured. When life are wanted to be cured.

Woman.—An easy on grass, is one voluble, elegantly bed.

Confidant.—A manual of good manners bound in cloth.

Old Maid.—A quiver full of arrows with no bow (heart) attached.

Wife.—Widow's supererogating.

Heart.—The best card in the chance game of matrimony; sometimes overused by divorcees and knaves; often won by tricks; and occasionally treated in a shuffling manner, and then cut altogether.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

April 3: In the Senate, the bill authorizing the President of the United States to transfer a gun-boat to the Government of Liberia was passed.

In the House, the Senate bill to amend the act of July 4, 1864, for the relief of seamen on board of vessels wrecked or lost in the naval service, was passed.

April 4: In the Senate, the veto Message was taken up, and Mr. Trembly took the floor in defense of the Civil Rights bill.

In the House, the contested election case between Dodge and Brooks was discussed.

April 5: In the Senate, Mr. George F. Edwards, the Senator appointed from Vermont to fill the vacancy occasioned by Mr. Free's death, was sworn in.—The bill to provide an act authorizing in the people of Dakota, for protection against Indian warriors, was passed.—A joint resolution was passed authorizing to colored soldiers their benefits—

At 1 o'clock the Message of President Johnson vetoing the Civil Rights bill was taken up. Mr. Beveridge Johnson took the floor, and spoke at length in opposition to the bill. He was followed by other Senators.

In the House, the bill giving three months' pay preparatory allowed to army officers who should continue in service to the close of the war—to such officers as resigned or were mustered out at their own request after the 15th of April, 1865, was passed.

April 6: In the Senate, Mr. Lane, of Kansas, offered a joint resolution for the admission of the States lately in rebellion to representation in Congress on a condition of their repudiating the rebel debt, indemnifying the Federal debt, assenting to all ordinances of secession, and granting the rights of suffrage to such colored people as can read, or who own and pay taxes on \$250 worth of property.—At 1 o'clock the Message of the President vetoing the Civil Rights bill was taken up, and after considerable debate the vote was finally taken, and the bill passed over the President's veto, yeas 33, nays 15.

In the House, the New York contested election case was taken up. After a two hours' speech by Mr. Brooks, and additional debate, the vote was reached. On the question of Mr. Brooks's claim, it stood, yeas 54, yeas 45. (Mr. Mr. Dodge's claim, yeas 51, nays 55.)

April 7: In the Senate, the Loan bill was passed—21 to 7.

In the House, the Civil Rights bill was passed over the President's veto—115 to 41.

NEW YORK STATE LEGISLATURE.

April 3: In the Senate, among the several bills passed were the following: Authorizing the Comptroller of New York City to borrow money for improvement of docks and wharves, relative to power and duties of Comptroller of the Central Park; authorizing the survey of a route for a railroad from Salamanca to some point on the St. Lawrence River, at or near Ogdensburg; and fixing the salary of the City Judge of Brooklyn at \$2000 per annum.

April 4: In the Senate, Mr. Low called up his resolution expressing disappointment and regret at the vote by President Johnson of the Civil Rights bill. After some debate this resolution was passed—yeas 21, nays 8.—Mr. Fodge called from the table the joint resolutions heretofore adopted in relation to, and subsequently by the Assembly, on Federal relations, and the first three were adopted by a strict party vote; the fourth, in favor of universal suffrage in the District of Columbia, was adopted by a vote of 12 to 6. An amendment, to limit the privileges to those who can read the Constitution of the United States and have been in the army, was lost—yeas 27, nays 2.

In the Assembly, the Broadway Corrugated Elevated Railway bill passed a third reading—yeas 61, yeas 41. All the other elevated railway bills were lost.

April 5: In the Assembly the following bills were passed: To incorporate the Niagara Ship Canal Company, by a vote of 51 to 31; to reorganize the Senate District of the State; to extend the railroad tracks in Grand and other streets in New York City, by a vote of 71 to 31; to construct an elevated railway in Broadway in New York City, by a vote of 74 to 29; to authorize the taxation of stockholders of banks.

April 7: In the Assembly, the bill to amend the New York Sewerage and Drainage Act passed a third reading.—A resolution approving the course of Senators Morgan and Harris in voting for the Civil Rights bill was passed by a vote of 63 to 33.

NEWS ITEMS.

The steamer England, which arrived at Halifax from Liverpool April 5, had one hundred and sixty cases of cholera on board. There were forty deaths during the passage. The England had 1500 sleeping passengers.

The Senator Reynolds of March 19 announces the release of Hon. D. L. Yulee from Fort Jackson.

The Pennsylvania (Virginia) Express has information direct from Toronto, Canada, that John C. Breckinridge is residing there. "Care is making its mark on his hair, his hair, which four years ago was as black as jet, is now hoary. He is weary of exile, and anxious to return to home and friends." Ex-Governor Price, of New Jersey, is going to Washington to interview for him.

A treaty with the Seminoles has been concluded. The tribe cedes 15,000 acres of their reservation for the use of civilized Indians.

Honoro Maynard has expressed the opinion that public sentiment in Tennessee and North Carolina is more inclined to justice than in Mississippi and Pennsylvania.

The question of negro suffrage in Tennessee. It is said "will be settled by-and-by in favor of the black man, and I should not wonder if Tennessee gave the black man the right to vote before Connecticut. And the black man will probably vote sooner in North Carolina than in Pennsylvania."

The Charleston Courier reports that three thousand two hundred freedmen have emigrated from North Carolina during the last three months to Massachusetts, Connecticut, and the other New England States, on contracts to work at \$20 per month, and that more will follow.

The Middle Tribuna, of March 29, says the new form of all parts of Alabama is in the effect that the freedmen are realizing their situation, and are going to work with a will.

The Methodist Episcopal Conference, now in session at New Orleans, has accepted an invitation from the Methodist officials in this city to unite with them and the denomination generally in their public and private devotions.

It is reported that all the muster-out will be completed by the first of May, and there will then be left in service 17,925 white volunteers, and 20,317 colored, making a total of 38,242.

FOREIGN NEWS.

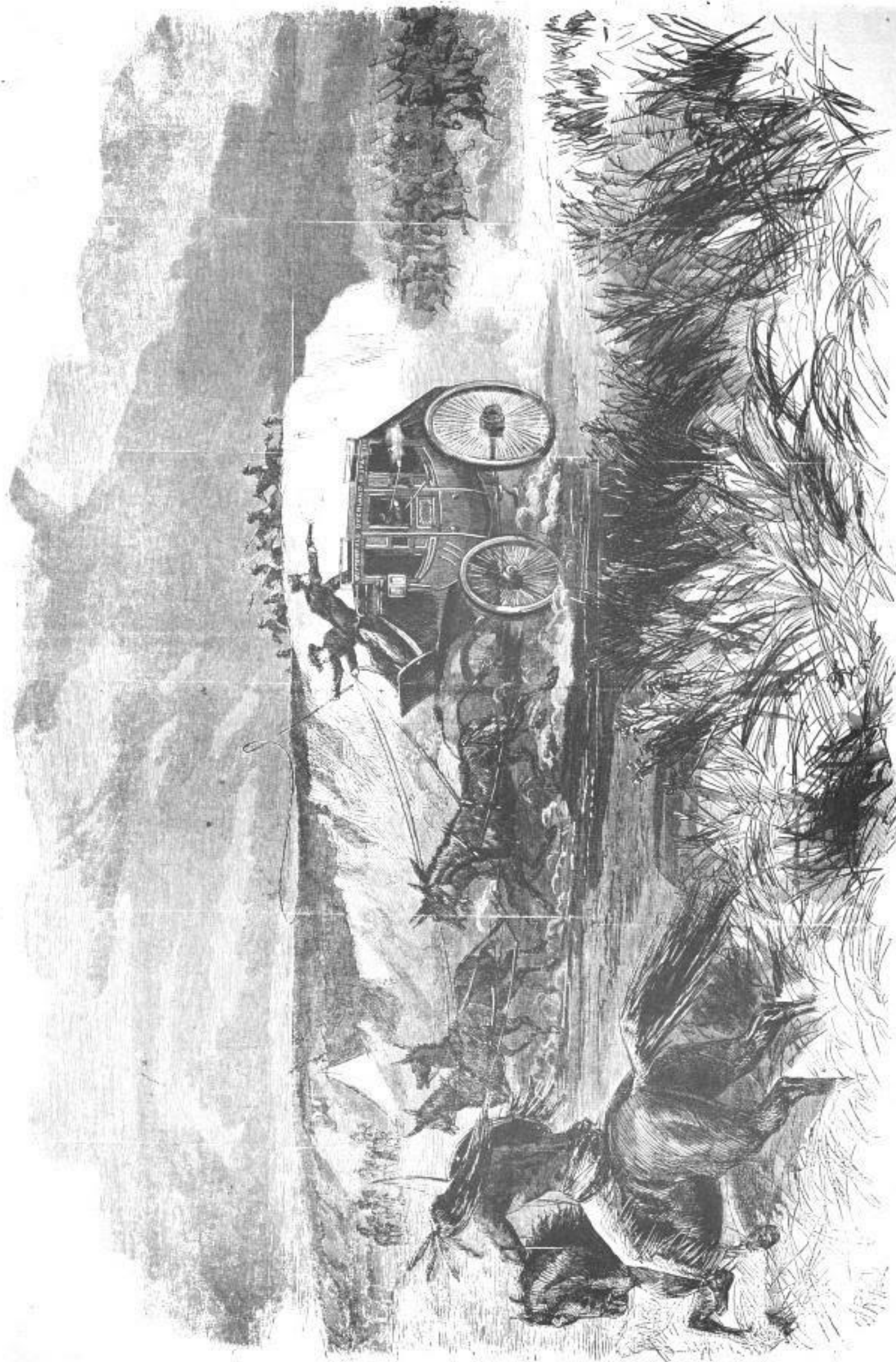
Texas has been so new development of President Lincoln. It is confidently asserted that Lead (Cotton) has been reached Paris, where he was the guest of John Mitchell.

There is great apprehension of a war between Prussia and Austria respecting the Duchies. Great military preparations are being made by Austria. The conciliatory policy of Austria toward Hungary may possibly be put due to a desire on the part of the Vienna Cabinet to relieve the empire from all domestic embarrassments in case of a German war.

The Emperor Napoleon, in his reply to the Address of the Corps Legislatif, says: France, equally with our allies, desires progress, stability, and liberty, but a liberty which shall develop intelligence, strengthen institutions, and the noble exertions of labor—no a liberty bordering upon license, which would create evil passions, destroy all belief, rekindle hatred, and give rise to disorder. We require a liberty which shall enlighten, control, and discuss the actions of the Government, but not become an arm to undermine and overthrow it. Fifteen years ago, when universal chief of the State, without effective power, and without support in the Chamber, but strong in my conscience and the suffrage which had elected me, I ventured to declare that France would not persist in any law. I have kept my word. For fifteen years France has developed and increased, and her high destiny will be accomplished. After an our own will continue our work. My guarantee for this is the assistance of the great bodies of the state, the devotion of the army, the patriotism of all good citizens, and lastly, that Africa possesses that has never failed our country."

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The looks for subscription to the stock of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company was closed in London on the 15th of March. All the capital required to make and lay a new cable and to get up and complete the one about two-thirds laid last year, has been subscribed. The contractors are making sixteen nautical miles of the new cable per day, and it is a great improvement upon that of last year. The Great Eastern was being put in the most perfect order, and the 20th June it will the try fund for her departure from Sheerness for Valentia, Ireland.



ON THE PLAINS—INDIANS ATTACKING BUTTERFIELD'S OVERLAND DISPATCH COACH.—SCULPTURED BY THOMPSON H. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 245.]



EXTERIOR OF THE ADOBE FORTIFICATION AT SMOKY HILL STATION—FIGHTING THE FIRE.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

ON THE PLAINS.

We give on this page and on page 298 some interesting illustrations of life on the Plains. In No. 474 of the *Weekly* we alluded to the attack made last winter on BUTTERFIELD'S Overland Dispatch Coach. Our artist, Mr. DAVIS, was one of the party attacked, and has furnished on page 248 a sketch of the occurrence, together with other illustrations, of which he gives the following descriptions:

ATTACK OF INDIANS ON AN OVERLAND COACH.

Leaving Atchison we journeyed out into the vast plains, that never can be other than the vast wilderness that they are. We had, or thought we had, a journey of six or seven days before us. But circumstances alter cases; at least they did ours.

Two hundred and fifty miles from Atchison we became aware that Indians were more plenty than usual along the route. This gave us no uneasiness; but soon after the discovery of the bodies of murdered men—some of whom had been captured alive, and undergone the most awful torture, such as the cutting out of tongues and other parts of their persons, then burning them alive—caused us to be continually on our guard. At this part of the journey Colonel TAMULYS, an able officer and a good Indian fighter, when he has the men, furnished us with a small escort.

Soon after this we discovered the bodies of two more men, from which we drove the wolves, and



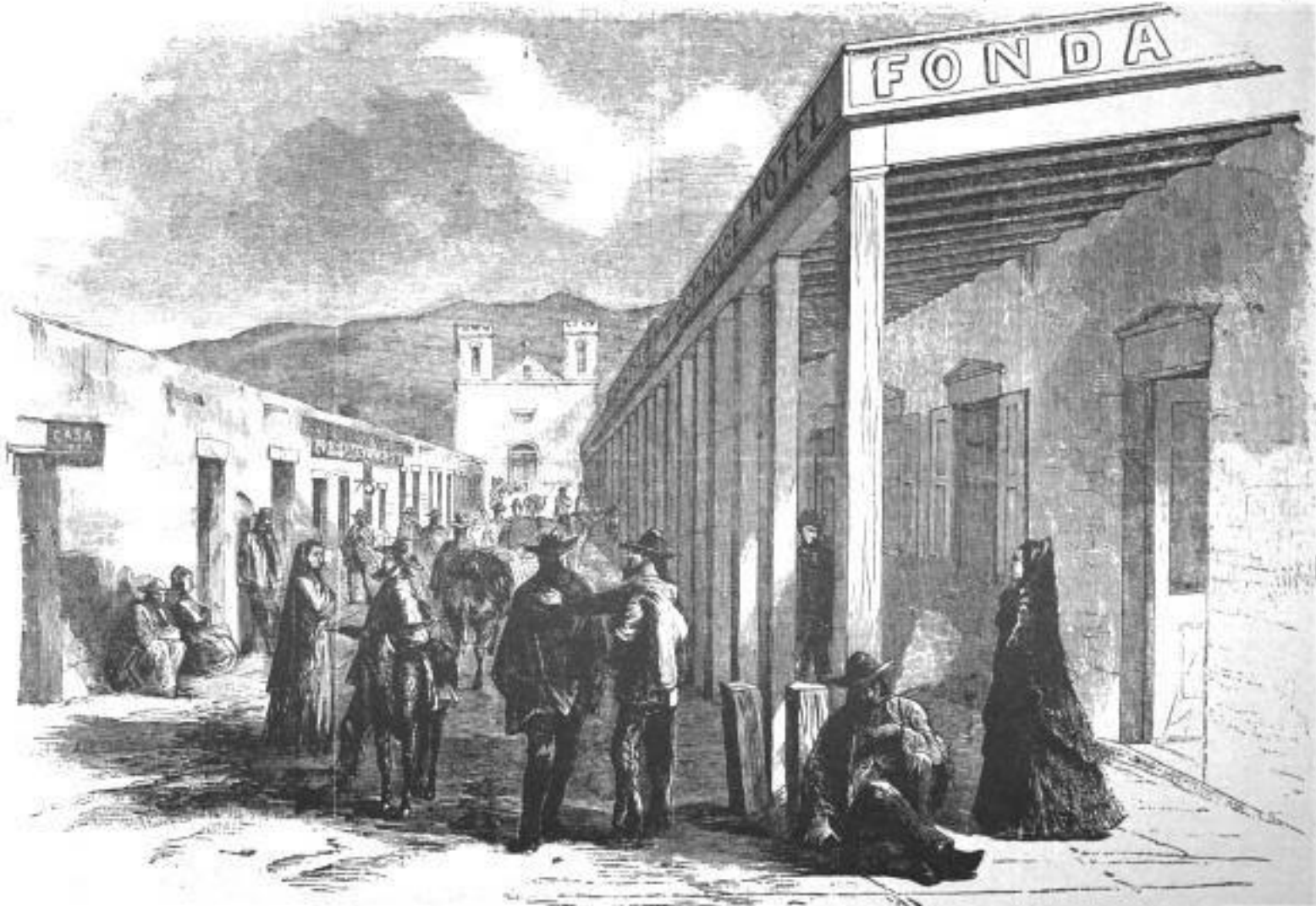
INTERIOR OF THE ADOBE FORTIFICATION AT SMOKY HILL STATION.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]

buried them. These men had fought and been killed; their bodies were covered with arrow-wounds. Brave men as they were, we could only cover them with so thin a blanket of prairie sod that would hide them from sight but not from the wolves.

Still further on we buried three more bodies that the Indians had left most barbarously mutilated. These discoveries, following each other so rapidly, caused us to be ever on the alert for an attack, which came about two o'clock one bright day, when one would have thought that the Indians would have been busy hunting the buffalo.

We had nearly reached a station known as Smoky Hill Spring when we discovered a party of fully sixty Indians within short pistol-shot of the coach. Our escort had reached the station and dismounted, leaving our little party to fight the affair out alone, which we did in the most determined style—arrows and pistol-balls penetrating the coach every moment, strange to say, without any thing more serious resulting than a couple of arrow scratches!

The Indians, beaten off, were joined by parties that seemed to come from every leaf. Thinking to drive us from the shelter of the station, which we had by this time reached, they set fire to the tall grass to the westward of us. The strong breeze brought the smoke and flame rapidly down, nearly reaching the adobe before we could check the fire by beating it down and out with our blankets. This we finally succeeded in doing. Then, so far as fire was concerned, we were safe; for prairie grass will



STREET VIEW IN SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

not been twice on the same day, and an Indian is too careful of his life to come within rifle range, if he is sure that the party that points said rifle is used to the weapon.

No attack was made until midnight, when an unlimited quantity of arrows were distributed among us. Dawn found us ready, and the Indians perceiving this, no attack was made. About ten o'clock a company of Colonel Tammara's regiment came to our rescue, at the sight of whom the Indians mounted their ponies, and we saw no more of them except at a great distance.

STREET SCENE IN SANTA FE.

The little city of Santa Fe has about it an ancient appearance that is so different from the more American cities of the neighboring Territories, that one scarcely realizes that he is still in the United States. The language spoken is almost exclusively Mexican, and the people so lazy that no excitement can urge them to a faster pace than a slow walk.

Wagons and carts are a too modern innovation for the Mexican, who uses instead the "Burro"—or, in good English, a diminutive specimen of donkey. This "Burro" is raised in the family, among the children, and is the most peaceful and domestic animal that I have yet seen; it has, too, the faculty of being able to exist in pasture that a goat would starve on.

The houses of Santa Fe are built entirely of adobe brick, which is to all appearance the same style of brick that the Israelites were engaged in making for the Egyptians. The roofs of the houses are of mud also, the exceeding infrequency of rain making this roof practicable.

The only thing that the New Mexican does really well in is the manufacture of jewelry; this he makes after the most curious patterns, and very beautifully. Some of the specimens would put to shame some of the best designs of our leading jewelers.

OLD LEVERT'S GRAVE.

"WARR: O my God, how I suffer!" groaned the wounded man, and rolled his bloodshot eyes over the pitiless blue sky and the whispering forest, and then closed them, perhaps as he thought, never to open them again.

Open they did, however, for a heavy footfall came through the wood, heralded by a rough voice slapping.

"—The kingdom coming in the year of jubilee!"

"Just so, year of jubilee sure enough. Lerdly how them graybacks run yesterday—most like as if they'd heard the blood-hounds after 'em! Well, turn and turn about's fair play, and— Hi dere!"

With the exclamation the speaker, a stalwart negro dressed in the uniform of the United States, and carrying a musket over his shoulder, stopped short, and looked down at the wounded and dying man, who, slowly opening his eyes, looked up at him.

"Clare to graceless if it ain't Mas'r Winch—Lieutenant Winch, of the rebel army, I'd ought to say."

"The grave sarcasm of the amendment so tickled the speaker's fancy that he was fain to indulge in a little quibble, even while kneeling down to relieve the dying man.

"I speak, Mas'r, I's got to take you prisoner inter my camp, hasn't I?" asked he, cheerfully.

"I'm dying, Scip. Water, fer God's sake!" cried the wounded man.

"Sho! Dying be you? Oh no, Mas'r, I reckon not. When I got out up so awful last year, 'long of you telling old Mas'r what I said 'bout him to your son, I thought I was dying sure 'nough, but I didn't recollect, too, how bad I wanted a drink, and I kin guess just how you wants one now. Mas'r and you laughed mighty loud when I asked one of you fer de Lord's sake to git me some water. Recollect dat, Mas'r Winch?"

The wounded man raised his dim eyes to the dark face in our pitiless appeal, groaned, and closed them hopelessly. The negro's quick perception translated look and groan, and question.

"Yes, yes, Mas'r Winch, you recollect well 'nough, and you's thinking dat my turn's come now, and I'll put you off for all I got dat time, but you's mistaken. Dat kind o' talk may do for white folks, but I's a nigger, and seems it. Wait a bit now."

Unstopping his canteen as he spoke, the negro filled it at the running brook, raised the head of his enemy tenderly upon his arm, and held to his lips what seemed to them a draught of Paradise.

"Ah!" sighed Lieutenant Winch, "that's life."

"Wait till I get you in de shade, Mas'r. Dis yer July sun's 'bout to melt de mornin' out o' yer bones. Kin yer help y' sure?"

"No! My back's broken I believe—any way both legs are. Oh! No, no, Scip, don't stir me!"

The negro carefully cut away the rebel uniform and examined the wounds it covered. Their ghastly nature told more plainly than words what the end must be, and how soon it must come. The rich brown of Scip's complexion faded to a sickly yellow as he stood upright, and looking down into those dim eyes, said, solemnly.

"Mas'r Winch, if you feels like you want to hear me say it, I fergit you, an' I pray God to fergit you all de wrong you has eber done. For you's got to die, Mas'r, dat's ef'ct."

"I know it, Scip, I know it. Scip—"

"What, Mas'r?"

"I'm glad you said dat, Scip. It was mighty mean of me to put you into that scrape. I'm glad you forgive me."

"Nough said, Mas'r. Now see! you can't be moved, I's going to try to make you more comfortable what you be. Here's a blanket: reckon de feller dat I trowed it away won't want it no more, and here's another, and eber dere's another wid a dead man strapped eber it. Now you see, Mas'r, I jes piece dere tegelder wid a bagynot, and fix 'em ober dis yer limb ob de chestnut-tree, an'—dare you be."

The shadow of the screen thus formed fell gratefully across the figure of the dying man, and he smiled faintly.

"That's it, Scip. Fetch more water, boy!" "Here yer be, Mas'r. Is you head comfortable?" "Yes, thank you, Scip; you sha'n't lose by this." "Don't expect to lose nothin' but little time, Mas'r; and I ain't in a particular hurry. We's out berrin' de dead de mornin', and there's 'nough wids on." "No, but wait, and listen carefully," interrupted the other impatiently. "I'll make you my heir, Scip. I'll make you the richest nigger in de States, ay, richer than half de white men."

Scip opened his great eyes and stared blankly at the speaker, remembering that Lieutenant Winch had not been known in New Orleans as a man of property, or even credit, having, indeed, been rather a loose and disreputable character, his only avowed pursuit being that of marker at a billiard and gambling saloon, while he was shrewdly suspected of other and far less respectable avocations.

"Reckon, Mas'r, you'd better be making up yer 'counts for de next world, and quit follerin' wid such talk," said he, dryly.

"I ain't feeling, Scip, not a bit of it. You've been good to me, and I treated you mean once; and you're a good fellow, and—maybe I'll do better where I'm going, for making it up to you. Some water, Scip."

The negro silently held the canteen to the parched lips, and then squatting grotesquely upon the ground, fixed his eyes upon the face of the rebel, and waited his further revelation.

"We kept a bank, Scip, you know."

"Fero-table dey called it, Mas'r."

"Well, no matter. I'd made up my mind to quit when the drafting began, and I didn't want to go empty-handed. I got another key to de safe, and waited for a pile. One night we had an uncommon run of luck, and raked in gold, jewels, and paper, to de tune of near half a million dollars. That night I made my haul, but I couldn't leave de city, nor I didn't want to. I wanted to save my name, and leave it respectable."

A slight sarcastic twitch of Scip's wide mouth emphasized the period.

"It wasn't so much for myself," pursued the extolled-marker, hastily; "but I've got a little girl—the only creature in de world belonging to me, and I was in hopes we'd go off somewhere, and live handseme and gentel, and I'd see her marry a gentleman, and never know all that's been said."

He paused, and his white mouth quivered with the last pang of defeated hope. The quick sympathies of the negro were touched.

"What's yer little gal now, Mas'r?" asked he.

"At school wid Mrs. Leonard, 16 Grand Street. Her name is Fanny Disbrowe."

"Disbrowe? Ain't it Winch, Mas'r?"

"No. I didn't want her see any one to know she was my child. My name don't smell very sweet in Orleans I'm afraid. I called her Disbrowe when I took her there five years ago, and I haven't seen her to speak to since. She's just turned twelve years old now, and mighty pretty, Scip."

The negro looked with wonder at the face, but now so ghastly and repulsive as it lighted for the last time with the best impulse of the departing soul.

"Din't know as you'd got a child, Mas'r," said he.

"Nobody knew it—not she, nor de school-ma'am, nor any one. Now, listen sharp, Scip. I buried my treasure till I could leave de city without suspicion; and de next day I was drafted, and here I am. I buried it in de church-yard just outside de city, on de north road, in de grave of old Levert, at de northwest corner, you know."

"I know, Mas'r. A big, grand monument, and de grave behind it."

"Yes. And close behind de monument, about two feet below de surface, you'll find a box—the key is here, round my neck, and in dat box is half a million dollars, though some of de paper won't be good for much now, I expect."

"And what's I to do wid all dat money, Mas'r?"

"Go and get my child, Scip, carry her North, and put her at de best school you can hear of. Look out some mistler, or some man dat de poor folks trust and think well of, and put half de money in his hands for de use of de child, and let him make a good woman of her, and marry her to a good man, and have her live respectable, and when she dies do not be ashamed of her name. Scip, will you do all dis?"

"Yes, Mas'r, if I's loved," said the negro, simply.

"And de other half of de money is yours, to use as you've a mind to. But if you don't do well by my child, boy, there sha'n't be a cent of dat money dat don't torment you worse than hell-dere—do you hear me? I'll come from my grave to haunt you, but it shall."

"Dere won't be no 'caison, Mas'r Winch," replied Scip, gravely; "if I gets de little gal and de money, I expects to do my duty by 'em bef."

The dim, dim eyes of de dying man strained themselves in a last long scrutiny of de negro's face, and then he feebly said:

"Somehow I feel to trust you, boy. I've always noticed dat a real honest, sensible nigger was more reliable than any mean white fellow you could pick up. I want her to go North—I was raised in old Massachusetts myself, though I'm Southern principles right straight through—but I'd sooner my girl married a Yankee—Scip—I believe I'm going—head, boy—you'll—be good to—"

"I will dat, Mas'r, I will dat. You kin trust me, Mas'r—I 'clare to goodness, you kin trust me." And Scip repeated de comfortable assurance again and again, until de hand he held grew cold and heavy in his own, and de pallor of de father's face changed to de awful gray of death.

Then Scip decently composed de corpse, covered it wid de blankets, and went away through de wood to summon his fellow-laborers to dig a grave; and when all was over he lingered to swear above dat grave a solemn oath dat de trust committed to him by de dying man should never be forgotten or slighted, but should employ his best energies and skill until his fulfillment.

How to proceed in de first steps of de matter, however, was a question which Scip's mind was unable to solve satisfactorily. New Orleans was still in possession of de rebels, although Farragut's iron hand was already thundering at de gates; and Scip, who had fled from dat city to join de Union army, knew but too well de punishment awaiting his recapture.

Also he knew, or had heard, de penalty of detection from de paternal but severe employer he now served, and he shrewdly guessed dat leave of absence from a corps momentarily expecting to meet de enemy was not to be obtained, even by a more influential applicant than himself.

"No," mused he, marching slowly back to camp in company wid his fellow-laborers, "no, dere's no good axing dat to be fixed. Dere's noffin for it but ter cut an' run same's I did afore, on'y de time I's remain' later slavery an' afore I was runnin' out. Clare ter goodness I wish Mas'r Winch had done died 'fore I come along, or else I wish he'd been ugly an' hateful, so's I could ha' gone an' lef him ter die alone. But he's got me now afore, an' I's a nigger, an' 'er gwine ter break my word like he'd ha' done—I's afore it."

The chuckle closing this train of thought caught de ear of de young Lieutenant commanding de party, and, looking round, his merry blue eyes met de dark and humid ones of de negro.

"What is it, Scip?" asked careless Tom Vane, ignoring at one blow his own shoulder-straps, de private's color, and all sense of military etiquette.

"Neffin but my nonsense, Mas'r Vane," replied Scip; but a sudden inspiration darted into his mind.

"I'll ax his 'pison an' device," thought he; and no sooner was de fatigue party dismissed and de Lieutenant's careless steps turned toward his own tent than Scip was at his elbow.

"Like ter tell you, Mas'r Vane, what 'twas I war luffin 'bout," said he, with a salute.

"Bliss you, Scip, I don't care. I only asked, thinking dere was some fun going. I'm not a father confessor, and you've as good a right to laugh at nothing as I have. Laugh away, my boy, and give a reason to no man. You're free now."

But Scip was not to be diverted from his purpose; and following de Lieutenant into his tent—empty just then—he proceeded to tell him de whole story of his interview wid de rebel officer, his request, and de perplexity in which it had involved him.

The Lieutenant listened with interest, but shook his head at de negro's expressed determination to "cut and run" without de formality of leave-taking.

"Don't do dat, Scip," said he, earnestly; "if you're caught you'll be shot, and if you're not you'll be called a coward and a skulker. Stick to de flag, and we'll all be in New Orleans before many weeks are over."

"Yes, but you see, Mas'r, de lilly money won't be far den. De missus date got de care ob her an' a red-hot rebel, an' an awful hard woman too; an' she'll be off 'fore our folks gets into de city, she will shore, an' de Lord only knows what'll come to de pickaniny. No, Mas'r, I's got to go right d'rectly an' reaky dat er chile an' dat er property 'fore it's too late."

"Then you must get leave or it must be got for you. I'll see de Colonel—he's my uncle, you know—Stop! I've got an idea, Scip! Secret service and spying out de enemy's camp! Hurrah, my boy, I'll go too! See if I don't!"

Snatching his cap Lieutenant Vane dashed out of de tent without further explanation, leaving Scip open-mouthed with astonishment, and utterly bewildered by his companion's daring assurance.

"He go, too," muttered he. "De Lord ha' mercy of I's got to tote he an' de lilly gal 'bout out o' Egypt. Beck'n my han's 'll be ober full."

He was still shaking his head in disapprobation of de idea when de young officer re-entered de tent, his face glowing, and his figure dilated with animation and importance.

"All right, Scip!" exclaimed he, breathlessly. "I've seen de Colonel, and we'll be off to-night. He wants to communicate wid some one inside, and de secret service men are all off. You're to go and speak to him directly."

"To de Kunnel, Mas'r?"

"Yes, come along; I'll go wid you."

It was in de dusk of an autumn evening, some days after de death of Lieutenant Winch, dat a Confederate officer, pale, travel-stained, wearing his arm in a sling and his head in a bandage, slowly mounted de steps of de St. Charles Hotel, in New Orleans, leaning heavily as he did so upon de shoulder of his negro servant. A sharp-eyed and morose-looking individual, who had patiently followed them in deir slow progress through de city, awaited de steps after them, and into de office, where de wounded officer was already inscribing his name.

"A bedroom, if you please, and supper," said he to de clerk as he threw down de pen.

"Yes, Sir. Jim, show de gent to 46. Gong will second in fifteen minutes, Sir."

"Very well. Come, Joe."

The officer left de room, followed by his servant, and de sharp-eyed man who had stood, meantime, staring out at de window and picking his teeth in an abstracted manner, waded up to de desk and laid a detaining hand upon de back de clerk had been about to close.

"William Sewall, Captain C.S.A., and servant," read he. "H'm! That story of escaping from de Yanks and making his way down here from Corinth sounds bogus to me, though it may be. It suited de Colonel, it seems, but I'll be hanged if I would have let him pass so easy. Any way, a little watchin' won't hurt any body, and I'll keep an eye on him and dat sly-looking nigger of his."

Captain William Sewall, C.S.A., with his servant Joe, had meantime installed himself comfortably in No. 46, and closed de door. No sooner was dis done, however, than he opened it again, and thrusting out his head, watched de retreating figure of de white-jacketed waiter until it disap-

peared down de stairs, then glanced warily through de corridor; and finally reclining and locking de door, mounted a chair to shut de blind above it, open for de sake of de air. This done he stately skipped to de floor, released his arm from de sling, and used it to flourish above his head de U.S.A. cap, somewhat incongruously accompanying de gesture wid de whispered apostrophe—

"Three cheers for de Red, White, and Blue! And three more for Tom Vane and Scip—What's your name, boy?"

"Scip, Mas'r; nuffin more," returned de negro, with a broad grin and a look of acute apprehension cleverly done into one.

"Scip, Scip, then; dat shall be it. Now, Scip, don't be scared, nor roll your big eyes at dat door any more. Every thing is as safe as possible outside, and I've calmed down now. But I'd got to rid myself of de patriotism bottled in all day, somehow or another, or I should have burst. And to think of de cheeky manner we have managed it! Coming straight to de crack hotel and registering myself Captain, C.S.A.! What a story for de fellows when we get back to camp! But, Scip, it was de right way. They didn't half like my story at de outpost back dere, and I shrewdly suspect we have been watched and followed. Did you notice dat fellow who came up de steps just after us?"

"Yes, Mas'r, an' I's eber dat feller afore. Mighty mean trash, I reckon. Nebber seemed much 'bout, dough he's allus hangin' round 'wid gar'lemen tryin' ter look at ef he b'longed wid 'em."

"Just de fellow for a spy, I dare say, and we must look out for him," said Lieutenant Vane, more thoughtfully than he had yet spoken. "Now, Scip, it is my opinion dat de sooner we're out of dis de better; and also dat it will not be well for us to be found at home if any gentleman should take a fancy to call upon us dis evening. So, before we have our supper, I will go out and transact de Colonel's business, while you call at de school, show de written order I have given you from de father of Miss Fanny Disbrowe, take de young lady, and bring her here. Then about midnight we'll visit de church-yard and wake de ghost of old Levert, whoever he may have been; and after breakfast, if all seems tranquil, or sooner if there's any fuss, we'll shake off de dust of dis charming sink of iniquity and go out as we came in."

"Wouldn't it be better, Mas'r, fer ter make shoes ob de money first, and get de pick'ninny arterwards?" queried Scip, cunningly.

"No, my boy; fer we may have to leave without any time for parting calls, and I'd rather risk de child and no money, than get de money and abandon de child."

"Dat so, Mas'r. Dat what I call real honorable sentiment. De credit to a colled peasant, Mas'r, dat idee."

Captain Sewall, C.S.A., strolled leisurely down de stairs, followed by his servant; paused in de office to light a cigar, and to sardoniously inform de clerk dat if any one asked for him he should say he had gone out for some colls, and might not return till late; and then passed down de steps and up de now lighted street.

"He's a coming arter, Mas'r," muttered Scip, closing up to his master's side after a few minutes.

"All right. You strike off down dis lane, and let him follow me. He'll be none de wiser fer seeing where I go," was de equally caustic reply; and a moment after de negro suddenly dived into a black alley, and, hiding himself in a doorway, saw dat de esquire, only passing to cast one long glance after him, hurried on in pursuit of his more important game.

"Go long, you fool! an' I should tink de debil of feel 'shamed to have turned out sich a mean specimen ob a chile!" muttered Scip, wrathfully, as he stole to de head of de alley and watched de retreating figure dogging his master's footsteps. When both were out of sight de negro cautiously emerged, and after following in de same direction for a short distance, struck off into a side street, and presently ran up de steps of a handsome square house whose front door-plate bore de inscription:

MADAME LEMOND'S REMARKS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

To de servant who opened de door Scip announced his errand, and communicated his credentials, in de form of an order from J. Disbrowe to Madame Lemond, to commit to de negro Joe, handing her de paper, de custody of his daughter Fanny, with de property belonging to her.

After ten minutes of de deers-mat, Scip was desired to walk up stairs, and being presently ushered into de drawing-room, found Madame Lemond—a little, nervous-looking Frenchwoman—standing in de centre of de room, de order in her hand.

"Your name, boy?" asked she, rapidly, as Scip passed inside de door, bowing humbly.

"Joe, Mist'."

"And who sent you?"

"Mas'r Sewall, Mist'. Mas'r Disbrowe axed him ter fetch de lilly mist' eber dis place 'fore de Yankee git in, kase dey's gwine ter kill ebbery livin' soul dey find, women an' chilen an' all."

"Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" exclaimed de Frenchwoman, clasping her hands and turning deadly pale.

"They will do dat, then?"

"Course dey will, Mist', an' dey's like ter hab de chance mighty soon. Mas'r Disbrowe said fer us be shoes an' bring de lilly gal away 'fore to-morrow mornin'."

"I shall go myself. Rosalie must stay and send off de children. I must go—dis very night!" muttered Madame Lemond, rising from de chair where she had sunk, and tottering toward de door.

"Will Missy Fanny be done get ready pretty soon?" interposed Scip, seeing dat both he and his errand were forgotten.

"Oh!"—and Madame Lemond paused to violently ring de bell. A pretty maidservant answered it immediately.

"Put up Miss Disbrowe's clothes, dress her fer walking, and bring her down to dis man, who is to take her home. Then come to my room," ordered de mistress; and, with a slight nod by way of adieu

to Scip, glided from the room and ran hastily up stairs. The servant followed, and Scip, finding himself alone, allowed the funeral gravity of his sable visage to relax into a grin, becoming by degrees so broad as to reveal nearly the whole of a magnificent set of teeth.

"Golly! scared she pretty well!" muttered he, and cast an admiring eye about the room, thickly strewn with these articles de luxe so utterly useless, and yet so seductive, in the way of loot, to the rank and file of an invading army.

"Berry pretty pickin' here," continued Scip. "An' seein' our folks 'll be here 'morrow or nex' day, rock'n I'll take my share now."

As he spoke, Scip's black paw descended upon an elegant paper-weight of ebony and silver, with a golden folder and pen-holder lying beside it. These he rapidly transferred to one of his pockets, and rolled his eyes upon a silver card basket and gold-stoppered essence-bottle a little farther on. But even as the great black fingers closed upon the basket Scip paused and drew back.

"Dat no fashion for soldier in de Federal Army be catin' up," muttered he. "De well 'nough for sarrent, or mean white trash; but mahbe some day I'll be an officer an' a gentleman."

More rapidly than they had disappeared, the paper-weight, the folder, and the pen-handle emerged from the pocket of the future "officer;" and although in the half hour ensuing between that moment and Miss Dabrowa's appearance Scip's keen eyes examined and admired every article in the room, not the point of his smallest finger was allowed to touch any one of them; and when Rosalie, the pretty maid, opened the door for the young lady to enter, she found him waiting in the very attitude and very spot where she had left him.

"Here's Miss Dabrowa, Joe, and her trunk's in de hall. Miss's is callin'—good-by, Miss Fanny."

"Good-by, Miss. Joe, are you papa's sarvent?"

"No, Miss, I's Cap'n Sewall's boy. Dat your pappy sent for you by us."

The little girl allowed her dark eyes to rest upon the face of her strange guide for a moment, and then, straightening her graceful figure with an involuntary movement of self-reliance and decision, said:

"Very well, Joe. I am quite ready."

In the hall, as Rosalie had said, stood the young lady's modest trunk, and Scip, shouldering it easily, led the way into the street, closely followed by his little charge.

"Where is papa?" asked she, as they slowly walked up the dimly-lighted street.

"He was 'bout twenty mild from here, missy, las' time I heard from him," said Scip, congratulating himself upon the evasion that was so free.

"And is he pretty well?" asked the child, raising her great eyes curiously to the negro's face.

"Fas'rate, missy. He nobber war so well in his life afore."

Scip spoke confidently and even cheerfully; but glancing down at the delicate little face opposed to his he found there a solemn doubt, a dawning suspicion, impossible to meet or combat.

"Reck'n, missy, we'd bestest hurry up a lilly bit, Mas'r Sewall will be waitin' fer us," said he, hurriedly; and the rest of the walk was performed with silent rapidity.

Arrived at the St. Charles, Scip led his little charge directly to the room retained by his master, and, placing the trunk upon the floor, asked, with even a tender accent in his rough voice:

"Kin I do sumfin for you, lilly missy? or does you want de chamber-maid far to help you dress? Has you had some supper, missy?"

Miss Fanny Dabrowa seated herself upon her trunk, folded her pretty hands in her lap, and fixed again upon the negro those dark and searching eyes beneath whose glance he had already quailed. A pale and delicate child, with slender figure and grave face, colorless save for the curved crimson of the lips, and the dark depths of those great eyes; with a self-contained and resolute expression too wonderful to see upon a face so young and fresh, so childlike in its purity and dreamy innocence. Very self-possessed was this little maid, and she quietly finished her survey of the coarse face and uncouth figure of the negro before she replied:

"No, I thank you, Joe, I don't want any supper nor de chamber-maid, but I want to see Captain Sewall. I like you very well, but I want to see him."

As if in answer to her wish, a rapid step sounded down the corridor, and the next moment the door of the bedroom was thrown open.

"Beck, Scip! Oh!"

And Lieutenant Vane, who had for a moment forgotten the alias of his sable ally, turned and looked anxiously through the hall. All was safe there, but as he entered the room and closed the door he encountered a gaze that showed him the error had been noticed and commented upon by at least one listener.

"Miss Dabrowa, I presume," said the Lieutenant, taking off his cap and advancing smilingly with outstretched hand. But the slender hands folded so tightly upon Miss Dabrowa's lap never stirred, and it was with a yet more earnest look into his face than had searched the negro's that she asked:

"Did my father send you for me, Sir?"

been before, but paused; and by her inquiring look demanded his meaning.

"Sit down, my dear, and don't imagine for a moment that I have any wish to harm or deceive you," said the young man, placing a chair and motioning her toward it with even a beseeching look.

The child seated herself, but with a queenly air that said she did but defer her decision, and the young officer, standing before her, proceeded with his defence, telling as tenderly as he might of her father's death upon the battle-field, of Scip's care and kindness toward him, of the father's dying wishes and bequest, and finally of the negro's consultation with himself, his own connection with the matter, and the consequent deception or rather strategy he had found necessary to practice.

The young girl listened attentively, shedding not a tear at news of her father's death, although the look of bleak desolation upon her face showed how deep the blow had struck to her orphaned heart.

At the close she came and put her hand in that of the speaker.

"You will be the same as my father now, won't you?" asked she, simply.

A half smile struggled with the quiver on the young man's lips. He was twenty-five years old, and Miss Fanny about thirteen.

"I will take the same care of you as if you were my own little sister Alice," said he. "And I will take you to her, and to my mother among the pleasant hills of Vermont, if you will go," added he, kindly.

"And Scip too—I love you for what you did for him," said the child, going to place her slender white hands in the great black ones of the negro, and laying her head for a moment upon his brawny shoulder. Of course Scip began to cry—your genuine African, impraisable as a child, requires but one tone of pathos to bring his tears, one strain of joy to swells his mirth.

"And now, Sir, what shall we do first?"

"Why, I think you had better stay here and try to get a night's rest," replied the Lieutenant, a little startled by the prompt tone of the appeal.

"Scip and I have something to do to-night, and shall not have time to go to bed at all."

"Well, good-night. Good-night, Scip!"

The night was dark and tempestuous, the wind sighing and moaning through the trees of the abandoned cemetery like wails of the naked souls lamenting above their lost bodies.

"Clare to goodness, Mas'r, dis yer's a ugly sort o' job. Reck'n we best' clar out 'fore any ting gits us," whispered Scip, clinging to his master's coat.

"Nonsense, Scip, where's old Lovett's grave?"

"Way ober dere, Mas'r. What dat great white ting an' movin' 'bout. De Lord sals us—what be?"

"It's a poplar-tree, you fool, blowing in de wind. Don't be such a coward, or at least hold your tongue," exclaimed the Lieutenant angrily, as he made his way across the mounded turf and the glimmering head-stones to the far corner of the place.

"De devil—what dat! De Lord forgib me sayin' dat so word!" and Scip's clinging fingers clutched his master's arm like iron clamps.

"What's what, you blockhead?"

"I see somfin—dat know what be?" gasped the negro, his teeth chattering audibly.

"Now, Scip, this won't do. I thought you were more of a man. Recollect we don't have cowards in the Union army, and if you can't walk through a church-yard after dark without all this fuss, how are you going to face a rebel battery?"

The argument was final. Scip would have silently allowed himself to be flayed alive sooner than be pronounced unworthy of his masters, and although his progress was still marked by an obligate accompaniment of chattering teeth, he let go his officer's arm, held his tongue, and steadily led the way toward his ominous El Dorado.

"Dis em, Mas'r. Dis ole Lovett's grave," said he at last, in a subdued voice, as he laid his hand upon a broad granite monument standing by itself in one corner of the grounds.

"Well, you've got de spade. Begia to dig while I light de dark lantern. The sooner we're through de better."

"Dat so, Mas'r," muttered the negro, plunging his spade deep into the turf which had been carefully replaced after the burial of the treasure. The Lieutenant lighting his lantern and shielding it with his coat, took his place upon the other side of the grave, directing the stream of light upon the spot where Scip dug. For some moments the click of the shovel and rattle of the stony earth were the only sounds audible, except the sighing of the wind and the drowsy hum of the sleeping city. The shovel struck with a metallic and hollow sound upon some resisting substance. Scip suddenly raised his head, crying, exultantly:

"Dat's it shore 'nough, Mas'r!" and in the same instant dropped his shovel, uttered a dismal yell, and turning to see caught his foot in the long grass, fell sprawling, and lay upon his face kicking and shrieking, much like a child who has undergone maternal discipline, and between pain, rage, and fright, declines to recover his exposure.

Lieutenant Vane, startled by the yell, hastily raised his own eyes in the direction Scip had looked, saw what he had seen, and not unaptly exclaimed:

"The Devil!"

Perhaps it was. At any rate it might have been, if the devil may be supposed to present himself behind a dark repulsive face, covered with a shock of black beard and hair, and to look greedily down from the top of a monument with glittering eyes, and a ghastly grinning mouth, into the bowels of a wicked man's grave.

Lieutenant Vane did not run, like the peer African, away from the danger, but straight toward it, darting round the monument in fact, just in time to grasp the descending leg of the supposititious demon, finding them crossed, not in flame-colored tights, but gray shoddy trousers of Confederates cut and make. With a hearty kick and heartier curse the apparition would have freed itself, but the stony

arms of the young Green Mountain athlete were around him, and his panting voice growling:

"Come now! None of that! I've got you! Here, Scip—quick, youascal!—bring de lantern!"

Encouraged by the mundane air the struggle had assumed, Scip, ceasing his lamentations, rose gingerly to his feet, and craning his neck so as to look behind the granite shaft, beheld his master struggling fiercely with a tall, dark figure, formidable certainly, but yet of the form and proportions of a man.

A sudden grin illuminated Scip's features, and seizing the shovel he had dropped, he crept quietly up, and, with no note of warning, brought down the oaken handle upon the stranger's head.

"Twen't do no harm whatever be he," muttered he; and found himself justified in his conclusion as the dark form fell silent and motionless at his feet.

The Lieutenant, suddenly released from those long, serpent-like arms, staggered back a step, then darted toward the lantern, and turned it upon the face of his fallen foe.

"Ole Jarvis, shere 'nough!" exclaimed Scip, bending over the body with the same air of disgust he might have bestowed upon the crushed carcass of a reptile.

Five minutes more, and the spy, bound hand and foot, with a gag in his mouth, was secretly loosed to the monument, and left to collect his scattered but returning senses at his leisure.

"Now, Scip, you stay here and keep guard and fetch gettin' out de box, while I return for de little girl. Then we will be off before daylight," suggested the Lieutenant, wiping his forehead.

"No, Mas'r. You stop an' let me go. Mahbe dey's got 'spiculous ob us, an' might want fer ter keep you. If dey stop no tain't so much matter, you see."

"I don't see any such thing, Scip. If dere's danger it's fer me to face it sooner than you."

"But, Mas'r, if you leave me 'long o' dis yer white libberd skunk I specs I'll kill him 'fore yer git back. 'Pears like I could' help it nobber."

"Come, come, Scip; dat won't do. To kill a prisoner in cold blood would disgrace us forever. Say you are afraid to stay alone among de graves, and I'll let you go."

"Well, Mas'r, I be, den. I lan' 'fraid ob all de wjers nor all de slabe-drivers in 'Tenn, but I is mees' powerful 'fraid ob de dead men."

"That's honest, Scip, any way. Well, go your way, and manage de best you can; you won't mind a lie or two, I dare say, if it's necessary."

"Dat part ob de strategy ob us, Mas'r," replied Scip, gravely; and the Lieutenant assented with a nod.

"If I doesn' get here by daylight, Mas'r, you jes take de box and put fer camp. I's jine you dere somehow, I reckon."

"If you are not here by daylight I shall come and look for you, Scip," replied Tom Vane, steadily; "and now, my lad, de quicker de better."

The distant clocks struck four, and a soft gray crept through the black mist that had shrouded in the lonely watcher as with a wall. Through it came Scip's, a huge bundle upon his shoulder, a little patient figure by his side.

The Lieutenant reached round the monument and dragged the prisoner's cap low upon his face, and the fast-increasing light might not aid him in tracing their progress—saw that the bonds were strong and unbroken, and then, with the treasure-box in his hand, went to meet his companions.

"Clare to goodness, Mas'r, it's lucky it war me went an' not you. I's lied till I war black in de face, an' you know it ole 'show on me," announced Scip, with an exultant chuckle.

"All right; but let us be moving. You shall tell me as we go. Miss Fanny, can you walk fast?"

"Yes, Sir. Never mind me any more than if I were a soldier too, and you needn't call me 'Mas'." replied the child, whose glowing eyes, steadily bent forward, seemed eager to outstrip her slumbering foe.

Taking her hand in his, the young soldier led her quickly on; and, as dawn brightened into daylight, passed with the stolen countenance safely through the rebel outposts, and a mile further on passed at a deserted plantation to mount the horses carefully selected there upon the preceding afternoon.

"You must ride behind me, Fanny. See—I have strapped your bundle of clothes on fur a pillow, and you will hold tight around my waist. Can you?" asked Lieutenant Tom, merrily.

A bright color flushed across the clear, pale cheek of the little maid, but she answered calmly:

"I think so. I was never on a horse."

"Oh well. Only cling tight to me and you will do," returned the young man, hastily flinging himself into the saddle. "Now, Scip, put her up."

The negro obeyed, and, with the precious chest safe strapped to his own saddle, mounted in turn. The spirited horses, all fed with rebel corn, and wild with the delicious air of early morning, tossed their heads with an exultant neigh, and darted forward. Vane felt the slender arms tighten about his waist, and found time to smile over his shoulder into the pale, determined little face close behind, and to say half kindly, half fondly:

"Never fear, little Fanny, only cling tight to me."

"Golly, Mas'r! dat feller's get loose 'sready! Look a' dah!" shouted Scip, as, pausing on the crest of a long-winding hill, they looked back upon the rebel camp, through whose outpost they had safely passed a couple of hours before. Hastening on from that very outpost, like ants hurrying from an invaded ant-hill, could now be distinguished a number of black spears moving rapidly along the white stripe of road leading toward the position of the fugitives.

"Dey's got de news, an' dey's chasin' us, Mas'r!" exclaimed Scip, his great eyes glaring with anger and excitement.

"They are right. It is a fine morning for a ride, and I trust they will enjoy it. Let us be getting on, Scip," replied the Lieutenant, quietly; and not a word more was exchanged until fifteen good miles lay between the fugitives and the useless pursuit.

That night Lieutenant Vane reported himself to his Colonel, and a few days afterward obtained a short furlough, just long enough to enable him to rush hurriedly home to the old parsonage among the Vermont hills, and to leave there the little, quiet, thoughtful companion of his travels, who shed no tear when he bade her good-by, but stood gazing from the window with such a heart-broken look to her dark eyes and pale lips, that good motherly Mrs. Vane threw her arms about her and wept, as she had not wept in bidding her only boy God-speed!

Leave her there, growing daily in grace and stature—growing too more deeply, day by day, into the hearts of those wise and kindly guardians who care for her, body and mind and soul, while her strange features, fostered in the hands of a wise and honest financier, grows also, and will some day make a splendid dowry for the child of the dead rebel.

Lieutenant Vane—Captain Vane before the war was over—did not come home when peace was declared, but, becoming master of a great plantation, applied the same energy and courage to its restoration and improvement that he had once done to the devastation and impoverishing of a hundred such in rebel hands.

And Scip? Ah! what is to be the fate of Scip, and thousands, millions like him?

Scip waits; and also waits the fortune he has destined to the smothering and opening of his race.

BROADCAST THY SEED.

Broadcast thy seed!
Although some portion may be found
To fall on unreciprocal ground,
Whom sand, or sward, or stone may stay
Its coming into light of day;
Or when it comes, some patient sward
May make it droop and wither there—
Be not discouraged; some will find
Congenial soil, and gentle wind,
Refreshing dew, and ripening shower,
To bring it into business flower,
From flower to fruit, to glad thine eyes,
And fill thy soul with sweet surprise.
Do good, and God will bless thy deed—
Broadcast thy seed!

IDOL WORSHIP.

The essential features of human sap reason are very much the same all the world over; only the accidental traits differ. The faith by which the Roman Catholic reposes upon the image of his patron saint or of the Virgin for his protection is, at its root, the same which led the ancients to believe in the power of an image of a patron goddess to protect themselves and their cities; the only difference being that the one is nominally Christian and the other nominally heathen. With only this difference also, the principle which underlies the two remarkable instances of idol worship, which we illustrate on the succeeding page, is one and the same. Under similar religious conditions, human nature exhibits itself in the same way in Cochin China and in Spain.

One of our illustrations represents the procession of the Dragon, which takes place annually in all parts of China. These processions—in which a monstrous image of the Dragon is paraded through the streets—are very remarkable on account of the costumes adopted, and the decorations of every description by which the Chinese strive to give added to their grand religious ceremony. They spare no expense. They deck themselves out in silk and gold; and a single procession costs about ten thousand dollars of our money. To describe the musical exhibition afforded in this display would be quite impossible—the instruments all being of that sort which secure the greatest possible amount of noise. Their cymbals are half a yard in diameter, and are played with astounding vigor. At the head of the procession flaming standards are borne, followed by the mandarins of the first class bearing sacred ornaments, and these by the musicians and palanquins laden with fruits of every sort. Then follows the great dragon armed with every kind of weapon, ancient or modern, of Chinese warfare. Then, after a long troop of gods and goddesses, represented by youths and maidens, follows the image of the great Dragon, which measures from 30 to 40 yards in length. Those who bear the image manage to make the tail represent the undulations and writhings of a real dragon—which Mr. DOUGLASS, in his interesting work on "The Social Life of the Chinese," calls "manoeuvring the Dragon."

The second illustration represents a proceeding no less curious than that which we have just described. Just before the late important event which gave another possible heir to the Spanish throne, a Royal carriage, richly appointed, and attended by priests, soldiers, and outsiders, was seen passing through the street of Atocha. Within this carriage rode an official whose duties are somewhat remarkable—no less a personage, in fact, than the mistress of the robes to the Virgin of Amurza. To this image of the Virgin the Queen applies on every succeeding occasion like that which has just taken place; and for some months previous to the interesting event the highest of the Court officers and dress-makers are considered as to the fashions and richness of the vestive offering which shall be presented to the holy image. It was to the consecration of this magnificent robe, as bejeweled and belaced, that the Royal carriage and its cortege was devoted; and it was believed that the object of the Queen's veneration would, when opportunely served, be efficacious in securing for her Majesty that safety and comfort which in her situation were so desirable. Our illustration represents the solemn ceremony which took place just before the consecration, when the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo accompanied the image into the presence of Royalty, and the Virgin of Olveids was transported for a month's visit to the palace in all the splendor of the robes and jewels with which it had been decorated. Some days before the time announced for the re-



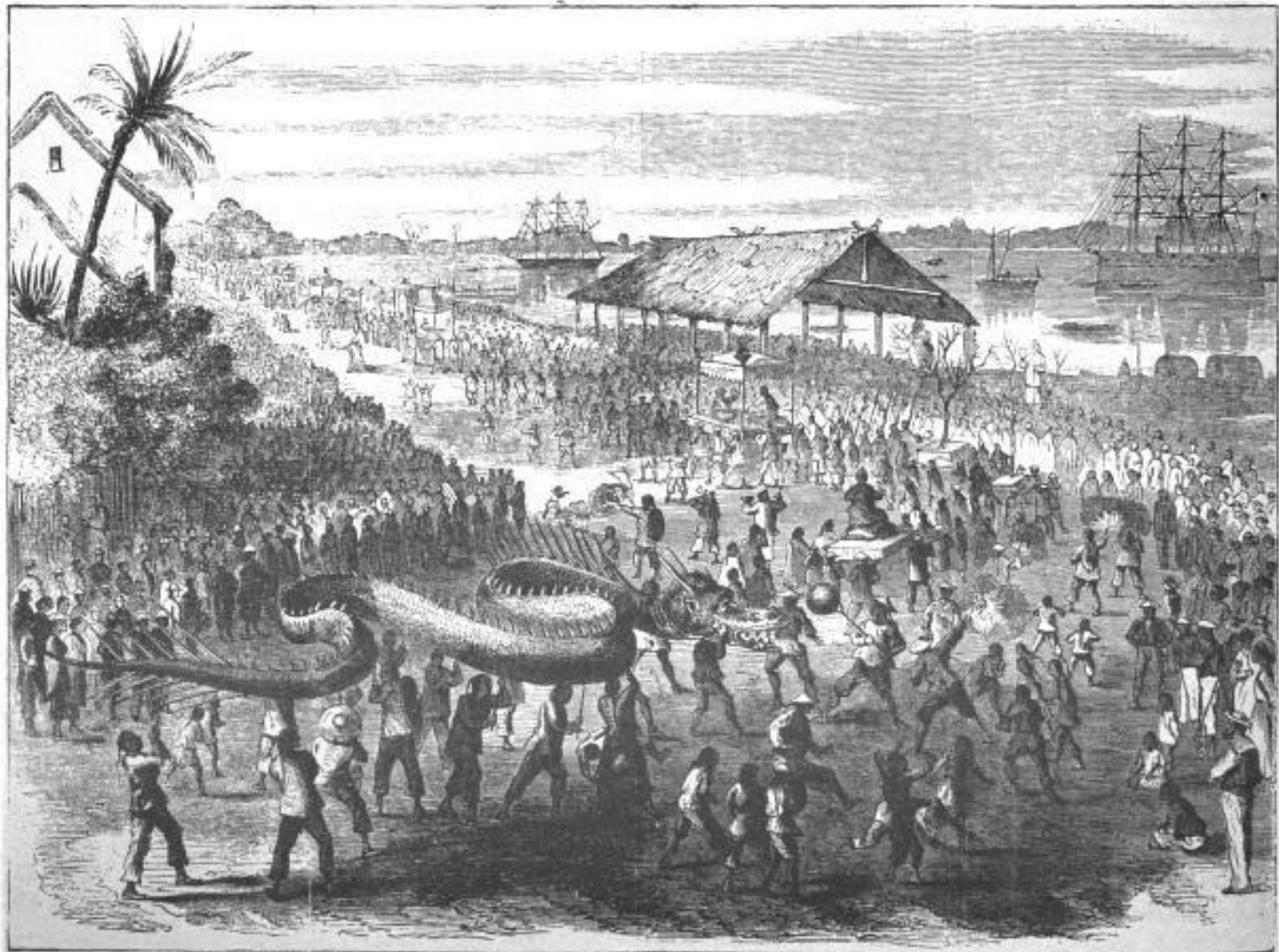
IDOL WORSHIP IN SPAIN—THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO CONVEYING THE IMAGE OF THE VIRGIN OF OLVIDO TO THE ROYAL PALACE, MADRID.

ception of the little Royal stranger, the Archbishop of Toledo, Cardinal Father TIMILO, set out by special train to fetch the Virgin from the convent of

San Pascual, at Aranjuez, and was accompanied by a priest, whose sacred duty it was to carry the image, as though he were bearing a doll. Our illu-

stration is taken from a sketch representing the entrance of the Archbishop to the railway station, where, as usual, a number of the faithful had assem-

bled to witness the deportation of the image whose presence in Madrid was expected to be so serviceable to the Queen in her hour of trouble.



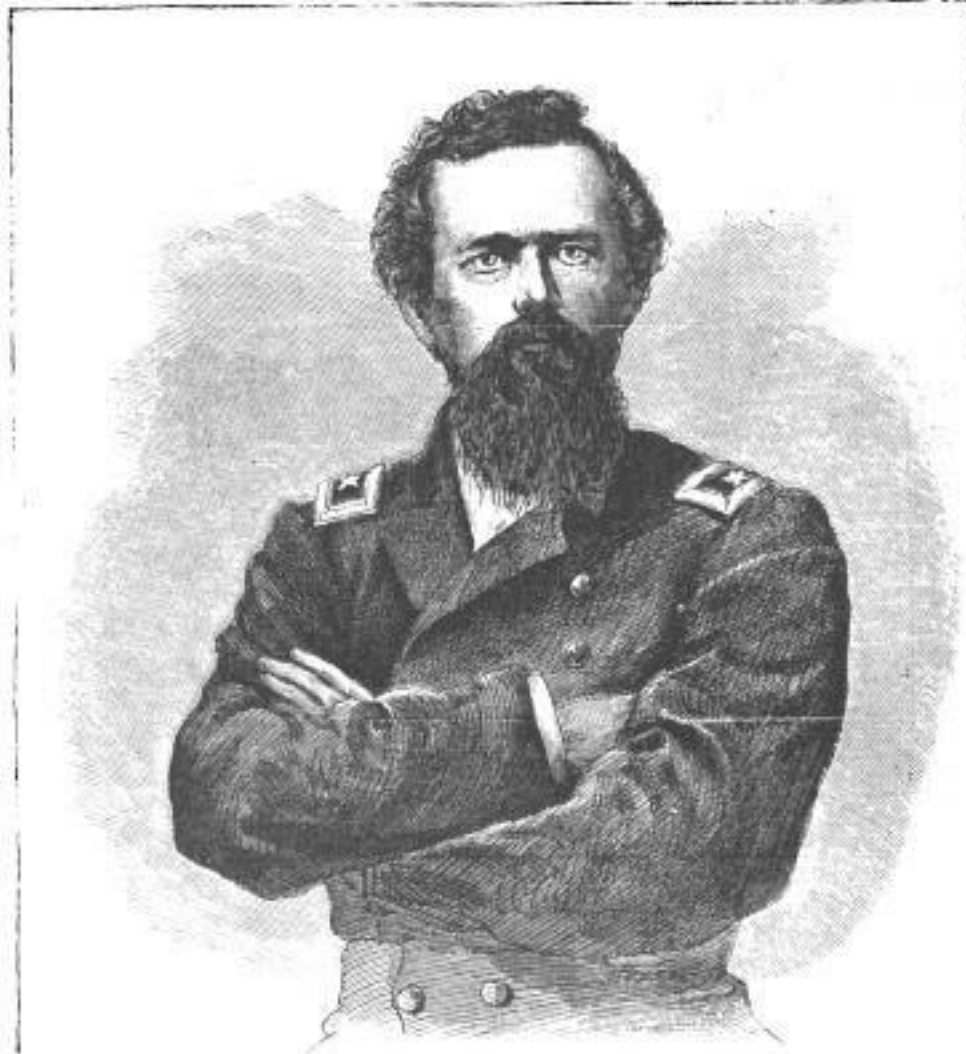
IDOL WORSHIP IN COCHIN CHINA—ANNUAL PROCESSION OF THE DRAGON AT SAIGON.

GOVERNOR HAWLEY, OF CONNECTICUT.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH R. HAWLEY, Governor elect of Connecticut, was born in Richmond County, North Carolina, October 31, 1826. His parents removed to Connecticut when he was eleven years of age. After his graduation at Hamilton College, New York, in 1847, he studied law, entering upon the practice of his profession in Hartford, 1850. In politics he acted with the Free Soil Party. After a practice of six years, becoming very deeply interested in the struggle against the extension of slavery, he became editor of the *Hartford Evening Press* (an organ of the new Republican Party) in 1857, and took a very active part as a speaker in the political campaigns, which were always bitterly contested in Connecticut.

On the breaking out of the rebellion and the publication of Mr. LINCOLN'S call for 75,000 men he drew up an enlistment paper, and headed the list as the first volunteer from Connecticut. Associated with him was A. W. DRAKE, a young Democratic lawyer, who afterward died as Colonel of the Tenth Connecticut. Ignorant of drill, the volunteers selected GEORGE S. BURSHAM, afterward Colonel of the Twenty-second Connecticut, as their Captain, HAWLEY being First Lieutenant and DRAKE Second. BURSHAM was immediately promoted, and HAWLEY became Captain, in which capacity he served honorably three months, and was especially commended by his brigade commander, General KEYS, for good conduct at Bull Run. Upon his discharge he accepted a commission as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Seventh Connecticut, of which Major-General TERRY (the hero of Fort Fisher) was Colonel, and assisted in raising and equipping the regiment. The Seventh went on the original Sherman Port Royal expedition, and was the first ashore at Hilton Head. With his regiment Lieutenant-Colonel HAWLEY was in the siege of Fort Palmetto, and immediately after, upon TERRY'S promotion, HAWLEY became Colonel of the Seventh.

When General SEMMERS prepared for his Florida campaign he selected as his brigade commanders Colonel

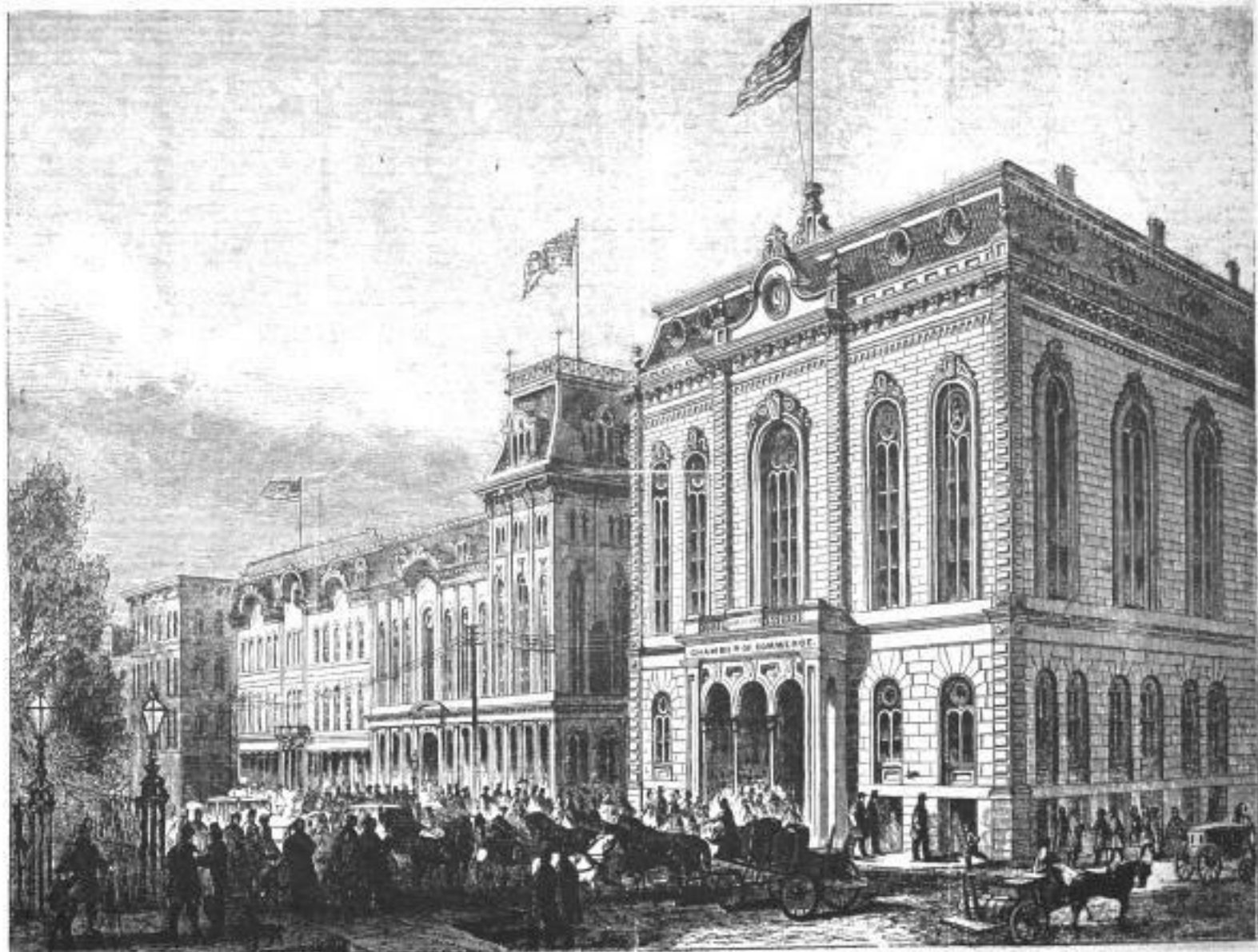


MAJOR-GENERAL J. R. HAWLEY, GOVERNOR ELECT OF CONNECTICUT.

HAWLEY, Colonel JACK MONROEMERY, of Kansas fame, and Colonel BARROT, of the Forty-Eighth New York. At the battle of Olustee, Colonel HAWLEY'S brigade commenced the fight, and the Seventh Connecticut, under his guidance, was the last regiment out. He was in the battle for three and a half hours, never once dismounting from his horse, although greatly increasing his danger by being thus conspicuous, while his men were lying down fighting with their breech-loading rifles. Of about 4700 actually engaged in that battle over 1800 were killed or wounded, Colonel HAWLEY'S brigade losing its full share, or over 38 per cent. For his gallantry on the occasion General SEMMERS urgently requested his promotion.

In April, 1864, Colonel HAWLEY came to Virginia with his regiment, and was assigned to the command of a brigade in TERRY'S division of the Tenth Corps, in the Army of the James. In the battle of Drewry's Bluff he lost between 400 and 500 men, and his conspicuous gallantry in the three days of that fight called forth warm praise from his commanders, General STRASSARD, of Vermont—a brave officer, who subsequently lost an arm at Chaffin's Farm—complimenting him on the field for his marked coolness and courage. The campaign before Richmond and Petersburg was an almost unintermittent series of battles and skirmishes from May to November, unexampled before in the world's history, and of all the hard service Colonel HAWLEY had fully his share. At Deep Run, in August, he lost twenty per cent. of his command, and for his conduct there Major-General BOWSER, his corps commander, requested General TERRY to forward a recommendation for his promotion, which being approved by Generals BOWSER and BERLIAN, in addition to others previously forwarded, secured his commission as Brigadier-General in September, 1864.

When General TERRY went to Fort Fisher he left General HAWLEY in command of his division, as the fittest man for that important position. Later, after General HAWLEY joined his brigade at Wilmington, General SCOTT assigned to him the duty of keeping open his lines of communication, as he moved up to join Gen-



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[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

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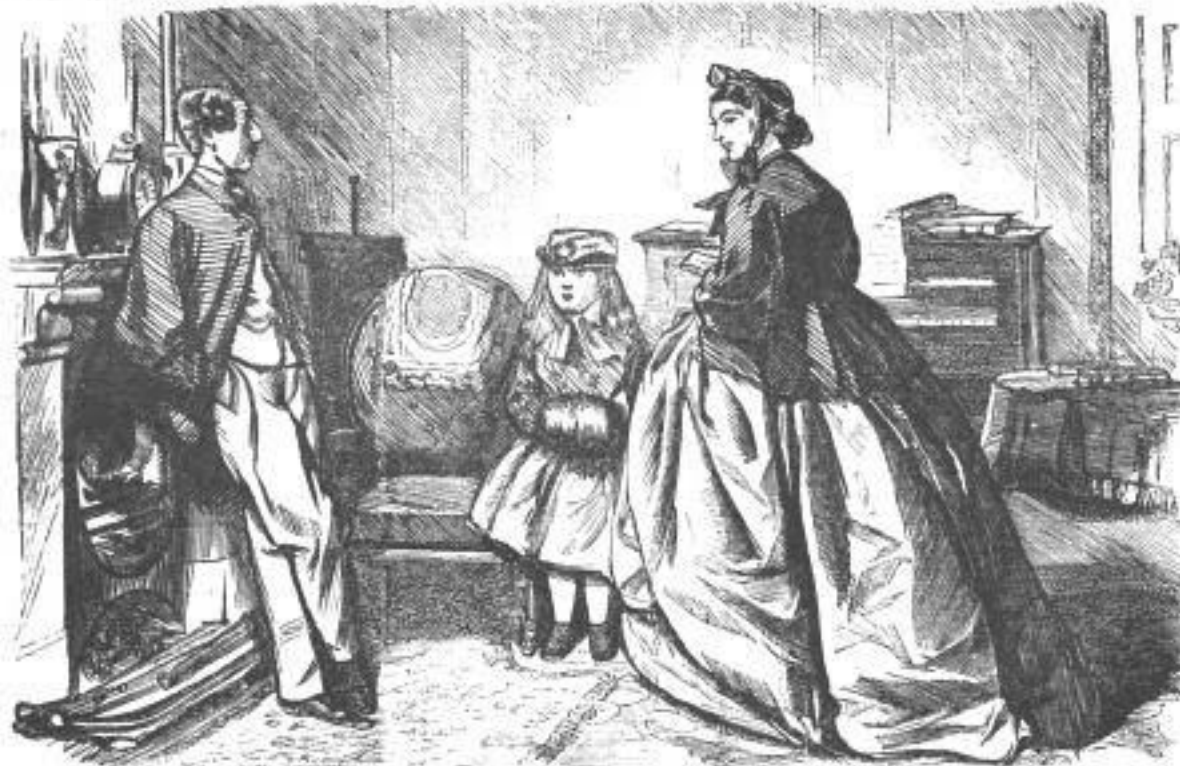
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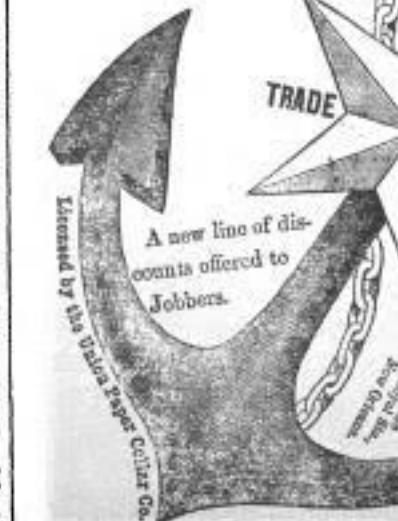
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THE REISSUE OF
HARPER'S WEEKLY
 A
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. X.—No. 487.]

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OUR "SPECIAL," A. R. W., ON HIS JOURNEYINGS.



STREET SCENE IN CAIRO, ILLINOIS.

SALE OF GOVERNMENT STORES.

Our artist at Cairo thus describes the illustration of the sale of Government stores on the levee at Cairo given on this page:

"Passing along the levee at Cairo, with its dust, filth, and obnoxious drinking-moons, gaping wide open for victims to the trash within, it would appear to a stranger, from the great number of such places, that the people of Cairo had powers not ac-

quired elsewhere to ordinary mortals of resisting the effects of 'tangle-leg,' 'red-eye,' 'twist-knee,' and other brands peculiar to the locality. Outside of each place are gathered a knot of hard-looking fellows. There is a suspicious air of 'lying-in-wait'

common to these frequenters of the levee which is not calculated to inspire confidence in a stranger.

"At a Government warehouse an auction is in progress of such stores as appertain to the commissary department. The prominent figures are the



GOVERNMENT AUCTION ON THE LEVEE AT CAIRO, ILLINOIS.

actioner and a colored soldier—the former a well-known character, at one time connected with the *Herald* as an army correspondent. As a getter-up of sells he has few rivals; and many who knew him in the army will recognize him when they hear that he is principally indebted to his powers of ventriloquism for success. Many will remember the anecdote of a *Herald* correspondent monopolizing the telegraph line at Niagara Falls and telegraphing the first chapters of Genesis to exclude other reporters, who were dying with anxiety to transmit their accounts of the Prince of Wales's progress in Canada. This was that man! As far as your artist knows he is the last instance of this gentleman's proficiency in practical jokes. While the sketch was being drawn the auctioneer, who up to that time had ignored the artist's presence, turned upon the latter with a twinkle of recognition, the response to which was an inadvertent wink. Turning traitor at once, he went on with the sale, accepting the wink as a further bid, and knocking down to the delineator of character an old worn-out copying press at the liberal sum of \$1 75."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1866.

THE EXECUTIVE POWER.

IN a free constitutional system of government the executive branch becomes most prominent during a war. The frequent necessity of summary measures, which the common sense of the country concedes, accustoms it to the contemplation of the arbitrary use of extraordinary power. And if, as with us during the late war, the exercise of that power is in the hands of a magistrate entirely beloved and trusted, its essential and normal peril becomes obscured to the public eye.

To our fathers who made the Constitution, however, there was no such obscurity. They had emerged from an exhausting war with a Government in which the executive power had absorbed so much more than its rightful share, even in a monarchical system, that its success in America would have been constitutional ruin in England. When they framed our government, therefore, they defined the power of the Executive as exactly as it could be done. Thus the President was made Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy when in actual service; but Congress alone was to declare war and raise and support armies. He was to veto any law which seemed to him objectionable; but a two-thirds vote of Congress was, upon due consideration, to overpower his veto. He was to make treaties, but only with the consent of two-thirds of the Senators present, and to appoint envoys and judges, but only with the approval of the Senate. In the intention of the fathers, and because of their faith in a popular system, the motive power of the Government was to reside in Congress, which was the immediate representative of the people.

It was in obedience to this system and in full sympathy with the spirit from which it sprang that Mr. LINCOLN, whom circumstances compelled to assert the executive power to its utmost legitimate extent, constantly appealed to Congress to justify his acts. During the war he did not hesitate to state "to whom it might concern" the terms upon which, as Commander-in-Chief, he was ready to cease operations in the field; but he was careful to say that the question of reorganization must be finally determined by Congress. While the war was still raging he said that he was willing to recognize in any rebel State a Government established and maintained by a tenth of the number of voters before the war; but he conceded that the admission to Congress of a State so constituted was a question for Congress alone to decide.

President LINCOLN died just as the work of restoration was beginning. President JOHNSON laid down by proclamation the terms upon which rebel States might proceed to reorganize; but stated explicitly that the work was to be concluded only by the consent of Congress. He did his part as his sense of duty and his view of public necessity demanded. The States, empowered and directed by him, did their part as they saw fit. Congress is now cautiously considering in what way most wisely to do its part, which officially completes the work. And it is just at this point that those who are utterly malignant at the overthrow of the late revolutionary movement which sought the destruction of the Government advise the President to lead a new revolution for the same purpose. Those who, in 1861, called upon "all conservative people" to withstand the "abolition frenzy" of ABRAHAM LINCOLN in undertaking "to coerce Sovereign States," now entreat the same people to call upon the Executive power to seize the Government.

This is a curious illustration of the fact that the devices of slavery, which is a system of brute force and blood and crime, have neither the least conception of a popular government, nor the least faith in any methods but those of the sword. Congress passes a law to protect the equal rights of all citizens of every color in the United States; and GARRETT DAVIS, bred in the politics of slavery, thereupon declares: "that he will try to influence public opinion to procure a repeal of the law—but that he will

devote the feeble remnant of his life to overthrowing the Government. SALTHURST of Delaware, another graduate of the same school, more or less soberly announces that his constituents will resist the law to the last. The *New York Daily News*, which rejoiced at every bloody victory of rebels over loyal citizens, exhorts the President to shed the blood of loyal representatives. The *New York World*, whose sympathy with the rebellion was masked but not concealed, whose Presidential platform declared the war a failure, and whose fierce vituperation of ABRAHAM LINCOLN and ANDREW JOHNSON in their fidelity to the Union is historical, begs President JOHNSON to disregard his oath; and the *Chicago Times*, the deadly foe of the Union and of equal rights, urges him to sweep Congress out like chaff.

These men and papers have no more idea of a Constitutional Government than New Zealanders. Like PERCIVAL BROSNA, a politician of their school, if they do not like an argument they are for knocking the advocate upon the head. If they do not like the laws, they are for instant revolution. If the President differs with Congress, he is to turn it out of doors; and if a Congress which they favored should differ with a President whom they did not like, they would urge Congress to hang him without delay. This was precisely the course of the late rebels. They were displeased with the result of an election, and they immediately rose in arms; and it is natural that those who either frankly or sneakily defended them should invite a repetition of rebellion.

But the exquisitely humorous aspect of the matter is, that those who urge revolution as a remedy for legislation which they do not like, solemnly call themselves Conservatives. Large property holders, with people of regular industry and employment, and of small means will, of course, see and appreciate the advantages of such Conservatism. They have been evident in Mexico for the last forty years. They have been revealed in the condition of our own country during the last five years. They would be illustrated in England if, upon the passage of the pending Reform Bill, LORD DERBY and MR. DISRAELI could persuade the Queen to order the army to turn Parliament into the street. Reduced to a plain statement the Conservative policy, as represented by the authorities we have named, is the deliberate destruction of our Government by the absorption of the whole system in the executive branch.

Now if any difference of opinion exists between the executive and legislative authorities the Constitution provides a lawful and peaceful remedy. In case of extremity, as of the veto, the President is to yield, and the will of Congress prevails. The reason of this is plain. The executive power is vested in a single person, whom ambition or fanaticism might tempt to overthrow the liberties of the people. But Congress is the people by their immediate representatives, and it is not supposable that they would conspire against themselves. To say that Congress, without the representation of the late rebel States, is not the people, is simply to say that we have had no lawful government for five years past. The nature of the executive power in our system is indicated by its name. It is the power that executes the will of the people, as expressed under certain conditions, through its representatives. If the elective agent of that power willfully opposes Congress he opposes the majority of the people whose will, lawfully expressed, is the rightful government of the country. The belated devotees of slavery, who call themselves Conservatives, and urge President JOHNSON to subvert the Government, know as little of him and of the American people and of a constitutional system as they did before the war.

THE PROSPECT UNDER THE LOAN BILL.

THE "Loan Bill" has become a law, and by that law the Secretary of the Treasury is expressly prohibited from canceling more than 2½ per cent. of the currency of the country before the next meeting of Congress. It is a substantial victory for the paper-money men, whose leaders are Messrs. JOHN SHREWMAN of Ohio, THADDEUS STEVENS of Pennsylvania, and GEORGE BOUTWELL of Massachusetts—gentlemen whose patriotism can not be doubted, but who have done what they could, it seems to us, to postpone the resumption of specie payments, to perpetuate the degradation of the national currency, and to give a new lease of life to the speculation which is fattening at the cost of the great public of consumers. Whether we are correct or not, the market reports are there to tell.

With few exceptions, prices are as high as they were when gold was 200 and above. Roast beef sells at 25 cents against 15 before the war; real at 27 or 29 as against 14 or 16; mutton at 18 or 20 as against 12 or 14; butter at 60 or 65 as against 22 or 27; coffee at 50 cents as against 25 or 30; cotton goods at 150 @ 200 per cent. advance; wooden goods at 100 @ 150 per cent. advance; boots and other manufactures from hides at 100 % cent. advance; sugar, spices, and groceries generally at 100 or

150 per cent. advance. Very few of these articles are lower than they were when gold was 200. It costs just as much to live now as it did in 1864-5, when the issue of the war was uncertain, and it was a problem whether the national currency was or was not going to follow in the wake of the Confederate shipmasters and Continental money. In some places living seems even higher than it was then. In this city the ship-carpenters, the calkers, and the car-drivers declare that they can not live on the wages which supported them in 1864-5, and have generally struck for an advance.

Now the main cause of the prevailing high prices is the redundancy of the currency, and—to use the jargon of the street—the "ease of money." High taxes, direct and indirect, have their effect, of course. But these exercise less influence upon prices than the condition of the money market. Money is worth less than 5 per cent. per annum in Wall Street. The consequence is that all the National Banks are begging speculators to take their money; and the next consequence is that cliques have been or are being formed in every article of merchandise for the purpose of forestalling the markets with the aid of these National Banks. Cotton, beef, butter, dry goods, leather, hides, groceries are all controlled by cliques, which are buying up or have bought up the entire stocks in market, and are carrying them with the assistance of the National Banks. In this city alone the bank discounts have swelled from an average of \$100,000,000 @ \$120,000,000 before the war to \$250,000,000 now. A similar expansion has taken place in other cities. The advance represents money loaned to speculators to hold produce, merchandise, and stocks. It is this bank accommodation which enables the speculators in beef, butter, dry goods, and leather to extort from the public double the old prices. Were the banks to curtail their discounts these speculators would be forced to disgorge, and prices would fall. So long as the banks can discount freely they will be sure to do so in order to earn large dividends, and the speculators will succeed in keeping up prices.

It was the purpose of the Secretary of the Treasury, by holding a rod over the head of these banks, to compel them to draw in their currency and diminish their discounts. Had he succeeded speculators in the necessities of life would have been compelled to abandon their forestalling scheme, and prices would again have been governed by the old law of supply and demand. He failed; and the consequence is that speculators hold their property as firmly as ever, that prices run as high as they did when GRANT was thundering at the gates of Richmond, and that mechanics are compelled, in this hour of expected contraction, to strike for higher wages.

As for the Secretary of the Treasury, he has a plain duty to perform. He is empowered to exchange long bonds for short date securities in any quantity, and he is not restricted as to the price at which he may sell his bonds. He should act upon this authority without delay. Not an hour should be lost in funding the outstanding debt and deposit certificates, and the interest-bearing legal tender. The absorption of these troublesome liabilities would place the Treasury Department in an independent position, and would inevitably bring the National Banks to such a realizing sense of their danger as would compel at least some of them to initiate the policy of contraction. This measure might properly be followed by an exchange of long bonds for Seven-Thirties. But no time should be lost in inaugurating the policy of contraction. Every hour of delay inflicts loss on the public, and enriches speculators. Every day that is lost swells the ranks of the men who are inclined to hold the dominant party responsible for the great cost of living.

Men of all parties can not too soon or too plainly perceive that hereafter political issues are to be joined on substantial and material questions—and especially on questions of taxation. The people of the United States are paying this year fully \$17 per head in taxes—a heavier sum than is borne by any other people. This tax is laid, indeed, to discharge a debt generously incurred for the noblest cause, and no man who understands that every thing valuable to him and his children was secured by it, will grudge its payment. But the redundancy of the currency, the number of National Banks, and their excessive discounts, have swelled the cost of living to twice the average prior to 1860. This is a burden which we all wish to shake off as soon as practicable. The longer it is borne the louder will be the demand for relief. The taxes, indeed, would weigh less heavily if the cost of living were reduced, and speculators were deprived of their present facilities for forestalling the markets. We might perhaps agree to pay 65 cents for butter and \$12 for boots if we were relieved from an income tax of 5 @ 10 per cent. But no patriotic party or statesman ought to expect or desire the country to endure for more than the shortest time the great increase in the cost of living caused by the redundancy of the currency, and the necessarily heavy taxes. Even the great Union party which carried the country safely through the late war and restored the flag of the Union "without the loss of a single

star," could not hope to retain its present ascendancy except by surely and steadily relieving the public burden.

We think Congress has made a serious mistake; and it remains for the Secretary of the Treasury to do what he can to check the expansion of the National Banks, and to bring down the cost of living. And it behooves him to lose no time in beginning the work.

A GOOD UNION VIEW.

IT was certainly a very questionable compliment that was offered to President JOHNSON in Mobile when, at a late dinner, his health was drunk with that of "President DAVIS." Of course the proposer of the sentiment had been a rebel. But we observe that in Kentucky a Union man, Colonel B. H. BARNOW, who was a LINCOLN and JOHNSON elector, pays no such doubtful honors to the President. He proposes to associate his name with Mr. LINCOLN'S.

At the late Soldiers' Convention Governor BRAMLETTE reported a resolution approving the policy of President JOHNSON, saying that the resolution did not commit the Convention to any man or party, nor was it "an endorsement of any Tylerization," but simply asserted the principles for which the soldiers had fought. He used Mr. JOHNSON'S name, he said, merely to designate a policy. Thereupon Colonel BARNOW said:

"I move to amend by adding at the close, 'understanding it to be the fixed and cherished policy of his lamented predecessor ABRAHAM LINCOLN.' No man in this country had more of my love, respect, and veneration than Mr. LINCOLN. If we must have Mr. JOHNSON'S name in the resolution, let us have Mr. LINCOLN'S too. If, as I understand Mr. JOHNSON, he is carrying out the policy of Mr. LINCOLN, I am for Mr. JOHNSON. With this express understanding I endorse JOHNSON, but I will not endorse him in the language of every rebel meeting in Kentucky, nor in the way of those who, while they endorse him, profess the fundamental and originating principles of the rebellion, the miserable, abominable, and infamous machinations of '93."

It is surely a fair question whether the Mobile toast coupled President JOHNSON'S name with that of JEFFERSON DAVIS because he was supposed to be carrying out the policy of Mr. LINCOLN.

THE AUGEAN STABLE.

THE Board of Health has gone to work in earnest, and has therefore undoubtedly disordered what a task it has undertaken. When we lay in our civic misery and filth, helpless and hopeless, and saw the cholera making ready to fall upon us, the news of the appointment of the Board was like a voice of success. The Commissioners appointed were excellent and satisfactory. They lost no time, and called for nuisances to abate. The nuisances have answered with alacrity. They have appeared in hosts and clouds. They are every where. This was the first step, and it was not difficult. In the city of New York to find a nuisance was about the easiest task to which an inquirer with a nose, a pair of eyes, and a pocket could be called.

But having found the nuisance, how to abate it is a different question; and that is the one which presented itself to the Board directly upon the heels of the first. And it is the consideration of this question which should temper the expectations of the public, and prevent an unreasonable reaction against the Board in consequence of the small apparent results of their efforts—a reaction which is all the more probable from the enthusiastic welcome which hailed the creation of the Board.

Among the chief nuisances and dangers of the city are the markets down town and the tenement-houses. Nothing is easier than for the Board to see this—nothing can be more desirable than a distinct order that these abominations shall be regulated or annihilated. Certainly; let the command be uttered in the most uncompromising voice. And then how is it to be done? Some of the inspectors have reported a certain range of buildings, a horrible slum in which human beings wallow. "Shot it up," says the Board. And the people who are turned out? Are they to encamp in the streets or retreat to other slums? There are hundreds and thousands of people in New York to-day whose habitations endanger the health of the city. They should be unhoused immediately for the general welfare. Where are they to stay meanwhile?

So with the markets. The testimony concerning the Washington Market confirms what every man knows who has seen it. It is in every way a nuisance and a peril. Mr. A. T. STEWART said lately before the Committee at Albany, that, in his judgment, Broadway could be much relieved of its pressure if the markets were moved up town, and the great steamer piers also. There is no doubt of it. But the horrible accumulations of the Washington Market should be removed now, and how long will it take to erect new buildings up town? There is an open lot up town below the neighboring level. The surrounding region has been drained into it until it has become a cesspool offending earth and heaven. The Board order the drainage into it to cease. It is thereupon stopped, but the refuse of the houses which fed it is emptied as slope into the street at each front-door,

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while the line of the new sewerage which will finally relieve the difficulty lies directly through solid rock, and the work can not be finished tomorrow. In the mean time the neighborhood and the city must suffer, nor can any Board help it.

The city must suffer, for the sins of the fathers are visited upon the second and third generations, and in our case those generations make the sins three and four times as bad. The necessity for the vast work of sewerage which is now going on in the city is occasioned by the foolish and ignorant system of laying out the city, and that again is due to intrusting the municipal management to ignorant and rapacious men. Commissioners, for instance, appointed to open streets, receive three dollars for every meeting whether they attend or not. A man may be appointed upon ten or twenty such Commissions and receive payment for all. Is it surprising that there are some streets the laying out of which involves such difficulties that Commissioners have been sitting upon the subject for five years, at the rate of three dollars for every meeting at which they are absent or present, and can not yet determine to open the streets and close their pockets?

A Health Board that undertakes to deal with a city of this kind has begun upon the Augean Stable. The City Government itself is the chief nuisance, and the horrible slums and filth and poor drainage are but secondary evils. It is pleasant to see that the Board goes to its work like a Hercules, for nothing but Hercules' resolution and labor can insure success.

OUR ARTISTS IN THE SOUTH.

THE sketches which we give on our first page are the first of a series of illustrations which we propose to give of the characteristic aspects of life in the Southern States, whether in the city or on the plantation. We have for this purpose a corps of special artists in those States, who have had years of experience in the special class of duties which they have undertaken, and who understand the peculiarities both of the region and of the people. During the war these artists have followed our armies, and have furnished the public through the pages of this paper with illustrations of the great conflict so graphic and faithful that they will be appreciated as long as our history shall be read. The battles are over now; but their results remain—results how different from those contemplated by the late rebel leaders! These leaders, indeed, have failed to revolutionize the United States Government, but they have most certainly succeeded in revolutionizing the southern part of the country.

Yet the desolation which the war has wrought is not irretrievable. A country so purely agricultural in all its interests as the southern section of the republic soon recovers even from the most terrible shocks of war. There is, in such a case, no vast and complex system of commerce to be re-established, for there was no such system to be overturned or interrupted by the war. The cities which suffered were few in number, and as they were simply great agricultural emporiums they will speedily recover their former importance and wealth, while a single crop will almost redeem the plantations from their present state of ruin.

But that which is irretrievable by any possible human means is the social revolution which the war has accomplished. It is a revolution both of society and political economy. With slave labor a chief element of the power of the aristocratic classes of the Southern States has vanished. Not only has the slave been freed, but all labor in those States has risen from a position of degradation to one of honor, and therefore of power. An attempt will doubtless be made and persisted in on the part of those who have formerly monopolized respectability and power to retain so much of their feudal estate as the war seems to have left them; but this is only clinging to shadows. The new impulse given to the laboring interest by its rehabilitation in the South will lead to the development of the many resources of that country, and to the establishment of commerce and manufactures on an extended scale. Gradually, but surely, the unwholesome dwellings of the laborers will cease the noxious of the wealthy planters, and there will rise to the political surface new men with new ideas to represent and give empire to this new interest. It is not in our present Congress that this great contest is to be determined, but in the Southern States themselves, and upon the very fields where the pulsative conflict of arms was fought that has made this second and more significant struggle possible.

With pen and pencil we shall follow this contest through its successive stages. For the present the elements are confused and but dimly shaped. It is like the rising of a new world from chaos. To us the late Slave States seem now almost like a newly-discovered country. For the first time we ask earnestly: What are their resources and opportunities? How has the great earthquake left them—with what marks of ruin upon their cities and fields—with what changes of a social and political character? We shall leave to our artists the task of answering these absorbing questions, so far as it is possible to answer them by means of pictorial representations.

HOW MUCH SHALL WE EAT?

THE fact, so commonly observed, that some eat much less than others, and yet are equally well nourished, although performing an equal amount of both bodily and mental labor, seems to show that eating too much is a common fault. Perhaps we may say that in this country of plenty most of the well-conditioned eat too much, the question very often being, how much can the stomach and the sys-

tem conveniently bear? But we would not have one go to the other extreme, and seek to know how little food the system can get along with, and be in a comfortable condition. The true question is, how much does the system require to keep it in a vigorous condition? And in deciding this every rational man will be governed mostly by the natural indication spoken of in a previous article. This obedience to instinct implies little thought; and the truth is that the less thought we have about the matter, provided it be properly settled, the better.

What now, let us inquire, are the results of eating too much? These are seen both in the stomach itself and in the system at large. The stomach, however well it may habituate itself to do the extraordinary work put upon it, is gradually impaired in its powers, and therefore becomes liable to various derangements. These may be removed for the time being by dilution of the work of the organ, assisted perhaps by some medicine. But the evil recurring many times, there may be at length positive irremediable disease. If, as is perhaps more often the case, the stomach, though liable to frequent derangements, maintains tolerably well its vigor, results of a more or less marked character will nevertheless appear in the system. The primary result is the supply of more material for growth and repair than is needed; that is, too much blood is made. There is, therefore, a clogged state of the system. Various results come from this, according to concurring circumstances. The effect may be general, giving too much bulk in proportion to vigor. There is a certain tissue called cellular membrane, which acts every where as a sort of packing material, lying therefore under the skin, between muscles, about organs, between streets of other tissues, and even between their fibres; and in those who take too much nutriment there is apt to be too much of this tissue, especially in some portions of the body, and the fat which is deposited in some localities in its cells is increased, sometimes very largely. Circumstances of a local character may also induce enlargement, or hypertrophy, as it is called, of some organ, as the heart or liver. With the surplus of blood, congestion—that is, local increase with partial stasis or stagnation—is apt to occur; and even if this be slight and temporary, a frequent repetition will engender positive disease. With the general disturbance caused by the repetition, there is sometimes produced a degeneration of the structure of some organ, and of course an impairment of its function. There may be from this cause such a change in the heart as to stop at length suddenly its action, and produce death. Very often there is a combination of disease in the stomach itself with other local difficulties, or with the general derangement, all coming from the habitual overaction to which that organ is subjected. It would be an endless task to trace out all the results of overeating, but enough has been said to indicate in the general their nature and extent.

If now, on the other hand, too little food be taken, the stomach does not perform the amount of labor for which it is naturally fitted, and therefore its vigor is impaired, just as in arms of muscles that are not sufficiently exercised. But the results are more seen in the system at large. Not being adequately nourished, there is debility and deficient development. But besides there is depression occasioned by the lack of the genial influence of satiety. From all this there will arise various diseases of either a general or local character, or both combined. Poor feeding is a prolific source of disease in the abodes of poverty.

LITERARY.

DR. LIVINGSTON'S new book, "Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi," has just been republished in a handsome volume by the HARPERS. The extraordinary popularity of the author's previous work is sure to secure for this a welcome which its interest will justify. Of all the great African travelers of our time Dr. LIVINGSTON chiefly displays a novel regard for the races and regions which he sees. His story is not a dull diary, or a scientific catalogue, or a colorless narrative. It is not only a delightful tale of adventure and discovery, but it is warm with the most generous humanity, and bright with the haze of a cheerful imagination. And there is peculiar timeliness for us in his observations and judgments upon the people themselves. The African race he considers to be of wonderfully persistent vitality, and in constitution and temperament remarkably fortunate. But centuries of barbarism have degraded them, as PATERICER describes that part of the Irish population to have been degraded which was driven back, generations ago, to the hills of Ulster and Connaught. Nor does he hope for any serious improvement upon the African continent until the slave-trade of the tribes is abolished.

The sixth and last volume of CARLYLE'S "Frederick" is now published by the HARPERS. It is the completion of a work remarkable for research into the most vexations and numerous documents and authorities and for extraordinary power of narration. We have already spoken of the general scope and execution of the work; but while every "reading man" will of course acknowledge its force, its humor, its pathos, and its insight, he will also confess a secret pain that all this power should have been expended upon this subject. He will read it as the work of a master in English literature, but he will discover that even CARLYLE can not make a hero of FREDERICK the Great.

Another famous traveler, Mr. BARBAR TAYLOR, is winning fresh laurels in a new field. His "Story of Kennett," just published by HENRY & HOLT, is the last in a long series of popular works, but none of these all is savor of a wider welcome or longer date. It is an interesting, characteristic, and delightful story. The scene is laid at the close of the last century, in and around Kennett Square, in Pennsylvania, close upon the Delaware line. It is the landscape in which the author was born. The traditions of the story were familiar to his boyhood,

and in weaving them together in his book he offers a tender tribute to his home and its associations. The literary art with which the work is constructed is very striking. The characters are all actors in the plot, and all the incidents move symmetrically to the end. The plot is stirring and exciting, but a soft air of rural remoteness and repose envelopes the story like a tranquil atmosphere brooding over the uplands and meadows of Kennett. The characters are strongly drawn, and the Quaker heroine is one of the truest women whom we have lately encountered in fiction. If the reader remembers Hannah Thurston a little doubtfully or unkindly, let him know Martha Deane, and he will learn

"How divine a thing A woman may be made."

The work has evidently been a labor of love. The details are wrought with fidelity and skill, and "The Story of Kennett" is undoubtedly Mr. TAYLOR'S best book.

THE HARPERS have issued VICTOR HUGO'S new novel, the "Tollers of the Sea." It has the same peculiarities as "Les Misérables," without the discursive and baffling episodes of that book, and is so full of extravagance and wild, exciting romance, and of that crackling brilliancy of rhetoric for which the author is famous. The tale is of the sea and shore, of love and crime, of the ideally best and worst characters, and it has an absorbing melodramatic interest. Of course it is sensational, for it is VICTOR HUGO'S. The wonderful eye for situations, which was remarkable in "Notre Dame" thirty years ago, is still as remarkable in the "Tollers of the Sea;" and the curious miscellany of knowledge, not always accurate, which was observable in "Les Misérables," is also here. To us there is no indication in it of falling fire in a talent never remarkable for the profoundest sincerity, and if the concluding scene is propositious it is certainly powerful.

THE April Number of the North American Review, published by TUCKERSON & FRATES, is in dimensions a book, and in contents a timely and valuable book. There is not an article in it which is not worthy of careful attention. The one that will be most widely read probably is Mr. PATTON'S paper upon Journalism and the New York Herald. This is most readable, trenchant, and we think, upon the whole, and with considerable modification, true. It is certainly a fine piece of criticism. Its praise and its censure are equally impartial, and it perfectly illustrates the spirit which it urges upon journalists. Mr. PATTON'S paper upon Henry Clay, in the January Number of the Review, was so good that we are surprised it has not been more generally mentioned. The article upon Character is plainly Mr. EMMERSON'S, and is especially interesting as a clear and rigorous reply to the question so often asked, "What is his religious faith?" It has all his antique solidity of thought and exquisite felicity of phrase. CARLYLE'S genius and position are treated with acute insight by Mr. LOWELL, who also comments with very good sense upon the President on the stump. Mr. NORRIS'S review of the latest English translations of Dante is the work of a thoroughly accomplished hand, and delicately discriminates the value of the illustrations he presents. To every student of literature it is a very valuable paper. The contributions upon "Our Diplomacy During the Rebellion," "The Error of De Tocqueville," "Military Law," and "International Arbitration," keep rank with those that we have mentioned; and the reader will find that more timely topics have seldom been more vigorously and satisfactorily discussed than in this Number of the North American.

THE first volume of "Harper's Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion," by ALBERT H. GREENMAN and HENRY M. ALDEN, is now published. It is a large folio of nearly four hundred pages, and contains as much matter as five ordinary octavo volumes. The authors hope within a few months to finish the work in a volume of similar size. This history is the result of the most extensive and painstaking research, and is elaborated with the most patient accuracy. The striking paper in the April Number of Harper's Magazine upon the Seven Days' Battles before Richmond comprised part of one of the chapters of the work, and illustrates its careful fidelity. The close of the war has opened valuable sources of information hitherto unobtainable. These have been carefully explored, and the work is completed to the end of the Potomac Campaign of 1862. Its style is simple; its temper admirable. Firm in their faith both in the power of the Union and in the entire justice of its cause, the authors are candid and reasonable toward its enemies. They treat of men and events neither with partiality nor acrimony, seeking historical truth and not partisan triumph. The profuse illustrations, including maps and plans, with scenes and incidents and portraits, give Harper's History a unique interest and value as the family history of the war.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

APRIL 18: In the Senate, the bill to grant one hundred thousand acres of the public land to aid in constructing a ship canal from Lake Superior to Lac La Poudre, in the State of Michigan, was passed. Also the bill granting land to aid in the construction of the Southern Minnesota Railroad.

In the House, Mr. Raymond, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported a resolution, which was adopted, requesting the President to inform the Senate and Congress of the rights and interests of American citizens in the fishing grounds adjacent to the British Provinces, and whether any legislation or other action on the part of Congress is, in his judgment, necessary to secure those rights and interests, in consequence of the abrogation of the Redoubt Treaty of 1804.—The Bankrupt bill came up on the motion to reconsider the vote by which it was rejected a week since. A reconsideration was carried, but on reaching the main question the bill was lost.—page 23, says 22.—A bill authorizing the release of five-year prisoners was passed.

APRIL 17: In the Senate, Mr. Wilson introduced a resolution to

prohibit the sale of spirituous liquors in the Capitol building, which was adopted.—page 23, says 22.

In the House, the bill appropriating \$7,000,000 to the State of Missouri for money expended for military operations during the late war was passed, after receiving seven amendments, by a vote of 65 to 35.

APRIL 17: In the Senate, the bill to withdraw the State of Missouri from war expenses was called up, and the House amendments concurred in.—The bill authorizing the re-issuance of duties on produce shipped from one port of the United States to another and Canada was passed and goes to the House.—Mr. Stewart introduced a resolution for the following Constitutional Amendment:

AMENDMENT.—Sec. 1. All discriminations among the people because of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, either in civil rights or in the rights of suffrage, are prohibited.—but the States may exercise police power subject from contributions on suffrage hereafter imposed.

Sec. 2. Obligations incurred in all of the intervention or of war against the Union, and claims for compensation for services constructed and paid, and shall not be assumed or paid by any State or by the United States.

To this was appended a resolution to send the Southern Representatives after the ratification of this amendment.—The details then proceeded to the usual senatorial issues to the late Senator Ford.

In the House, the bill authorizing the transfer of a grant to the Republic of Liberia was passed. The Senate bill providing for the purchase of the Hawaiian Islands and other islands was next considered and passed.—The concurrent resolution prohibiting the sale of spirituous liquors in the Capitol was taken from the Speaker's table, and, after considerable discussion, adopted.—The Senate bill appropriating \$25,000 for the relief of destitute persons in the District of Columbia, to be expended under the direction of the Civil War Relief Society, was passed by a vote of 100 yeas.

APRIL 16: In both Houses, the report of the Conference Committee on the Naval Appropriation bill was agreed to.

APRIL 16: In the House, Mr. Corfield made some appropriate and eloquent remarks pertaining to a certain self-interest in respect to the Secretary of the War, communicated April 14, 1865.

NEW YORK STATE LEGISLATURE.

APRIL 16: In the Senate, the Assembly amended to the Brooklyn Metropolitan Railway bill were concurred in. The following bills were passed: Regulating and increasing the salaries of members of the Metropolitan Police Force; for the relief of the Society for the protection of destitute, orphaned Catholic children in New York; incorporating the Mercantile Library Association of New York.

APRIL 15: In the Senate, the following bills were passed: Amending the charter of Brooklyn—it relates to the cleaning and improvement of the streets; authorizing the extension of the City Dock and East Broadway and Battery Railroad; to provide for the appointment of an additional member of the Notarial Public in and for the City of New York; to make more engagements to the act for the benefit of married women in insuring the lives of their husbands; to re-peal the widder's voting law.

APRIL 15: In the Senate, the New York Elevated Railroad bill was tabled.

In the Assembly, Resolutions in respect to the vacancy of the late Daniel H. Dickinson were unanimously adopted. The New York County Tax Levy Bill passed by a third reading. The item of \$156,000 for the Harlem Bridge was retained.

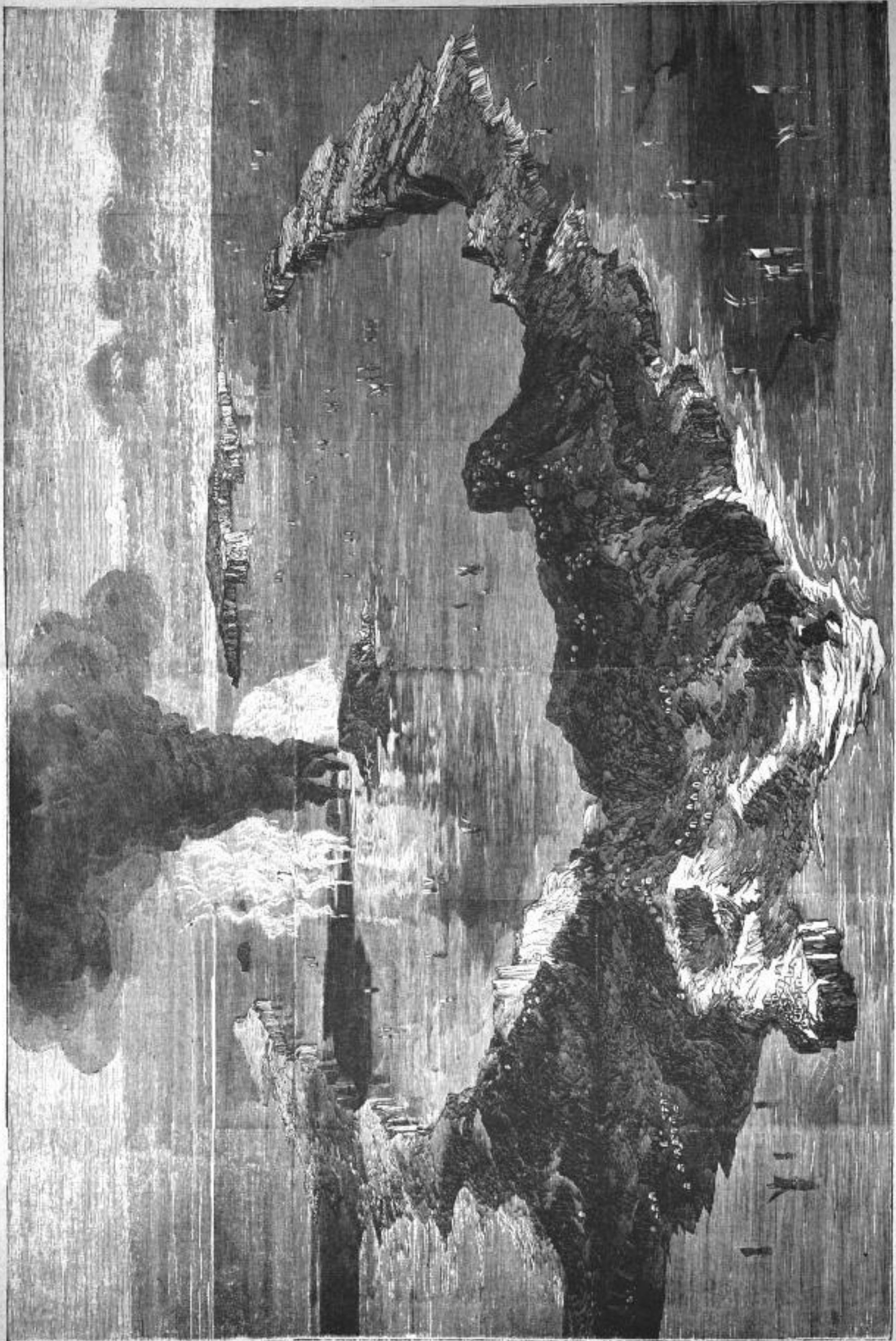
APRIL 14: In the Senate, the bill authorizing the taxation of bank stock.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE exciting for this topic is still the German question. The balance of probabilities seems to be in favor of Austria. Every thing, however, seems to depend upon Van Bismarck's power to secure a hearty cooperation of the other German States.—On March 24 Bismarck addressed a circular to all the other German States. This circular states in effect that Austria, without any provocation on the part of Prussia, has ordered armaments of a threatening character, which compel the latter power to arm also on her side. Prussia must now seek guarantees for her security, having vainly endeavored to obtain them in an alliance with Austria. The German people of Prussia and the friends of the King believe her to seek these guarantees first in Germany. The present cooperation of the Federal Constitution does not, however, present of an active part being taken by Germany in any emergency, even with the best intentions on the part of the different governments. Prussia seeks, therefore, to propose a reform of the Federal Constitution adapted to the present state of affairs. This reform is the more incumbent upon Prussia, since even from her geographical position alone her interests are identical with the interests of Germany. The destiny of Prussia is indissolubly connected with that of Germany. Prussia Bismarck asks, in conclusion, how far Prussia can rely upon the support of the different governments in the event of her being attacked by Austria, or being compelled by those States that power to make war. Queen Victoria, on March 23, addressed from Windsor Castle to George IV., the son of the late American States, a very graceful letter in appreciation of his gift to the London Exposition. The London Times says of this: "In such a signal mark of gratitude from the Queen, Mr. Prussia has, we think, received a far higher honor than could have been conveyed by any other title. Mr. Prussia has thus been named in letters among us a kindly feeling for his countrymen that could have been effected by a grant of a dukedom, and for Majesty's letter will, we hope, be received by the Americans as a conspicuous evidence of the friendly regard toward them which such acts have called forth on our part."

The General of Sicily, Austria, Emperor of France, took place on the 14th in the presence of a large number of Frenchmen. By her own express command, she the reporter of the London Times, she wears in death the green dress which having Paris in the midst of February, carefully preserved for the occasion, and the assurance of her wisdom.

Protestants in Italy are, it seems, becoming the victims of atrocious persecutions. In regard to the late massacre in Verona an Italian paper says: "Three houses burned and six persons killed. I visited the ruins this morning, and the families of some of the victims. I will not dwell on the painful impression produced by the blackened walls and broken furniture, the traces of blood still visible on walls and pavement, and the grief of weeping mothers: I will limit myself to facts. It appears that the Lent preachers, instead of exhorting the faithful to repentance, regularly preached hatred to the Protestants, representing their destruction as a necessary work, good and agreeable in the sight of a God of love. No wonder if such had soon produced alienable fruits. But it appears that politics and emotion were combined with religious motives. I am assured that one hundred and fifteen houses were destroyed in such and such a list of them is in the hands of justice. He that will read, on Monday, the 13th inst., a bundle of fanatical tracts, the losses in which the Evangelical societies are held, killed in cold blood two brothers who fell into their hands, reached every thing in the house, and set fire to it. The proprietor and the preacher escaped over the roof, and I am happy to say that the latter found shelter in the house of the Canon Gabeli. The conduct of the Venetian Guard can not be too severely blamed. The meeting place was not more than thirty yards from their post, and the brethren took place literally before their eyes, without their stirring a finger to prevent it. For two hours the mob of fanatics did what it pleased, and during that time it burned these houses and killed five persons. A sixth died yesterday of his wounds. The number of wounded is great, but the list is not yet complete. Besides the priest Saggari Fostiglione, two other priests, a novice, and more than two hundred persons are already made, and more are being constantly made."



THE ISLAND OF SANTORIN, GREEK ARCHIPELAGO, WITH THE SUBMARINE VOLCANO.—(See Page 268)

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



TOM IS DEAD!

CHAPTER XVI.

"WHAT? Yes, even unto death, but that is it. Yes, let us ride up to the Pines and spend a week or so with Paul up there. A plain, rough man is Paul, but a sincere and thoroughly sensible one. He lives in rude fashion, but will give us a hearty welcome. We will try to forget for a while there the very existence of Tim Lamum—we shall have to get a pass from him, by-the-by—Dr. Paul, Secession, and the Somerville Star."

It is Guy Brooks who makes the suggestion, to which Mr. Arthur eagerly consents. "I never was in better health in my life," he adds, standing erect as a grenadier, and slapping his hands upon his breast. "When I get fairly into my studies I take to them with keener zest than I ever did before—to get into them from Secession is the thing. If one could only get away for a while, off say among the Esquimaux, I could shout there 'Down with Davis!' till the blue icebergs rang again. Since, like the starting, I can't get out, I could roll myself up like a hedgehog and sleep for six months—such weariness, such intense anxiety, and for so long now."

"Ah, that is a weakness!" remonstrates the lawyer. "We are at our post, and must stand manfully there!" As if he himself did not require to be often rebuked by his friend—the Federals are so long, so very long in coming—for despondency and impatience.

"I know it, since I say it to myself several dozen times a day, but the flesh is weak; Country, Church of God, Civilization even, so suddenly swept from under one. Truth, Justice, Providence itself, gone. Only, all of it my own miserable lack of faith under trial. One will lapse a little when the weather is gloomy, when some special wickedness comes to mind, when Secession gains some great victory, when the North seems to halt, perhaps fall—who knows out here?—in its work, the greatest work. Guy Brooks, Esq.," adds Edward Arthur, boldly, "ever given a nation to do since the world began!"

And this is astounding language for even a Union man at the South to use at this period; think it he may, perhaps, but say such a thing aloud? No. "If one," he continues, "was only where one could do any thing."

"You are doing something," placid Mrs. Sorel had said to him months before, when he had ventured a like remark to her over the supper-table. The truth is, one must have some one to unboom one's self to, especially in periods of great trial, and by this time Mrs. Sorel had become to her guest as a mother.

Robby has left the table before this. They would not mind speaking before him, however, for he rarely goes to Somerville except on Sunday with his mother; and when he is there he has learned, from experience, to evade the attempts to draw information from him in regard to his friends—attempts which not only Mrs. Warner but even Dr. Ginnis and Brother Barker have not dishonored to make. You can teach a child silence on a given topic sooner than you can teach him to read—try it. Besides, Mr. Arthur and Mrs. Sorel had thoroughly instructed Robby in the whole quarrel. No more devoted Union man in the world than Robby.

"If we only knew it," she had then replied, "we would see that the silent influences are ever the most powerful. What so powerful as light and heat, yet what so utterly without sound? You have quietly, but from the outset, occupied a position of solemn protest against the rebellion—sermons, prayers, conversation, very existence in Somerville, all an influence unswervingly against it."

"I have tried to urge in every way I could," Mr. Arthur then said, "the supremacy of Heaven in this matter, as in every thing else; that we are being chastised for some great and good end of God."

"That angry prayers are never heard, that trust in men is vain, that violence of speech and feeling is unchristian. I have never said so before, nor would I now but to encourage you," adds quiet Mrs. Sorel; "but your very contrast to Mr. Barker all the time is an influence in Somerville for good."

"Could Christian men outside the South, at the North, in England say, know my course, I think it would meet their cordial approval; I do think I would have the sympathy of the wisest and best of my generation. In any case," added Mr. Arthur, "I have the hearty approval of my own conscience, though deserved by so many who once esteemed me."

The fact is, he pursued the course he did because any other was simply impossible.

"I do not make my conscience a law to any other man living," he reasoned with Mrs. Sorel; "but neither can I make the conscience of any other a law to me. My own deliberate conviction I must follow, even though it leads me to a traitor's rope," as Mrs. Warner says.

More than he knows it, too, is there growing up in him one great hope. From the hour she had first burst upon him in her mother's parlor a glowing school-girl, swinging her sun-bonnet in her hand by its long strings, his love for Alice, very foolish in him as it was, certainly, had grown up into an absorbing affection. None the less that he rarely met her. He was a Union man; Mrs. Bowles knew it, and was of opinions exceedingly contrary; not for worlds, not for Alice even, would he intrude unwelcome. When he did visit Mrs. Bowles, too genuinely a lady to allude to the war save in general terms, she confined herself to Rutledge Bowles, whose letters few and far apart was the food of her mind and the fountain of her speech. Rutledge Bowles, to Mrs. Bowles South Carolina incarnate, was very often in trouble in these days; his letters were full of it; eternally seceding from Secession right and left, east, west, south—almost, in times of peculiar injustice to him, north even, rather than stand it.

Mr. Arthur often met Alice when at her mother's, never alone, however. Sewing beside her mother, on some one, generally of the war garments so perpetually demanded in the Somerville Store; or playing old music, or reading old books—there were no magazines or new books now. He had a fancy that a blush tinged her smile at their meeting. Did he not see her also as a teacher in the diminished Sabbath-school? Alas, poor human nature! his chief happiness on these Sabbaths is to meet Alice at Sabbath-school, even though mere sight and casual greeting was all.

Her mother never attended church now, for Mr. Arthur would not pray for the Confederacy. But the preacher was aware all the service through of one sweet face down the aisle, down too far away toward the door. The solemn fact, he selected his weekly text, and wrote every line of his sermon almost as much for her as if it had been a letter. Had not Alice become a communicant just before Secession? How much or how little through his means he never dared ask himself.

Long ago, if Secession had not come in, would he have learned his fate at her hands. Yet he believed—that is, he hoped—I mean, he felt assured— However, for the present, wait. Perhaps when the end comes she will see how right I was all along—even her mother may. Not without terrible apprehensions meantime of the young gentlemen in gray clothing and brass buttons who frequented Mrs. Bowles's hospitable parlor, rode with her, took her to parties. But if a man is not to be governed by his own intuition of the wisest, happiest course, what is left him to do? So far, his unwavering intuition is—wait. But it is for something considerably more to him than the re-establishment of the Union that he yearns in looking to the end. Besides, he says, if I was to learn certainly that I have no hope with her, this, with the other trials, will be too great a blow to bear. Let the hope live, if only to sustain me through these dark days.

Perhaps it is as well he does not know of the letter Alice receives these days from her brother. It is soon after his ordeal before Tim Lamum—the first but not the last of that dynasty. Rutledge Bowles writes his sister that he has received a letter to the effect that she is being addressed by a Mr. Arthur, a Union man! Could it have been Mrs. Warner? Surely not Mr. Neely? For these are, both of them, too sharp not to know the kind of epistle Rutledge Bowles will write to his sister, with the effect upon her of that epistle.

He can conjecture the possibility of some such letter to her from her brother weeks after, however. He, too, is favored with one from the young Carolinian. Such a letter that, after reading the first few lines, he refolds it, places it again in its envelope so redirected as to go back to its author, and drops it in the letter-box of the Post-office. This does not diminish the pride of his attitude toward the one he loves most of all the world. Not without a medicinal virtue to him is that letter, a counter-irritant to the other inflammation of Secession.

And thus does, even on this fair young girl, the great question press heavier every day. No neutral ground between the old era and the new. One opinion or the other. And to the opinion you adopt must be given your whole heart also. The past is forever gone; as to the future, choose!

But by a determined effort Edward Arthur throws every painful thought from him down upon the west wind, blowing full upon and past him, as he rides away from Somerville this August morning beside Guy Brooks, on their way

to the Pines. Riding bravely away from Secession, conversation, however, on all other topics droops and dies before they have got ten miles out from Somerville.

"One of my old clients that was that stopped me as we were mounting," said the lawyer at last. "He was telling me that he had escaped the ranks by working in a powder-mill. I told him he had better have gone into battle at once. At least a dozen of their trumpety powder-mills have blown up in this section. Villainous—"

"My dear Sir," remonstrates his companion, "do let us forget Secession for a while. We must, or we shall lose our wits. If a cow gives a shake of her bell at night lying by the calf's lot at Mrs. Sorel's, it wakes me instantly out of the deepest sleep to imagine it the Somerville bells over some great victory. I am personally fancying I hear the sound of distant cannon on the west wind. If I hear a shot-gun, I say that man has heard some news. The distant crowing of a rooster has been to me more than once the far-off yelling of somebody for victory. I am positively reluctant to open the Star; it is like opening a letter with a black seal. In fact, I never ask the news of any but a Union man, because I know he will break any disastrous tidings to me in the gentlest possible way." Mr. Arthur laughs as he says it. "I never knew," he adds, "so well before what the command means to pray without ceasing. I never wake at night, never recur to the subject during the day, but it is with a prayer for the Union on my lips. You may laugh at me, but I never catch glimpse of a leading Secessionist, nor the house, child, or dog of one reminding me of him; never see a war-poster on the walls; never see a Government wagon, postage stamp—any thing that reminds me of the great crime, but what theologians call ejaculatory prayer burns on my tongue for its swift and utter destruction."

"Yes, may Heaven speedily crush the rebellion and give us back law, order, civilization, society, country, religion, ourselves. With all my soul, Amen!" adds the lawyer, to such lengths of disloyalty has he arrived. "However, don't tell the Provost Marshal I said so."

And it is noteworthy the manner in which Union men risk their lives in each other's hands in these days. Meet a stranger casually in a store, fall in with a respectable traveler along the road, the one topic is introduced as soon as the salutations are over, and, almost from the first syllable on either side, by tone, manner, bearing—the subtle Freemasonry which causes people who feel alike—lovers included—to be aware of the fact, especially when they feel very deeply, in half an hour the stranger and yourself have mutually placed a life in each other's hands if you both be Union in sentiment. Because there is no longer neutrality. The gulf has so deepened and widened by this time be-

tween the two opinions that there can be henceforth no passing and repassing. If you and your chance acquaintance are not Secessionists now, both of you are to the centre of your souls the opposite to that, and opposite to that forever.

"That client of mine," adds the lawyer, "was telling me the various shifts to escape conscription. Some have gone to tanning, and the sort of leather produced is a sight to see. Others have rushed into the making of salt, nitre, sulphur, shoe-pigs—any thing. Others are flying desperately around to get the required twenty scholars, to be exempted as teachers. One man, to my certain knowledge, exposes himself purposely to keep up a sufficient rheumatism. People suffer with rupture, neuralgia, and every other disease under heaven, to a degree unheard of. Many a man has suddenly proved to be many years older than his own wife ever imagined. I have heard of Campbellite congregations of late which have manually ordained to the ministry every male member on their books—how true that is I don't say."

"What a merry the comic will slip into even the most tragic!" grins in Mr. Arthur.

"There is that client of mine," continues Guy Brooks, "a poor, honest, hard-working man, with a wife in wretched health and a swarm of white-headed children. Jewet is his name—Silas Jewet—a fair specimen of really the most virtuous class in the country. All his life he has regarded Disunion with as much horror as a man can regard any thing which he considered impossible; Washington's Farewell Address, framed and glazed, is the only ornament there, hanging up against the wall of his cabin. A Democrat from his pine-wood cradle, idolizing Jackson for whipping the British at New Orleans, the United States Bank, and Nullification. This man wakes suddenly up to find Disunion a fact, and Jackson's alternative with South Carolina actually upon us. And he must leave bedridden wife and helpless children, a few rags of clothing, a little corn in the crib, a few pigs, perhaps an ox or two, their only supply, to be gone—he has no idea where nor for how long, and so fight for—Disunion! No alternative but to take his shotgun, strip himself almost to the skin for the use of his suffering family, and march off in a cause he abhors. Silas Jewet fighting for Colonel Ret Roberts, Tim Lamum, Colonel Jiggins, and the like, that they may retain their negroes, slaves which they have jeopardized by their own mad folly in Secession!"

"And this going before heard after heard to be examined, displaying your hidden sores, concealed diseases, to move their pity and secure an exemption—tasting slavery yourselves to the very drops to see how we like it, as Ferguson says. And all this the insolent trampling over us of men, at least the most active and prominent among them, grog-shop politicians, bullies, and



THE FATE OF UNION MEN.

ruffians, the very sediment of society— And the clergyman emphasizes his remark by sweeping his words in full flow lest he should add what he ought not.

"The woods around his house, Silas Jewet says," adds the lawyer, "swarm with runaway negroes. Twice they have broken in, while he was away, upon his helpless family and stripped the cabin of all the little food there was in it. I couldn't advise him to run the country; he will lose every stick of what little he has got if he could move his family even. The woods are full of runaway whites as it is, naked, starving. That we should be brought to this—see, and for what?"

"I tell you, Sir," says Mr. Arthur, more solemnly, "at first I regarded the deadly principle of Secession as the great sin, the cause and source of our suffering. Slavery I was born and raised with, and I never had any very definite idea in reference to it before. I have now. It is the accursed root of this accursed sprig. Could any other than a wrong thing have destroyed our country as it has? Slavery is a sin, Sir; the judgments of Heaven now on us are God's wrath against us, North and South, just for this great sin. And to think that in the Church of God itself this sin has its last and strongest citadel; God's great indignation for passing down sin in the land itself the most active and powerful engine for its establishment! When Heaven's only instrumentality for good to a people is thus not only powerless for good, but is actually the most efficient means in the land for the sin, no wonder He drops it as his instrumentality and draws the weeds instead. And nothing less than God's awful judgments could open our eyes to the truth."

"See those two women in that field on your left?" asks Gay Brooks, interrupting his friend as they ride by a road-side cabin with its improvements. "Don't seem to notice them, but look at that largest one in the big yellow sunbonnet—one with the hoe. Any thing remarkable about her?"

"Not that I can see—why?"

"Well, nothing, only the one in the blue bonnet is Mrs. Peter Hook, and the other is—"

"Her sister, lately from Carolina. Yes; I stopped here to get a drink a few weeks ago. Mrs. Hook told me," says Mr. Arthur.

"You saw the sister—talked with her?" asks the lawyer, with a smile.

"N-o-no; she had just stepped out, Mrs. Hook said."

"Yes, and always has just stepped out, whenever calls. It's her husband, man!"

"Why, I asked after her husband," says astonished Mr. Arthur. "She told me she had a letter from him, in some regiment, somewhere. Was shot in the leg, or something of the sort. I remember I tried to encourage her. She said she hoped so, but feared not. And that other woman—"

"Don't look back. Not five people besides them know of it. Dare say he is used to the women's clothes by this time. Delightful state of things, isn't it?"

And while the friends ride thoughtfully on let us in this connection turn for an instant to Colonel Juggins's household, type and emblem of hundreds of thousands of households throughout the land.

"We ain't goin' on to their lot to interrupt them," had been Mrs. Juggins's reasoning in regard to the Yankees. "Why can't they stay at home? If they don't like ownin' niggers, well jest let them not own them. Our havin' hands is none of their business."

And very cheerfully indeed had Mrs. Juggins equipped Tom, when the war broke out, to go and help drive the Yankees back home. But news comes, months and months afterward, that Tom has been killed there in Virginia. Now Mrs. Juggins is a mother; Tom was her son, her only son. And a very ordinary youth, gawky, freckled, scold, was Tom Juggins; but to his mother he was all the world. When the Colonel, coming back that disastrous afternoon from Somerville, after a dozen efforts to break the news to her, at last takes out the soiled and blood-stained letter from Henry Sorel, who was in the same company with him, and reads it out, breaking down a dozen times in the attempt, Mrs. Juggins's hands fall with the knitting in them into her lap with a first feeling of profound astonishment. Such a thing had never been entertained in her mind for an instant. Then follows the burst of grief, till all the negroes flock into the house from cabin and field to know what is the calamity. It lasts in all its bitterness for weeks; loud weeping when it is the theme of conversation with friends; silent, steady weeping, the tears rolling for hours down her cheek and sparkling upon her half-finished stockings as she knits. Tom as a baby, Tom as a little boy, Tom at school, Tom a grown youth, Tom as she last saw him leaving for the war.

But now a change is coming over Mrs. Juggins which perplexes her husband wonderfully, smothering his cob-pipe on long afternoons with old age suddenly fallen upon him. With every body else, long before Tom's death Mrs. Juggins has come to know that the war is, at first, a struggle for slavery. And since, as her grief loses, so to speak, its first personality, she is thinking the slavery question steadily over as she knits—no Tom to knit for now, but only from habit.

"You may say what you please," she remarks to Brother Barker, whose condolences are, somehow, singularly unacceptable to her, "but my Tom was more to me than all the hands we've got. I'd give up every black one we've got, God he knows, an' glad too, to get our Tom back. Yes, every one of them, from old Cudgo, that waited at my mother's wedding, and can only send the young turkeys, down to that last little thing born in Sakey's house last night. It's

them this fight is about. In my opinion one white man like my Tom is worth all the niggers in the world. The Colonel there, he says I mustn't say it; but I've always said, for one, all my life what I think, I don't care who knows it; and if any body else thinks slavery is worth all the men bein' killed and all the other ruin brought upon us for it, I don't. As to what you say about the Bible bein' for it, may be so; there's a sight of things connected with it. Many a time ever since I could remember I've asked myself— However, no matter, that's neither here nor there; but it seems to me a curious sort of thing for God to be for. For our Jesus Christ, say, to be for. Or I wonder if Tom's death is makin' no kind o' unsettled in mind, this slavery 'pears so different. An' you believe it is of God, was an' certain, now?" she asks of Brother Barker with such eyes, as her hands fall with the knitting in them into her lap, that even that Brother, eager to reply, has queer sensations up his spine as he does so.

For his wife's practical sense Colonel Juggins has ever had the highest esteem, and her remarks to him when they are lying side by side under the dingy old tester, or when he is smoking his pipe, have opened a totally new train of thought in his mind. You see at the South we all took the institution as a matter of course from our birth. But many thousands are smoking the same thing in their pipes now. Is slavery worth the ruin it has caused? Could any other than a thing essentially bad have produced such ruin? Up to that date, however, very rarely did the universal thinking utter itself in words. Ah, it is too vast a result to be reached by other than such thinking, even though that thinking be quickened by swift-succeeding and tremendous events.

It was generally, though silently, agreed that it was not a good idea Brother Barker preaching that sermon on the Exodus from Egypt. True, an anonymous admirer requested it by note; he was hardly well through the discourse but Brother Barker suspected a trap, and he rages inwardly over it these days like a caged fox. For Mr. Arthur has been urging of late that the Almighty is pledged against all wrong as it exists in the world, now as ever, and has used, is using, and will use all elements and agencies for its overthrow.

"I confess I am uneasy in regard to Paul," says Brooks, remarking to his companion as they ride along, and after a lengthened silence.

"I fear trouble is brewing up there in the Pines. There are many Union men living there. They have kept very quiet all this time, never expressing their opinions, at least except to each other, violating no law, staying as closely at home as possible about their business. As many as could have fled the State from conscription, and are scattered about wherever they can go, unable to hear from or assist their families. For myself I don't want to go into the Federal lines if I can help it! If I did I might be tempted to take the stamp and tell those people, if you care so much for the slavery of the blacks, at least care something for the worse slavery of the whites—among us, your own flesh and blood, and come and help us. I do think I could stir them up to move a little faster, to tell them of the accursed despotism under which we perish. But then I have to leave, and I hate to go, on every account. Many Union men about the Pines have been shot from behind trees, hung along the roadside, sent out of the county in irons, Heaven knows where. This is the main reason of my going up now," adds the lawyer—"my anxiety in reference to Paul."

"That accounts," said his companion, "for those three columns of abuse of the citizens up there in the last Number of the Star. It is the most ferocious thing I have yet seen in the paper."

And it was. Mrs. Warner, who had fallen into the habit of reserving the strongest "documents" met with during the day to read to her unhappy husband at night, had accomplished two objects on the Doctor by the reading to him of that article, curdled the very blood in his veins, and convinced him that it was the production of a more frantic pen than that of Lamun—even Brother Barker's.

It charged the objects of its rage with being Abolitionists banded into a conspiracy to murder and rob in the pay of the Federals—describing its leader as the avowed infidel who had recently disturbed a peaceful congregation gathered together for the worship of God by intruding his blasphemous atrocities. "More hereafter." The paper added, "That a single one of those miserable traitors has escaped so long does little credit to the unshaken loyalty of the country. These are no times for the regular processes of the law; let the rifle and the rope do its just and speedy work upon them!"

"And Amen, say I," added Mrs. Warner in conclusion; "and I wouldn't wonder, Dr. Warner—oh, you needn't drop that head of yours, if you are one of this band of traitors, President of them, for what I know; you are a Union man, and you know it!" Viler abuse than is heaped by that epithet even Mrs. Warner can not use.

For the last half hour the travelers have ridden along in silence, Gay Brooks with his head declined in thought—thought evidently so deep and painful that his friend hesitates to break in upon it by a syllable.

"Mr. Arthur," says the lawyer at length, looking up at his companion with an expression of deepest anxiety, yet almost childlike supplication, "you are my spiritual guide, now what do you say? You know Lamun has often urged upon the mob to murder me; I am as liable as any man to be shot, as so many have been, from behind a tree; besides, they are sure, sooner or later, to force me into the ranks, even if I escape that. Now what ought a man to do? It ain't

that my business is broken up, that so many of my old friends have become personal enemies, that I sacrifice every cent I have on earth by going, that if I am caught on the way my life will be taken. What I hate is to desert the South, wrong as the South is. Then the idea of actually enlisting in the Federal army and systematically killing my own— If they would only let a man alone. I am not disobeying a law they have made, am doing nothing against their Confederacy. But the idea of actually fighting for this thing, and I know they'll force me in at last. I have fifty hands down on my place; but as to fighting for slavery! I don't say slavery is a sin or any thing of that sort, but as to fighting for it I can't, and I won't. God Almighty seems to be against it—any way I'm not going to fight for it or for the ruin of the South, which I know Secession to be. I hate, too, to leave you to struggle on, masters in the church getting worse every day. What do you say?"

The Kentucky lawyer has spoken with energy, turning in his saddle as he rides, and looking his friend full in the face. And it is not the first time the minister has been applied to for advice of the kind. Mothers and wives of members of his church, young men members also, had come to him; "What is my duty, Sir, as a Christian man in reference to escaping or enduring conscription—risk it, or escape, if I can, North, which?" Ah, how fervently had the pastor sought divine instruction in order to instruct others. What can he say? seek the guidance of Heaven in Scripture, prayer, and—Providence.

"It seems to me," he now said to his friend in conclusion, "that you should wait the plain indications of Providence. Don't act an instant before it is essential you should act. The fog opens only as we advance into it. Wait. Let your hand be in that of your Heavenly Father. He will make it so plain you will not even hesitate when the time comes. 'Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.'"

We all know the Ruler of all uses devils in all their degrees to accomplish His purposes—devils damned already for centuries, and those not as yet in hell, as much as He does the angels in heaven, and those not yet arrived thither from earth. In fact, when you consider it, so far as things now are, it is of all His human instruments—the diabolical ones He most uses, these being so much the most numerous—ay, and energetic.

But the travelers have by this time reached a creek within a mile or two of the home of Paul Brooks. It is a wild and barren spot. The road runs along through deep sand and under pine-trees rearing their heads far above, intermingling their boughs there in unceasing whisperings; only the tapping of the woodpecker upon the dead branches relieving the steady murmur, now rising, now falling, overhead, with a surge as of the sounding sea. Riding slowly along through the solitude, conversing in low tones, they come immediately, and by a sudden turn of the road, upon the creek, which, running for a time parallel to the road, now rushes, swollen by late rains and quite a torrent, across their way, turbid and half covered with the needles and cones of the pines swept away in its course through the forest. For some minutes past there has been the roaring as of falling water, and they now observe that, on the left of the road, and not a dozen yards off, the creek suddenly falls over the edge of a deep and circular chasm.

They see the hazel wand bends in the hand toward water flowing far underground. Certainly the iron filing blindly obeys the attraction of the magnet. And whenever you must have observed it, there be an object near you charged with that which will waken within you to excess joy or sorrow, like or dislike, love or loathing, the very object itself would seem to exert a power upon you direct, and through none of the five channels by means of which objects of lesser interest flow in upon the mind.

Certain it is both travelers at the same instant, and swayed by the same unaccountable influence, turn their horses and ride to the edge of the chasm. Horror! Do their eyes deceive them? The water has washed out a round pool some twenty feet across, falling into it down the bank of the gully with a fall of ten or fifteen feet, and now runs in the hole it has made round and round ere it finds its outlet under a fallen log, and so down the slope. Rans slowly round and round, bearing upon its surface, half-discernible among the floating pine leaves, cones, and trash, the bodies of murdered men. A bearded face runs up full to view—One. Discerned by the naked knees floating only just above the drift—Two. Next it, the bushy top of the head of some one—Three. No doubt about the next; the body is stark naked and floats at full length, swollen, ghastly—Four. Yonder is only a hand, barely distinguishable among the trash—Five. Another in the corner there, the hairy chest broad and full above the water—Six. Yet another, the naked shoulders and back above the water, look—with long and livid streaks laced across from right to left, from left to right—Seven. And that is all.

No. As they gaze in speechless horror another dead body rises suddenly up from under the water, forced up by the current, in an erect posture, the breast toward them; they can only see the bottom of the bearded chin, for the head has fallen back from the hideous gash across the throat—Eight.

Bear witness, O heart-searching God, that herein no syllable is written not in exact accordance with truth; bear witness, for Thou didst see it! Eight men, poor men, honest men, well-meaning, hard-working men, torn at midnight from their shrieking families, borne off into the silent forest, scourged, stabbed, shot, gashed,

killed—no man of the murderous gang but had his hand on each victim in some way.

And for what? Simply for doubting whether the destruction of their country was a wise thing, a good thing. Simply for being unable either to change their convictions or to lie and play the hypocrite in regard to those convictions. Only for what they are supposed to think and feel; with having done or intending to do any thing to man charges them. "Union men, damn them!" that was indictment, sentence, death warrant. During less time than we have been narrating this the two friends gaze upon the scene. Then, by the same simultaneous impulse, they turn their horses, standing back sneering with terror and struggling from the spot into the road again, and gallop on as if for their lives. The lawyer guides his animal with his left hand, holding his revolver cocked in his right. Not a syllable between them as they ride. On through the creek regardless of its swollen depth, on along the heavy sand; the road winds here, winds there, up declivity, down into hollow—will they never reach Paul's place?

Here it is, at least the field, every rail including it cut, split, and built into its place by Paul's own hand and honest hands. Another turn of the road. There is the spot. Only a chimney or two, a heap of smoking ashes and charred logs lying between! As the lawyer glances around him, his panting horse reined up in the gap of the torn-down fence, his companion points him to two men standing a hundred yards off. The lawyer is upon them in a few bounds of his horse.

"For God's sake don't shoot, stranger!" one of them yells, falling on his knees on the muddy ground. The other, a negro, has turned to fly, but it is an open field before him, he fears being shot as he runs, and thinks it safest to halt and fall and implore for his life. A trembling, yellow-faced, copperas clothed white man, and a ragged negro, these are all.

"For the Lord's sake don't shoot a fellow till you can hear him. I ain't no Union man. No, Sirs. May God Almighty—" and here the shivering wretch lifts one hand to Heaven and impresses the most awful curses upon himself if he is. A perjury; he is a Union man; whatever of mind and soul he has is invested to its last particle in that direction.

"I no Union man nadder, Lor a massy don't shoot dis yer chile. I Severn man, Severn man, Massa! I mighty willin' you hang Massa Brooks! Suppose he alive I help you hang him of you say so. He Union man, he—" and the negro heaps oaths upon the head of Paul Brooks to a degree which would have satisfied even Dr. Peck, perhaps Brother Barker.

"You hush!" says his companion, angrily, lifting a hoe in his hands. "You held yer ridiculous tongue, or if the stranger don't kill you I will!"

"I'll tell you all about it," continues the man, in hurried tones, and greatly relieved as the lawyer lowers his revolver. "You see, it looks queer to leave the dead body out that way in the open field," he says, rapidly and deferentially. "The smell, you know. Them buzzards, too. Besides the man is dead, bad as he might be. A fellow couldn't know any body would object to bury' him, you see. I live near by, up the creek. No Union man—Hol Robbins, you may have heard the name. Ev'ry body about here knows Hol Robbins. Catfish Robbins they sometimes call me, mouth like a catfish's, you see. Well, I says to Hark here to-day, 'Hark, you take the spade, I'll take your hoe, we'll go over an' bury Brooks.' Not that I approve them sentiments of his, gentlemen, not one bit of it, but he was a sort of neighbor, you know, close neighbor. Fact is, a kind neighbor in sickness, lendin' a fellow a day's work now an' then gettin' in his fodder an' such like. A few dollars p'raps 'casionally. And then them buzzards an' the smell an' all. Besides, my ole woman, she says—"

"Lor, yes, Massa," broke in the negro, "dars do grave yonder to show for it, jest finishin', Massa Catfish an' I, when you come up," and the negro points eagerly to a spot beneath the nearest tree, evidently a grave just filled up. The eye of the lawyer catches at a glance the rope hanging from the lower limb. Instinctively he rides nearer to read what is written on a leaf, evidently torn from an old ledger, fastened with wooden pins to the bough just beside where the rope is tied.

A UNION MAN

he makes it out, rudely scrawled upon the paper with a bit of charcoal.

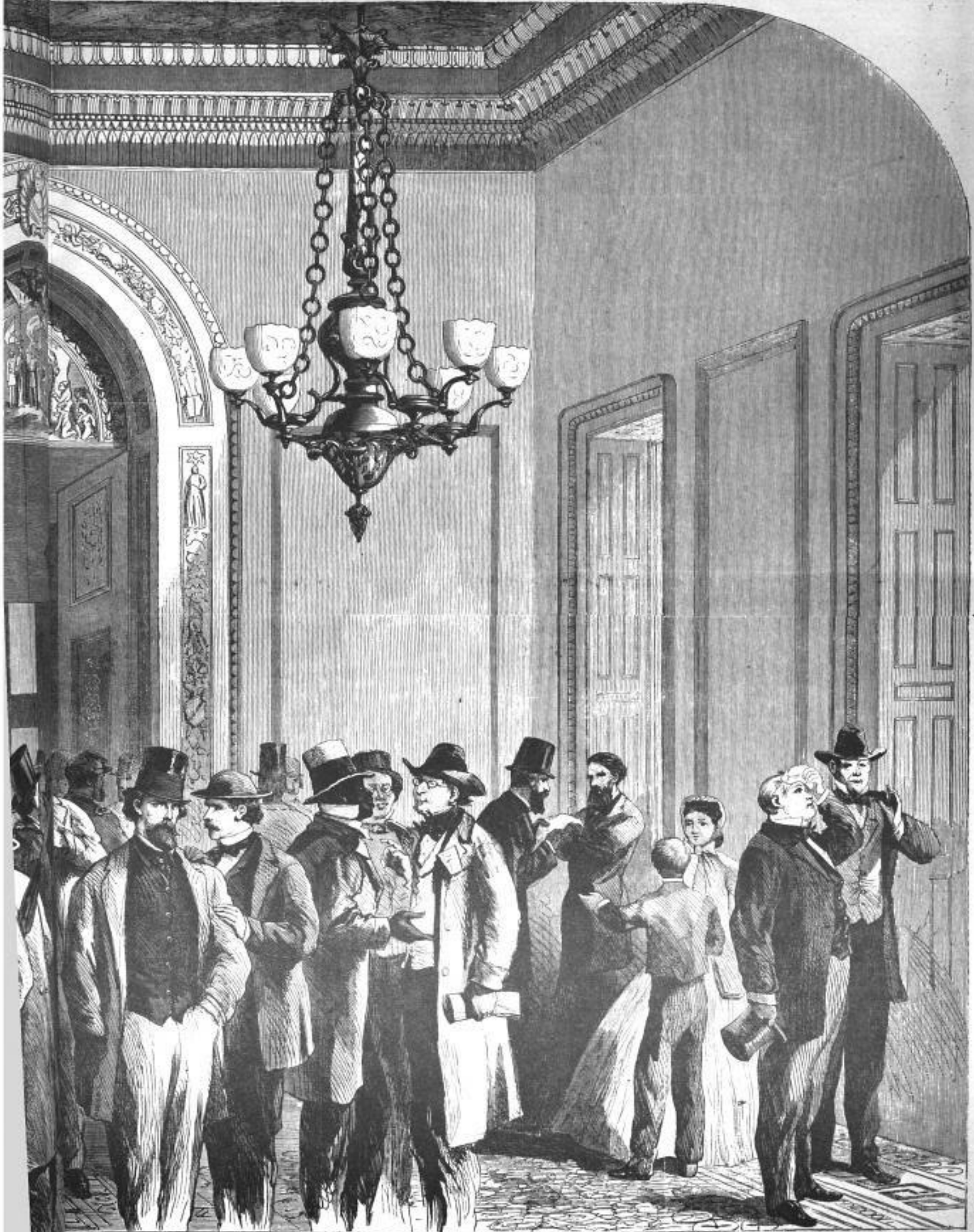
Silently the two friends sit upon their horses, gazing upon the superscription, understanding the whole story almost as well as if they had witnessed it all with their own eyes. The unpatched cabin door burst suddenly in at night; the sleeping man overpowered in his bed by a dozen men upon him before he is well awake; the desperate struggle amidst excretions and yells; the sturdy form of the Kentuckian dragged at last beneath the tree, bound hand and foot, by men insane from strychnine-whisky, drunk abundantly for that very purpose; the rude cabin plundered and fired behind its owner; the sublime bearing of the man, as of Another Man in like situation before him; the rope hurriedly fixed around the sturdy throat under the bushy beard to stop his words before they can move them from their purpose.

A kind of paralysis is upon the two friends as they sit, and grow years older as they gaze. They are liable to the same death at any instant as he.

Yet, let the plain truth be told, they were less distressed than you would have been if you live any where in the civilized world outside the



THE LOBBY OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AT WASHINGTON



OPINION DURING THE PASSAGE OF THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

A BLUSH.

Is a blush doth a tell-tale appear
That speaks to the eye, quite as plain
As language to the ear, can convey to the ear,
So a tender confession of pleasure or pain;
What thoughts we should never impart,
What secrets we never should speak,
If the fountain of truth in the heart
Did not rise in a blush to the cheek.
As the blossom of spring on the bough
Is promise of fruits yet unseen,
So the color that mantles thy beauty just now
May be but prophetic of hopes but yet green.
How vain is each delicate art
Of concealment, when nature would speak,
And the fountain of truth in the heart
Will arise in a blush to the cheek!

EM.

Ben had waited there all night. The three roads stretching their three ways before her were powdered with a light, dry snow, which the wind, as it howled along, scooped and tossed in her face. Over her the cold sky of the February night looked near and solemn. The tall pine might be landmark or rendezvous. It was dead to the top, where some scraggy tufts which had sifted the snow cropped out. Heaven knows how she dared stay, little, tired, scared, babyish thing that the daylight showed her. And more than that, Marston Goss was hardly the man whose wife might be keeping appointments with other men at any time, let alone in the dead night, out in the open country in this rain-riddled country, and with one too. But if it had been with the Angel Gabriel it wouldn't have altered the matter in Colonel Goss's eyes, I suspect; and though it could, poor little Em had no thought of justifying herself by explanations; so it's hard to tell where the courage that kept her there came from. She was not glad either to have the dull, lanky dawn break. The darkness had been terrible, but then it concealed her. And the mysterious chipping and cracking, which always begins in the woods with day, were worse than the stillness, every air tightening her nerves to the snapping point. She tried to take her mind from the longed-for meeting, realizing what she was risking. Colonel Goss was likely to return any minute from his morning excursion—to come by one of the very oads before her and find her there; or, which was far better, some of the servants must presently discover her absence from home. She faced these facts in a sort of stupor, making up no excuses nor defending herself with any sense of her innocence, but merely staring dully at probabilities and their results. Uncle Ben, she recollected, was to tote wood that day. He would be along soon, and, like the rest of Colonel Goss's servants, severity had made him too cringing and crafty not to be glad of a spy's earnings. She started a step forward, fancying she had heard the old man's voice shouting to his ox along with the ruck of the crisp morning air. Her head was tired and confused; all the freshness and color gone from her pretty face; her lips dry and grayish, and her violet eyes filled with reckless fright. A lot of paper was crumpled in her feverish little hands: that she had not once let go of since the marble woman—who had come with some fowls and eggs and insisted upon seeing Mrs. Goss the afternoon before—had slipped it, upon some pretense or other, into her work-stand drawer. She smoothed it out now and read it over: "I must see you, Em, a moment. Some time to-night by the old pine-tree at the cross-roads." There was nothing more, and, for that matter, no need of more. She asked no explanations of Stephanie. She was not afraid to do any thing in the world he told her to; and it would be worth a good deal more than she'd give through yet to see him again. The very sight of the words he had scrawled made her feel heavier. She straightened herself with a look of determination—so much like the determination of a boy—stamped her teeny-tweeny feet (teeny-tweeny was what they called her half the time at home), folded her thick shawl tighter, and began searching the lengths of the three roads, taking them in order, beginning at the left: that was the railroad, a single track, level and direct as it cut the red clay bank; next the old pike, wandering away as Virginia pikes do, and off to the right the new military road, flanked by the alashed oaks. Up and down their lengths, in the cold faint light—nothing. But even the looking relieved the dreary thump-thump of the minutes through the dark. Daylight broadened. Now and then her heart quivered and bounded at something she saw. When the something turned out to be a stump, or possibly a dog, her heart had nothing to do but sink again and keep still. It got to be near seven o'clock. She was very tired. Even the strength of excitement was expending itself, and a dreamy kind of delirium began to gain upon her. She was positive that the wheels of Uncle Ben's cart were crossing along over the hard, rough ground, when it was nothing in the world but a woodpecker; she fancied her husband had suddenly come upon her, and at that she screamed out with terror; then she wandered, childishly, what would be done to her if she were found out. She was nothing but a child any way. Not yet twenty, and married to a man who had lived his forty years like a Tartar kral upon his thousand acres, at the head of his hundred slaves; treating submission like an astro-sphere, gorging himself with d spotted rules, and, naturally enough then, suspecting every one around him, even the little wife he had bought two years before for one west of the Kanawha, to be mistress of Marston Manor. She had wanted to love him; but he didn't understand that. Her trifling vexed him, and he showed

it, and she was shy and timid, and went away from him to make beautiful pictures out of her simple past, and to live in them instead of in her present. Marston Goss understood this even less than the other. That was why he began to suspect her. Covering there, close to the dead tree, sick with watching and disappointment and fright, she felt his eyes—stern, unmerciful eyes, whose looks alivered her soul. She was dirty and it grew dark. She groped for something to hold by. Her limbs were yielding—sinking. "Em!" Ah! So sudden! It was not true! The blood rushed through her veins. Life came in hysteric gasps. She was sobbing in his arms, dashing the blur of tears away that she could look into his eyes. He was her twin brother, you see, and they had been separated ever since her marriage. "Oh, Stephanie!" "Darling! You have waited here alone?" "It was nothing, Stephanie," in earnest, choking tones, to assure him that there was no harm in what he had asked of her. "You can't tell, Em, what I have suffered"—starting and stopping to look at her wan face. "I got my message to you privately, for I didn't know how Marston might feel about"—touching his uniform—"about having a Federal soldier visiting him"—with infinite tenderness, not to wound her, and a look of inquiry, half expecting she would contradict him for her husband. He hadn't believed in his soul that any man would close his doors upon his wife's own brother. She gave no sign, only a little shiver. "After I sent the note, dearie, we unexpectedly met quite a force of them at the junction." "Yes; he is there," she said. "And there was some fighting about dusk; but no one hurt"—seeing how anxious she looked, and not understanding. "Then I was detailed to carry some orders"—putting his hand with a boy's sense of importance upon his breast pocket, bulky with papers. "And twice after I'd started I was recalled, and the programme changed. Why, I thought I should die with impatience, little one. It's been the hardest night's service I've ever seen." "It was nothing, Stephanie," she said again, very faintly, very contentedly, clinging to him in happy dependence, taking his words in hungrily, caring less, after all, for the words than for the tone. "Little kitten," he said, trying to strip his voice of the shock he felt at seeing her so changed as she was; smoothing her white cheek with one finger of his great gauntleted hand—"to think how we twins hardly breathed apart till you were married, and then never to see one another for two whole years! Why, it wasn't the fair thing at all, baby"—making his voice gay to stop its quivering. "We never should have let you go—should we?" She lay very quiet now in his arms, thriving by breaths on his fondling. She needed so to be loved—so much more than stronger women need it! "You never can know how we've missed you, Em," he said. "And then the war, Stephanie"—in her pitying, complaining, little tones—"I could have gone back, you know, if it hadn't been for the war"—with such quiet submission—a whole volume of disappointment and longing clasped in her half-complaint. "Yes," he said, a little gloomily, diverted from her for the moment by the thoughts her words raised—the weary old war-thoughts—"I think it was harder for me to take up arms against Marston's side—your husband—almost like you, yourself, Em—even than going against old Virginia!"—with contracted lines around his mouth. "Yes, Stephanie." She didn't comprehend much about it in the main. She was too near for its proportions and perspective to be plain. Right there, pressed by the confusion of events; the corn growing green over the acres before her eyes one day—trampled and ruined the next; the dim blue hills bared by cannon smoke, and then left clear; sudden sweeps of greedy guests, going as suddenly, their noiseless line trailing a steel-like glitter, winding through the pass—not much else, but there, that she could understand, except the fury of her husband's hate for the "other side," shown in gusts of rage or savage exaltation—all stirred with a keen, shuddering horror. These were what she meant when she said "the war." Her arms were twisted about one of Stephanie's, so big and clumsy in the blue felt over-coat sleeve, clinging to him as though she could detail the moments and him together; so happy, so very happy, just to see him, trying to begin to think of all the things she meant to say. And then? She cried out, wrenching herself from him wildly; erect, her hood fallen back, letting her long hair loose to the wind; her lips parted, some quick fumes of spirit burning itself out within her; her eyes full of horror. Stephanie's hand was on the pistols in his belt. He sprang about, facing the way her eyes were fixed. And all that way—a good pistol shot—he could feel the mad glitter of Marston Goss's face as he lowered it to his leveled revolver, his black horse curbed, quivering, to his haunches; his hand and will paralyzed by his recognition of his wife, fixed there, in the sharp, gray morning air, like mottled basalt. She raised her hands slowly, mechanically, as a person mesmerized, and put them up protectively before her brother, never turning her eyes one moment from her husband; then slowly, with a mechanical instinct, she laid them upon him, pushing him with the fierce strength of decision, with the impulse of a dumb, dominant will, toward where, near by, his horse was tied. "Go!" she stammered. He understood then, and regained himself. "What—Em—to leave you so?" with cool indignation. "Don't you see? It is he. I am safe," she interrupted, in a still, frozen voice, her eyes ever faltering, her form swaying—keeping unconsciously within the fierce strength of decision, with the impulse of a dumb, dominant will, toward where, near by, his horse was tied. "No matter for that, Colonel, only see you serve us up some live Yankees when the time comes," came ringing back. They were out of hearing. Then out of sight. She battered against the door with her small fists, shook the window, frantic with helplessness and fear. By-and-by a misty insensibility came quietly over her. She felt that the room was quite dark. She tried to pray to God. She thought she would

go and kneel down by her bed, as she always did at night. But then the air was swarming with eyes, and as she tried to walk the weaker ones down on the floor groaned and spat at her for treading on them—though she tried to step so lightly. And tugging themselves angrily about her feet they tripped her and she fell down among them. Time went away. Some time it was light, some time dark. All the while they crowded her and jumped about on her so she had no chance to get up, it seemed to her that her skin shriveled and shrank from the bones and her joints crumbled apart. Her soul, too, beat about within her, as if seeking release. But once she came to herself, and found the machine streaming into the chamber, and every thing still. She got up from the floor and cried a great deal with weakness and thankfulness first. She thought a long time must have passed, for the snow was gone, the air mild, and from the window she saw patches of greenish grass. But it was all just as lonely as before. No sign of life—no sound. She knew that the sun was in the west, that the day would go soon. She went steadily to work to get out. The room was in a sort of tower with one narrow, mullioned window. She broke that away desperately. Afterward she knotted the bed-spreads, fastened one end in the room, the other about her waist. It seemed quite simple. She wondered, weakly, that she had not done this at first. Then she poised herself on the window-ledge, shuddered a minute, and, clinging as long as possible with her hands to the sill, dropped. The rope spun about with her weight, and her head struck. One arm grazed the bricks, and hung limp and helpless. In the end she was swinging dizzily a foot or so from the ground, unable to loosen the knot about her waist, with a choking, suffocating sense, watching the whirling world grow black around her, spinning in a vortex of fragments, and sensible of dissociation. "Little Em—" "Are you in Heaven too, Stephanie?"—dreamily—rather gladly. "Open your eyes, darling"—his sobe choking him. The waxy lids lifted heavily. "Why, this is home!"—with babyish wonderment and a quiet sigh—the eyes wandering wearily from the white bed curtains over the blue chairs, the girl's books and toys and the rest. He was trying to brush them out of his eyes—those big, weak tears. The mother was crying softly, uncontrolably, and it was left for him to tell her. "You have been very ill, dearie." She thought for a minute; the tired lids dropping again, but with no agitation as the recollection of it all came back to her. "Did Marston find me?" speaking quite slowly. "I did, darling;" pausing then, hardly knowing how to tell her the rest. "Oh yes! he was away at the bridge"—passively, with little interest. "He was hurt there," Stephanie said, holding his breath. "Is he here now?" startled, opening her eyes a little, quickly. "No, dear; he was hurt, I told you—badly hurt." She thought about it, with no emotion in her face. "Oh yes. He is dead, I suppose." Her spathy face took her heart. "That was why he didn't let me out," she added, with a faint kind of satisfaction in her tone. They looked at one another, and thought she was wandering again. "When I heard about Marston," Stephanie said, "I went to the General, and told him that you must be there alone, and all about it, and he gave me leave to go to you." Her thoughts had gone back. "Yes, it was a long time," she said, placidly. "It was two days since Marston had left you"—breaking down, with great sobe—"my poor darling"—falling on his knees beside the bed, and burying his face. "Little daughter must rest now," came the mother's voice, unsteady and full. She unfolded the two pale hands and held them out, opening the hollow, tender eyes, saying in her little patient, plying way, "I'll go to sleep a little while, mother." They held her hands with pressures of passionate agony, mother and brother; hushing their sobe, holding back their anguish, not to disturb her. It was a little while—only a little while. The sleep was not strong enough to keep her. The sobe were not loud enough to rouse her. She did not wake up to them again. Last summer I crossed the bridge that the rebels held, in spite of all, that night in February, 1862, and went up the road winding over the mountain to Marston Manor. There is neither claret nor hair to the house now. The trumpet flowers flourished in that broken Gothic window; red and white roses grew above the desolation and decay. The servants, whom Colonel Goss sent off to Lynchburg the day he left his wife a prisoner, had come back, neither invited nor hindered, and settled themselves deliberately upon the acres. "And I reckon dey'll let me raise all de meat I wants for my little pone, off de ole place?" Uncle Ben said to us, in interrogative and rather sneaky accents, with his cap in his hand, leaning upon his hoe. "But, Uncle, don't you want something more than corn meal enough to keep you alive?" I asked, experimentally. "You are a free man now, and ought to be thinking of laying by something for old age." "Ole age," with a stampy chuckle, feeling of 't is gray poll. "Yes, I see free men now, breed: I don't an' I've tired scuffin' around like a nigger. Might as well keep on scuffin' for ole massa. Twere'n easy, dat," with another low laugh. "He was a hard master, then?" I asked.

Colonel Goss had given his horse the reins, and was coming toward them. Em was powerless to explain, but she knew how they hunted their prey, how they never spared one! A hard hand seemed to have fastened around her throat. If she could only tell him what she had seen—the tattered rags of those blue felt coats that had swung from the trees; one last winter, this year another—almost in sight of Marston Manor! Spies, they had said. But she knew! If she could only tell him! Colonel Goss did not fire yet. He was waiting to see. Her voice came to her—harsh, dry, as though the very organs were splitting. "He would, Stephanie"—the name ending in a hysterical scream—"and"—pointing to the papers he carried—"your life isn't your own"—wildly, not the woman to be so stirred by any patriotic impulse, but snatching the argument whose thrust would move her brother—"until you've done your errand." Stephanie started. This was true. The very time he had used for his own was a theft. He remembered he was a soldier. These papers—they would be invaluable to Colonel Goss! And she was telling him that his kinship would not protect him! There was no time to think of any thing but his duty, hardly to realize how he had periled that, or to remember that there was no cowardice like failing in it. He reeled into his saddle, buried the spurs in his mare. He had still some yards the start, and, unless Marston fired— Colonel Goss was paralyzed. He looked from the man riding away to the woman who had flung herself under his horse's feet with bewilderment. Then with an oath—a leap in his saddle as if sense came back—he fired, recklessly, another barrel—another. His horse was jaded out. He had ridden him too hard to think of pursuit with him. He dismounted, his face grim and rigid, lifted his wife into the saddle—dinging the weight of his arm over her—and, leading the horse, strode horns across his fenceless fields. He was not prone to either pretense or preliminaries. He was, moreover, as contemptuous, practically, as he was chivalrous theoretically, toward women; and would at any time have given one of his troopers an order in a more conditional tone than he would have made a request of his wife. A great share of the shock he had experienced was from amazement. He had no possible data for inferring the truth—not a man of inference any way. He lifted his wife from the horse, flung her across his shoulder, and carried her to her room. Then, his arms folded, benumbed, virile, six-footed, implacable. "Mrs. Goss," he said, clearly, "I wish the man's name." Half lifeless she had still an instinct left her. She knew that Stephanie was safe only so long as she held her husband from action. Some of his troop must be near. There were fresh horses in the barn; there were short cuts across country as familiar as the chambers in the Manor. And the boy, with the papers he carried, would only count for another Yankee out of the way in the reckoning of Colonel Goss. "I will tell you very soon, Marston," she faltered out. He looked at her with speechless wonder. Mother, nor sister, nor wife had ever said will to Marston Goss before. "You will tell me soon?" he repeated, with slow irony; "why, woman, his rage belching out, the blood curdling with his fierce passion in his veins, "you will tell me now—here—in your next breath—or you will never tell me!" "Ah," she said, pitiously, spreading her little thin palms before her face, "you will not mind at all, Marston, when you know—" He looked at her again with the same surprise. Then, with no more words, went with great strides out of the room, shutting the door loudly, fastening it from without, and wrenching away the key. A few minutes later Em heard the click of Brown Ben's heels as he leaped like a hare over the frozen ground along the road Stephanie had taken. She waited—waited all day. Nothing happened. No one came. At times, with feeble, sickly excitement, she tried to get out of her prison. She shook the door with all her strength, raised her voice in cries which ended in husky gasps. No one came to her. The house was still as the grave; and she got faint with fright and hunger, alone there in the cold, dreary room. Toward dusk, bundled in her great shawl, her little face pressed close to the window, she heard horses coming, and her courage revived. She saw her husband soon, a good many men with him. They were stained and drooping. Their heavy steps and clanking saleres went to and fro, the noise shot with lead words, shivered glasses, and oaths. But no one came to her. She watched desperately. Pretty soon she heard them begin to remount, curbing their restive horses, waiting for the Colonel; talking about a battery that was expected; about a bridge to be held. Then Colonel Goss came out. She saw him tighten the strap of his spur—conscious of a kind of wanderment even at that time for him. When he put his foot in the stirrup and she understood that she was to be left alone again, she sprang up, almost frantic, called and prayed to him with wild shrieks, and pressed her hands to her head, listening for an answer. She heard his voice: "I regret, gentlemen, that we must postpone our supper till morning." They struck a gallop. "No matter for that, Colonel, only see you serve us up some live Yankees when the time comes," came ringing back. They were out of hearing. Then out of sight. She battered against the door with her small fists, shook the window, frantic with helplessness and fear. By-and-by a misty insensibility came quietly over her. She felt that the room was quite dark. She tried to pray to God. She thought she would

He looked at me sharply, a little mistrustfully. Then, evidently relenting, "He was, massa—'clars tru to yer soul," he said, with rather incomprehensible exultation. "But we want to see you freed folks take hold suddenly in your new career," I persisted. Uncle Ben straightened himself with dignity, a little affronted, I think. He looked about him, at his patch of corn, row of collard sprouts, then down to his ragged trousers, and off to his shanty, against which a bacon-to-be was just then scratching his savory sides. And, as though the picture might teach its own lesson, he resumed his boozing in silence, remarking, with after-thought and merely by way of manners, "Yes, massa, so we does!"

KRAUFT'S WORLD BEWITCHED.

MR. KRAUFT, coming home after business hours, was told that a young woman was waiting to see him in the library, and going in with emotions of disgust for a young woman capable of calling on him before dinner, recognized in his visitor Ellen Tree.

Miss Tree was twenty-four or thereabouts, and wore a faded black bonnet. She was not pretty, though she had all the possibilities of beauty, because you can't make rounded outlines, sparkle, ease, roses, and smiles out of constant anxiety and bread and black tea. She was lady-like; that is, would have been, if her gown had not been tattered, dyed, and skimped, and her shawl as shabby as her hat; and she was a tenant of Mr. Krauft's, who instantly concluded that she came to ask some favor about rent or repairs, and as instantly decided to say no—the only way to manage these people in Mr. Krauft's opinion; but as a rule, when you ask favors, you are deprecating; now Miss Tree was not deprecating, though she stammered a little as she commenced:

"Mr. Krauft, you are a man of wealth and influence—"

"Yes, yes," struck in Krauft, bluffly, and facing Miss Tree in a bleak, unappreciative way. "All very fine! but if I have what you say, I get it for myself, mind you! I made my own way up from the bottom round, and never asked help of any one; and folks that mean to get on don't go about whining for help, in my opinion."

"Precisely why I apply to you," said Miss Tree, calmly; "because you have hewn out your way, I was certain that you could not help taking an interest in others who only ask the privilege of following your example."

Mr. Krauft expanded a little.

"Hum! Miss Tree! I—hum—ha! well—certainly: I am sure—if my example—"

"Mr. Krauft, was your early experience painful? Did you ever suffer hardship, or privation?" interrupted Miss Tree, abruptly, thereby preventing Mr. Krauft from giving away his *pro-ter* example.

"That I did," answered Krauft, promptly, though secretly wondering at what she was driving. "I have lived hard enough, and poor enough in my time. Why, I remember as if it was yesterday, when I came to the city a barefaced boy, and with only a dollar in my pocket; and when any body complains to me, I say to them, my friend, I have been through that mill, and you can't tell me any news. Do as I do; work your way out, you can't commence poorer than I did."

"Exactly," said Miss Tree, her face lighting. "That is all that I want, Mr. Krauft; leave to work my way out. You know, that though unmarried, I have a family depending on me; two little sisters and a paralytic mother. You are an inspector of the school of which I am principal, and my husband. You know what rent I pay, and that I receive a salary of four hundred dollars a year, and can guess, after deducting the rent, how much of it is left for fuel, food, shoes, clothes, and school-books."

"Four hundred dollars is a large salary for a young woman like you," observed Mr. Krauft, stiffly.

"The male principal in the same building, whose classes are ranked by mine, and who has neither more work nor more responsibility, receives exactly double—"

"But then it costs a woman less to live," interrupted Krauft, quickly.

Miss Tree smiled.

"Mr. Krauft, when I buy a ton of coal nobody charges me at a lower rate than you, because you are a wealthy man and I am a poor struggling woman. There is no discount on my mother's tea and sugar, or on my sister's shoes and books. I pay as much for car fare as a man. I pay you as much rent as does the man who occupies the other half of your house; and, setting that aside, if Mr. Edmund's work and responsibility is worth eight hundred dollars a year, is it not common justice to give me for exactly the same work, just as well performed, you yourself being the judge, and the same responsibilities, just as faithfully met, the same wages? What is it worth, in short—not what you think will enable me barely to squeeze through a rainy day; and granting that it does cost me less to live, suffer me to enjoy the privilege granted to every day-laborer, of storing his surplus earnings against a rainy day. If you, Mr. Krauft, and men like you, would exert that influence you have to do away with this crying evil, you would only show me, and thousands like me, simply justice; and yet this is not what drove me here to complain; but the hopelessness," and her voice sank; "the utter hopelessness of it, Mr. Krauft. By pinching and that means, never allowing ourselves food enough thoroughly to satisfy us, and fire enough entirely to warm us, we live; that is, we keep a roof over us, and get out the children's books and shoes, by edging every little while a little closer to starvation than usual; but, Mr. Krauft, when you faced people you were cutting your way through the forest, and every blow was a step nearer light. We cut down the day's difficulties with the certainty that each tomorrow will supply us with a racker and more obstinate growth. We can't get out as mat-

terstand. Every year entangles us more thoroughly, and allows us less straw with which to make our brick—"

Up to this point Krauft had listened perforce, but with his indignation increasing at every sentence; and as Mr. Krauft was a large, calm person, whose very rages were cold, his indignation by this time was a sort of moral glacier which, now being in motion, came down on Miss Tree, warm and glowing with enthusiasm, and crushed her.

"Miss Tree, I am really, I may say, pained! shocked!! astonished!!! Why, massa, you are striking at the very roots of our social system. You, an instructress of the young. You are flying directly in the face of Providence; you—you—"

"Poor 'roots' and poor Providence!" slipped in Miss Tree while Mr. Krauft labored for the rest of his sentence. "Goodnight, Sir!" and went out. By that time Mr. Krauft's dinner had been served full five minutes, and Mr. Krauft sat down to it filled with spite.

"Confound the women!" he growled as he helped himself to salience; "and confound all reformers!" he growled again after his final glass of sherry. But what next? Did Mr. Krauft then take his hat and step out in the street? On that point Mr. Krauft himself is unable to depose with certainty. He only knows that he found himself walking in Broadway, and that a very curious change had passed upon him. The Mr. Krauft who drank the sherry was a large, prosperous, full-blown man. Mr. Krauft who crept along Broadway was a dwindled edition of himself, scantly dressed; and whereas he carried about with him habitually a sense of his own importance, like an air cushion, he was conscious of a novel timidity and a sorrowful, foreboding anxiety about something not yet defined. An equally remarkable alteration had taken place in the character of the Broadway crowd. It consisted of men and women, as before, but now it was the women who walked with a brisk air of business, and who stood easily in shop-doors and behind counters; the women who scoured you from hotel-steps, who discussed news and markets in narrow, down-town streets, and eyed favorably handsome, well-dressed young men walking modestly along on shopping expeditions, and only glancing about them from under their eyelashes, or passed worse-dressed and unattractive men like Mr. Krauft with cool indifference; and in some mysterious way Mr. Krauft understood that the roots of society had at last gone by the board; there had been a revolution; men had lost the reins of power; in short, men and women had changed places.

Then Mr. Krauft comprehended the timid anxiety that had taken the place of the old importance. His wife had died leaving her affairs much involved, and two helpless little boys for him to support. Mr. Krauft was in search of work; had been for the past week, and with the most discouraging results. The wages offered men by the various trades were very low.

"The market is already overcrowded," several stout red-faced viragos had told him snappishly. "We prefer female operatives as a rule, and there are hundreds of men eager to work for us at half the price, or at any price at all."

There was a moderate demand for coachmen and masons, but Mr. Krauft knew nothing of either craft. Women monopolized the trades and professions. It was found that they were more apt to learn, and more supple and dextrous; and where strength was wanting machinery did the work. Worse than that, the very fact that he was a man, and obliged to shift for himself, insured Mr. Krauft suspicion and coldness on all sides. It was expected that men would be comfortably maintained and provided for by their wives, and there was a general feeling abroad in society that it was not exactly becoming in a man to possess or use the qualities by which a woman made her way in the world, even when he was obliged to support himself like Mr. Krauft; and whenever any body pointed out the fact that a large number of women were unreasonable enough to die and leave their husbands without income or resources, and a large number of men were unreasonable enough to be so poor that they must work or starve, there arose a general clamor, and it turned out that the roots of society were in as much danger as ever they had been under the old regime. It was plain enough to Mr. Krauft that there was work enough for men and women both; that women monopolized many pursuits for which they were actually not as well adapted as men. Neither could Mr. Krauft see why it was not just as respectable for a man to labor as a woman; neither could Mr. Krauft understand why his two little sons, who would be forced to earn their own living, should be shut out from almost all the roads to competence, and restricted almost entirely to those in which they must delve all their days, with no hope of advance or improvement; neither could Mr. Krauft comprehend why Tom Krauft, his brother, received a salary of four hundred dollars in his capacity of book-keeper, while Miss Ellen Tree, in a similar capacity in the same establishment, received eight hundred dollars for precisely the same work; and yet if any rebellious man or generous woman raised his or her voice in protest, he or she would be not only by decision, thought Mr. Krauft, wearily, to himself, as he plodded up Broadway, looking with timid envy at the comfortable, assured, well-to-do woman forms that continually met and passed him.

Mr. Krauft was really very near despair. He had walked all the morning, and was hungry and weak. That did not matter, but his children were hungry also, and that is very disagreeable. You multiply the trouble in their poor little stomachs by your own paternal anxiety, and the result is too much for your philosophy. I had rather be hungry any time myself. So had Mr. Krauft, and how, he asked himself, could he go home and face the two little things, tucked up in the bed to keep them warm, with not even a loaf of bread? In fact he couldn't, and wouldn't go; and arriving at a desperate resolution and a pair of fine steps together, marched up and rang the bell. The mistress of the fine steps was an old acquaintance of

Mr. Krauft's—a sharp little woman, who kept a boarding-house in those days, and was always trying and barely succeeding in making both ends meet; now a woman of great wealth and high standing in business circles.

At Mr. Krauft's ring appeared a lofty and scornful waitress, before whom he instantly became as nothing in his own eyes, and adhered him into the library, where Mrs. Manlius was busy over her papers—sharp as ever, but she had also grown stout upon it, and year sharp, stout people are very discouraging; and she looked at Mr. Krauft in a frosty, far-off way that chilled the eloquent and convincing speech he had prepared into a few incoherent sentences about want of work, destitution, etc.

"I made my way up from the bottom round," retorts Mrs. Manlius, mighty coolly. "So have hundreds of other women."

"Ay, but you don't afford us men an equal chance," said poor Krauft.

"Providence has not made you equal, and intends that you should depend on us," answered Mrs. Manlius, turning over her papers.

"Then why does Providence deprive us of our dependence, and oblige us to use our own faculties?"

"Can't tell, I am sure, my dear Sir"—frostier than ever. "Perhaps for the same reason that, years ago, made it possible for you, Mr. Krauft, then a poor boy, to acquire wealth and ease, and almost impossible for me, on the other hand, being a poor woman, to live at all. I remember that you, like other men, were tolerably well satisfied then with the dispensations of Providence. I see no reason why we should not now be equally well satisfied."

"Oh, Mrs. Manlius!" cried the voice of Ellen Tree, as that young lady emerged from a *back* and advanced to the light, rosy, sparkling, and beautiful. "You know that it was not a dispensation of Providence in either case, but a good-natured, ignorant selfishness on the part of the men, and now revengeful malice in the case of the women. And you know—you know, Mrs. Manlius—that there were men, plenty of them, who worked for us and with us; and that the majority of men refused help interest only where they did not properly understand our aims; and that the men who would knowingly oppress, cheat, or in any way injure women were few enough to be considered monstrous exceptions. Ignorance was so much the cause of our suffering as it was of those diseases once elevated into dispensations of Providence, and now known to be dispensations of *fit*; and oh, Mrs. Manlius! if, with increase of light, we deal more hardly with men than they have done with us, which is the most righteous?" cried Miss Tree, her eyes shining with pity for Mr. Krauft.

Teeth were rolling down that poor old creature's leathern cheeks, and there is no telling what she might not have said, in the extravagance of his gratitude, had he not at that recent found himself back at his own dinner-table, full-blown as ever. How Mr. Krauft got back he understands as little as how he came to be out, but he considers his vision as a warning. He has issued orders that Miss Tree is never again, on any pretext, to be admitted to his house, and he closes his eyes against all mention of agitation and reform in the woman-world as persistently as his doors against Miss Tree.

"Give them an inch, and who knows how many ells the creatures will take?" says Mr. Krauft.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN APRIL WIFE.

A Lay of the Hempstock.

April weather, foul and fine,
Rain and rainbow, shade and shine,
Fits us like a petticoat with,
Whose hunch temper plagues one's life;
When wild and leading March, in spite of you,
Has stilled into a mood most wild,
With worms she'd give a thrumming Yea,
Before she settles into May.

RAMON FRONCO EXTRAORDINAIRE.—Scottish papers say there is excellent sport on the East and the West. An Irish correspondent wants to know whether the "Tay East" salmon are caught ready boiled.

ENTRANCE ON A PHYSICIAN.—He survived all his patients.

UNLAWFUL MARRIAGE.—"Is there any person you would particularly wish me to marry?" said a widow respondent to her dying spouse, who had been somewhat of a tyrant in his day. "Marry the devil, if you like!" was the craft reply. "Oh no, my dear," rejoined the wife, "you know it is not lawful to marry two brothers."

An old lady once indignantly pointed to the "English in the *Rosaire*," and asked where one could be found addressed to the *Presidents*? This was equaled by an old negro Baptist at the South, who said to his master, a Methodist: "You've read the Bible, I s'pose?" "Yes." "Well, you've read it in it of one John the Baptist, hasn't you?" "Yes." "Well, you never saw nothing about no John the Baptist in the Bible, but there ain't no Methodist; and do Bible's on my side."

A very sentimental poet, seeing the garb of an old maid in a field, roared that he should like to send the little thing as a present to his deceased Matilda. "Do," replied one of his companions, "and be a piece of paper and ink, bearing this motto: 'When the *you see*, remember me.'"

Puzzles.

Great goodness residing in a little breast;
Great grief by low and little sins possessed;
A dwarf who fires and strains to touch the skies;
A giant whose whole work is killing flies;
A mountain flood to drown a starving woman;
An Armstrong gun to annihilate a lion;
An agnesian in answer to a sneeze;
A grave disease arrested by a jest;
A steersman angered by a cartilage;
A return who can not a squib endure;
A manoff driven frantic by a flea;
A poet wounded by a parody;
A woman's sleep disturbed by starfishes breath;
A good man's name by goodie talked to death—
All these are mysteries designed to be
Proofs of the goodness of humanity.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE FORTUNALISTS.—In the English Army Estimates for this year a vote was voted for distributed Militia.

You can see it with East (and)—The following ingenious Bible enigmas is inserted under the commandments, in the chance of an old church in England:

Every one letter is wanting to make good English of it.

Thodore Hook was relating to his friend, Charles Matthews, how, on one occasion, when sitting in the company of Bowke, the latter surreptitiously removed from his plate several slices of tongue, and, offering to be very much annoyed by such practical joking, Hook concluded with the following question: "Now, Charles, what would you do to any body who treated you in such a manner?" "Do!" exclaimed Matthews; "why, if any man meddled with my tongue I'd lick him."

"Come, what do you suppose is the reason that the sun goes to the South in the winter?" "Well, I don't know, massa, unless he is started by the clamor of the North, and so an obliged to go to the South, where he experiences warmer longitudes."

A wee bit of a boy having been slightly chastised by his mother on a very quiet day in his chair for some time afterwards, he dozes thinking very profoundly. At last he speaks out thus: "Mamma, I wish you'd get another housekeeper—I've got tired of seeing you read."

Killing comes natural in Ireland, for half the places begin with *Kill*. There is *Killbeg* (the all fishers are called *begs*); and, what is still more singular, there is a *Killbetto*; *Killbama*, after the husband; *Killbarrack*, after the English soldiers; *Killbrow*, for the way; *Killbride* for the English proprietors; *Killbore*, for the *delicious* number; *Killbarn*, if that's not enough; and last, though not least, *Killpatrick*.

Lord Chesterfield once remarked that even Adam, the first man, knew the value of politeness, and allowed Eve to have the first bite of the apple.

Red noses are light-knees to warm woggles on the sea of life off the coast of Malaga, Jamaica, Costa Rica, and Holland.

An Irish girl was ordered to bring the wash clothes on the horse to the kitchen in dry. Her mistress shortly after found a very good steady horse standing in the kitchen completely covered with the articles that had been washed that day. Upon interrogating the girl the reply was, "Oh, to be sure, he told me to hang the clothes upon the horse in the kitchen, and the horse is the kind, not I ever saw, sure."

Why is the human whistler like the Pope's southern?—Because it is a *card's* *card's* *card's* (an ecclesiastic).

"If an earthquake were to engulf England to-morrow," said Jerome, "the English would manage to meet and die somewhere among the rubbish, just to relieve the street."

An honest Philadelphia German got carried over an account of an old woman of a married woman, and exclaimed, "If my wife runs away with another man's wife, I will strike him out of her preacher, if she be none father, minister!"

Just Emma was trying to persuade little Edie to run to school, "You see, my dear, how the Bible shows us to go to school at that time." "Yes, ma'am," replied Edie, "but the old man always goes with them."

Byron had his hands full when he had this adventure: "I stood in Venice on the bridge of Rialto. A police and a prison on each hand."

WRITTEN AFTER GOING TO LAW.

The law, they say, great Nature's chain connects,
That causes ever most profuse effects,
As we behold reversed great Nature's laws—
All my *chests* lost by a single cause.

A German, being required to give a receipt he felt, after much mental effort protracted the following: "I have not, I wish to mean remark." *John Shakespeare*.

This world and the next resemble the east and west; you can see how near to one without turning your head on the other.

The greatest head is an ass; the greatest tail is an owl; the greatest fish is an eel; and the greatest man is a fool.

A man went to an insurance office in Paris and insured a quantity of cigars against fire. When they afterwards he made a claim on the company for reimbursement, the cigars having been burned. He admitted that he had smoked them, but claimed that, as they had been destroyed by fire, he was entitled to them for them. The parties went to law, and a verdict was given for the plaintiff, whereupon the defendant immediately threatened to indict the jury for *perjury*, for having said that he had smoked them. The company was only too glad to let the matter drop.

So DOWNYD BARTON—An injured old bird may learn.

Opportunism, like eggs, must be hatched when they are fresh.

A GRAMMATICIAN'S REMARKS.—"My dear friend, there are three things I very much wonder at. The first is, that children should be so foolish as to draw their teeth, and break up into fruit trees. I know down town; if they would let it alone it would fill itself. The second is, that men should be so foolish as to open a window, as to go to war and kill each other; if it were they would die themselves. And the third and last thing that I wonder at, is that young men should be so foolish as to go off to the young women; if they would stay at home, the young women would come after them."

What does should have been placed at the case of Eden after the expulsion—Adam's (the) Adam's (the) lot.

Dr. Foss was three days a good deal of disease. He was engaged in one evening to give a lady patient when he was more than half-dressed, and one of the things he was to do. On going to her room, and finding himself unable to reach the bed, he murmured:

"Frank, by Jove!"

Next morning, notwithstanding the circumstances, he was greatly vexed, and just as he was thinking what he should do, he should offer to the lady a letter was put in his hand. "The boy will know," said the lady, "and he had discovered the unfortunate condition in which she was when he had visited her, and the concerned him to keep the matter secret, in consideration of the lady's"—a hundred-dollar bill.

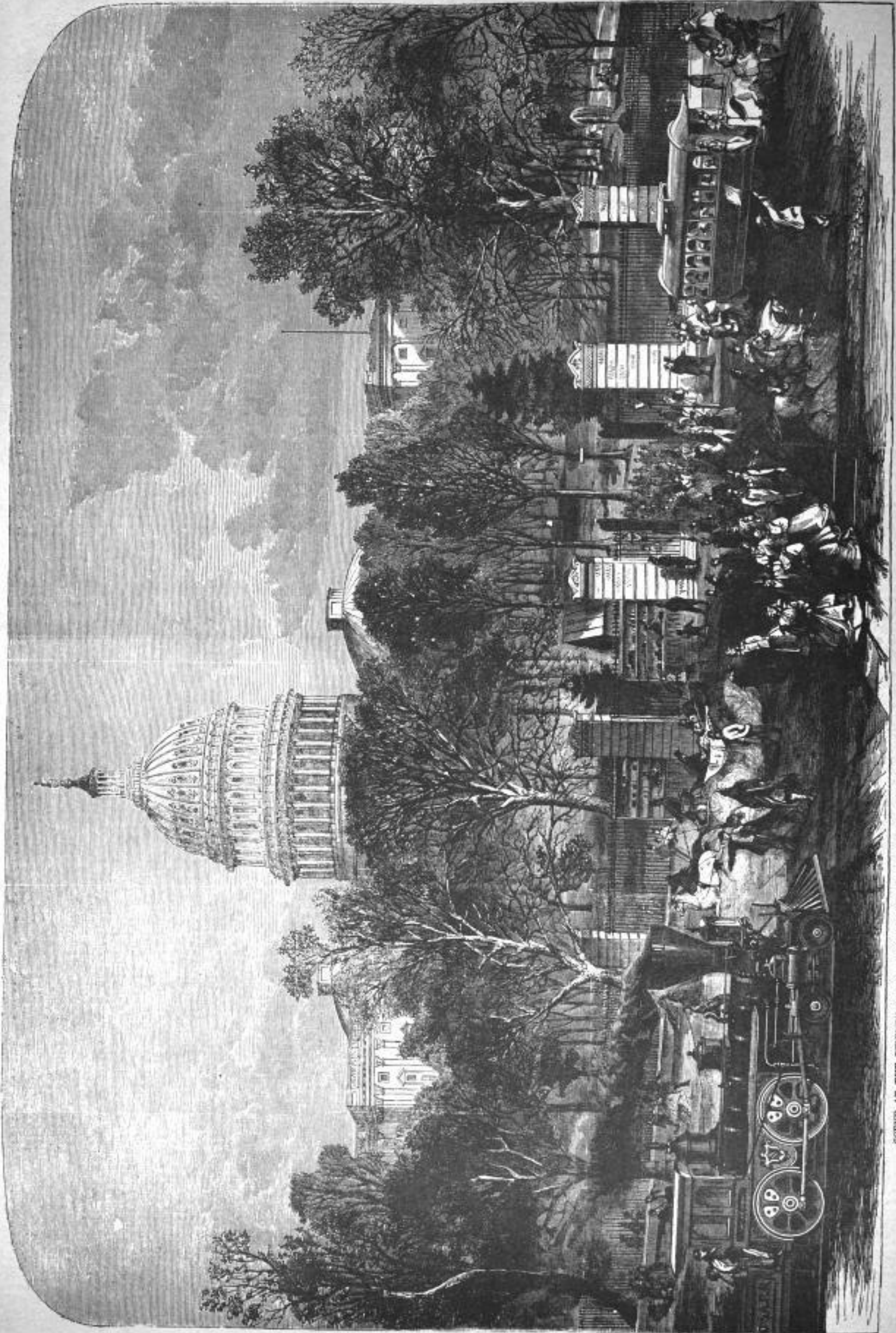
A general man is very rarely a poor man, and never a man of doubtful credit. His small accounts are his quality secret, and he never meets with difficulty in raising money to pay large demands. French debts included run credit, and when a man has but that he will find himself at the bottom of a bill he can not meet.

A GIVE MOVES you, an *ARRIVAL*—Come when you see fit, and bid when you choose.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

My first is a riddle,
My second a crime,
If you meet with my whole
Look out for a lion.

Or,
Why is a poor cat most likely to guess a riddle?
Because it is a *ready* guess.



SCENE AT THE PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE ENTRANCE TO THE CAPITOL GROUNDS AT WASHINGTON ON THE DAILY ADJOURNMENT OF CONGRESS.—[SKETCHED BY F. DIELMANN.]



OUTSIDE OF THE GALLERIES OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES DURING THE PASSAGE OF THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

ALTHOUGH the weather is still occasionally bitingly cold, and we are visited at times by frosts of a night, the Parisian modistes are determined to force the spring forward, spite of nature itself. The windows of their establishments, indeed, may be compared to so many parterres of spring flowers. Velvet bonnets are fast disappearing, and in place of them

we have chapeaux of white crepe and of rice and other fancy straws. A new shape just introduced, and one likely to become very popular, is a sort of compromise between the bonnet and the hat. It appears to be nothing more or less than a hat with a wide brim, compressed very much at the sides; in fact, a revival of the solidist pastoral bonnet in which both Reynolds and Galveston occasionally decked out their aristocratic beauties,

and which we see covering the heads of the shepherdesses of Boucher and Lœngret. This new form of chapeau is made generally in white crepe or the finer sorts of fancy straws. The usual trimming is a wreath of either daisies or jessamine blossoms and leaves, or a wreath formed of Michaelmas daisies, with occasionally a brilliant-coated beetle or two at one side. Those made of fancy straw are bordered with some light-colored velvet—blue seems to

be the favorite tint—with strings to match, and trimmed with either a bunch of wheat-ears on one side or a wreath of ivy-leaves, intertwined among which is a choice *floraison*, all being of the same material as the bonnet itself.

The Pamela bonnet, which the *Espresso* has now taken up, and which she rechristened the "chapeau Lamballe," is becoming very much worn. The peculiarity of this bonnet is, that it fits close to the



PARIS FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1866.



ANTOINE PROBST, MURDERER OF THE DEARING FAMILY.
Photographed by CHARLES CORNELL, BOYD GALLERY, PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

lower part of the face—clashes it, as it were—which has a very pretty effect on the countenance of a well-rounded, youthful beauty, to whose perfect oval face it forms a charming frame, but which hardly suits those ladies of maturer years who depend so much upon and who so coyly tax the modiste's art. The chapeau Lantolle, as worn at the present moment, has few ornaments about it, and rarely any feathers, except a little tuft or so. It is now being made in white or pale lilac crapes, in preference to velvet, with, perhaps, a row or two both inside and out.

For robes foulards are in great request, more particularly for morning and walking dresses.

The choice *Beasmas*, which took the Parisian world of fashion, as it were, by storm, still holds its sway, although it is quite certain that it will be impossible to adapt it, on account of its more or less heavy look, to the light and delicate chapeaux which promise to become the mode during the ensuing spring. It will, so doubt, however, retain the hold it has secured as an auxiliary to the coiffure. Formed of pearls, or of smaller, and intertwined round the neck, the hair being fastened behind with a touch of small rose-buds falling over the neck, it has a most graceful appearance.

Coiffures, as at present worn, are generally raised a good deal above the forehead, with a multitude of small curls. The chignon is becoming abandoned among the fair ones, with whom sets are again the mode. The great novelty in the way of nets is the "Coiffure Benoitte," which is covered over with artificial curls made of the glossiest and finest silk of all the various shades of the human hair, and which are occasionally powdered or fluffed over with small gold stars.

Stockings of bright and sombre colors, ornamented with clocks at the sides, or of a white cross-bar pattern, have recently been introduced. For evening dress stockings are of white silk, with clocks in gold or silver embroidery.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

- Fig. 1. *Carriage Dress*.—Robe of striped blue satin. Collar of blue velvet, with borders of mother-of-pearl, and trimmed with white silk fringe in imitation of feathers. Chapeau *Jaune d'Am*, in Italian straw, trimmed with black velvet, a white ostrich feather, and a chain *Mezzera*, formed of large links of straw passementerie.
- Fig. 2. *Spring Dress for the Country*.—Robe and cascade of light-green tulle, with ornaments in passementerie interlined with black velvet and lace. Chapeau *Fantaisie*, in light straw, with a garland of leaves, and trimmed with straw-colored ribbon.
- Fig. 3. *Robe de Chambre*.—Robe and cascade of coarse grey silk, striped black and white; a bouquet, which is fastened to the belt. Forms the *coiffure*; pockets or *Cherise VI*. The trimming is of silk fringe, except at the bottom of the dress, where it is composed of a large cord. The chapeau made expressly for her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales is of rice straw, with a tulle in white netting trimmed with ribbon of white satin bordered with blonde. On the left is a white rose covered with scarlet.
- Fig. 4. *Evening Dress*.—The habit is of brown cloth.

ANTOINE PROBST, THE DEARING MURDERER.

On Saturday, April 7, a murder of the most atrocious character was perpetrated by ANTOINE PROBST, whose portrait we give on this page. The Philadelphia Ledger of April 11 gives the following account:

The victims were CHRISTOPHER DEARING, a driver, his wife, his four children, and his niece, a young woman about twenty-five years old. Mr. Dearing occupied a farm on Jones lane, some distance from the Point-House Road, belonging to Mr. YOUNGSON MITCHELL, of Philadelphia. He had lived there for several years, and had been a resident of the neighborhood for twelve or fifteen years. Besides his own family he had a hired man living with him, a German, whose name is not given; the residents themselves could give; also a black, called CONSELIER, some twenty years old, who was bound to Mr. Dearing, and had been with him seven or eight years.

The last seen of Mr. DEARING alive was on Saturday last, when he came to the city on business, and called upon Mr. MITCHELL, his landlord. After unloading his business he seems to have made a purchase of some meat, which was found in his wagon, and to have driven to his house with his niece, before referred to, who had been

conveyed to the Second District Police Station, and from there, by telegraph, to the Central Station. Chief REYNOLDS and FRANCIS at once repaired to the scene of the tragedy, with high-constable CLARK and several other detective officers. GOMER TAYLOR also was soon at the farm, but before he arrived the other bodies had been found in a corner attached to the barn, the mother and four children all lying together, and all, as Mr. DEARING and place were, with their throats cut and their bodies extended under a pile of hay. The mother had, in addition, the top of her head crushed in. Probably a more shocking sight was never seen than the mother and her murdered children after they had been removed from the crib. One of the children was a mere babe, less than two years old, whose innocent face was sufficient, one would have thought, to have moved even the brutal murderer's heart to pity. The victims, with their ages, are as follows: CHRISTOPHER DEARING, 40 years; JULIA, his wife, 35 years; SARAHANN DOLLAN, the niece, 15 years; JOHN DEARING, 5 years; THOMAS DEARING, 4 years; ANNA DEARING, 4 years; EMILY DEARING, 2 years.

The eldest child, WILLIAM DEARING, was residing a few days with his grandfather, WILLIAM DEARING, in West Philadelphia. Had he been home there can not be a doubt but that he would have shared the fate of the other members of the family.

The fact that two members of the household—Probst, a hired man, and the boy CONSELIER—were missing directed suspicion toward them. It was not long, however, before CONSELIER was found to have been murdered also.

On the 12th Probst was captured in West Market Street. The prisoner was searched, and two rings were found on his fingers and a purse in one of his pockets. This was afterward identified as one that had belonged to Mrs. DEARING. Probst had on also some of DEARING's clothes. The confession made by the prisoner was to the following effect:

He said that he had only killed CONSELIER, and that the DEARING family were murdered by a German. His accomplice he called JACOB GAUNTER. The agreement was that all were to be knocked in the head with an axe, and then their throats cut. GAUNTER slept in the barn on Friday night, and on Saturday morning Probst, according to agreement, got the boy near the hay-rick and killed him with the axe. In the mean time GAUNTER was preparing for his bloody work. Probst went to the house and told Mrs. DEARING that a man was at the barn and desired work, and wished her to go to him and show him what to do. She accordingly went, and was there murdered by GAUNTER. The children, except the baby, were then sent one after the other to the barn, and there dispatched by GAUNTER, after which he took the baby from the cradle, and after taking it to the barn killed it.

At one o'clock on the same day Mr. DEARING returned to his home, in company with his niece, and at this time the prisoner and GAUNTER were in the house. Mr. DEARING and his niece were killed on the spot, and their bodies carried to the barn.

The prisoner showed no signs of emotion, spoke freely to such of the officers of the prison as asked him questions, and, when dinner was served to him, he ate somewhat voraciously. He was formerly from Brooklyn. He is five feet eleven inches high, twenty-five or twenty-eight years of age, round shoulders, no side-whiskers, light hair, a short, thin, light moustache, inclined to curl at the ends, has a downcast look, and weighs 175 or 180 pounds. He is loosely made, and has a sturdy gait. He seems to be entirely destitute of feeling; and with the exception of a trifling sum of money, which might have been obtained with far less violence, no motive can be found sufficient to explain this wholesale massacre.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A recent acceptance of courteous attention in our public-conveyances is the exception not the rule. Many individuals seem to fancy that because they are "ladies" they must receive every thing, and give nothing in way of politeness. The French, characteristically, have a more beautiful way of making themselves attractive. We by no means think that a gentleman is in duty bound always to be jumping up to give his seat to the man to follow him. It may be, as not half so good as he himself is. Nevertheless the courtesy is a very pleasant one; and looking

on can't help feeling indignant when a stolid lady coolly takes possession of a seat vacated for her without a word or look of thanks. Yet so common is this done that it is really refreshing occasionally to see another style of conduct.

The other day, as a young lady stepped into a crowded car a gentleman rose and offered his seat. "No, thank you," said the lady, "I am only going a few blocks." But the gentleman's gallantry increased, and at a second invitation she took the proffered seat with a pleasant recognition of the attention. But the original possessor of the seat evidently regarded her as an anomaly, and as he stood near her, apparently very contented so to stand, he looked very much as if he wished it were etiquette to cultivate a further acquaintance.

Not long since a lady entered a car so crowded that no attempt was made to give her a seat until, presently, a gentleman, rising to leave the car, offered her the place he had occupied. Instead, however, of taking it herself, she turned kindly to a weary-looking man who stood near her, holding a heavy bag, saying: "You take this seat, you have a child to hold." She remained standing, while the somewhat surprised girl took the seat. But with so much quiet grace was this little politeness offered that it was a real pleasure to witness it. We should like to have a similar pleasure often.

There is no lack of houses in the market although May is closing on apace. Landlords, who fancied that they held the world—of New York city—between thumb and finger, have relaxed their grasp; and despite all their efforts there is a reasonable probability that the majority of our citizens will still have a roof to shelter them! Housekeepers are already taking time by the forelock and planning about the packing of their Lanes and Penates, while they anxiously wish the dread ordeal of moving were over.

Speaking of moving day reminds us of an item which appears in a recent English journal. It is this:

"We believe it is no longer a secret that the title of the poem on which, as we mentioned some weeks since, the Post Laureate is at work, is 'The Death of Lucretia.'"

Now we are sorry that there should be any misapprehension in regard to what Tennyson is actually writing. And we will relieve any anxiety our readers may feel about the matter by whispering the assurance that, "regardless of expense," we have secured the "author's autograph sheets," and can unhesitatingly affirm that whatever wrong impression exists in regard to the title, is due merely to the circumstance that the poem refers to the *Departure of Lucretia—from her home*,—a subject alluded to in a ballad sung by Mrs. Lucretia, about six o'clock, on the evening of April 30, 1866. We give it as follows:

TO-MORROW'S THE FIRST OF MAY.
A MOVING BALLAD.
Anon.—*London and America.*

You must wake and call me early, call me early, husband dear,
To-morrow 'll be the maddest time of all the round New-Year;

Of all the circles of the year the maddest, maddest day,
For to-morrow's the First of May, my love, to-morrow's the First of May.

I sleep so sound all night, my dear, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud, when the day begins to break;

But there are other things will break, I guess, besides the day,
For to-morrow's the First of May, my love, to-morrow's the First of May.

There's many a fine house, they say, but there's none so bright as this;
We've made a nice arrangement here, which we shall surely miss:

These pleasant rooms, the balcony, the trees around the door;
When we moved in there was but one—we planted seven more.

The honey-suckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers,
And in the garden we have reared a bright army of flowers;

But though we've loved our home so well, we've got to move away,
For to-morrow's the First of May, my love, to-morrow's the First of May.

Our carpets they must all come up, our pictures all come down;
If you'll uncase the looking-glass, I'll wrap it in my gown.

The books I'll leave for you to pack—be careful they're not lost;
The chandelier may go by cart, the globe should go by post.

We sure and take the hammer road—we shall have need of that;
Save all the paper you can find—and don't forget the cat.

Don't mix the pickles and preserves, nor throw the old brooms away,
For to-morrow's the First of May, my love, to-morrow's the First of May.

And oh! tell Bridget, husband, to be careful how she moves
The earthen-ware and crockery, and other things she loves;

And if upon the sidewalk you should hear a dreadful crash,
You'll know our china disaster has gone to eternal crash.

Of course some common things will break, some costly ones perhaps,
But you can't expect to move, you know, without a few mishaps.

And when we've got the moving done you'll have some bills to pay,
For to-morrow's the First of May, my love, to-morrow's the First of May.

The night winds come and go, my dear, along the vacant street,
And the happy stars above them do not seem to mean to cheat;

But to-morrow it will be sure to rain the whole of the moving day,
For to-morrow's the First of May, my love, to-morrow's the First of May.

So you must wake and call me early—call me early, husband dear,
To-morrow 'll be the maddest time of all the round New-Year;

To-morrow 'll be of all the year the maddest, maddest day,
For to-morrow's the First of May, my love, to-morrow's the First of May.

During the recent strike of the car drivers in this city, one of our daily journals in discussing upon the great discomfort and confusion which the whole city suffered in consequence, and the duty of the railroad companies to stand against such strikes, remarked that, "Under no other government on the face of the earth would such conduct be permitted." This was in allusion to the business of the railroad company being conducted without sufficient regard to the convenience of the public. Consequently it was not so surprising that one of these carmen says the Englishman, lately imported, who had been waiting for some time outside the *Carriacava* for a Fourth Avenue car was puzzled. Not that, after some time, his indignation at the delay burst forth, as he remarked to a gentleman close by, "Well, by Jove, if this bin't a horrid

rag. Why, 'ave you no 'emera, her 'acks, her 'aivel-boots? You know bin 'ilforded you can go 'anywhere you like for 'alf a dollar, you know." Here he discovered that those around were laughing at him, and, with a look of scorn, he re-entered the hotel.

The public recognition of the New England Church of this city, which took place, with appropriate services, last week on Thursday evening, was an event of interest to many, as the crowded house testified. As there has hitherto been, in reality, but one Congregational Church in this city—the Broadway Tabernacle—the need of another has long been apparent. On the occasion referred to, the sermon, by Rev. H. W. Beecher, was characteristically full of rich thought and feeling. Rev. J. P. Thompson, of the Broadway Tabernacle, on behalf of the council of ministers, gave the "Right Hand of Fellowship" to the new church, with cordial assurances of sympathy and co-operation. Other clergymen took part in the exercises, and singing, both by the congregation and choir, was interspersed. Eighty-three individuals have become members of this young church. The church edifice, situated in Ferry-street, near the Sixth Avenue, is neat and tasteful, though unpretending in appearance.

The Boston Medical Journal wisely says:

"People who would avoid or prevent cholera should cultivate cleanliness, regularity of life and habits, cleanliness, abstemious exercise, temperance, and the avoidance of all excesses. When they have done their duty in providing for the care of the sick, having public parks, and abating public nuisances, they may safely dismiss their apprehensions."

Certainly no good ever results from excitement and agitation. There is great safety in cool, quiet, self-control, and judicious care. An exchange relates the following incident, from which we may, while we laugh over it, derive a very important moral:

"A friend of ours, who has been unfortunately enough to be taken down with the cholera, left his boarding-house very quietly and suddenly, as soon as the first symptoms of the disease began to manifest themselves, and took his quarters at the hospital. In order to allay the anxiety of his landlord so to his whereabouts, he sent him a note, stating that he 'was unwell and personal hostility toward the house, but that he did not wish to associate with the boarders.'"

"Fashion continues to change with an unobscuring changeability," remarks some cynical observer. "This week the ladies are wearing their dolls' bonnets and other people's hair. Next week it may be their dolls' hair and other ladies' bonnets." It is suggested that it is not at all improbable that it may yet be the fashion to dye the hair to match the color of dress. Thus a lady in the morning may appear with dark brown tresses, and in the evening dye them yellow to match her yellow silk. So when deep mourning was required the hair might be dyed black, and a streak or two of gray might surely be added where half-mourning was thought desirable. So also the fancy colors might be adopted—rose-pink, or sea-green hair would certainly be unique, and who knows but it would be a charming variety?

Not long since a lady was walking through one of the squares in London, with a long skirt trailing in the dust and dirt behind her. She swept magnificently past two stationers, one of whom observed to the other, "I say, that are home 'll require a lot of good-looking to-night." "Yes, and not be clean after all," replied the other. Comment is unnecessary.

The following item occurs in one of the latest London Journals:

THE FANTASTICAL COLOR.—Green dresses are very much the fashion on the Continent. Ladies will learn with much alarm that Professor Muschka and Dr. Lerk, of Prague, have analyzed a green dress worn at a ball in Vienna, and discovered that it contained no less than 2 oz. of arsenic.

There is an old saying that "Beddings brighten as they take their flight." This does not seem to be invariably correct, if the following anecdote be true:

A medical gentleman was addressed by his sick wife: "Oh, John! I shan't leave this bed alive!" "Fears yourself, Betty, and then'll please me," returned John, with great optimism. "I have been a good wife to you, John," pointed the dying woman. "Madam," Betty, smiling," responded the mother-of-John to Madam.

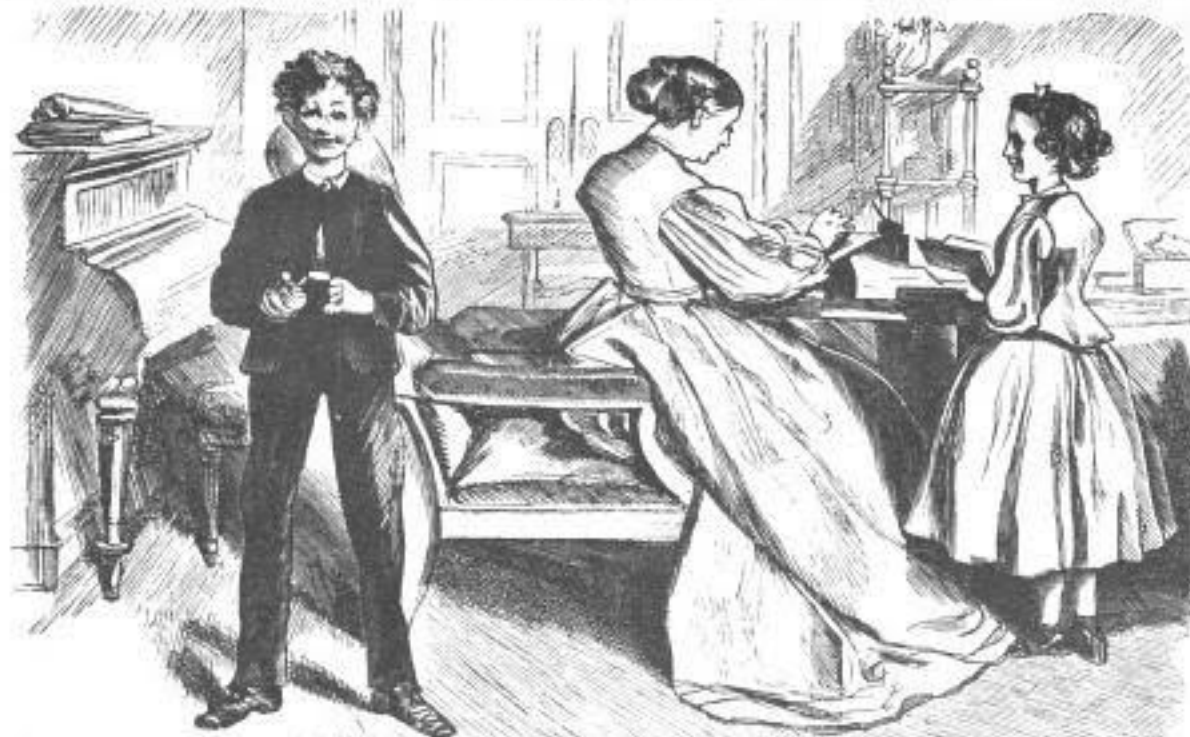
BERNARD'S COCOON.—No other preparation so exactly suits the various conditions of the human hair.
JOSEPH BERNARD & Co., Boston, Proprietors.

We clip the following from the Chicago Sunday Times of April 1:

UNITED STATES PRIZE CONCERT.—GIRTS OF ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS TO GERMANY.—The Society and honor of Messrs. WAGNER, BARNUM & Co. ought to be of themselves sufficient guarantee as to the reliability of the rare instruments which they set forth to subscribers to their great Prize Concert, on May 29, of this year. It is a prevailing characteristic among those who have set high hopes on drawing the big prize to cast suspicion against enterprises of this character, when they have failed to strike the lucky number. But were all that had ever been given creditable, they could not militate one iota against the known responsibility and honor which binds and guides the United States Prize Concert. Besides this, the number of prizes are so great and so valuable that a moderate profit alone would accrue to these gentlemen after the gifts are fairly distributed; for not less than one hundred thousand dollars in greenbacks are to be awarded to the fortunate, including one gift of thirty thousand dollars, one of ten thousand dollars, and a number of others of five thousand dollars, four thousand dollars, three thousand dollars, two thousand dollars, and other high figures—all in good currency. In addition to this twenty-three houses and lots, worth each from six hundred dollars to eleven thousand dollars, will be awarded to the holders of successful numbers. Besides all this there will be one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, ranging from six hundred-dollar prizes to a family costly Bible, making altogether one chance out of every four that a rich prize may be won.

The drawing will be done openly and above-board at Corby's Opera-House, in the presence of thousands, and under the superintendence and scrutiny of a committee whom the audience itself will select. Order and fair dealing, under the circumstances, are unassailable. At least one hundred subscribers will be made independently rich by the gifts they will get, and the rest of those who hold the successful numbers will receive handsome and valuable gifts.

The number and undoubted character of the references of Messrs. WAGNER, BARNUM & Co. give stability and reliability to their enterprise; and this prize concert is commended as a means of safe investment to those who desire an interest in any enterprise involving a small risk for the prospect of great gain. The proprietors promise also to donate to the *Lancet* and *Declarer* as much as finds two thousand dollars. Further details of this great enterprise may be found in an advertisement in another column.



EMILY. "What's Capital Punishment, Mamma?"
MASTER HARRY. "Why, being Locked up in the Pantry! I should consider it so!"

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goods warranted perfect. Send stamp
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In these days of House-breaking and Robbery, every
House, Store, Bank, and Office should have one of
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Circulars containing cuts and description of our Arms
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MERCHANTS, BANKERS.
And others should send to all parts of the United
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TAKE YOUR OWN MEASURE AND SEND TO

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Directions for Measuring the Foot.

First. Place the foot upon a piece of paper and trace
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length and spread of the foot, as shown in figure A.
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inches and fractions, with tape measure, as shown
in figure B, viz:



THIS HOUSE IS THE LARGEST IN THE CITY, AND WAS
ESTABLISHED IN 1848.

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FOR HOARSE, RELIABLE CURE! FRAGRANT! Sold
by druggists every where.
HARRIS & CHAPMAN, Proprietors, Boston.

UNITED STATES PRIZE CONCERT, to be given at Crosby's Opera-House, Chicago, Illinois, May 25, 1866.
125,000 available Prizes, valued at \$25,275 25, will be presented to ticket-holders, including \$100,000 in Green-
backs. Number of tickets issued, 100,000; price, \$1 each. This is the greatest inducement ever offered to the public,
one ticket out of every four drawing a prize. The following Prizes are a few among the many to be drawn. (For
full list, see circular.)

1st Grand Prize in Greenbacks	\$30,000 00
2d Grand Prize in Greenbacks	20,000 00
3d Grand Prize, Horse and Lot	5,000 00
4th Grand Prize in Greenbacks	2,000 00
5th Grand Prize, Horse and Lot	5,000 00
6th Grand Prize in Greenbacks	2,000 00
7th Grand Prize in Greenbacks	5,000 00
8th to 12th Grand Prizes in Greenbacks, \$1000 each	20,000 00
13th to 16th Grand Prizes in Greenbacks, \$500 each	10,000 00
17th Grand Prize, Horse and Lot	5,000 00
18th to 21st Grand Prizes, Horses and Lots, \$2,000 each	10,000 00
22d to 25th Grand Prizes, City Lots, \$500 each	5,000 00
26d to 29th Grand Prizes, Greenbacks, \$100 each	5,000 00
30th to 33rd Grand Prizes, Greenbacks, \$50 each	1,000 00
34th to 115th Grand Prizes, Greenbacks, \$50 each	5,000 00
116th to 119th Grand Prizes, Horses and Lots, \$2000 each	5,000 00
120th to 124th Grand Prizes, valued at from \$3 to \$2000 each	254,275 25
Making a grand total of	\$487,515 25

The drawing will take place after the concert, on the stage of the Opera-House, where 20,000 persons can wit-
ness it. A Committee will be appointed by the audience to superintend the same. All purchasers and agents will
be supplied with current lists of drawings as soon as published. Tickets are for sale at the principal Hotels, Book and
Music Stores in the city, and at our Office, 128 Dearborn Street; price \$1 each; sent by mail on receipt of price and
stamp for return postage.

Good and reliable Agents wanted in every city, town, and village in the United States, to whom great inducements
are offered. Information required.
Special Terms and Club Rates.—Any party presenting a club of five or more names for tickets, and forwarding us
the money for the same, will be allowed the following commission, viz.: We will send 5 tickets to one address for \$4 50;
10 tickets to one address for \$9 00; 20 tickets to one address for \$17 50; 30 tickets to one address for \$25 25; 40
tickets to one address for \$33 00; 50 tickets to one address for \$41 00; and 100 tickets to one address for \$80 00.

In every case send the name and post-office address of each separate subscriber.
Money, by draft, post-office order, express, or in registered letters, may be sent at our risk.
All communications should be addressed to
WIGGINS, BRADFORD & CO.,
(Post-Office Drawer 2013.)
128 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

The proprietors will donate to the Lincoln and Douglas Monument Fund \$2000; also there will be \$2000 reserved
from the person drawing the \$30,000 prize, for the same purpose.
Examiners.—Hon. H. S. Wilkinson, Ex-Governor of Minnesota; Hon. Geo. V. Lawrence, M.C., of Penn.; Hon. Alex.
Randall, Ex-Governor of Wis.; Hon. Wm. Montgomery, Ex-M.C., of Penn.; Hon. Major Dan. Mann, Ex-M.C., of
Ind.; Hon. Ira J. Lacy, of Kansas; Hon. Wm. Leffingwell, Lyon, Iowa; Hon. Joseph Kees, of Chicago; Hon.
G. Ormsworth Smith, of Miss.; Jacob Farrow, Agt. M. S. R. R., Chicago, Ill.; M. Krueberg & Co., Importers of watches,
Chicago; Mansell, White & Co., New Orleans, La.
N. B. Editors of country papers are authorized to act as our agents, and they will be allowed full commission on all
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Proposals for inserting this advertisement are requested.

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Manufacturers of
**FRY'S PATENT POCKET FLASKS,
Dressing-Cases,
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134 and 136 William St., New York.

Every traveler should carry one of Fry's Flasks. For
sale at all the principal Drug, Hardware, Fancy Goods, and
Sporting Houses in the United States.

ITCH. (WHEATON'S) ITCH.
Salt Rheum. OINTMENT Salt Rheum.
Will cure the Itch in 48 hours; also cures Salt Rheum,
Ulcers, Chilblains, and all Eruptions of the Skin. Price
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For sale by all Druggists.

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orders promptly answered.

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**WM. GALE & SON,
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487 BROADWAY, cor. Broome Street, New York,
Will remove about the 1st of May, temporarily, to
590 BROADWAY, Metropolitan Hotel,
while the premises

572 and 574 BROADWAY, Metropolitan Hotel,
(which will be ready in July.)
Are being prepared for permanent occupancy.

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HOSIER, GLOVER,**

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SHIRT MAKER,
No. 637 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK CITY.

TO LET.

The Four-Story Building, No. 11 Broad Street, 28 feet
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Large Profits

Can be made by active men in the Freed Slave State
Business. Complete outfit of tools and stock furnished
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PIANO-FORTES.
(Established 1829.)

A full assortment of these instruments, which have been
well known in the New York market for more than thirty
years, constantly on hand. Pictorial circulars sent by
mail.

Wareroom, No. 135 Grand Street, near
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**50 PER-CENT SAVED
By Using**

B. T. BARRY'S STAR YEAST POWDER. Light
Bread, or any kind of Cake, may be made with
this "Yeast Powder" in 15 minutes. No shortening is
required when sweet milk is used. No. 64 to 74 Wash-
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with pictures from all parts, and of every interesting
subject, made by **JAMES W. QUEEN & CO., 594 Chestnut
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Print and illustrated catalogue sent gratis.

**WANTED.—EVERY BODY WANTS DR. GIL-
BERT'S PILE INSTRUMENT:** cures every case.
No pain. Relief in five minutes. Sold by druggists, and
sent by mail. Price 25. Circulars free. Address **J. T.
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ERICSSON CALORIC ENGINES,**
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200 A Month. Male or Female Agents wanted. Ad-
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It is the best Restorer for the Hair, also an excellent
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To be found on each box and each piece of GENUINE
MAGIC RUFFLE. All other goods of whatever name,
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Book

HARPER'S WEEKLY



Vol. X.—No. 488.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1866.

[SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
\$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.]



COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE—A GROUP OF PORTRAITS SKETCHED FROM LIFE.—[See Page 133.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1866.

WHO SHALL DECIDE?

ONE remark in the testimony of Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS expresses exactly the absurdity and peril of the "Conservative" policy of reorganization. In reply to a direct question by Mr. BOUTWELL, Mr. STEPHENS said: "I do not think any of the States attempting to exercise it [the right of secession] thereby lost any of their rights under the Constitution as States when their people abandoned that attempt." In other words, when a State draws the sword against the Union and is vanquished, the moment she surrenders the sword the Union has lost the right to provide for its farther security without consulting the State that is still silent and sore with defeat. This doctrine is the very reverse of that adopted by the President in appointing Governors and prescribing conditions, and is opposed to the virtually unanimous resolution of the loyal citizens of the country. It airily regards the war as a friendly tussle, an exciting little episode; and some of the pleasant party at table having failed in cutting their neighbors' throats, the company will now all be reconciled, and the dinner go delightfully on.

Happily there is a common sense in human affairs which prevents men from following any theory to their own destruction. If this doctrine of Mr. STEPHENS's were to be gravely accepted as the rule of reorganization, he and his friends, who frankly confess that their views as to the right of the rebellion remain unchanged, finding that the present was an unpropitious moment for putting that right into operation, would still have succeeded in obtaining some seventeen additional representatives in Congress. Representation is based upon population. A large part of the population in certain States is reckoned not by its actual number but by three-fifths of it. Mr. STEPHENS and his friends take up arms to secede. During the struggle the United States restores that population to its actual numbers. "Well," cry Mr. STEPHENS and his friends, finding that they are going to the wall, "half a loaf is better than no bread. We aimed at the moon and missed it, but we have shot an owl. We stood at five, and we played for ten. We do not get it this best, but we have scored seven. Let us acquiesce." And he tranquilly proposes that eleven States, having failed to destroy the Union by a bloody war, shall be welcomed back to Congress with a largely-increased representation, and being there, shall help decide whether they will agree to any other measure.

His argument is one that has been frequently urged, and which has an apparent finality very agreeable to a superficial view. "The war," says Mr. STEPHENS, "on the part of the United States was to prevent secession. It succeeded. Consequently secession was prevented. Consequently the States are all in the Union. Consequently they have equal rights, and Georgia has the same claim to representation that New York has. If the population of Georgia has increased during the war, thereby increasing our representation, that is our good luck, but it is none of your business. Show me in the Constitution the power to keep out Georgia."

That is adroit; it shows the practiced politician, but it is not the question. The question is not Georgia, but the Union. The Union has been mortally imperiled by a conspiracy of which Georgia was a part. Georgia and the other Confederates having been vanquished in the field, the question is what further is necessary to secure the Union. And that is a question upon which Georgia can claim no voice whatsoever. The authority which rightfully secured the Union against the arms of Georgia can alone rightfully determine when and how Georgia may return to her rights in the Union. That power is no more verbally specified in the Constitution than the power to coerce States. It is in the nature of things. The Constitution is not at war with common sense, and the Government of the United States having been murderously assaulted will determine, like every other government, what is necessary to its security. Five years ago Mr. STEPHENS and his friends told us that the Constitution did not permit us to do any thing by force to prevent the attempt at secession. We differed, and by force we have prevented secession. Now Mr. STEPHENS and his friends inform us that the Constitution does not permit us to do any thing further. But do he and his friends suppose that they are in a situation to expound the Constitution of the United States to those who have just now successfully maintained it against both the theories and the arms of himself and his friends?

National necessity and the general welfare justified the war. They justified emancipation. They justified the appointment of military and provisional Governors. They justified the arbitrary selection of voters. They justified imposing assent to emancipation and renunciation of the acts of secession upon the provisional

conventions. They justify the present maintenance of martial law and the Freedmen's Bureau. They justify any other measure, not inconsistent with the plain and necessary intention of the Constitution, which may be deemed essential to the resumption by any late rebel State of her position in the Union. The necessity must of course be prudently estimated. The conditions must be wisely determined. Neither hostility nor vengeance are to taint them. History and human nature are to be carefully considered. But the right of the authority which prevented the eleven States from destroying the Union to regulate the resumption of their relations in it is as unquestionable as the right of self-defense.

STRIKES.

THE strike of the car-drivers has ended, as strikes usually end, in the triumph of the employers. Yet the conduct of the strikers was, upon the whole, so temperate, and their claim so apparently just, that they were sustained by public sympathy.

The most striking fact in the case was the general willingness of the strikers to respect the equal rights of other workmen. A man has undoubtedly the right to say that he will not work for two dollars a day because those wages will not support his family. But he has no right to say that another man shall not take two dollars if he finds that they will support his family. So any number of men may combine and agree not to work for less than certain wages, but they are the worst of criminals if they forcibly prevent a single man from working who is satisfied with less.

The difficulty with strikes, as with Trades' Unions generally, is, that they presuppose an essential hostility between capital and labor. But that hostility as such does not exist. A man, whether he have a hundred dollars or a million, naturally wishes to buy cheap and sell dear. A rich man buys his labor at the lowest price, as the poor man buys his bread and meat. The poor man is not hostile to the butcher because he prefers to pay the least price possible for good meat, nor is the rich man hostile to the workman because he prefers to pay the lowest sum for which he can hire the labor he wants. Of course this parallel must not be pushed too far. Labor is merchandise, but it is something more. It is merchandise plus a soul. It is useless to try to keep humanity out of political economy. It may be a disturbing and incalculable force, but it is none the less there, and you must allow for it as the sailor allows for drift in his reckoning. We are not saying that some capitalists may not be hard upon some laborers—we are only denying that a man who has a thousand dollars is necessarily the enemy of him who has a hundred.

The important fact for strikers to consider is, that a strike, unless it rises to a revolution—for the French revolution was at bottom really a strike for higher wages or the means of living—is seldom successful. In England, for instance, where they are most frequent, LOUIS BLANC, who has carefully studied the matter and with the heartiest sympathy for workmen, says that for twenty-five years, from 1836 to 1861, scarcely six strikes succeeded.

The great strike of the Preston factory operatives in England in 1854 is the most memorable upon record. They met on the 1st of June in that year and demanded ten per cent. increase of wages. It was refused. The operatives struck, and were supported by the funds of the Trades' Unions, while their conduct was guided by an active committee. The employers announced that if the demand were not withdrawn the factories should be closed upon a certain day. The day expired, and the factories were closed. Seventeen thousand operatives were out of work. Their sufferings were terrible. Those who had been accustomed to earn twenty shillings a week received but four shillings from the general fund, which amounted to £96,000, or \$480,000. They endured the strain with gloomy heroism for thirty-six weeks, but were finally forced to yield. The strike had cost the entire population a loss of £250,000, or a million and a quarter of dollars.

Why did the operatives yield? Simply because the employers could wait longer. And there was no remedy for the workmen but a general overturn of society, which is merely burning down your house to warm your feet.

So terrible a spectacle as the Preston strike, and the constant recurrence of the same effort however unsuccessful, as in the case of the stonemasons and bricklayers, who struck for nine hours instead of ten in June, 1861, and of the present tailors' workmen's strike in London, led thoughtful Englishmen to the conclusion that so much smoke means fire somewhere; and intelligent communities in Rochdale and Leeds have established co-operative societies upon the principle of a mutual understanding between production, capital, and labor, which have already had the best results. And if in England, where the condition of the laborer is probably worse than in any other country, the system of strikes has thus far proved of no real benefit, it can hardly be more servicable elsewhere.

In this country the solution of the difficulty is to be found in reason rather than in stopping work. If a body of men who are steady, responsible, efficient, and therefore valuable workmen, find that by the general increase of prices their wages are insufficient, and plainly and temperately state the case to intelligent employers, who are the great majority, we do not believe they would be made to suffer. But if they assume hostility, and act accordingly, nothing is more probable than that they will encounter hostility. For resistance to a request of higher wages usually proceeds from the conviction that to yield is to invite still larger demands. That feeling can be dissipated by frank and honorable conduct, and by the spirit of co-operation, which is the true secret of industrial harmony.

REFORM IN ENGLAND.

LORD GREY and his friends, who agitated England for electoral Reform in 1832, RICHARD CORNWALL and the men who began to agitate for the Corn-Law Repeal in 1837, and JOHN BASSETT with the party who now propose to agitate for further electoral reforms in England, belong to that class of true statesmen who perceive a condition of affairs which will lead to revolution if it is not changed; and who, therefore, before the peril is imminent, arouse the public mind that the catastrophe may be avoided altogether. They are all met by the same objection. They are told that the people do not demand a change, and that they are incendiaries who try to inflame dangerously the public mind. Their answer is always the same. They reply that the conditions of trouble are evident, although latent; and if they are not perceived by the public, that that is the very reason why the public should be made to see. Acting upon this principle they have hitherto taught England the danger and the duty of the hour, and by organizing the popular demand they have compelled petrician power to yield, and have so saved their country from tragical convulsion. Their wisdom lay in putting up lightning-rods in pleasant weather, and in not waiting until the hot air quivered with electricity.

In his late speech upon Mr. GLADSTONE's new Reform bill Mr. BASSETT said that he regarded it as a wedge. It is the beginning of the work, which he very plainly declares is a necessity of the times in England. That work is the constant enlarging of the suffrage. Pass the present bill, says Mr. BASSETT, and Parliament will show that it sympathizes with the multitudes of the English people. The advice of those who urge Parliament to resist it he calls "the most revolutionary advice ever given in this House." And Mr. GLADSTONE, in reply to Mr. LOWE and Lord ROBERT GROSVEOR, who had asserted that the bill proposed to admit drunkards and brawlers and semi-savages to political power, said, with his old brilliant fervor, "I object to the idea of dealing with these statistics as if we were ascertaining the numbers of an invading army. The people who will be admitted to the franchise are our fellow-subjects, our fellow-Christians, our own flesh and blood. Men lauded to the skies for their conduct—men who have borne destitution, starvation almost, with a patience which is a lesson to all."

One of Mr. BASSETT's statements is the key of the position. "You have a population divorced almost entirely from the land and shut out from the possession of the franchise." To see that fact, and to appreciate the vital danger it involves, is the proof of his great political genius. To rely upon his profound conviction that the danger is no less because it is not generally comprehended, and to devote himself to arousing the people to perceive it, makes him a great popular leader. It marks exactly the difference between a follower or a trimmer and a statesman.

Mr. BASSETT knows, as every close observer of human nature and student of history knows, that every country is safe so long as it moves constantly and regularly toward a wider distribution of intelligence, property, and political power. When these tend to concentration—when the land is falling into fewer hands and the political power to a smaller number—the country is fatally endangered. Mr. BASSETT has read Roman history and French history with his mind as well as with his eyes. He has seen that although the early French revolution multiplied the number of land proprietors, and the days of July abolished the old Bourbon monarchy, yet the number of voters was still only about 400,000 out of 30,000,000 of people, so that LOUIS PHILIPPE's parliament was virtually of his own election; and deceiving himself by his own image, which he regarded as the reflection of France, that King found himself suddenly without a kingdom or a crown.

In England the tendency of the land is to fewer proprietors, of which, we believe, there are now about 36,000; and the voters of all kinds are but twelve hundred thousand in a population of 30,000,000; nor to counteract the consequences of this tendency is there any thing broader and more radical than individual or collective charity, except the enlargement of political power. To that Mr. BASSETT looks for more general education, which, in his judg-

ment, is sure to follow. With greater general intelligence, and the self-respect which springs from the consciousness of an actual share in the state, the still further enlargement of political power, even with any necessary modification of the whole system of the country, becomes possible. Without some movement wisely and continuously developed which shall give the great multitude of the people some direct voice in the representation, Mr. BASSETT unquestionably expects grave trouble.

The politics of England are watched with interest by many minds in our lately disturbed States. Their own problems are in many points, and especially in this of suffrage, like those in England. We hope they will weigh the counsels of BASSETT and GLADSTONE.

THE I. R.

Those honest Irishmen who comprehend the real suffering of their country and would seriously help her, must be the most indignant of all the spectators of Fenian antics. It is not to be doubted that large sums have been subscribed for the promised movement toward Irish independence, and the mass of those who give a generous part of their hard earnings to the Fenian treasury are unquestionably very earnest. They heartily hate England, and with the easy enthusiasm of their race they sincerely believe that they have subscribed to some formidable demonstration. If, however, those who have received the money are not quite so earnest, the urgency of the subscribers must be rather annoying. It must be appeased in some way, and nothing would be so valuable to the leaders as a valid excuse for deferring the blow. Has it occurred to those who have given their money that the demonstrations upon the border are intended merely to provoke the United States Government to interfere, so that the leaders can turn to their subscribers and say—"There! you see the Government has interfered! We can do nothing now, of course. But patience, patience, patience. Wait carefully, watch closely, and you shall see what you shall see!"

So far as now appears that is the present scope of the effort to establish the I. R. in the State of Maine.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE SUFFRAGE.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON must not be held responsible for all the follies spoken in his name. The vociferous centurs who defend him, and in the same breath declare that this is a white man's government—meaning that no man of any other complexion should be allowed to vote—reckon without their host. The President is not of their opinion, if we may judge him from his own words on many occasions. Let us refresh their memories.

In his famous speech to the colored people of Nashville, on the 24th of October, 1864, which was certainly not the least illustrious incident of his life, Mr. JOHNSON said, speaking of Tennessee: "Loyal men, whether white or black, shall alone control her destinies; and when this strife in which we are all engaged is past, I trust, I know, we shall have a better state of things, and shall all rejoice that honest labor reaps the fruit of its own industry, and that every man has a fair chance in the race of life."

In April, 1865, Mr. SCHUCKER, Mr. W. D. KELLEY, and Mr. SCURRY, whose views were very radical, were entirely satisfied with the opinions upon the question of suffrage which were expressed to them by President JOHNSON.

In May he told Mr. KELLEY, of Pennsylvania, that he should earnestly advocate the extension of suffrage to her colored citizens, if he were in Tennessee, but did not feel that, as President, he had a right to force it upon the late rebel States.

On the 15th of August, 1865, President JOHNSON suggested to Governor SHARKEY, of Mississippi, that he should persuade the Convention to "extend the elective franchise to all persons of color who can read the Constitution of the United States in English and write their names, and to all persons of color who own real estate valued at not less than \$250 and who pay taxes thereon.....This you can do with perfect safety."

On the 27th of September, 1865, President JOHNSON told Senator WILSON that the suffrage question was open for discussion within the party, and that he should not discriminate between its members on account of opinions they might express upon points not settled by the Baltimore Convention.

On the 3d of October Major STEARNS made a memorandum of a conversation he had just had with the President, during which Mr. JOHNSON said: "My position here is different from what it would be if I were in Tennessee. There I should try to introduce negro suffrage gradually; first, those who had served in the army, those who could read and write, and perhaps a property qualification for others, say \$200 or \$250." This memorandum was submitted by Major STEARNS to the President,

who returned it with this indorsement: "I have read the within communication and find it substantially correct. I have made some verbal alterations. A. J."

There is no reason whatever to suppose that President Johnson has changed his opinions upon this subject. And no man of common sense supposes that this large part of the population can be long disfranchised with safety.

TAXATION AND REVENUE.

BEFORE these lines are read the House Committee of Ways and Means will probably have reported the amended Tax bill. The papers are full of circumstantial accounts of the changes which are to be made.

These are substantial, suggestive facts. This country, it seems, with a population, including negroes, perhaps 3,000,000 more than that of Great Britain and Ireland, and 9,000,000 less than that of France, yields a revenue to Government fifty per cent. more than the public revenue of Great Britain or of France.

The revenue, as we said, is not to be less in 1866-7 than it was in 1865-6. Yet the expenditure is to be reduced nearly one-half. In 1865-6 the expenditure will be found not to fall far short of \$500,000,000.

An important problem is suggested by this probable excess of revenue over expenditure. Is it just or politic for the present generation to undertake the payment of the national debt, and at the rate of nearly 10 per cent. per annum?

But, on the other hand, as future generations will benefit at least as much as the present generation by the war for which the national debt was incurred, it seems but fair to many that they should bear their full share of the burden.

Certain newspapers of unquestioned loyalty dwell upon the advantage of reducing the debt to \$2,500,000,000 by the payment in full of some \$205,000,000 of short-date obligations.

But is it quite certain that there is no better way of using the surplus of 1866-7 than in paying off \$205,000,000 of debt certificates and other short-date obligations?

Look at the situation. Money is a drug in Wall Street. It can not be easily lent even at 5 per cent., and the prospect is that 3 or 4 will soon be the rate. Fully \$500,000,000 of currency, independent of interest-bearing legal tenders, are afloat—four times as much as we had before the war.

Now, how will the proposed application of the surplus of 1866-7 to the extinction of 9 or 10 per cent. of the public debt affect this state of things? It will make money even easier than it is, and will render a fresh inflation inevitable.

If, on the other hand, this great surplus—the greatest, we believe, ever accumulated by any nation in a single year—should be used exclusively for the purpose of restoring the national currency to its proper value—the standard of gold—how, then, would the case stand?

The Secretary of the Treasury has communicated his purposes to no one. But if he have not greatly changed his mind since he wrote his report to Congress in December last, he is much more likely to adopt the latter method of disposing of his surplus than the former.

A CONSERVATIVE SIGN.

SENATOR SAYSBURY, of Delaware, one of the most conspicuous Conservatives, recently said, at a meeting of the National Democratic Association in Washington, that he believed "that when JEFFERSON DAVIS left the Senate he was a better Union man than ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

But, despite Senator SAYSBURY, it continues to be six hundred years later. The political theory upon which the rebellion rested has been as effectually settled as any theory can be.

which was, that the States in the Union are absolute sovereign powers, and that the Union was a compact at will. And now Conservatism—the spirit that forever wrestles with the order of nature—true to its instincts, plants itself upon the very proposition that the country has repudiated.

HOW AND WHEN SHALL WE EAT?

DIGESTION is quite a compound process. The food is first cut and ground by the teeth, and at the same time there is poured forth into the mouth from the ducts of several pairs of glands a large quantity of saliva, which thoroughly moistens the food as it is being ground.

There have been many speculations about the nature of the digestive process, and in relation to them the celebrated Hunter remarked playfully: "To account for digestion some have made the stomach a mill; some would have it to be a stewing-pot, and some a brewing trough; yet all the while one would have thought that it must have been very evident that the stomach was neither a mill, nor a stewing-pot, nor a brewing-trough, nor any thing but a stomach."

When the food has been sufficiently acted upon in the stomach it is passed forward into the small intestine, where the nutritious portion of it is absorbed, and then is poured into the circulation to replenish the blood.

The process goes through with in the stomach is a regular one, requiring a certain average period for its completion; and then nature dictates that there should be a period of rest for the organ before the process be entered upon again. It is obvious, then, that no fresh matter should be introduced after the mass of food has become in any good degree digested, for this would interfere with the regularity of the process.

The ease with which food is digested depends much upon the thoroughness of mastication. If unmasticated lumps of food be swallowed the gastric juices are slow in penetrating them, and soon portions of them may pass into the intestines undigested, and prove a source of irritation, and therefore of disease.

It seems to be quite well settled by experience that three meals a day are required for the maintenance of health. If more than these are taken too much is eaten, and the stomach does not have sufficient intervals of rest; and if less the intervals are so long that there is some degree of exhaustion, which, though it may be slight, produces an injurious effect, and if repeated every day, it has in the progress of years a considerable aggregate of influence.

Much has been said about exercising after eating, and the truth has been often overrated. The famous experiment with the two dogs is cited to show that exercise after eating interferes with the process of digestion. Observers just how much was proved by the experiment. Two dogs were fed to the full, and while one was left to lie still, the other was made to run about very briskly.

The same is to some extent true of exercise of mind. It seems to be necessary that there should be some measure of concentration of energy in the stomach for the due performance of digestion, and any very decided exercise, bodily or mental, tends to prevent this.

It is very commonly said that it is wrong to eat just before going to bed. Is this true? Cattle are

apt to go to sleep after eating fully. Do sleep and digestion agree well in their case, and not so in the case of man? In some seasons of the year the farmer takes his heaviest meal at the close of the laborers of the day, and soon retires. Is this a bad custom? Our opinion is that food may be taken properly at a late hour, provided, first, that the individual has not already eaten enough for the twenty-four hours, that he has done so being true probably in most cases; and provided, secondly, that he is in such a state of health that digestion will not be act upon his nerves as to disturb his sleep.

CATALOGUE OF THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

THE catalogue of the Mercantile Library, just issued by the catalogue committee of that institution, is a model. It is admirably arranged, so that nobody can miss the book he wishes, if he knows either the author's name or the subject of the book, and the classification is complete.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

April 15: In the Senate, Mr. Grimes introduced a bill regarding the appointments of officers in the navy. It provides for 1 Vice-Admiral, 11 Rear-Admirals, 23 Commodores, 54 Captains, 20 Commanders, 126 Lieutenants, 160 Ensigns, and 1000 Midshipmen.

April 16: In the House, the Army bill was taken up, the question being on the motion to strike out that part of the fourth section relating to the Veteran Reserve Corps.

April 17: In the Senate, a resolution was adopted, calling upon the President for whenever additional information he may have received since his last report in relation to the Southern States.

April 18: The act supplementary of an act in relation to the Alaska corps was taken up and passed, 30 to 4. This bill grants indemnity to officers of the army for acts committed in all of the suppression of the rebellion, and exempts them from liability to civil suits for such acts.

April 19: In the House, the bill giving to Edward Day, of Delaware County, Maryland, an annuity of \$421.50, as a recompense of his services in depositing the national flag from Gilmore's rebel soldiers, on the 25th of July, 1864, was passed—yeas 100, nays 13.

April 20: In the Senate, Mr. Conness offered a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the Committee on Commerce to inquire into the expediency of providing against the importation, transportation, sale, or manufacture of strychnine in the United States.

A NEW LICENSE LAW.

An act has been passed by the New York State Legislature and approved by Governor Foster, to take effect from May 1, 1866, entitled, An Act to Regulate the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors within the Metropolitan Police District of the State of New York.

1. The Commissioners of the Board of Health shall cause to be determined by the Commissioners, and not to be under \$20 each or over \$1000. These licenses are to be posted in a conspicuous place wherever the liquors are sold.

2. From and after the 1st day of May, 1866, no person or persons shall, within the said Metropolitan Police District, exclusive of the County of Westchester, publicly keep or sell, give away or dispose of any strong or spirituous liquors, wines, ale, or beer, in quantities less than five gallons at a time, unless as here or they may be licensed, pursuant to the provisions of this act, and may be permitted by it.

3. These licenses shall authorize no sale of the liquors specified on Monday.

4. No liquors shall be sold to minors without the consent of their parents, nor to any habitual drunkard, nor to any person while under the influence of liquor, nor to any person against the request of any wife, husband, parent, or child.

5. Every person who shall violate any of the foregoing provisions of this act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction therefor shall be imprisoned with a fine of not less than \$20, nor more than \$100, or with imprisonment for not less than ten days nor more than thirty days, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE.

A new batch of correspondence between Secretary Seward and the Marquis de Montebello has been laid before Congress. The question of the whole matter is that France is to withdraw her troops from Mexico within eighteen months. It is understood that the United States will not interfere in Mexican affairs, except as against an attempt made to establish a monarchy against the will of the Mexican people.

The Merrimack expedition has at last been heard from. After a pleasant voyage, diversified only by the usual incidents of sea-sickness, the Commodore reached Rio on the 19th of February. The friends of the young ladies who have ventured in this expedition will be glad to learn that they were all well and in good spirits.



ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.]

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

There are few public men in the country who have spoken so plainly, and whose political career has been so conspicuous, whose real position has yet been more misunderstood than that of Mr. STEPHENS. It was long the habit to regard him as a "national" man, as opposed to the school of State sovereignty; while the plain fact of his whole career is that, while Mr. CALHOUN'S measures were not always approved by him, Mr. CALHOUN'S theory of the Government has never had a more consistent and determined supporter. Viewing the two great historical periods of the country as the Northern and the Southern, the Southern policy has been steadily defended by him, and with a thousand-fold more sagacity than by its noisier and more rhetorical chiefs. If the people of Georgia and of the late

slave States had followed ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS rather than ROBERT TOOMBS and BENJAMIN DAVIS, the war would have been deferred, but the character of our Government would have come much nearer destruction. Mr. STEPHENS was born in Taliaferro county, Georgia, on the 11th of February, 1812. He studied law and came to the bar in 1834. In 1836 he was elected to the Lower House of the Georgia Legislature, and in 1842 to the State Senate. In politics he was an ardent Whig, and in 1843 was elected to Congress, where he remained until 1859. In 1844 he supported HENRY CLAY for the Presidency, although he thought him too lukewarm upon the then great Southern measure of the annexation of Texas, and one of the first speeches Mr. STEPHENS made in Congress was in favor of that measure. He was one of the authors of the resolutions for the annexation,

which was peculiarly Mr. CALHOUN'S measure, and intended by him to secure his election to the Presidency; and so it was necessary at that time for the Southern policy to acknowledge the right of Congress to legislate upon Slavery in the Territories, the Missouri Compromise was distinctly recognized in Mr. STEPHENS'S resolutions. In 1847 Mr. STEPHENS introduced resolutions upon the Mexican war which became the platform of the Whig party, and by committing it to the Southern policy finally destroyed that party. In 1850 Mr. STEPHENS supported the compromises which included JAMES M. MASSEY'S foolish Fugitive Slave bill. In 1854, when the Southern policy required that Congress should no longer legislate upon Slavery in the Territories, Mr. STEPHENS, as Chairman of the Territorial Committee in the House, was the chief supporter of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. He took hit or

could for "the South" as occasion required. The Whig party disappeared. The Supreme Court declared the Southern policy to be Constitutional; and at the close of the 36th Congress, in 1859, Mr. STEPHENS declined to be longer a candidate. Upon his retirement he spoke, in June, 1859, at Augusta. He reviewed the political movements of the twenty-three years—nearly a quarter of a century—during which he had been in political life, and declared that "we"—meaning "the South"—had gained the victory in every agitation. "There is not now," he said, "a spot of the public territory of the United States over which the national flag floats where slavery is excluded by law of Congress; and the highest tribunal of the land has decided that Congress has no power to pass such a law, nor to grant such power to a Territorial legislature.... Wherever climate and soil suit there

slavery can and will go to the extent of population." He cautiously favored the acquisition of Cuba, and plainly but indirectly advised the reopening of the slave-trade. As for the main question of Southern policy, that of slavery itself, he confessed that "the leading public men of the South, in our early history, were all against it." But he said that it was a question "which they did not, and perhaps could not, thoroughly understand." But the increasing lights of religion and science had now shown that not to sustain human slavery upon religious grounds was "to reverse the decree of the Almighty." This great truth having been accepted by the American people, and solemnly proclaimed by the Supreme Court, Mr. Seward considered that he might safely cease from his labors. The country would now advance to a still more shining prosperity. But that no one should misapprehend his orthodoxy upon the one cardinal point of devotion to "the South" he said that, as matters stood, he saw "no cause of danger either to the Union or Southern security in it. The former has always been with me, and ought to be with you, subordinate to the latter."

In the Presidential election of 1860 Mr. Seward supported Mr. DOUGLASS and HARRISON V. JOHNSON, because he was sure that the Southern policy would be safer under them than with the probable extravagance of BRADKENTON and LANE. Upon the election of Mr. LINCOLN he was openly opposed to secession for reasons which he stated in a speech before the Georgia Legislature at Milledgeville on the 14th of November, 1860, in reply to an appeal of Mr. TOOMBS for secession on the previous evening. This speech was much quoted at the time in the Free States as an indication of Union feeling. But it was simply an argument against the policy of secession; the right was never denied by Mr. Seward. The truth is, that the Milledgeville speech states simply the value to "the South" of a Union which it controlled. The election of Mr. LINCOLN, Mr. Seward said, did not remove it from Southern control. The Senate and the House were opposed to him. If the new President and his party should attempt to do any thing which Georgia considered to be unconstitutional, let her secede. He was first for his State, and then for his country; and he merely objected to secession as unnecessary so long as the Union remained as it then was, under Southern domination. This was Mr. Seward's "Union" speech upon the eve of the war.

When, as probably he foresaw, the counsel of the immediate secessionists prevailed, Mr. Seward was at once elected Provisional Vice-President of the "Confederacy" for two reasons: first, to propitiate and secure the Georgia party which agreed with him; and second, because there was no doubt of his entire devotion to "the South" as against the country. This was on the 9th of February, 1862. On the 21st of March he speaks at Savannah. He repeated in almost the same words the philosophy of the speech at Augusta in 1859. He announced that the "old Union" was based upon liberty and equal rights, which was "a sandy foundation." But, he added, "Our new government is the first in the history of the world based upon this great physical, philosophical, and moral truth" that slavery is the "natural and moral condition" of the African race. This is "the corner-stone" of the new system. Mr. Seward neither concealed nor repudiated in this speech any of his well-known views. It was entirely harmonious with his whole career.

During the war he was not conspicuous. He seldom presided in the Richmond Senate, and he twice essayed to end hostilities by some kind of negotiation. He probably did not change his opinion that the attempt at secession was a mistake, and events, of course, must only have confirmed his conviction. From May to October of last year Mr. Seward was a state prisoner at Fort Warren. He was then released upon parole, and, returning to Georgia, secured his election as United States Senator. On the 23d of February, 1866, he made a speech to the Legislature recommending acquiescence in the situation, and such legislation as would secure a chance to the freedmen. But still holding to the right of secession, he also believes that every State which has tried to secede and failed is now entitled without delay or condition to resume the exercise of every other right in the Union—a doctrine which grows naturally out of the old Southern view of the government, and which we have considered in our editorial columns.

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INSIDE
A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XVII.

"O HAPPY day!—O glorious and blessed day!—O day for us to celebrate with joyful hearts as long as we live here and throughout all eternity! No room for hesitation now. Many a time you have laughed at your humble speaker—said, 'Don't be too fast, Brother Barker'—hah! was I not right? From the first whisper of the great news I believed it all, every syllable. Shame upon you who held back, who wanted confirmation, as you call it. There was your sin. Men standing high like among us, too—like the lord on whose hand the king leaned that our text—Second Kings, seventh—speaks about. You wouldn't believe me any more than they would the lepers when they came to tell of the invading army fled. Like them, it is faith you need. You may despise me, but you can't take from me my faith. You hesitated. You said, Louisville taken? May be so. Cincinnati captured?



BROTHER BARKER IS A TALKER.

Perhaps; only there's a good many people living in that town, railways to bring more, and the like. But Washington captured? you asked. Don't know about that. You all believed about the second battle of Manassas which went before all this glorious success; you hummed and hawed about the rest. Only let me have the humble satisfaction of calling you all to witness this day that I believed it all from the first—second victory of Manassas, capture simultaneously thereafter of Louisville, Cincinnati, Washington—yes, and of Philadelphia and New York City, too, which will soon follow. Is it because I believe in our glorious Davis and Lee and Stonewall Jackson and our gallant army? Not one bit of it. What I believe in is God. From the first I have said, Brethren, here's the only ground to stand on. This whole war is a war for slavery. God teaches plainly in His Word slavery is a divine ordinance. In all the world we are His peculiar people, being the only people on earth who believe in the institution as such. An infidel North, an infidel world against us, but God for us! You have trembled and said, 'Oh, the North is so populous, so rich, so united, so determined—the North is so this, and the North is so that.' All I said is this, Very good, if the North is all this and a millionfold more so, what do I care? The God of this Bible is for us. But the whole civilized world is against us. Who cares if all the devils in hell were too? If God be for us, who can be against us? I, all the brethren in our denomination, almost every preacher of every denomination has said the same here at the South—if you would only believe it when you hear it. There is that ninth verse—'We do not well: this day is a day of good tidings; and we hold our peace;' what the lepers said to one another. As I said in taking that text, this being a day of good tidings, I don't intend to hold my peace!"

And Brother Barker did not. It was on Sunday morning in his pulpit in Somerville, to his church crowded to its utmost capacity. For a week the news he specifies has been pouring in, increasing in magnitude and being more fully confirmed every mail. Some rejoicings had taken place from its very first arrival; but last night the news was so entirely confirmed that even the most prudent Secessionist in Somerville abandoned any doubt as to its authenticity. Hurrahing until hopeless hoarseness, bonfires, firearms from cannon down to the feeblest pistol, bells from the big bell of the Brick Church down to the weakest tea-bell in the hands of baby assisted to hold and shake it! Shaking of hands till exhaustion. Somerville has rejoiced before, but Somerville outdoes Somerville this time. Very properly, the news being by far the most glorious ever received.

Around Mr. Ferguson, sitting grimly aloft in his room, Somerville sweeps and roars like a maelstrom, all the county around sucked into the vortex of rejoicing. Like a bantled lion in his brushy hair, the Scotchman broods in defiant scorn behind his grizzly beard. His only care is to secure each and every dispatch or other printed fragment in relation to the news as it appears, and before it can be whelmed in the torrent of later and fresher tidings, give it a permanent place in his Scrap-book according to its exact date and sequence. It is a very Daniel Lambert of volumes. No easy matter to handle it now, as it lies on a table in the Scotchman's room devoted expressly to it; and it is growing rapidly in these days. Mr. Ferguson has no children, not even a cat, and this is his pet. Mr. Ferguson has no visitors beyond Dr. Warner, Guy Brooks before he left, Mr. Arthur, and one or two more; his business is destroyed for the present; the collection is at once his only business and recreation.

Yes, on this Sunday morning, while Mr. Arthur is preaching the old, obsolete, utterly uninteresting Gospel to quite a small congregation, both he and they none the brighter from a night from which sleep had been routed by the bells—at the same hour Brother Barker actually outdoes and altogether eclipses the Brother Barker of any previous occasion. No wonder. Is not the North now finally defeated? The war is over, as Brother Barker very justly reasons in his sermon. Washington being captured, there is no longer any Northern Government existing to fight. With tears in his eyes he confesses in

sermons, and in conversation which fills up all the space between sermons, to a feeling even of deepest pity for this misguided and infidel but now utterly wrecked and ruined people. As he refers to it in the pulpit he has broken down, has turned himself to one side to wipe his eyes and blow his nose. Friends must excuse him, he was born among that infatuated people who have so madly rushed upon their ruin; and so, with a hasty swallow or two and a twenty-fifth sip at the tumbler of water beside him, he tucks his wet handkerchief under the edge of his Bible.

"I know your magnanimous souls, dear friends. Even in this hour of your final triumph you pity your fallen foe. In view of their awful overthrow we all feel to sorrow over them. It was an inscrutable Providence that caused me, no will of my own, to be born there. You will excuse—you know how wicked Jerusalem was, yet you know who wept over it!"

Pardon the hand which records this, but shall not that time be set down as it actually was?

"I have heard from my earliest infancy many, very many sermons; in fact, in the earlier portion of my existence I never heard any thing else." Captain Simmons remarks to a group of friends in the grocery next day, "but I never heard a more brilliant discourse—a more affecting one, parts of it, in my life. My nature revolts from a Yankee, even when a Secessionist, yet I must do Parson Barker justice to say that."

"Bear in your minds, friends, this one thing," reiterates Brother Barker, speaking the almost unanimous sentiment of his denomination South at that hour. "The success of our glorious Confederacy, the destruction of the old United States and the infidel North is the doing of the Almighty. And why? Because he could not be a just God and act otherwise."

And it is a little singular that the sovereignty of God is the theme, far from the first or the last time, of Mr. Arthur's sermon at the same hour, the grand doctrine, not the same inference. Though he, too, is dreading this morning in secret lest the will of Heaven may be at last as Brother Barker interprets it—dreading it, rebuking himself for any pain at what Heaven degrades, yet oh that acute, bitter, sickening dread! "Not my will but Thine!" he repeats a thousand times, but oh that it would throbb in his very heart as well as on his tongue!

"You observe my condition, friends," says Brother Barker, half an hour later in his discourse. "My bleeding lungs will not permit—I must close. Only I find on the desk a note making request that I will explain a little Scripture before we part. With pleasure will I do so." And that thin, sallow-faced fellow-creature—his lank hair combed back off his forehead and tucked behind his ears, the centre and soul for near two hours now of that crowded church,

enjoys, as he leans forward over his cushion, note in hand, a degree of self-satisfaction intense beyond the ordinary allotment of the rest of us.

"I find here," he says, "some questions to answer. I have had no time to examine them. I trust my general knowledge of this blessed Book is sufficient. 'First, What does prophecy mean by the stars of heaven?' An easy question to answer," with a smile; "as I have often told you, by the stars of heaven is meant in prophecy governments, particularly the States which once composed this Union. 'Second, Has prophecy a meaning when it speaks of a third part of the stars of heaven?' Whoever wrote this note could hardly have attended the preaching of your most humble. I've explained it often in the Sunday-school. The smallest child there could tell you the reference is to our Confederate States; thirty-three States at the time of Secession; eleven seceded States. Yes, if there be, as I've often explained, any thing certain, positively certain, in Scripture," says the preacher, slowly, "it is that by a third part of the stars of heaven is meant these Confederate States of America. Very good. 'Third, When Scripture speaks of the great Red Dragon what is meant?' Really, friends," says Brother Barker, smiling, "these questions are too simple; I'm wasting your time. By the Dragon is meant, of course, the Devil, the Adversary, Satan. He is called great because of his terrible power over men. He is called red—the great red Dragon—to show that he burns like fire with fury, and because he accomplishes his dreadful purposes against men very often by bloodshed and war. 'A last question: Please say, then, what is meant by Revelation, twelfth chapter, third and fourth verses.' Revelation, twelfth, third—twelfth, third." Brother Barker has his long forefinger on the place in an instant, and reads, without a pause: "'And there appeared another wonder in heaven; and behold a great red dragon, having seven heads and ten horns, and seven crowns upon his heads.' All this emblematic," the preacher pauses here to say, "'of the devil's terrible power over men; but let us go on: 'And his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and did cast them to the earth.'"

Total silence in the vast audience. Then a perfectly distinct "by George!" from the direction in which Bob Withers is seated, with a tittering among the younger portion, first at Brother Barker's aspect of sudden and total discomfiture, swelling as the meaning of this most unexpected Scripture breaks upon them according to the explanation yet ringing in their ears! The whole congregation at last catch the joke, and join in. The thing comes upon it so suddenly. The reaction of feeling also. The sympathy of a crowd of laughters likewise.

Brother Barker has closed the Bible, very sal-



"YOU BLACK-HEARTED ABOLITIONIST!"

low indeed, and leans himself over the desk with deprecating hand for some time before he can make himself heard.

"Brethren," he begins, at last, in his most solemn tones, "an enemy hath done— But the congregation has at this instant a fresh sense of the joke, and go off together in another peal of laughter, as audacious sometimes will, as much at Brother Barker himself, the victim, as at the sudden Scripture.

"An enemy, an enemy hath done this," he says at last. "Once before, in my humble labors in the cause of the South and the God of the South, an enemy attempted to wrest Scripture at church in somewhat the same way. I foresaw then and told friends he wrested Scripture to his own destruction. You have all heard the fate, the just fate, of the traitor who did it—the double vengeance of God on him as a traitor both to his country and to his Bible. Like Uzzah, he laid his hand on the Ark of the Lord, and, like Uzzah, he perished for his sin."

But there is laughter breaking forth yet, here and there, among the most thoughtful. Brother Barker grows more livid, his hair seems blacker, his eyes like those of a serpent, his head projected nearer his audience, his long arm shaking a prophetic finger at them.

"I have spoken of the fate of that miserable man's body," he adds; "but what of his immortal soul gone to the Judgment? I tell you, friends, disloyalty to the Confederacy is a sin against God, a great sin. He will damn a man for that as well as for any other sin. The Powers that be are ordained of God; and it goes right on to add: Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God, and they that resist shall receive to themselves—Damnation!"

But it is impossible to describe the force and zest with which the word passes the speaker's lips.

"As to the person who wrote this"—the preacher holds out the offensive note at arm's length—"let him look out for himself. He may be here this instant. I tell you, Sir, whoever you are, we have your handwritings. You can not escape. Has it come to this!" wails Brother Barker. "Is it possible there can exist among us men so desperate! Men who can yet cling to our vile foe, clinging to it in the very hour that Heaven has finally crushed it beneath its awful wrath! From whom," continues the speaker, after a pause, and with a lower leaning of his body to his audience, as he asks the question, in confidence, of them, "did the writer of this get his Bible passages? The Concordance by which this note was got up belongs," shaking the paper almost to pieces in his extended hand as he speaks, "to a minister of the Gospel now living, this moment preaching, preaching without one prayer for the Confederacy, in Somerville!" And the speaker's silence is more eloquent of meaning than any words could be. Not a grown person but says to himself—Mrs. Warner is not the only lady who whispers it to her neighbor them—"Parson Arthur."

"I will say this much more"—the preacher has worked himself by this time into a frenzy, the projection of his lean body, long arms, small head over the desk, with the lines of his words resembling him, even to Tim Lamm, who sits on one side of the pulpit, crowded there by the stress of the occasion, and has the preacher in profile, to an enraged serpent—"this moment our brave boys, your own husbands, brothers, sons, lovers, friends are far away there, enduring hunger, cold, intense toil for their country, lying in their heart's gore, being this very instant butchered by a fiendish foe; pouring out from every vein their rich, warm, Southern blood! And for what? Doing the Almighty's work on their and His hellish foes. Yes, passing and slaughtering and burning the Louisvilles and Cincinnati and Washingtons of your debased tyrants as those other slaveholders and peculiar people of God did the Canaanites! Our dear boys are this moment slaying such of our cruel foes as come in their reach; and here are we at home, the same foes right among us, people sitting deliberately, insidiously down to write such a paper as this—a deadly snake to it—"while we are exulting in our great victories. Men right at our firesides! Advers dabbling the news on the very hearthstones which warm them. I tell you what, friends and fellow-citizens"—and the preacher, lower down over his desk, two-thirds of his body toward his breathless congregation, suits eyes and lips, long arms and convulsive hands, face livid and teeth set, to the words—"you should this hour seize the wretches and crush them like serpents under your feet!" and the stamp with which he dashes his heel upon their shattered heads thrills every heart.

But not without the conscious uprising in his own bosom, ay, and in the bosom of every Christian man there, of a something adverse to all this, not without that, not without that!

Only human nature, and that nature yours, dear reader, as well as his. Our common nature: in this instance dizzied in and by the raging of such a whirlwind as never befalls twice a century. Let Him decide the degree of guilt who only can.

Reaction, however, being thus established, Brother Barker drives himself back again into the pulpit and takes up his well-worn hymn-book.

"Sixty-eight Psalm, first part, long measure:

"O God arise in all his might
And put the troops of hell to flight."

Brother n, please sing."

Yes, the case of Mr. Arthur grows a more painful one every day. Many of his members, even his warmest friends, cease to attend church; even those who in his kindness most cordially to support, his cause are very rare indeed in their

attendance there, exceedingly shy of being seen conversing with him, even for an instant, on the street. So many whom he once knew pass him on the streets, refusing to speak to him, that he now takes the initiative in that matter, and never himself first salutes any one of whose friendly feeling he entertains the least doubt. The very children are, in more instances than one, prompted to call after him as he passes along. The week after Brother Barker's sermon Mrs. Warner's little son salutes him as "A black-hearted Abolitionist." It is on record that the same child receives, for the first time in many months, an exceedingly severe chastisement from Dr. Warner, followed by a much more severe scourging of the Doctor himself by the tongue of his wife; but who dare raise the sacred veil of their family privacy to explain matters?

In fact, Mr. Arthur's apprehension of the exact standing of a leper in Hebrew society is clearer than it ever was before, with all his reading. But let only truth be told; with all his bitter unpopularity in the community he enjoys a sweeter, more solid peace than ever before.

"It reminds me of the story of the prisoner whose dungeon was curiously constructed to contract around him every day," he says to Mr. Ferguson, who has just read aloud from his portly scrap-book a furious onslaught upon "the miscreant ministers yet lingering among us who refuse to pray for the Confederacy," from the last Somerville Star.

"They do their utmost to drive you away. Only go, and they will publish you as having deserted to the Federals, being a hypocrite and a spy all the time you were here," added the Scotchman, upon whom quite a change has passed, by-the-by. Rough, cross, an old booby, and a tough Scot, since Guy Brooks has gone—"fed in a base and cowardly manner to our dastardly foes," as the Star had it—Mr. Ferguson, whose regard for Mr. Arthur has, since Secession, steadily increased, is now, to him at least, more gentle than he was ever known to be to man before. There is the spirit of John Knox in Mr. Arthur which he can not resist.

"Yes, if you were to go you would leave an odor behind you proving you to have been all along the vilest of wolves in sheep's clothing, just as the smell of brimstone proves a departed visitant to have been the devil." So he comforts his friend.

Heretofore he scarcely ever visited any one. The truth is, he was afraid to leave his collection. Now he lugs and crowds that ponderous volume into the iron safe in which he keeps his land-titles and money, and frequently visits Mr. Arthur in the study of the latter. If busy when his friend enters the minister merely returns the dry Good-morning, and waves the Scotchman to a chair till he gets through. Often Mr. Ferguson mounts his horse, a scrubby, obstinate hack, the very counterpart of his own, and visits his friend out at Mrs. Scott's. He has even been known to pat Robby, when out there, on the head—the first time he has touched a child for many, many years. True, the conversation is upon the one topic until Mr. Arthur wearies of it, yet he experiences a pleasure in having his grim and taciturn friend with him. It is somehow like the having a rocky barrier for the time between him and the roar and dash of the ocean—for, very broad, deep, dark, and clamorous is the phase of Secession just now.

"I know dozens of cases in which they have made preachers take the oath even though they furloughed them to preach; resign this morning, and before night Simmons and Tim Lamm will be after you," says Mr. Ferguson, perpetually.

"None of the interest in religious matters among even the best of our people, which I counted on to make up for other things," moans Mr. Arthur. "The Union men flying the country or giving up all heart, despairing of the purpose or the power of the General Government. So many who abhorred Secession have gone into it from a deeper hatred still of Abolition. But oh, this spiritual apathy!"

"Quite a contrast to the fervent praying, preaching, singing, crowding, at that fellow Barker's Sunday services and weekly prayer-meetings!" says his friend. "But the inspiration of all that is purely the Confederacy. It lives with it, will die with it."

"They ignore, for the present, every Gospel doctrine, so far as urging it is concerned, I fear," replies Mr. Arthur. "God is feared principally as the One who may help the Federals; believed in, and invoked, and clung to, mainly as the One who must and shall help the Confederates. It does seem as if their chief affection for the very Saviour now is, because he sanctioned, or, at least, did not expressly condemn, slavery. At heart the truly pious are better than all this, but this is the outer seeming. And I, perhaps, am as fanatical—only the other way."

"The Almighty," puts in the Scotchman, reverently, "is simply withholding his gracious Spirit for the present, leaving men, for the time, to their own ways. There is now a lull in that Divine wind which bloweth as it listeth."

"And the analogy of Nature, will it prove true here?" says the minister, eagerly, "the strong blessing which seamen know always to follow a calm."

"When His other instrumentalities have got slavery out of the way. Even that man Barker has some blind idea toward the truth. Before this last ridiculous news, they tell me, he had a vast deal to say about some Jonah or other being under deck of the Ship of State—some wedge of gold and Babylonish garment being hidden somewhere in camp which prevented success."

"I fear he refers to the Union men still left unhung in the land—not to the institution; but who can tell? How often I wish I could catch a glimpse of some men's hearts! Alas, I do not even know my own!" says Mr. Arthur. "I

don't want to speak of myself; but I do feel as if I was actually in jail—my feet in the stocks."

"And midnight upon you; they do as Paul and Silas did, in like case; pray and sing praises to God. The earthquake will come in due time," is the consolation of the Scotchman.

"But so many really good men have gone into this thing—men who hated it at first as much as myself! Some from the influence of others, especially their wives or sons; some because money is to be made in it; some from despair of the success of the Federal Government; some because they are led to regard Heaven as being at last, by its favor, on the side of the South. What pains me most is, that ministers, ministers of our own denomination—men older, wiser, more devoted than I—men superior to me in every sense, should be so thoroughly persuaded and zealous for the Confederacy." And Mr. Arthur's head as he walks his study, wherein this conversation takes place, sinks upon his bosom in deep and painful thought.

The Scotchman sits at the table, apparently turning over the leaves of a Ridgely's "Body of Divinity" in search of something. Really he is far away in Scotland, standing beside a grave wherein he saw laid, years on years ago, a fair young form, whose blue eyes and flaxen locks are parts of his memory forever. The plumed Hander, the white-bearded Lear, the swarthy Othello you see upon the stage are not the only heroes of drama. This grizzly old Scot was not driven apart from men and so deep within himself, more a hermit than if fled to desert and cave, without his tragedy too.

What divine finger touches his heart this morning? Astonished that he had never thought of it before, a new purpose, as his eye rests upon his friend, suddenly blossoms upon him, like the almond bud upon Aaron's dead rod. A new purpose! And like the arrival of the time for the putting forth of buds, it brings a spring and a joy with it even to the wintry old Scot. A purpose, and a substantial one, too, as we shall yet see.

It strikes him—the change in this once enthusiastic young divine, who came to Somerville to accomplish wonders—that is long ago now. The long gallops before breakfast, perhaps. Say it is the plunges the year around into the cold pool. Maybe it is because, in intervals of study, Mr. Arthur toils in Mrs. Scott's garden so with hoe and spade. Because, once too reliant on others, circumstances in these days have thrown him altogether on himself, perhaps. And it may be for the reason that he has been swimming very long now against a current broad and deep. All the providences of Heaven, from without and from within, have wrought together to make him, bodily, mentally, spiritually, a thousand times the man he once was. Men will turn to look upon him as he passes them hereafter, saying to themselves, "There is one who has had a history." Ay, and one, please God, who has a history before him also.

The Scotchman remembers a tumbler of fresh flowers from off an old volume of Shakespeare on the table; and with the sight and smell of the flowers is mingled a fair face he sees at Sunday-school and church. Yes, yes, if God will, there shall be a story, yet un-lived, as pleasant as any Winter's Tale or As you Like It in old Shakespeare or out of it: a story of love through years of trial, and, at last, union just the sweeter and more perfect for all that. Not that Mr. Ferguson is perfectly confident; he knows too much of this sorrowful world for that. If it is in my power, he says.

But Mr. Arthur is thinking as he walks of that last visit good Mr. Ellis made him the Saturday before Mr. Ellis's last appearance at church.

"I do not ask you to take an active part," Mr. Ellis had closed a long entreaty with his pastor by saying. "I confess there is much in Mr. Barker's temper and manner which I can not approve. But people tell me every day that you wish the defeat of the Confederacy, the success of the Federals. Assure me this is not so. This is all I ask."

Mr. Ellis had been urging the waning influence and usefulness of his pastor with tears in his eyes; most sincerely is he attached to his pastor and to his church. If he possibly could he would cling to both.

"Being born at the South, it is impossible for me, as for you, to desire any thing other than what is for the welfare of the South. As to the rest, I can only say, God's will in regard to the South be done. He knows what is best for the South; let us leave it to Him."

And Mr. Ellis can by no means be satisfied with that. If Mr. Arthur could only have told him that he can not regard either Secession or slavery as things for which Heaven is likely to fight.

Dark days these for Mr. Ellis. True, the Confederacy has been most wonderfully victorious of late; its ultimate success is a certainty, of course. But then Henry is off in camp, terribly exposed body and soul. The demoralization even among Christian men is frightful. And Mr. Ellis, his expenses becoming heavier every day, is making nothing there in his empty store. Strange to say, there is a love of property developing in Mr. Ellis's bosom which surprises men—an altogether peculiar love. The new emotion surprised himself at first; but he is past that now. In fact, Mr. Ellis is becoming known as, of all Secessionists in Somerville, that one whose feelings are most involved in it. He is nervous, sensitive, quick to take offense, petulant exceedingly when bad news is coming. Far from as liberal, however, toward the object as he was at first. He has been so drained, you see, and doubly drained by its perpetual appeals.

"Who knows, Mr. Ferguson," says Mr. Arthur at last, "but Providence may permit the Confederacy to be established—a Christian nation of slaveholders, off by itself from all inter-

meddling—to show what Christianity within it can effect on slaves? The world may thus get a new idea of the power of religion; and the slaves may thus be in an admirable training for freedom, if such they are to have at some future period."

"Visionary!" growls the Scotchman. "God works according to laws inherent in the nature of things. We have no Scripture warrant to calculate upon miracles in our case; and this requires a double miracle. Only by a supernatural restraint would the world be held back from such intermeddling. Only by a miraculous increase of the Christianity at the South will owners do more for and with their slaves than heretofore. Did they not know that marriage is an ordinance of God, the relation of parent and child is an ordinance of God, even if slavery is, as well as slavery? Did they assert those ordinances for the slave? They have had the opportunity; it is gone from them forever. Christianity? It demands the observance of the parental and marital relation in the case of every disciple, white and black, and that is utterly inconsistent with the very existence of slavery. Let a Christian owner try any improvement upon the culture of his slaves; like a dog with a tin kettle tied to his tail he would be run out of the country, with Abolitionist! fastened to him in no time."

"Well, then," says his theorizing friend, "Heaven may permit the Confederacy to gain its independence, to set up for itself, isolated from all the world, as a nation peculiar in this—that it claims to be Christian, yet on the basis of slavery. The Ruler of all may permit this that said nation may work out its own ruin apart from all the world by the law of self-destruction inherent in every wrong thing; or that, as a distinctively slave yet nominally Christian nation, it may be the object of His swift and direct vengeance."

"I prefer," grumbles Mr. Ferguson, "to take a plainer, more common-sense view. By Secession the South is at arm's-length from the National Government, and Heaven is giving that Government both will and power to scourge the South out of Secession and slavery, and back into civilization, Christianity, the Union, and the nineteenth century. That is the way Providence has worked from creation till now—by means."

But Mr. Arthur's attention is rambling. He has lived all his life at the South; and as he walks up and down there come up into his mind the many instances of oppression, cruelty, corruption, awful sin, which have passed under his own eye in connection with, and the direct and, as human nature is constituted, the necessary fruits of just such an institution. How many, many there are! Were he outside the South he would not mention one of them to a soul. He would not narrate a single instance of them all even to Mr. Ferguson. He almost blamed himself for recalling them to memory. He an Abolitionist, even in thought! Perhaps ten years hence people even at the South will hardly appreciate the horror with which such a man as he shrank then from the thought. He ventures now only this far:

"People say I am not sound, Mr. Ferguson. They are right in a sense. I am very much apart from them. If I could only stand up and speak! I am so true Southern man, they say. As if the believing in and urging on the men and the things which have destroyed, are destroying, my own native soil, as I know they are, constitutes that! And here I am gagged, tied hand and foot, not permitted to do or say one thing for my country, dearer to me now than ever. Make a gesture even to save it, and I die. Running daily peril of death for even thinking and feeling—"

"Patience, man!" interrupts his cooler friend. "You can at least preach the Gospel."

"Not all of it. Not the many parts of it bearing directly on the times. No Sunday passes that there are not those at church expressly to see if there is a syllable in sermon or prayer upon which they can lay hold. More than once I have had persons throw themselves, as if cowardly, in my way, who spoke in denunciation of slavery and Secession expressly to trap me. But if it was not for this spiritual apathy into which we have all fallen! I pray, I strive, I can not move it even though as with the finger of an infant. I can not even grapple with it in my own bosom. Powerless, absolutely powerless!" and he falls into a chair and covers his face with his hands.

"Only mortified pride," says the Scotchman, with the promptitude of a surgeon. "Heaven would use you if it needed you. Who knows? You may be in training for future usefulness. And then you may not be: only an atom, any way! When you have learned your own entire foolishness you may lean upon Heaven enough for it to use you in the future."

"I feel at times as if there is no future," rejoins Mr. Arthur, after a silence. "That is, as if I had reached the end of my career. No country left me. The very Church of God powerless, or worked as the most powerful of all engines to delude and destroy the South. I will tell you what is about all my conclusion just now"—drawing a Concordance toward him as he sits at the table.

The Scotchman patiently listening, the young theologian proceeds, with alacrity and increasing cheerfulness as he makes his points more and more past all doubt from Scripture, to prove conclusively that the world will end, in all probability, in a year or so. He rapidly explains from Daniel and Revelation the twelve hundred and sixty years; no doubt on that point. Now for the exact date from which this period is to draw. Scott, Henry, Dr. Cummings, Gibbon—Milton says differently, but isn't to be trusted—dozens of books are torn down from the shelves and consulted. The Emperor Phocas did declare Greg-

ory universal bishop in 606 A.D. "Can you show me on what ground we are to doubt it?" asks Mr. Arthur, eagerly. "Now add 606—please do it yourself on that slip of paper—to the twelve hundred and sixty."

"For the year in which the world is to end? I can calculate without ciphering," says the grizzled Scotchman, with amusement under his beard. "Exactly eighteen hundred and sixty-six."

"But really and in good earnest," pleads his friend, as if for a gift. "You know I never indulge in idle speculations in private or in public; but it really does look as if it may be the year of the end of all. God in mercy grant it!"

"All stuff, man!" says the callous Scotchman, rising from his seat with a yawn. "You would not say so if you had heard to-day of the final success of the Federals, not even if you had heard of any great victory on their part. Nonsense, man! Of that day and that hour—you remember." And Mr. Ferguson, conscious of the flowers on the table, the fair face he sees at Sunday-school, and the youth and energy of his friend, of his own new purpose too, says, emphatically, "For one, I hope not."

"Besides," adds the Scot, in his own room, half an hour later, and with his collection open on a table before him, "it would be the greatest pity," passing his hand lovingly over the past pages, "the greatest pity in the world for such a collection as this to be buried up incomplete, even if it is by a world on fire!" and thereupon Mr. Ferguson falls into meditation as to what kind of binding will be good enough for said collection; and which of the Edinburgh public libraries most worthy of it at his death—all when the Confederacy is exploded. "My only fear is it will not last long enough!" he adds.

TWENTY-FIVE DARK HOURS.

It's what we call a ganger, and have so many men under me when we're making a new line of rail. I passed best part of my time in the country; but I have worked on the lines in France and Spain; but what I'm about to tell you happened in London, where we'd sunk a shaft right down, and then was tunneling forwards and backwards—the shaft being to get rid of your stuff, and sometimes for a steam-engine to be pumping up the water. It's rather dangerous work, and a many men gets hurt; but then a great deal of it's through carelessness, for lots of our fellows seems as though the whole of their brains is in their backs and arms, where they're precious strong, and nowhere else; but I'd got so used to it that in cutting or tunnel it was all the same to me, and now I was busy supering the men digging, and sometimes bricklaying a bit, so that I thought very little about danger when I'd seen as all the shores and props was well in their places.

It was just at the end of the dinner-hour one day, and I was gone down the shaft to have a good look round before work began again, and I'd got my right-hand man, Sam Carberry, with me. It was a new shaft, about thirty feet deep, with ladders to go down, and a windlass and baskets for bringing up stuff and letting down bricks and mortar.

We hadn't tunneled more than p'raps some ten or a dozen foot each way, so as you may suppose it was werry fresh—green, as we calls it; and I wasn't quite satisfied about the shoring up, and so on, for you know fellows do get so precious careless when once they've got used to danger; and as for some of our big navvies, why they're just like a set o' babies, and for every thing else but their regular work they're quite as helpless. Tell 'em to fill a lorry, or skid a wheel, or wheel a barrow, they'll do it like snags; but as to taking care o' themselves—but then, I needn't say no more about that—just look at the great, good-tempered, lolling fellows! A man can't have it all ways; and if he's got it all in bones and muscle, why 'tain't to be expected as he's going to have all the brains too.

"That's giving a bit there, Sam," I says, a-pointing to one part o' the shaft where the earth was a-bulging and looked loose. "That ain't safe. There'll be a barrow full o' stuff a-top o' somebody's head afore the afternoon's over. That's the rain—that is. Take your men and knock out that lower shore, and we'll put it a couple o' foot higher up. Mind how you does it!" Sam nods his head, for he was a chap as never spoke if he could help it, and then he gets up, while I takes a look or two at the brickwork, so as not to be done by the men, nor yet dropped on by the foreman. Then I hears Sam banging away at the bit o' scaffold-pole, and directly after it comes down with a hollow sound; and then there was a rattling o' loose gravelly earth as I peeps out, and then feels as though my heart was in my mouth, for I shouts out: "That's the wrong one!" But in an instant Sam dropped to the bottom, and as he did so it seemed as though some one drew a curtain over the hole, and then I felt a tremor as blow on the chest, and was driven backward and dashed up against the wood scaffolding in the tunnel, and I suppose I was stoned, for I knew nothing more for a bit. Then it seemed as though I was being called, and I sorter waks up; but every thing was dark as pitch and silent as death, and, feeling heavy and misty and stupid, I shut my eyes again, and felt as if going to sleep, for there didn't seem to be any thing the matter to me. It was as though something had shut up thought and sense in the dark, and not a wick of light could get in. But there I was in a sort of dreamy, comfortable state, and lay there perfectly still till a growling noise roused me, when thought came back with a blinding flash, and so sharp was that flash that my brain seemed scorch'd, for I knew that I was buried alive.

For a few minutes I stood where I first rose up in a half-sleeping position, with my head and shoulders touching the poles and boards above me; but a fresh gust made me begin to feel about in the darkness, and try to find out where I was, and how much room I had to move in. But that was soon done, for at the bottom there was about a yard space, and as far up as I could reach it seemed a couple of

yards, while the other way there was the width of the tunnel. I dared not move much, though, for the earth and broken brickwork kept rolling and crumbling in, so that every moment the space grew less, and a cold sweat came out all over my face, as I thought that I should soon be crushed and covered completely up. Just then, however, another growl sounded close by me, and for the first time I remembered Sam Carberry, and began feeling about in the direction from whence the sound came.

Bricks, bits o' stone, crumbling gravel, the uprights and cross-pieces and bits of board all in splinters, and stapped in two and three pieces, with their ragged ends sticking out of the gravel. But I could feel nothing of Sam, and I sat down at last, panting as though I had been running, and there was the big drops a-rolling off me, while I drew every breath that heavy that I grew wild with horror and fear; for it seemed as though I shouldn't be able to breathe much longer, and then I must be stifled. It was awful, the thoughts of all that; and had such an effect on me, that I dashed about like a bird in a cage—now here, now there—in mad efforts and struggles to get out. I cried, "Help, help!" and swore and tore about, jumping up and plunging my hands into the earth; till at last, panting, and bleeding, and helpless, I lay upon the gravel crying like a child.

Ah! That did me good, and seemed to clear my thoughts, and make me mad with myself to think I had been wasting my strength so for nothing, when perhaps I might have been doing something toward making my escape; and while I was thinking like this, all at once I started, for there was a growl again close to my head; then, after feeling about a bit, I got my hand upon a bit of broken board, when I felt a green again, and then, after searching about, found that underneath the board was a face which, by scratching away the earth, I could touch, and feel to be warm.

The first thing I did was to start up and strike my head violently against a cross-piece, so that I was half stunned; and then I began to feel about for a shovel till I got hold of a handle, and found that the rest was so tightly bedded in the soil, that I must have been a good hour grubbing it out with my fingers. But I kept leaving off to go and speak to the face, which I knew must be that of Sam Carberry; and though, poor fellow, it did him no good, he being quite insensible, yet it did me good, for there was company—I was not alone—and after leaving off that way now and then, I worked again like a good 'un till the shovel was at liberty; for while I was hard at work I had no time to think about any thing else.

And now, though I could feel that poor Sam was breathing, he didn't groan; and I began with the shovel to try and set his face more at liberty; but at the first trial I threw down the tool with a horrible cry, as the loose gravel came rattling down, and in another minute the poor fellow's face would have been completely covered if I had not thrust myself against the earth and kept it back.

If I could only have kept from thinking I would not have cared; but now that I was forced to keep still and hold up the earth, the thoughts would keep coming thick and fast, and mixed up with them all were coffins—black cloth coffins with white rails; black coffins with black rails; elm coffins; work-house shells; and inside every one of 'em I could see myself lying stiff and cold. There was one light-grained elm, which looked sometimes quite like a little speck right off in the distance, and then came gradually closer, and closer, and closer, till it seemed as though the next moment it would crush me, or drive me into the earth where I was crouching; then it would gradually go back further and further till it was quite a speck again. Then there were processions o' people in black, constantly crowding by.

Now and then there was a noise of a stone falling or a little bit of rolling earth, else all was as still and silent as if there wasn't such a thing as hearing. It was so still that the quietness was horrible, and I began to talk out loud for the sake of having something to hear; and then I listened again, hoping to hear the sounds of pick and spade, for I knew they would be trying to dig us out, alive or dead.

"That'll be it," I says out aloud; "they'll dig, and dig, and dig till they gets to us; but then they've got all the stuff to get up the shaft, and shure up again as they goes, and I shall be gone long before they gets to me!"

Then the horror of death came again, and I leaped up and beat myself about till I was drenched with blood and sweat, and then I lay still again, with my heart throbbing and beating, and try what I would, I couldn't get enough breath. I tried to reach the face of my poor mate, and I found it still warm, and that the earth had not settled over it. It was company to be able to touch it so long as he was alive; but I thought about what must come, and then shivered as I felt that I should scrape the loose gravel over it, and creep to the far end of the narrow hole. And now I began, for the first time, to think about home, and my two girls, and their mother; and there was no comfort there, for I began to wonder what was to become of them when I was gone. Quietly as could be I calculated what my funeral would cost the Odd Fellows, and then about the allowance there'd be for my people out of the Widow and Orphan's Fund, and then I thought how things might have been worse than they was. At last of all, I feels quiet and patient like, and, for the first time since I'd been buried, I was down on my knees with my face in my hands.

I don't know how long I stopped like that, when all at once I fancied I heard a voice speaking, and I started up; but it sounded no more, and as I sat listening I could see again all sorts of things coming and going. Now it was coffins; now strange-looking beasts and things without any particular shape; and as they moved, and coiled, and rolled forward, I kept feeling as though they must touch me; but no, they glided off again, and at last, to keep from thinking, I stripped off coat and waistcoat, and, groping about till I got hold of the shovel, I cried out, "God help me!" and began to try and dig a way out.

"Every man for himself!" I half roared, and the curious, stifled sound of my voice frightened me; but I worked on till I had thrown back a few spadefuls, when I found that I had got it off too long, and that I could do nothing but sink down, panting for air. I couldn't keep off the idea that something was pressing down upon me and trying to force out my breath; at last this idea got to be so strong that I kept thrusting out my hands and trying to push the something away. I don't know how time went, but at last I was lying, worn out and helpless, upon the ground, feebly trying to grub or burrow a way out with my fingers.

All at once I remembered poor Sam, and after a good deal of groping about I found the board again, and laid my hand upon his face, but only to snatch it away with a chill running through me, for it was as cold as ice. Then I tried to touch his breast, but soon gave up; for, with the exception of his face, he was completely bedded in the earth, while the board had only saved him at the first moment from instantaneous death.

I crept as far off as I could; for now it seemed that death was very, very near me, and that my own time must be pretty well run out.

I won't tell you how weak I was again, and how all my past actions came trooping past me. There they all were, from boyhood till the present; and I couldn't help groaning as I saw how precious little good there was in them—just here and there a bright spark among all the blackness. At last I began to think it was all over, for a heavy, stupid faintness came over me, and I battled against it with all my might; but it was like—no, there, in that darkness—like a great bird cooling near, and nearer with heavy shadowy wings; and as I tried to drive it off it went back, but only to come again, till at last the place seemed to fade away; for after groping round and round the place such a many times I seemed to see and know every bit of it as well as if I saw it with my eyes, till it faded away, and all seemed to be gone.

Next thing as I remembers is a dull "thud-thud-thudding" noise, and it woke me up so that I set holding my head, which ached as though it would split, and trying to recollect once more where I was; and I s'pose my poor mind must have been a bit touched, for I could make nothing out until I had crawled and felt about a few times over, when once more it all came back with a flash, and I remember thinking how much better it would have been if I had kept half stunned, for now I knew what the noise was, and I could hardly contain the hope, which seemed to drive me almost mad. Would they get to me before I was dead? Could I help them? Would they give up in despair and leave me?

I lay listening to the "thud-thud-thud" till all at once it stopped, and the stillness that succeeded was so awful that I shrieked out, for I thought they had given up digging. But the dull, distant sound roused me again, and once more I lay listening and counting the spadefuls that I knew were being laboriously and slowly thrown out. Now I was crying weakly, now fuming at the mouth, every now and then the noise could not be heard; at last, when I could just faintly hear the sound of voices, and tried to shout in reply, I found I couldn't do more than whisper.

All at once the earth came caving in again, and I was half buried. Weak as I was, it took me long enough to get free, and to crawl up and sit behind an upright post or two; and it was well I did; for no sooner was I there than the gravel caved in again, and I heard a shout, saw a flash of light, and then was jammed close into the corner, and must have been suffocated but for the wood framing about me, which kept the earth off. But as I sat wedged in I could hear the sound of the shovels and picks, and I knew how men would toil to get out a leather-workman. And now, feeling quite helpless and resigned, I tried my best to pray for my life, or, if not, for merry for what I had done wrong.

"Ain't nobody here?" said a voice, as it seemed to me in the dark, and I could not speak to cry for help.

"Must be," said another voice. "Poor chap's under them planks!" And then came that sound of shovels again, and then a loud hurrying, and I felt hands about me, and that I was being carried, and something trickled into my mouth. Then voices were buzzing about me more and more, and I began to feel able to breathe, and I heard some one say, "He's coming to;" and then one spoke, and then another spoke, and I knew I was being taken up the shaft; but all was as it were in a dream, till I heard a loud scream, and felt two arms round me, and knowing that now I was saved indeed, I tried to say, "Thank God!" but could only think it.

After a bit I managed to speak, but I suppose I said all sorts of foolish, unconnected things, till I asked the time, when the voice that revived me so whispered in my ear that it was nearly three.

"And how long was I there?" I got out at last. "Twenty-five hours!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The greatest but very important one to which the children of New York have condemned the first of May has rolled that festive day of older times of all its charms, Thanksgiving, blooming month, when budding buds and singing birds invite to universal rejoicing under the "brightening fields of ether," is, with us, devoted chiefly to sparkling furniture, and "getting settled." It is really a demonstration of the bright spring-time; and the poet's words are thereby, in part, fulfilled:

"The merry May hath pleasant hours, and drowsily they glide, As if they floated, like the leaves, upon a silver tide; The trees are full of crimson buds, the woods are full of birds, And the waters flow to music, like a tent with pleasant words."

In many country towns there still exists the pretty custom of Maying. The young folks are roused at daybreak by the ringing of the village bell, or, wanting that, by special call of some sleepless youth. They partake the

woods, and, overturning the dead, damp leaves, or, perchance, brushing away a lingering layer of snow, discover the hiding-place of the sweet trailing arbutus, that delicate May flower, whose fragrant, pink blossoms are woven into a garland to crown the chosen Queen of May.

The gentlemen of our city who may, for a shilling, say day buy a bunch of spring violets from the little flower-girls on Broadway, do not understand the peculiar pleasure of feeling the soft blossoms in their native woods, unless, by chance, they have the memory of their childhood's home in the country.

The culture of flowers is a delightful occupation. In the city, however, there is little opportunity for it. A plot of ground a few feet square, which most likely the landlord monopolizes every Monday, or a narrow border around the little yard, is the average allowance. Nevertheless, wondrous can be accomplished in a little space by skillful management. And if ladies, who, in general, have the requisite skill and taste, will give a little attention to the matter now they will be repaid beyond by. It need not be an arduous labor. A gentleman will prepare the soil properly in half a day; and, if a lady will sacrifice her usual promenade for a few days, the time thus gained will enable her easily to accomplish the rest, and, we think, she will not lose her very checks in consequence. In selecting seeds and plants the simple, hardy varieties, and those which will blossom through the season, usually give more satisfaction than the more delicate kinds, which require special care. Mignonette, Helianthus, Verbena, Monthly Rose, Phlox, etc., are always to be depended upon. Chrysanthemums, Pinks, Asters, and similar plants will brighten the beds in autumn. So that by making a judicious selection one may have bonquets from her own garden all through the season. Let the children, too, come in for their share of the work and of the flowers. Give Harry and Lucy a tiny bed of their own, and show them how to drop in the seeds. If you will provide a little watering-pot, and let them pull up the weeds, of course they will pull up the plants too, their happiness will be complete.

Women, all the world over, love flowers; and there is no gift to them more delicate and appropriate than a bouquet of fresh blossoms. It is not, however, quite so generally understood that gentlemen often have an equally keen enjoyment of them; nor that it is an equally graceful tribute for a lady to place flowers upon the writing table, or by the breakfast plate of husband or brother, for his especial gratification. We know some gentlemen who particularly enjoy a bouquet for breakfast; and, doubtless, others would find one very appetizing as the warm weather comes on. It might answer instead of a toast or letters.

The Central Park is putting on its fresh spring dress. The "season" will open—weather permitting—on the first Saturday afternoon of May, by a concert. The musical people has been repaired and repainted—a great variety of rustic seats have been added; and, indeed, throughout the Park much has been done during the winter to increase its beauty and render it attractive. The improvements are most apparent in the upper section, which has hitherto been in a comparatively unfinished condition.

When "The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" is incorporated and exerts its authority, it may become possible to pass through Broadway and our other thoroughfares without being distressed by seeing overloaded or prostrate, struggling horses. At present it is seldom possible.

The following singular statistics of matrimonial life in Paris are reported:

During the past twelve months 2344 wives have fled the conjugal roof without leaving their future addresses; of husbands who have done likewise there are 4422; of married couples legally separated (not divorced) there are 1115; of dimes who have agreed to live apart, 5348; of husbands and wives living at different houses, 31,319; of happy couples, 43; of unusually indifferent, 61,436.

If this Parisian fashion is liable to prevail in this country more extensively than at present, some remedies should be circulated to check the epidemic. There must be plenty of them. Let us see. Here is a recipe for keeping a husband and making him good-natured:

"Keep his linen in prime condition, with the requisite degree of stiffness; never let him know the want of a button; give him well-baked beef-steak, wholesome bread, and a sparkling cup of coffee for his beverage; keep everything tidily and broken mockery out of his sight; do not annoy him with the blunders and extravagance of a child; greet his evening arrival with a glass, lightness face, well-combed hair, and a welcome kiss; have ready a cheerful supper, a bright fire in the grate, an easy-chair, with comfortable gown and slippers; be merry, and tell him some agreeable news; finally, give him a well-made bed in a cozy chamber."

Very good. New—well—verily, our moral cook-book does not contain a single recipe for making and keeping a good wife. That is strange. The inference is plain. Either wives as a class are not tender enough to be worth preserving any way, or else husbands have not skill enough to follow a recipe if they had one.

It is a matter of surprise—while threading our way through the ranks of children that run wild in the streets without any apparent care—that any of them should live to grow up. We should think they would be killed a dozen times where they are now! But careless as parents are about exposing their children to the dangers of the street, it seems reckless for a mother or nurse to suffer a child to thrust head and arms from an open window as they often do. A sad and not infrequent accident occurred the other day on one of the city cars which should be a warning to all. A passenger sat with his elbow out of the window, when the state of an empty car struck it. The arm was jammed so violently against the window post as to shake the whole car. The poor man said, "My arm is broken," and sank back and fainted.

The death of Dr. H. G. Ottendorf, so well known by his systems for acquiring foreign languages, is reported. He was a German Jew, of insignificant personal appearance, and although he had amassed a considerable fortune, he lived penuriously in the fourth or fifth story of a great chocolate factory in the Rue Richelieu. He had an immense number of pupils, although his rude and uncouth manners drove many away from him. He was about sixty years old, and leaves a wife and children who inherit his estate.

Somebody—we are unable to give the authority—reports the following childish "wonders," each one of which is suggestive enough for a text:

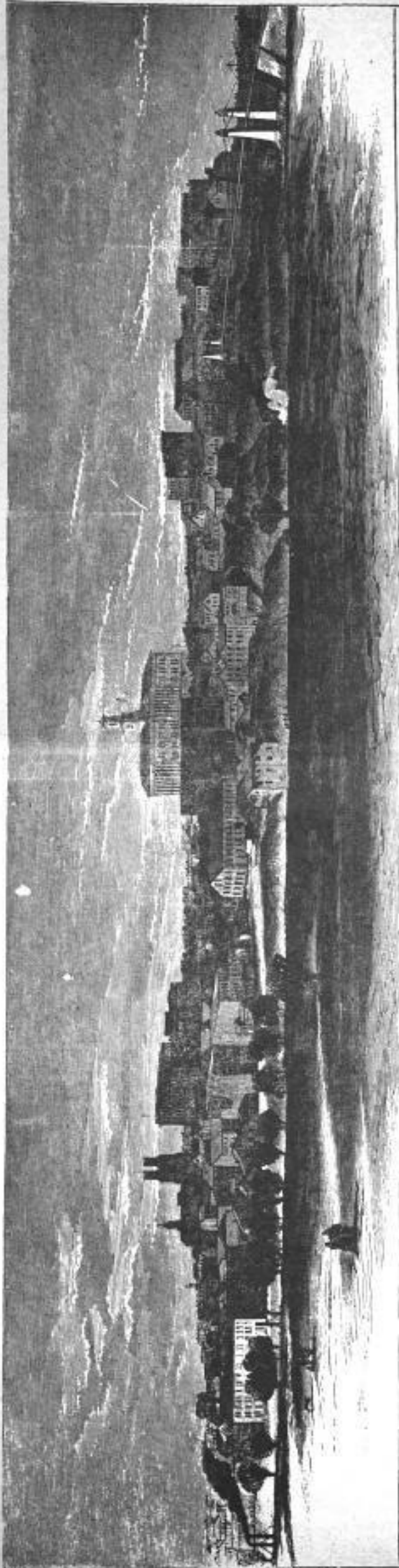
Wonder why mamma keeps Bridget at home from church to work all day, and then says it is wicked for me to build my rabbit-house on Sunday?

Wonder why my minister bought that pretty case with the yellow lion's head on the top, and then asked me for my coat to put in the missionary box? Don't I want a Jew's-sharp just as well as he wanted a case?

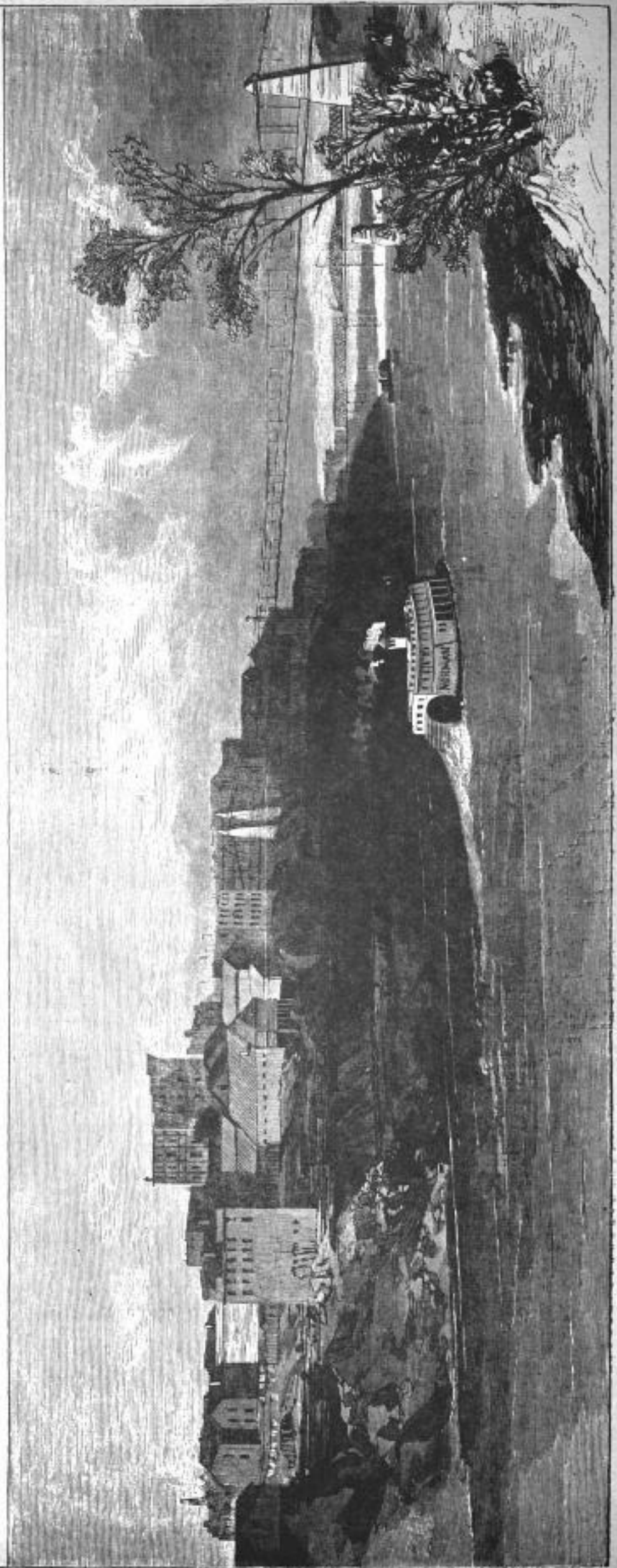
Wonder what makes papa tell each five stories to children about his making the master's mist when he went to school, and about his running away from the school-master when she was going to whip him, and then shut me up all day in a dark room because I tried once to be as smart as he was?

Wonder what made papa say that wicked word when Betty upset the ink all over his papers, and then slapped my ears because I said the same thing when my kite-string broke?

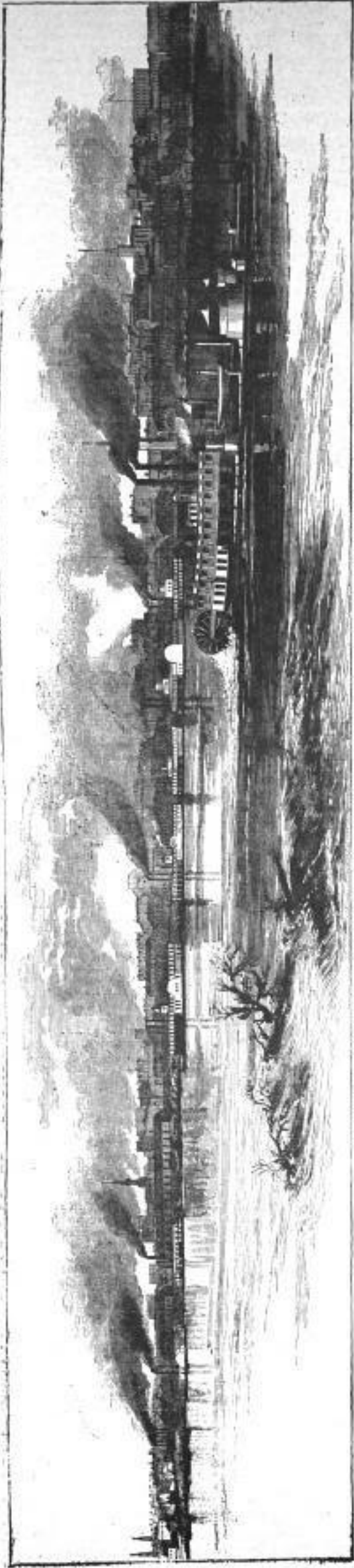
Wonder why mamma told Bridget the other day to say that she was out at home when Tommy Day's mother called, and then puts me to bed without my supper every time I tell a lie?



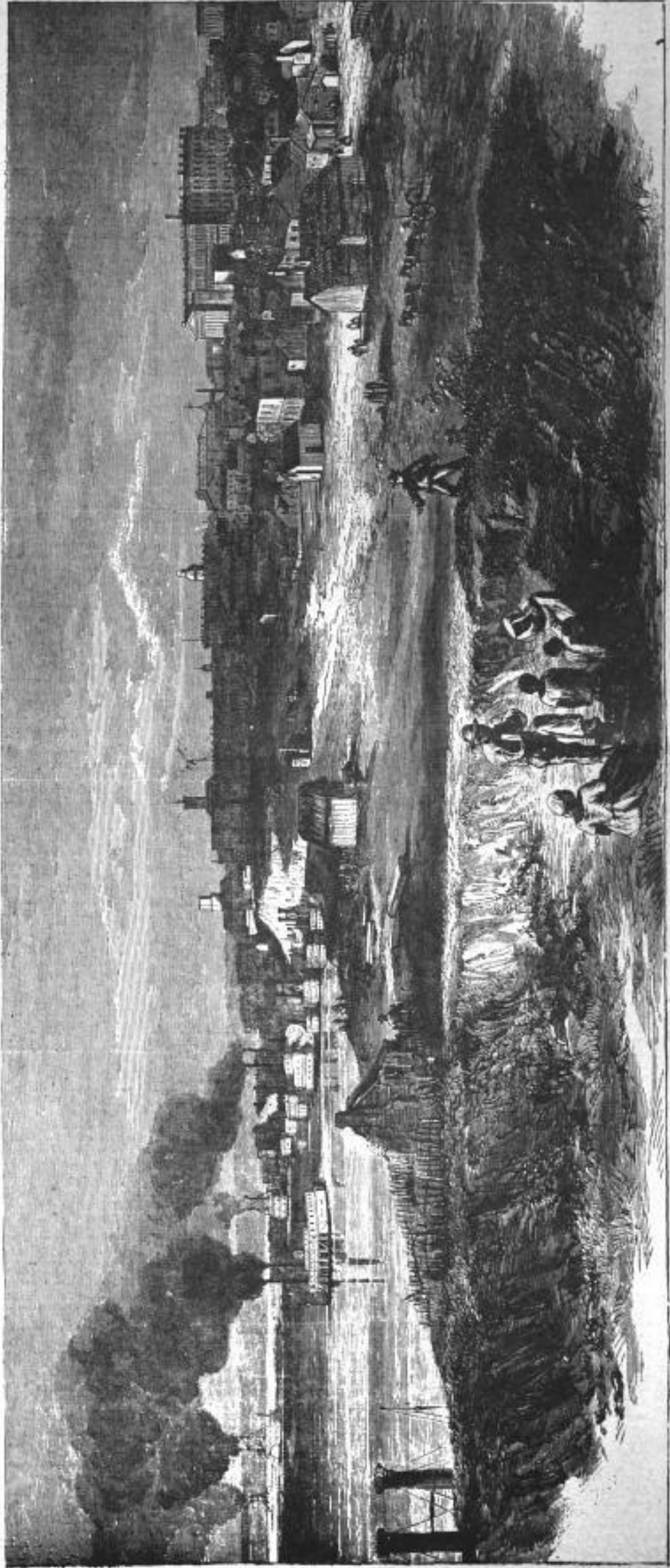
NASHVILLE, FROM EDGEFIELD.



NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FROM THE OPPOSITE BANK OF THE CUMBERLAND.—[SEE PAGE 284.]



LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY—IRON-CLADS PASSING LOUISVILLE FALLS AT HIGH WATER ON THE OHIO.—[See Page 296.]



CITY OF MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, AFTER THE WAR.—[See Page 294.]

MANUFACTURED BY THE AMERICAN ENGRAVING CO. NEW YORK.

THE PASSION OF MARTIN HOLDFAST.

THERE were ten of us; but four brothers and five sisters had died ere I reached manhood. So, too, had my father and mother. I was left quite alone in the old house—half manor-house, half farm-house—before I was five-and-twenty.

I know not on God's earth a more abandoned and desolate spot than that on which the original Holdfast had chosen to establish his house. Along the northern seaboard of Bestshire runs a long range of sandy hills. They are as deserted as the desert. A few cones barrow in their sides, and when spring returns the shy curlew lays her eggs among the bent. Between the sandy rampart and the sea was a slice of navigable country, perhaps a mile in breadth. This narrow strip runs from the mouth of the Blackwater a dozen miles to the north. The population is thin and scattered. There are some half-dozen farm-houses; the cottages of a few fishermen under the lee of the Giant's Crag (which forms and protects a miniature harbor); Marvell Park, upon a bend of the Blackwater; and in its near neighborhood the Houghs. And the Houghs is the farm manor-house of which I have spoken, where the Holdfasts had lived and died, and where I—Martin Holdfast—was born.

The giant old house had once been gay enough; but its cheerfulness had died out as the unnoted years went by. I had been brought up in a gloomy creed. Hell was to me a tremendous reality before I had cut my first teeth. I was taught in the nursery that God was a terrible tyrant, who delighted in taking vengeance and in shedding blood. As I grew up the scheme was explained to me with amazing distinctness. We had it all laid down for us at school in the form of question and answer; and even to-day I can not look at the old text-book, ever whose awful and wicked riddles teacher and pupil—the pupil being ten years old—pounded themselves daily without feelings of indignation, horror, and astonishment.

Other lads could repeat this lesson without appearing to attach any weight to the words; but I could not. I was tormented by this vision which the gloomy logic of a theologian had conjured up—this vision of a race which a jealous God had created for eternal torment. I reflected, and I rebelled. To hold to such a faith would, I felt, drive me into the direct unbelief. I did not know who God might be; but I was determined, at all hazards, to deny that he looked with cruel complacency upon the agony of his creatures. On this ground I might find rest for the sole of my foot—for a time at least.

But Hackaback and Blastem, our parsons, did not stop here. I knew that Dr. Hackaback was at the dinner-table very much like other men—that he played a respectable rubber, and was particular about his port. Yet when he mounted the pulpit he told us that the world and the things of the world were accursed; that our bodies were the servants of Satan; that we were to see not merely from the wrath to come, but from all that seemed to make life beautiful and desirable—the lusts of the flesh, as he called them. Mr. Blastem was by some ascetical, and I believe that, more or less, he preached what he preached. But my whole mind revolted against the doctrine.

I had been designed for "the ministry," but my teachers found that I was possessed by an evil spirit of unbelief, and they let me go. And then, gun in hand, I wandered across desolate moorlands or by the sleepless sea, day after day, and left the theologians to carry on their windy war. The old place was very lonely by this time; but when a man is hardy in body and soul; loving the open air, his gun, his horses, his dogs; when he is five-and-twenty years old and six feet two in his stockings, he has no right to be permanently unhappy.

Nor was I—only I felt that the color of the life which I had inherited was somewhat gray. It wanted color and brilliancy. I was passively happy in the excitement of the chase; but our rustic merry-makings were not lively. Phyllis had soft persuasive eyes, not averse to love; but then her hands were red and lumpy, and the old farmer's views about the weather were as tedious as a sermon by Dr. Hackaback. The fisher's life did not lack adventures; how could it, when their field of battle and glory was the sea; yet on land, though good fellows in the main, they were sadly prosy; and their serious talk had a flavor of Blastem which was not seductive.

There was one house, indeed, which was not utterly hard and prosaic and unlovely, like the rest. An air of romance—the only romance I thought that lingered anywhere about—blew through Marvell Park. But Marvell Park was empty, and had been empty for many years.

The chief approach to the Park is distant about a mile from the giant old house that I have been describing. The Marvell mansion looks down upon the Blackwater—here half sea, half river. Twice a day

The sea-sea, water passes by, And makes a din in the hills.

Of the present Marvells I knew little or nothing. I knew indeed that the old lord, who had lived, not at Marvell Park, but at some princely palace in a remote Highland county, had recently died. I knew that he had, per force, left the title and the bulk of his estates to a son whom he had driven from the castle, because he (the son) had unflinchingly persisted in attending the parish church of a Sunday when he was needed to make the fourth at a rubber; I knew that he had left Marvell Park to a distant cousin—a plain Henry Marvell, who had long held a high diplomatic post at a Continental Court. More than this I did not know, and my ignorance was shared by all my neighbors.

Opposite the point where at low-water the Blackwater joins the sea, a dyke or embankment has been formed. The land lies low, and, until this dyke was raised, had been frequently flooded. I sat here, gun in hand, one afternoon about the middle of the month of February. The tide was full, and washed the pebbles on the other side of the dyke. It was a true February day—cold,

cheerless, inhospitable. The evening shadows were already gathering into the sky while I sat and watched the ducks as they flew up and down the bends of the river, and an old seal which thrust its ballet-head occasionally above water to squint at the salmon-net. Angus, the tackman, had urgently implored me to free him from the deprivations of this wily old rascal. He declared, with tears in his eyes, that it had made his life a burden to him. It had had a bite out of every large salmon he had caught this year, and once or twice, when entangled among the nets, it had viciously smashed them right and left. The old thief was keeping his distance just now, but a bright-eyed vigilant northern diver was sailing within shot. He had come up with the tide, and, having finished his afternoon meal, was looking about him before going off to sea. I had raised my gun, half-minded to give him the benefit of a cartridge, when the sound of skates on the frozen canal at my back—shrill in the frosty stillness—caught my ear, and I turned round.

Artemis and her train! one of her nymphs at least. On she came, with the swift, lithic, indolent ease of an accomplished skater—blissing through the keen February air—her cheeks rosy with the cold and the freshness of her flying feet. She came; who, I knew not; I knew only that a lovely apparition had rushed swiftly out of the February gloom and had steadied herself at my side. Color enough for you, my pre-Raphaelite masters! A dark purple jacket, a skirt of the same color, only a shade lighter, looped up above an orange petticoat; a wide-awake, covered with the skin of some strange animal—a leopard or panther—with a black-cock's feather stuck coquettishly at the side. I could not tell whether her face was pretty or the reverse; but I felt at least that she was supremely graceful, that every movement betrayed an exquisite obscurity, that each supple limb was soft and pliant and obedient to the lightest behest of the soul.

She had stopped at my side, but she did not notice me at first. "How beautiful!" she whispered to herself, as she looked across the embankment. A wintry gleam of sunshine had struck the sand-hills, making them all golden, and lighted up for a passing moment the silver sea. "How beautiful!" she then suddenly, with a little cry of pain, "Ah! my foot!"

She stooped to undo her skates, and then she saw me. She took me, perhaps, for a poacher or vagrant, for she gave a sharp, hurried glance backward along the canal; but her alarm, if she felt any, lasted but a moment. "I am afraid I must trouble you," she said, turning her eyes full upon me. "I must ask you, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Holdfast," I answered, for her voice interrogated.

She smiled; then I saw rightly how beautiful she was. Her smile lighted up her face as the sunrise lights up the sea.

"I am so glad! You are my neighbor, you know—or rather, you don't know me, do you? Do my skates? It hurts my ankles, see, May Marvell."

She held out her foot—a small, clean-cut, shapely foot, cased in a matchless little boot. A few inches of massive stocking, tight and taut, were visible above the boot; for her petticoat, without being exactly scrup, was obviously a very serviceable article, net by any means designed to restrict the free use of the limbs. I loosened her skates, and she thanked me with easy composure.

"I have lost John, our fat coachman, to whose care I was made over. The ice must have given way with him. But, though it gets dark at mid-day here, I can not lose my way, can I?"

I explained to her as well as I could that there was a short-cut across the bents to Marvell, and offering to show her the way to the Park gate, advised her to quit the ice and her skates. She did so at once—with perfect docility, and without a shadow of distrust, accepting the guidance of a stranger. That February walk through the gathering gloom decided the course of my life. Her manner was frank and unreserved. She talked rapidly—at least, words came rapidly to her, and she flung them from her—clear, bright ripples of talk, dashing over into a spray of mockery. Yet her gray eyes dreamt as freely as they mocked; they were soft, and when at rest, rested upon you with voluptuous passiveness. In her eyes, indolent yet restless; in the gliding and swimming grace of her gait; in her talk, passionate yet ironical; in her easy goodness and transient flashes of fierceness, one had glimpses of a nature that might perhaps have scared away a wiser man than I was.

We met Mr. Marvell at the Park gate, anxious about his daughter. She introduced me at once. "This is Mr. Holdfast, papa, our neighbor at the Houghs"—for she had learned all about me already—"he has been so good as to bring me home when I had lost my way." His manner was simple and courteous, and as I left he promised to call for me on an early day, and hoped that we might meet often, now they had come home. "The Holdfasts and the Marvells must have known each other of old."

I did not go home at once. I slowly retraced my steps to the point where we had met—very slowly. Yet I seemed to tread on air. A sudden ray rapture had entered into my life. The old landmarks were transfigured; I hardly recognized them. I had taken a first deep draught of the wine of Love. The moon had already risen, and a sea of silver light quivered and pulsed at my feet. But I saw her face only—the pure ample brow; the full lips, red and curled; the great gray, thoughtful eyes, with their long lashes; heard only the quick, bird-like twitter of her laugh; felt only the pressure of her hand, which had pressed mine at parting.

I struggled from the first in a blind, ineffectual way against the fascination of this girl. But she took me captive as a snake takes captive a bird. Before many days had passed I gave up the contest, and passively submitted to be carried whithersoever my good or evil fate might lead.

"Do you know, papa," she said, one day, while we were seated together in the afternoon twilight, "that I sometimes fancy I have got no soul?"

"You have got a temper, at least, my dear," said her father, blandly.

But she turned away from him with a little impatient shrug, and addressed herself to me.

"That church of yours is quite to my taste; Dr. Hackaback is such a ridiculous old dear! We must have him here, papa. Mr. Holdfast likes him as much as we do. And the sisters Peterson! I could study their bonnets forever. Is Dr. Hackaback a good man, Mr. Holdfast?" she continued, with an air of innocent inquiry.

I supposed that he was very much like his neighbors.

"Then I must get him to be my confessor. I have no end of iniquities to confess. But he must choose between me and the Misses Peterson. I am sure that their opinions are evangelical—such bonnets—and you know I belong to the Broad Church, Mr. Holdfast."

"I fancy Mr. Holdfast is not much interested in your theological experiences, May dear. She is very tenacious, Mr. Holdfast, is May. Ten days ago she wanted to be a nun, and asked me for ever so much to buy a veil."

"Don't tell tales, papa. You know it was a Brussels one I wanted. But I belong permanently to the Broad Church."

"Your friends of the Broad Church," said Mr. Marvell, "make things pleasant, at least." "And why shouldn't things be pleasant?" May retorted. "I am a coward at heart, and the dreadful stories these Evangelical people tell, and the way they swear at you, frightens me out of my wits."

May certainly liked things to be pleasant. I think she was naturally of a brave spirit; but she shrunk from whatever was disagreeable. She wrapped herself in soft furs; she made herself a warm nest; she strove in every way to shut out from her the ugly things of this world—want, pain, disease, sin, death. And thus they became more terrible to her imagination, for they are things that require to be looked in the face, and that grow full of menace to the half-averted eyes. She lived in the senses; and, like all who do so habitually, she had become timid and easily scared in the presence of the supernatural.

In one of our stamperes across the sand-hills I brought her to the old church-yard of the district. On a bright green margin of turf that overhangs the sea, bounded by a low wall through which our mountain ponies easily made their way, half a dozen old head-stones, telling how Alexander Davidson, Elspit Bell, and such like, had died in the odor of sanctity, and "a broken channel with a broken cross," where venerable Caldees had worshiped God after their fashion—such was the place. Railed off from the common earth, but rank with coarse grass and nettles, was the burial-ground of the Marvells—unscathed now for many years, for, as we know, the late head of the house had chosen another resting-place. Peering through the railings, we could read how "May Sybil Marvell" had been laid there a century before.

"She was my great-grandmother," said May, after a long pause.

Then we turned our horses, and rode silently along the bushes down.

She had been in gay spirits during our ride, but now she spoke not a word. Then turning upon me she said, almost fiercely,

"Why did you bring me here? It makes me shudder to think that we must come to that. How I hate death! Were we made only to be put away in such places, to rot beneath those loathsome nettles? Martin, this is cruel of you."

I would have excused myself, but she would not listen.

"Let us gallop along the shore," she said; "the sweet salt air will drive such fancies away. Thank God, there is life in me yet a while!"

She urged her pony with bridle and whip, and we galloped for a while along the firm shore. Soon the moss came back to her cheek; her eyes flashed, as the pace grew faster; the blood danced merrily in her veins.

"I beg your pardon, Martin"—she called me Martin now, as if I was a cousin or a servant—"but the world is so lovely, and life is so sweet, and then it is all so dark and dreary outside. Let us banish these evil fancies, and say good-by to the King of Horrors."

We had come to the fisher's village, and I dismounted for a moment to tighten a girth. As we passed, a sweet voice rose from a group of women who were seated on low three-legged stools in front of the cottages, baiting the lines for to-morrow's fishing. The words of the song, I think, were these:

THE FISHER LAD.

Elie, the lass with the golden curls, Slaps like the thrushes and climbs with the squirrels: All night-long she snoops in her nest, And dreams of the fisher-boy out in the West.

All night-long he rocks in his boat, And hums a song as he lies afloat— A song about Elie, the rosiest lass That blooms on the cliff where the night-wind blows.

The sun deck dives, and the towering lark Flies, with shrill whistles, into the dark; And, hearing the herring-netts over the side, Night-long the fisher-boy drifts with the tide.

Under his feet the herring are steaming; Over his head the stars are dreaming; And he sits in his boat as it rocks in the night, And watches and waits for the morning light.

The wind is soft, and the stars are dim, But never a mermaid whispers to him; And the dews may wrattle her white notes, But she won't beguile him out of his boat.

At break of day from the sandy bay He draws his net, and he calls away— "Over the foam let gipsies roam, But Love is best when it stays at home."

May listened with delight. "It is Maggie Beaton, the cripple," I whispered.

"What a musical voice! I must get the air and the words. Let us speak to them. You know them, I suppose?"

We rode forward, and they greeted us with natural courtesy. May took possession of one of the three-legged stools, and sitting down beside the crippled child, fondled and caressed her. The child

gazed admiringly upon the glorious beauty of the face, and was easily induced to repeat the simple air. May had a retentive memory, and in a wonderfully short space had made the air and the words her own. Then with a compassionate career to the child, and a kindly greeting to the older woman, she mounted again, and we rode home.

In the evening we criticised the new books, and tiring of this May went to the piano. "What do you think of this, papa?" she inquired, and then she sang the little air which she had got from the fisher-girl. Her voice was sweet as heaven; I never heard the same bird-like, bell-like notes in any other voice save hers. Then, again, she discoursed soft, sad music, and anon dashed into the riot of a wild Hungarian waltz.

"You recollect how they danced it at Pech, papa? It was the wildest, most picturesque thing imaginable. Do you know the step, Mr. Holdfast?"

"No, I don't dance."

"I can teach you it in a minute; like all these national dances, it looks intricate, but is in reality perfectly simple: see, this is the step."

And then bringing her feet out of her simple skirts—clean-cut, serviceable, matchless little feet—she showed me how it was done.

"You are not so clumsy as I expected. Now, give me your hand, and put the other round my waist. So—so. Oh, you graceful bear, you have torn my dress!" she exclaimed, with a little shriek of affected dismay, as she jumped from my arm. As I walked home that night I understood how men and women had died for love. I had caught glimpses of a passionate rapture which might kill like organic poisons. I had held her in my arms, she had leaned against my heart, her hair had fanned my cheek. I did not sleep all night; I was sick with love; with love from which, as the Athenian poet said, none escape, neither mortal man nor the Undying Ones.

April that year was provokingly fickle. Sunny showers and rain-touched sunbeams chased each other the livelong day. The spring was torn amidst laughter and frequent tears.

On one of these days we were surprised by sudden storm. We were not far from the Houghs at the time when the rain began, and we made at once for the giant old house. Somehow it did not look quite so grand with the rain-clouds driving across the roof—it looked gaunter always in the quietude of summer days. Ere we reached the door we were drenched to the skin, for the water came down in torrents. It was one of those storms when the heaven abandons itself to the fury of tears, and weeps without restraint.

For the first time my mistress stood beneath my roof-tree, her gay plumes sadly draggled. Jen, however, though grim, was fertile in expedients, and she took Miss Marvell under her wing. In a little while May returned, so disgraced that I hardly knew her, to the little parlor where I waited. She had donned an old-fashioned silk dress, that had been intended originally for a much larger woman, and her exquisite rosy smile faded out from below an enormous hood that my grandmother or my great-grandmother had worn.

"I am the ghost of your grandmother come to rebuke you for your sins," said May. "My beloved grandchild," she continued, with charming mock gravity, "I have returned from the next world, where I am comparatively comfortable, solely on your account. Evil communications corrupt good manners, and I do not like the company you keep. These English people at the Park are undermining your principles. Already you have begun the downward career. You walked in the fields last Sabbath; next Sabbath you will steal the spoons; then you will take to drinking and smoking; then you will run away with old Goody; then you will know when Dr. Hackaback is preaching. Ichabod! Ichabod! the glory is departed," and the anxious representative of the Holdfasts drew the cloak round her face, and gazed out the backslidings of the house.

Her mimetic power was perfect. She would have made a great actress.

"That queer old duck, Goody," she continued, in her own voice, "is a perfect treasure. She allowed me to ransack your grandmother's wardrobe. I hope you like the result;" and she made me a stately courtesy, such as old Mrs. Julian Holdfast may have made about the beginning of the last century.

I admitted that it did credit to her taste.

"I've a great mind to keep it for our theatricals in summer—it does become me, I think. Martin, what a lovely face!"

As she spoke she pointed to a picture on the wall—a bright, true face, on which all the charities that make life sweet were written.

"My mother's portrait."

"Your mother?" she said, in an altered tone. "It is a face one might trust forever. Martin, you are happier than I. You had a mother; I never knew mine. Perhaps—" Here she paused.

A softer mood than I had ever known in her succeeded. I looked away, for there was a trouble in her voice. I looked away; but I did not do so I must have fallen at her feet and kissed the hem of her robe. I never loved her so wildly, so passionately, either before or after, as I did at that moment. Her eyes, traveling round slowly and dreamily, rested on me; she recovered herself directly; her exquisite sensitiveness warned her what was coming—told her of the words that quivered upon my lips.

A keen, defiant light came into her face. It said as plainly as words: "No, I shall not and can not bear you. I do not love you. Speak a word and I leave you forever." But about she only said, coldly, "I think the carriage must have come."

I resolved that I should go no more to the Park. It was clear, here me on as the night at times, that she did not love me. And I—this poisonous joy which had crept into my blood was eating up my life. But I would cast it out; and so for a week, gun in hand, I tramped over the sand-hills, returning at night weary and fagged and wretched.

At the end of the week came a note from May: "Dear Mr. HOFFEST,--I have been in bed a week, but am better. Kate Saville comes next month, and we must begin our rehearsals. But I can not make up my mind what play to choose. Will you come and help me to-day? They do. You know we close at seven."
"M. R. M."

Of course I did not go; of course you would not have gone? Perhaps not; if you and I were wiser than Solomon and older than Methuselah. Otherwise I think I know what road we would take and where it would lead us.

I had resolved to keep myself well in hand, but my passion was visible in my face. I think that even Mr. Marvell must have noticed it; for after dinner, as we sat for a moment over the wine, he led the conversation to his daughter. He probably knew more of her experiences than I did, and good-naturally desired to warn me.

"She is a clever little witch, is May, but as untamable as a fly. It is a pity she is such a tremendous coquette--only all women are coquettes. Fill your glass, Mr. Hoffest; I got that wine from Rotterdam."

He held up his own against the light as he continued:

"I think a taste for sound old claret is about the soundest taste we can cultivate. And it is a duty to single out sound enjoyments; for the costs of life are easily exhausted. The horizon grows gray; enjoyment flags; the senses fall us. We close up all the avenues to pleasure before we know that they are so few. And when they come, the supreme rewards of sorrow are poor and valueless. Your mistress's kiss does not burn as it used to burn; the truth is, she loves you. You don't relish the wit and the courtesies as of yore; your stomach is not what it was, and you weary of D--'s old jokes. My good Sir, a woman is only a woman; and when you once get behind the scenes you learn how you have been imposed upon, and swear never again to find a world of romance in a sheet of pasteboard and a pot of paint."

He filled his glass and paused meditatively. "You know Clavering by name--an obstinate old man; he made a terrible mess in China. Well, Clavering once said a good thing--by mistake. At a dinner of the men of our time at Cambridge he got pathetic over those who had left us, and made a delightful malapropism: 'Some of them are happily dead; others, alas! are married.' Our shout of laughter decomposed him terribly; and when he found that he had transposed the words he insisted on putting them right, amidst still noisier shouts. But I think the first edition was, after all, the true one, and had I been Clavering I would have stuck to it."

This was the philosophy that reared me into the drawing-room, where the witch sat dreaming in the fire-light.

A witch indeed, as you would have confessed had you heard her sing that night in an arch, airy, half-passionate, half-mocking, that suited the words well, Lodge's delightful song:

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet;
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
No lock, no key, can open this;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest:
Ah! woman, will you?
And if I sleep, O he
With pretty slight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The divining right;
Strike I the lute, he tunes the string;
He makes plays, if I but sing;
He leads me easy lovely things,
Yet e'er he my heart doth sting:
Ah! woman, will you?

Realized can mock a little at love even while she complains, but I had taken the disease in its worst shape, and was past jesting. A physician--could we physic Love!--would have said from the beginning that my malady was mortal.

Our theatrical projects, however, kept us in the mean time constantly employed. But although we unpacked the library we could not agree upon a piece. This play was too warm, that was too cold; we would not muster performers for one, nor properties for another.

"I wish we had a poet among us," said May; "only poets are such dull people to have in a country-house. I knew a poet once. I was left to amuse him, and he nearly bored me to death. He told me that he had lost his heart to a particular friend of mine, but I didn't believe him; he had written so many rubbishy poems about the affection, that he had no heart left to love. Do you recollect the song he wrote for me, papa, and which you said he had stolen from Master Lovelace? It went somehow thus, I think:

With frowns and tears and smiles,
And sighs and wiles,
The May her gown beguiles;
But my May keeps the grace
Of true love in her face.
Sweet is May's hawthorn hedge,
And by the water edge,
The meadow of the edge;
But my May's answerer far
Than hawthorn hedge are.
The thrush repeats her tale,
And the sad nightingale
With passion floods the vale;
But my May's stranger thrills
My soul among the hills.
The kisses of the May
Are scattered every day
On all who come this way;
But my May's lips are kept
Like choicest violet.

And so the foolish fellow ran on, with much more on the same key. But he might help us now, could we lay hands on him. Do you recollect what he was called, papa?"

But Mr. Marvell had entirely forgotten. "We couldn't well advertise for him, I suppose, so we must do without him, and take one of these two. Which is it to be?"

The first was a little gay French vaudeville--artless as the best art is, but exquisitely graceful and

petulant. There was absolutely nothing in the story, but the people in it talked about nothing in the most charming way. The hero and his mistress made desperate love; but they clearly didn't care a copper far each other, and their passion ran off in epigrams. "My beautiful lady," said the lover on his knees at last (he went down quite leisurely), "My beautiful lady, have pity on me." And the lady answered, "No, I have no pity. Je suis la belle dame sans merci." And so the play ended.

No, that would not do. May felt perhaps that it was overlike the play she had on hand; so we chose the other. It was Goethe's *Egmont*.

Kate Saville had not yet appeared, and Miss Marvell and I read the great play together. There was something in it--in Clara's unreflective rapture, in Egmont's heroic recklessness--that fascinated her imagination.

I was but a sorry Egmont, I fear--so poor a performer that Miss Marvell sometimes snatched the part out of my hand, and swore (as ladies swear) that she would be the Count herself. And then, mulling herself in some covert or shadow that lay at hand, she would show me with admirable patience how it was done; how Egmont, bending over his mistress, had clasped his cloak, and disclosed the jeweled collar of the Golden Fleece. "But this is not my Egmont."

I wonder sometimes that I lived through it all. I was like a man in strong fever, now on fire, anon my teeth chattering with cold. I was in rapture and in agony. This witch had poisoned my blood. As she bent over me that night, as I felt her breath touch my cheek, I was as jealously mad, as ferociously miserable, as Othello. I knew that my senses were deserting me; this potent enchantress had changed me into some wild animal that I did not recognize; and I fled affrighted from her spells. What if I should smother her in my blind rage, as the Moor smothered his bride? As I looked out on the black pools of water on which the moonlight lay, I swore that, come what might, I should not go to her again.

I kept my word. I did not approach the Park. But Fate was stronger than my will. I was to see her once more beside the sea.

She had been walking, and she came up to me with a beautiful flush on her face.

"Kate Saville has come," she said, "and we are ready for a rehearsal. Where have you been for ever so long?" Then, without waiting for my answer, "I hope you are perfect in your Egmont?"

"I do not mean to be Egmont," I answered, gloomily.

"You are not going to desert us, surely?"

"I shall not act."

"Mr. Hoffest, this is too bad. Kate will be inconsolable."

But I would not. She never asked my reason; she knew by instinct what I meant. She should have gone then; but she still waited.

"Will nothing tempt you? Come up to-night. Kate shall give you a song, her voice is superb; and I--I will give you a smile," the coquette said, while a lovely one crossed her eyes and lighted up her mouth.

"Temptress!" I muttered, eying her almost savagely.

"My dear Martin," she said all at once, quite seriously, "what all you? One would fancy that you took me for a witch. I suppose the best that you expect is to see me ride away on a broomstick;" and she affected to point like a spell-bound child that has been crossed.

But I looked her full in the face (for I had ceased to fear her--I was reckless and desperate), and I saw that her eyes did not defy me.

Then came the end.

I took hold of her hand as we stood together and clasped it in mine. She was not offended; she did not resist; I fancied there was an answering pressure. Her touch kindled all the blood in my body into a blaze. I turned and looked her full in the face. The smile had faded off the upturned mouth and cheeks, which were pale with fear or passion or love, but it still lingered in her eyes, and I felt that her eyes consented. I stooped down and kissed her on the lips. I was mad with love, and her lips did not resist. For a moment they clung to mine, or seemed to cling. Had Heaven been in the other scale I could not have foregone that kiss. Then the softness died out of her eyes; her face grew set and hard and cruel; she curled herself out of my arms, and retreating swiftly and stealthily, gained a little knoll, from which she turned and faced me. Her eyes were full of scorn; she crouched a little, as if with angry shame; at the very moment I thought of a panther-cat in act to spring.

"Sir!" she said, flashing out magnificently, "have you forgotten that you are a boor?"

The voice rang with mockery and bitter pride; yet, turning suddenly, she bowed her face into her hands and sobbed convulsively. Her being shook beneath the storm. It was not a summer shower; it was a convulsion of nature. I was by her side in a moment; my arm was round her waist; she was tagging at the strings of her hat. "Loose them!" she said; "they are choking me." She sat down on the bank, but for many minutes could not control her hysterical sobs. Her whole nature was moved--perhaps it needed such a convulsion to teach her that she had a heart.

"May," I asked, penitently, "what have I done?"

"Martin, you have humbled me bitterly. It is my fault; I know that I led you on. I have been false, light, unsteady."

"You are the delight of my eyes," I murmured, passionately.

"No, no!" she replied, piteously; "do not speak so. You can not be so sorely hurt; it would make me miserable to think that you were hurt."

"Hurt!" I exclaimed; "it is a hurt I shall carry with me to the grave--gladly." Then such a look of pained entreaty crossed her face that I stopped abruptly. For a moment there was silence; but she did not speak.

"May," I whispered, "you know how I love you; can not you love me a little?"

"No," she said, steadily, through her sobs; "I have no love in my heart. I am too hard to love. I do not love you." I turned very pale; and her eyes sought mine pitifully. "Martin, how have I deceived you? You must have known how cold my heart was. Why have you been so blind?"

"May--May!--might you not learn to love me?"

"It is impossible," she said. Her tears were dried, and she had gathered herself up to go. Her face was hardening again. Her mood had changed--as I pressed her. I felt the chill coming. "It is impossible. It can not be."

Yet I persevered; what will not a man do for dear life when he is drowning? "Do not shut hope out from me," I said.

"It is best to speak plainly at once," she replied--and her voice had recovered its clear, musical, mocking ring; "I can not give you my love, for--among other reasons--it is pledged to another. Good night!"

"Audley?" I echoed, mechanically.

"Yes, Audley--the House of Commons man. Audley is my betrothed," and then added, God knows with what bitterness, "My love, my love, my love, my Egmont!"

"Are you a woman?" I said, moodily, yet with unnatural calmness--for I was dazed by her cruel beauty--"Are you a woman, or a tiger's cub?"

Then I turned upon my heel and left her where she stood. She did not call me back; yet I fancy sometimes in my dreams (it is fancy only) that I heard her say "Martin" softly amidst a low burst of weeping. I never saw her again.

I never saw her again. My heart was still hard against her when I heard one say, "She is dead." Even in death I did not forgive her. Had she not burned up my heart? Had she not lured me to the very gates of hell? Had she not left me with a slight, dainty, scornful, mocking smile? But one day (when my fever was over--for I had been stricken by the plague of which she died) I wandered listlessly, mechanically, along the shore till I reached the church-yard among the sand-hills. A low name, I noticed, was carved upon the wall. Another "May Sybil Marvell" had been laid out of the sunshine under where the rank nettles grow. Then--remembering who had last stood by my side on this turf, remembering that April evening--my heart forgave her, and all my fierce love turned into tender pity. She might have been fickle and treacherous; but at least she had had my whole heart, and she had been to me what no other woman could be again.

And it may be (I say sometimes to myself, as the old bitterness returns for a moment) that I am her debtor. She taught me in a few days the lesson which old men, even to their fourscore years, have sometimes failed to learn. It takes long to squeeze the fever of hope out of the heart; many a bitter dismissal, many a sharp disillusion to make a man utterly happy and apathetic. But I took my dose at a draught, and since that hour am cured.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ILLUMINATE DULL. Three young men were discovered in a respectable office in Dublin drilling a cat. They were removed to the police-station.

YOUR CHOICE PAY. Why can't the Irish perform the play of *Hemlock*?--Because they always make Aphasia of the tonic.

"I say, boy, how far do those rocks run into the sea?" asked a gentleman of a half-dressed, hair-shirted fisherman's son on the east coast of Scotland. "They duns rin aw, sir, they just lie still there."

Old Tom Cat, when at defiance, cathepally scolded the dogs. They cat-head in broken. No cross will you cat-moment the shells and cat-houses. They cat-head will no more be head. The catastrophe was in the category of thy life. No catastrophe will bear thee to the catastrophe. Cat-heads will sing and to move far thee. Her cat-head. They will rejoice in thy cat-head. The catastrophe that bound thee to thine life is broken. No catastrophe will be shed on thy demise. They had been the "Cathode" of thy species. Thy head will not be so downy catastrophe. No catastrophe will be taken of thee. Thy cat-hatting was allowed. No cat-head will be wrapped in thy gossamer. Thy catastrophe is hatched forever. They had gone over the catastrophe of gossamer. They had sipped thy hot cat-tee. They set awed from the catastrophe of cat-tee. Thy catastrophe is shock. Cat-heads will cry on thy grave, and cat-head and catastrophe. And cat-heads may sigh over thy resting-place for aught we care. Adieu, old Tom!--a hot cat-head!

A Connecticut doctor was attending a very poor and feeble pair of cows in a very large load of wood. A neighbor asked him how he expected to get so large a load to market with so poor a team. The doctor replied that he expected to have some assistance from Divine Providence. His neighbor asked him whether it would not be as well to dispose entirely with the cows and let Providence draw the whole load.

A pair of lovers, fleeing from stern and cruel parents, were married in the ran case St. Luke, the other day. Papa telegraphed to the contractor to send his daughter back; but he telegraphed back: "Never return a far on this road."

SELF SACRIFICE!

THEY (to his little Cousin Benjamin, who only once did him greatly as to care of). "HELLO, BENNY! WHAT A' YOU GOT THERE? AN CHANGE? WHY THE MOST BEASTLY UNWORTHY THING YOU CAN BUY!"

"Y ANY LATE, GIVE 'S BOLD AND LET 'S SQUEEZE THE NASTY JUICE OUT FOR YOU!"

THE BARBER OF BAILLEN.

The barber of Baillen was four feet high. His wife measured five feet ten; His waist a Venus in figure or flow, And he was the meekest of men.

The fair lady's temper had evil reports. Her short husband was pitted by all; Her tongue, like a pendulum, constantly swung, And her language was seasoned with gall.

A young friar came off the dance to confess. But whether she told him the truth, The author could not relate in song; While the friar kept his counsel, wise youth.

One morning at breakfast the chocolate was hot, And the fair lady's temper not cool; The barber complained of catarrh, but she Tied her hand with a three-legged stool.

"Pray mate it, my love, and see what I say Is strict truth, on your Pope's sanctity; I know 'tis as cool as the air on the bridge;" So she tasted to show her civility.

Chocolate cups heated remain very hot For a very long period of time; So the fair lady blushed her petulant temper, While it served but her temper to press.

The lady her stalwart arm raised on high To beat at her little lord's head The fluid that peppered her petulant tongue-- When an accident happened instead.

That instant the friar appears at the door, Intending their breakfast to share; When splash goes the chocolate all over his hair, And spreads in the roots of his hair.

London Note.--When a gentleman has taken so much that he has not the ability to stand, he may possibly be self limited to the ability, and can apply to Chancery to wind up his watch for him.

What prevents the running river running away?--Why, 'tis his cup.

What's the difference between a butcher and a cord-stainer?--One cuts the cords, and the other cuts the tails.

What's the difference between an inventory and an auction?--One "looks" the fire, and the other fires the looks.

Misery loves company, and so does a marvellous young boy.

A gentleman at the opera, the better night, is wanting the praises of a new opera-glass which he had just purchased, said, "Why, how poor soul, it helps the ladies on the opposite side of the house so much that I can stand the music on their pocket-handkerchiefs, and hear the beating of their dear little hearts."

The youth who got upon his bellows to see where the wind came from is now trying his hand at blowing geyser-boulders.

ECLOGUES.

What must be done to conduct a newspaper fight?--Write.

What is necessary to a farmer to visit his f--System. What would give a blind man the greatest delight?--Light.

What is the best piece of counsel given by a Justice of the Peace?--Peace.

Who commits the greatest abominations?--Statists. What is the greatest terror?--Fire.

What's the difference between a book-black and a slave-owner?--One blacks the boots, and the other boots the blacks.

"I have lost my appetite," said a gigantic fellow, who was an eminent performer on the trapeze, to a friend. "I hope," said the friend, "no poor man has found it, for it would ruin him as a work."

A French valet, in describing the trading powers of the great Yankee said: "If he was out away on a far-off island, he'd get up the next morning and go around selling soap to the inhabitants."

An old sportsman, who, at the age of eighty-three, was met by a friend riding very fast, was asked what he was in pursuit of? "Why, sir," replied the other, "I am riding after my eighty-fourth year."

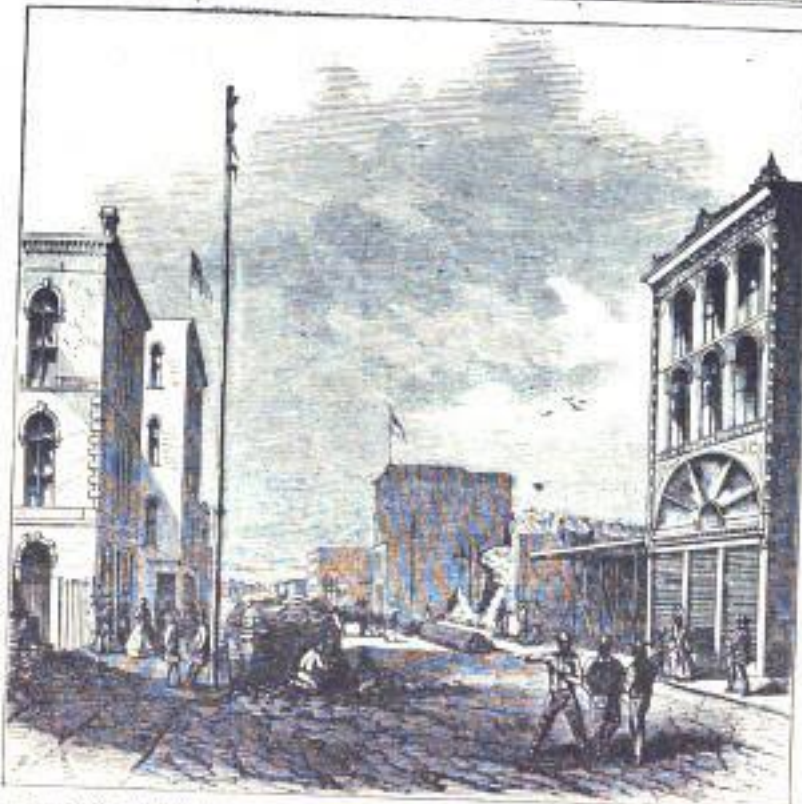
A Western "local" acknowledges the gift of "two bouquets, smiling in their paper fronts as do girls' faces within their looped night-caps." That man is too imaginative to be kept on parole.--Items.



SELF SACRIFICE!
THEY (to his little Cousin Benjamin, who only once did him greatly as to care of). "HELLO, BENNY! WHAT A' YOU GOT THERE? AN CHANGE? WHY THE MOST BEASTLY UNWORTHY THING YOU CAN BUY!"
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TIMBER-BOOMS ON THE ST. JOHN RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK.—[See Page 284.]



REBUILDING THE BURNT DISTRICT IN RICHMOND, VA.—DESCRIBED BY T. H. DAVIS.—(SEE PAGE 286.)

JAMES STEPHENS.

JAMES STEPHENS, founder and chief of the Irish Fenian Brotherhood, was born in the county of Kilkenny, in Ireland, in 1823.

He was a civil engineer, and was little known at the time O'Connell, John Mitchel, and a few other tried patriots formed the party of Young Ireland, and, after the famine of 1847-8, made an appeal to insurrection. A large number of enthusiastic young men responded to this appeal. At their head STEPHENS placed himself, determined to share the perils braved by O'Connell.

The arrest of O'Connell put an end to the movement, and STEPHENS found refuge in France, where he joined O'Mahony, who had also fled thither, and who is now at the head of the American order of Fenians.

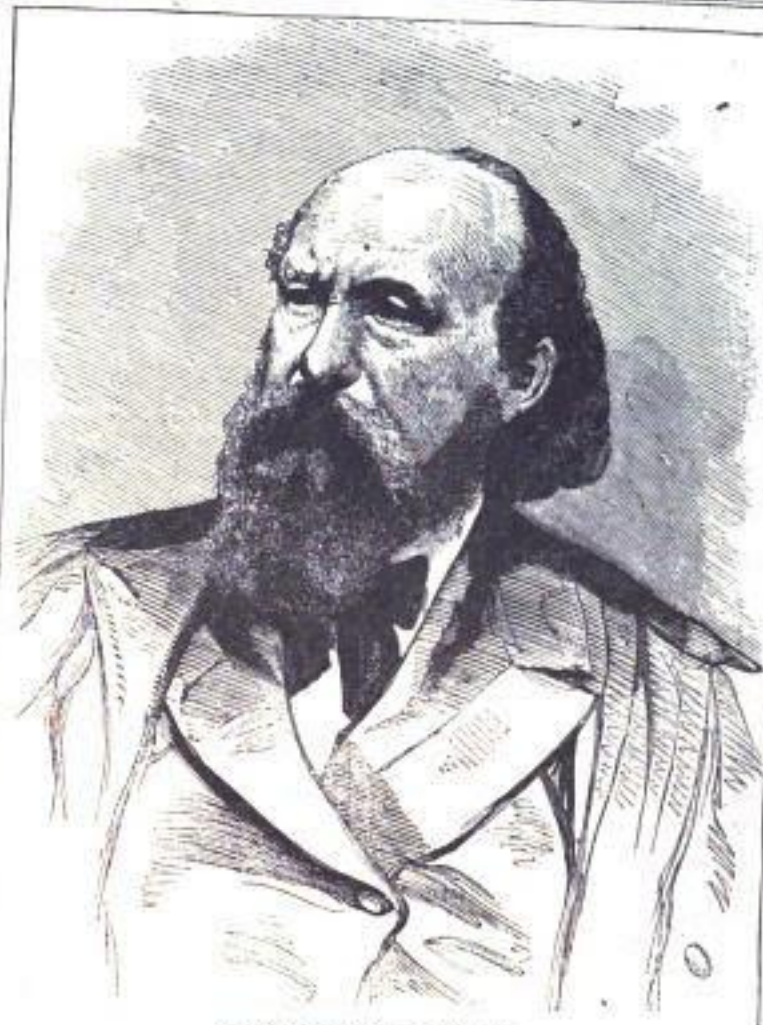
After a stay of some years in Paris STEPHENS returned to Ireland, and organized a secret society of vast proportions, which is to-day known as the Fenian Brotherhood. It is perhaps not generally known that STEPHENS is the sole author of Fenianism; that he alone understands all the secrets of the Brotherhood; and that three times already he has crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of organizing and developing, with the aid of his friend JOHN O'MAHONY, the Fenian Brotherhood in this country.

STEPHENS, as is well known, was arrested, and a short time afterward escaped from Richmond Bridewell, where he was imprisoned, in Dublin. The story of his escape would no doubt be interesting, but all we know of the matter is, that very little which has been told is exactly true.

The celebrated Fenian chief has been for some time in Paris. He has determined to leave France for this country; but not to stay here, it being his intention soon to return to Europe.

EXPLOSION AT ASPINWALL.

The last Pacific steamer from Panama, the *Arctona*, brings the news of a terrible catastrophe at Aspinwall caused by the explosion of seventy cases of nitro-glycerine, which formed part of the freight of the British steamer *European*, at that port. The upper works of this steamer were all blown into fragments, and the lives of about fifty persons were destroyed by the first explosion. Two subsequent explosions took place, adding still further to the loss of life, the last one resulting in the total destruction and sinking of the *European*, which had been



JAMES STEPHENS, THE FENIAN CHIEF. (PHOTOGRAPHED BY COMAY, PARIS.)



EXPLOSION AT ASPINWALL.—RUINS OF THE PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY'S FREIGHT-HOUSE. (PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. MARTINEZ, ASPINWALL.)

nowed out into the harbor. This event took place on the morning of April 3, just as nearly all the local freight had been delivered. The *Panama Star* and *Herald* give the following account:

"The wharf at which the vessel was unloading, and which was some 400 feet long, was literally torn to pieces, the superstructure was completely demolished to within a hundred feet of the freight-house, and hardly a plank remained in the entire length of the structure that was not wrenched from its fastenings. Immediately in front of where the vessel lay a gap was cut through the wharf—plank, planking, etc., all disappearing. The ship and wharf both caught fire, and the latter was saved from entire destruction only by the exertions of several citizens, who got the fire-engines to work, and after a few hours extinguished the flames, regardless of the risk they incurred from another explosion of the burning ship. The Panama Railroad Company's splendid freight-house is left a pile of ruins. The frame of the air-mass by the occasion seems to have raised the roof—which was constructed of iron and steel—upward, a few feet, its own weight bringing it down with immense force into the building, and carrying with it both the end walls, leaving the house, excepting the side walls, which appear but thin, if at all injured, a mass of ruins. It would be difficult to imagine a more complete wreck than that presented by the freight-house and wharf.

"Scarcely a building in the place escaped without more or less damage, those of a substantial nature suffering most; nearly all the brick and stone buildings were badly injured, but the freight-house is the only one we have



EXPLOSION AT ASPINWALL.—THE WHARF AND THE "EUROPEAN" ON FIRE.—(PHOTOGRAPHED IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE EXPLOSION BY J. MARTINEZ, ASPINWALL.)

heard of which has been rendered unpalatable. Hoody a whole window of glass remains in the city, and the destruction of glassware, crockery, and such like is really wonderful.

"The most awful part of the catastrophe was the dreadful loss of life and suffering attending it. Of the number of killed and missing it is impossible to give a correct estimate, but from present data the number may safely be put down at fifty, and is, we fear, more likely to prove over this number than under it. Of the 41 men comprising the crew of the *Johnson* 9 have been killed and 11 are missing. Two clerks engaged on the wharf—Mr. Swanson, of the W. I. and P. Steamship Company, and Mr. Carter, of the Panama Railroad Company—were both instantly killed, and of 12 natives, or *Polynesian*, employed on the wharf and in the freight-house some are supposed to have been saved; besides, it is believed a strong gang of native laborers, who had guns on board the unfortunate steamer, have met the fate of the others. It will be several days before a correct estimate can be made of the loss. Many bodies were no doubt thrown into the water and picked up by sharks, while others are still buried beneath the ruins of the freight-house and wharf, or were down with the ill-fated ship. The scene in Aspinwall, after the first explosion, can not be described—it was horrible in the extreme. While the ruins gave an air of desolation to the place, the mangled and bereaved bodies or places of bodies to be met with in every direction for a great distance around the ruins of the disaster were heart-rending, and the suffering of the poor mortals crushed and crushed, in whose life was not calmed, was really dreadful.

"The nitro-glycerine, which caused the explosion, is a compound used for blasting purposes, and was shipped from Liverpool for California. It is, we understand, of a similar composition. If not the same, as a barrel or box of oil which exploded in Greenwich Street, New York, a short time ago. It will be remembered the package was accidentally dropped on the street, and immediately exploded, tearing down two or three large buildings and damaging many others.

"The amount of damage caused by the explosion is roughly estimated at \$3,000,000, which is about the loss figure at which it can be placed."

THE ST. JOHN RIVER.

In connection with the Fensian excitement now prevailing in New Brunswick the sketch of the St. John River, given on page 284, will be unusually interesting to our readers.

The City of St. John, the chief maritime port of New Brunswick, is built on a peninsula at the mouth of the River St. John. Its fine harbor in front, and Courtenay Bay in the rear, almost surrounding it with water, give it the appearance of an island. By its peculiar situation it is eminently adapted for commercial purposes. Its chief trade is lumber and ship-building. The population is now about 40,000. The growth of St. John has been rapid; many of its inhabitants now living can remember when its site was a dense forest. The city can not be said to possess many public buildings with pretensions to architectural beauty, but many of its shops are on a scale that will compare favorably with those of older towns. There are about thirty churches and chapels belonging to different denominations. The public institutions reflect great credit on the inhabitants, especially the Penitentiary, Almshouse, Marine Hospital, General Hospital, and Lunatic Asylum.

The lover of picturesque scenery finds a most impressive sight in the rapids of the River St. John at low tide, as the rushing and foaming waters sweep with irresistible force between the perpendicular rocks, which rise on each side to the height of 80 or 100 feet. Sometimes accidents have occurred, but they are rare, and only in the case of boats approaching too near the rapids and being swept into the whirlpool. As the tide rises in the Bay of Fundy the waters gradually become calmer. Just before low-tide, while yet its waters are in commotion, may be viewed an exciting scene. Rafts of timber, wood-lands, acres loaded with deals, and steamers towing logs come into view from behind the small island at the head of the falls, and, being caught by the current, are borne on with great rapidity, and follow each other in quick succession, while the hardy raftsmen ply their oars with the utmost courage and skill. It is in order to keep the tide which will now carry them down to the harbor that they incur the risk of passing the falls at such a time. At half-tide these falls are perfectly smooth, and no trace is visible of their late commotion. They remain so for a short time. As the tide rises in the harbor and gains a level above the waters of the river, the falls again become a scene of wild commotion; but this time the waters flow the reverse way, owing to the narrowness of the gorge and sudden rise of tide, which rises to the height of 30 or 40 feet. These falls form no impediment to the building of large ships on the river, as they can safely pass through at half-tide.

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

A LARGE portion of our illustrated matter this week relates to Southern cities.

As will be seen by our artist T. R. Davis's sketch on page 285, the burned district of Richmond, Virginia, is being "reconstructed." The rebuilding of the houses destroyed by the order of JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE furnishes employment to a large number of freedmen. Where a few months since only blackened ruins were visible may now be seen buildings of far more pretentious appearance than those destroyed. The negroes, says our artist, work with an alacrity for which they were not before noted, which is certainly a strong vote for the free labor system of which so many people in the South have doubted the feasibility. The money used in the erection of the costly and substantial stores in this district is mostly raised in the North by bond and mortgage on the property.

Our picture on the first page of this sheet, representing a group in the Colored Orphan Asylum at Memphis, is very characteristic. The portraits are all from life. The tallest figure of the group, holding a little child, is "Aunt MARY," who is of a yellow color with gray wavy hair. Clinging to her arm is "SUSANNA," a quadruplet of six or seven years, with curly hair. The figure at the extreme left—"LESLIE"—is black, as are also the two little ones in front, while the girl "MARTHA" on his side is very light. The three figures at the right—"CHARLES" (reading a book), and "EMERSON," holding a little sick brother "RUFUS"—are quite black. "Aun-

EMERY," the centre of the group, is brown. The little baby in her front is light, with straight hair. Still more in the foreground is the sick child "CATHERINE," opposite whom is "LOUISIANA ARMSTRONG," who is shaking peacock feathers before his face for his amusement.

Our other pictures on pages 280 and 281 are alluded to in the following notes which our "Special" on his trip from Cairo southward has jotted down for the benefit of our readers:

LOUISVILLE.

"A stranger from the East naturally wonders at the extensive interest which whisky holds in countries bordering on the Ohio. Here the people that distill the liquor are not at all ashamed of their business. The distillers of the more Eastern States have a sneaking consciousness that the distilling business is not compatible with respectability, and evince a cowardly spirit in fabricating excuses for their indulgence in the fiery juice. Now in the West a man takes his whisky 'like a man' without reference to his doctor, a stomach-ache, or a cold. As churches are the prominent institutions in an Eastern town, so here the still-house overshadows all its neighbors and proudly takes the first rank. It may be this disregard for outward appearances will account for the Western indifference to paint and other external adornments, though it seems almost useless to attempt any thing in opposition to the sooty influence of soft coal.

"Thus Louisville—of which I had formed a charming ideal as a place where pretty houses nestled among the trees out of the reach of the scorching rays of the sun, and where the fiery nature of the Southern slumbers in a luxurious sensuousness—turns out to be in fact only a rival of Pittsburg. Masses of smoke, belched from numberless chimneys, keep the place in a perpetual fog, and, descending in showers of soot, produce a monotone of color not cheering to the sight. Broadway—the Fifth Avenue of the city—which may some day be a cheerful street, is at present a conglomeration of fine mansions and of mean little houses built of freestone, or painted a cold, staring gray to resemble that material.

"Louisville is very thriving, and its population is rapidly increasing. Property is held high, and house rents are more exorbitant than in New York. The negroes are at work on the same principle as other laborers. If they fulfill their agreements they are sure of employment, but your lazy negro is quickly set aside as soon as a better one offers. And in other respects they have nothing to complain of. The stories of brutal outrages inflicted on them are emphatically denied by the whites.

"When I was in Louisville the Falls were covered with ten feet of water, so that the iron-clad *Typhoon* and *Oswego* passed safely over them.

"To artists visiting Louisville it may be interesting to know that there is a genuine VAN DYKE in the Roman Catholic cathedral—a fine picture and said to be well authenticated. At the Willard House, where I stopped, there were some fine specimens of Kosterkiens—tall, broad-shouldered fellows, apparently men who had been in the army, and who, to judge by their remarks, could not back any other occupation. They were 'reconstructed' but out of their element.

"Louisville is striving hard to compete with New York, St. Louis, and Cincinnati, as a cotton market; but I think she will not cause the premature decay of New York for a year or two. Leaving this place, I took the night train for

NASHVILLE.

"I paid exactly twice as much for a sleeping berth as is charged on Northern lines. I had some notion of stopping at the Mammoth Cave, but regarding the time spent in holes of the earth as so much dead loss, I passed it by. Nashville was soaking in a heavy rain as the train entered.

"The people of Nashville are working with a vigor which they have never hitherto exhibited, building up commerce and devoting themselves to business. The streets are being paved thoroughly with the Macadam and Nicholson pavements. White men and black work together in the streets, pushing forward these improvements. The majority of the citizens are wisely seeking in the blessings of peace to make up as soon as possible for what has been lost by the war, and they show all the outward bearings of good citizens. Like Louisville, Nashville is troubled with heavy rents and a scarcity of houses. The city is finely located on a rock, which, rising from the banks of the Cumberland in picturesque strata, is surmounted by the freestone Capitol of the State, like a pale sentinel keeping watch over the city. Along the banks of the river this rock crops out in flat horizontal strata.

"It must be a wonderful relief to a city like Nashville, after being for so long time a garrisoned town, to be freed from the presence of soldiers. But few of the latter have been left, and these are merely orderlies of General THOMAS, or attachés of the quarter-master or ordnance depot. The people of Nashville, I believe, are better disposed toward the Government than the Tennessee farther South. The city received an impetus from the war which has, in a great measure, compensated it for any losses which it may have sustained during the struggle. The distinction between Federal and Confederate still remains. There is socially no affiliation between the two classes.

"Quitting Nashville by the Johnsonville Railroad, we came upon the line of fortifications. The ground had been plowed over, and fences ran over the forts, through outcrops and all. The country for some distance lay smiling with the first blush of spring, to which the blooming peach-trees added no slight charm. In places the flat strata of the freestone cropped out, and was being quarried with very little trouble. The mistletoe abounding upon the trees would make an Englishman feel 'quite at home.' After a while the road leads into a less promising region, more hilly, and showing the remains of defensive works that mark the spots commanding river crossings. These consisted of burned block-houses, with little rifle-gaps, rapidly disappearing before the effects of the weather. Here and

there farmers were at work glowing up the land. At one place I noticed white men, little boys, and negroes all alike busy driving plows through the soft earth. It was dark before the train reached Johnsonville, where the road at present terminates, and passengers take steamboats for the rest of the route.

MEMPHIS.

"Memphis has now the unenviable reputation of being the worst behaved city in the Union. There is a floating population here, made up of the dregs of both armies, which would be a curse to any city. Order is, however, prevailing, and the outrages that were common last winter are becoming less frequent. Business is remarkably dull, and all the stores look overstocked. The hotels, lobbies, and halls, are crowded with loungers, people doing business in the city, commercial travelers and 'reconstructed' citizens, who would do well to imitate the examples set them by Southern generals, and go to work. The newspapers, both Union and Secession, do their best to keep open the wounds made by the war. The latter class are particularly severe, and give constant proof of the determination of the Southern press to keep up the vindictive sectionalism which caused the late war. Another war between the late antagonists is impossible; but the irrepressible conflict is still going on, and the great trouble seems to be a want of Christian forbearance. Nowhere is this state of affairs worse than at Nashville. The sketch of the city was taken from a portion of the fortifications known as Fort Pickens, to make way for which a number of nice houses had been torn down. Now the fort is turned into a brick-yard, and sable brickmakers, under the supervision of white men, follow that ancient art where ere while the rebel cannon frowned ominously over the cliff."

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THE Asiatic Cholera (see Tribune of July 7, 1865)

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Vol. X.—No. 489.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1866.

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PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

THE illustrations on this page and on page 292 are thus described in the following notes by our "Special," A. B. W.:

WILD-CATS AT NASHVILLE.

"At a restaurant known as SREIGMAN'S there was, among other animals, a magnificent pair of wild-cats, just caught in the neighborhood of Nashville, and awfully savage, the male showing his temper, if teased, by immediately attacking the female, who would then, standing up on her hind feet, deliver battle with heavy blows from her taloned paws.

LEVEES AT CINCINNATI.

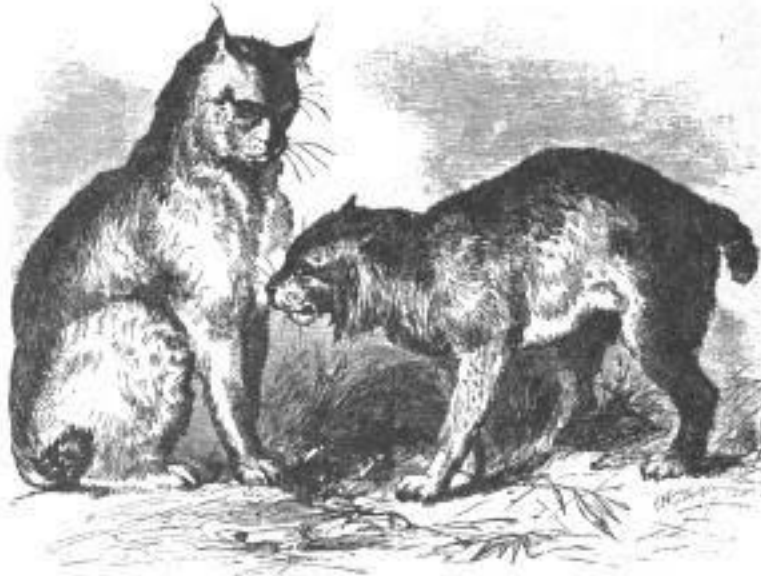
"When I reached the 'Queen City' it was in a great ferment. FIRE'S Opera-house and other buildings had burned down the night before, and the magnificent city engines were playing upon the ruins.

"The good people of Cincinnati look upon their city as 'some pumpkins' in a business point of view, and point to their levees as an illustration. I should imagine that the levees do nearly as much business as six New York piers. At about 'starting time' there is a great confusion of bells, whistles, and Calliopes.

THE CALLOPE.

"Attracted by one of the latter, I went aboard to see how the thing was done. The reader will see how from the sketch I have made. Certainly it was the best iron-clad music I had heard; and, strange to say, the whistles were in tolerable tune.

"At 12 the next noon I went aboard the *General Anderson*, a Louisville boat, and bade adieu to the Queen City, which presented more of a picture than when I entered it. The tall tower of the Catholic church loomed up against the smoky atmosphere and indistinct outline of hills beyond the city, while springing out over the river the new suspension-bridge to Covington hung pendant from its massive towers. Swiftly slipping down the river, swollen and muddy, past the weather-beaten shanties, gas-houses, and shapeless coal-barges, and then on past



WILD-CATS IN NASHVILLE.

the piers on which Cincinnati stands, the bluffs rapidly close in upon the river, on the right hand presenting slopes devoted to the culture of orchards and the vine. This bank for some distance presents the appearance of suburbs, with buildings picturesque but, as usual, unpainted, and with roads leading up over the tree-crowned heights.

"Having heard much about the superior beauty of Western ladies, I had gone about Cincinnati with an artist's eye for the study of that interesting subject. I recollect how some Western people jeered at a picture in *Harper's Weekly* entitled "Types of

Female Beauty." It was an amusing commentary on their remarks to find that a certain vendor of a quack nostrum advertised as a beautifier of the fair sex had transferred one of the heads from that engraving to his show-bill, as a specimen of the glorious results to be attained from the use of his manufacture.

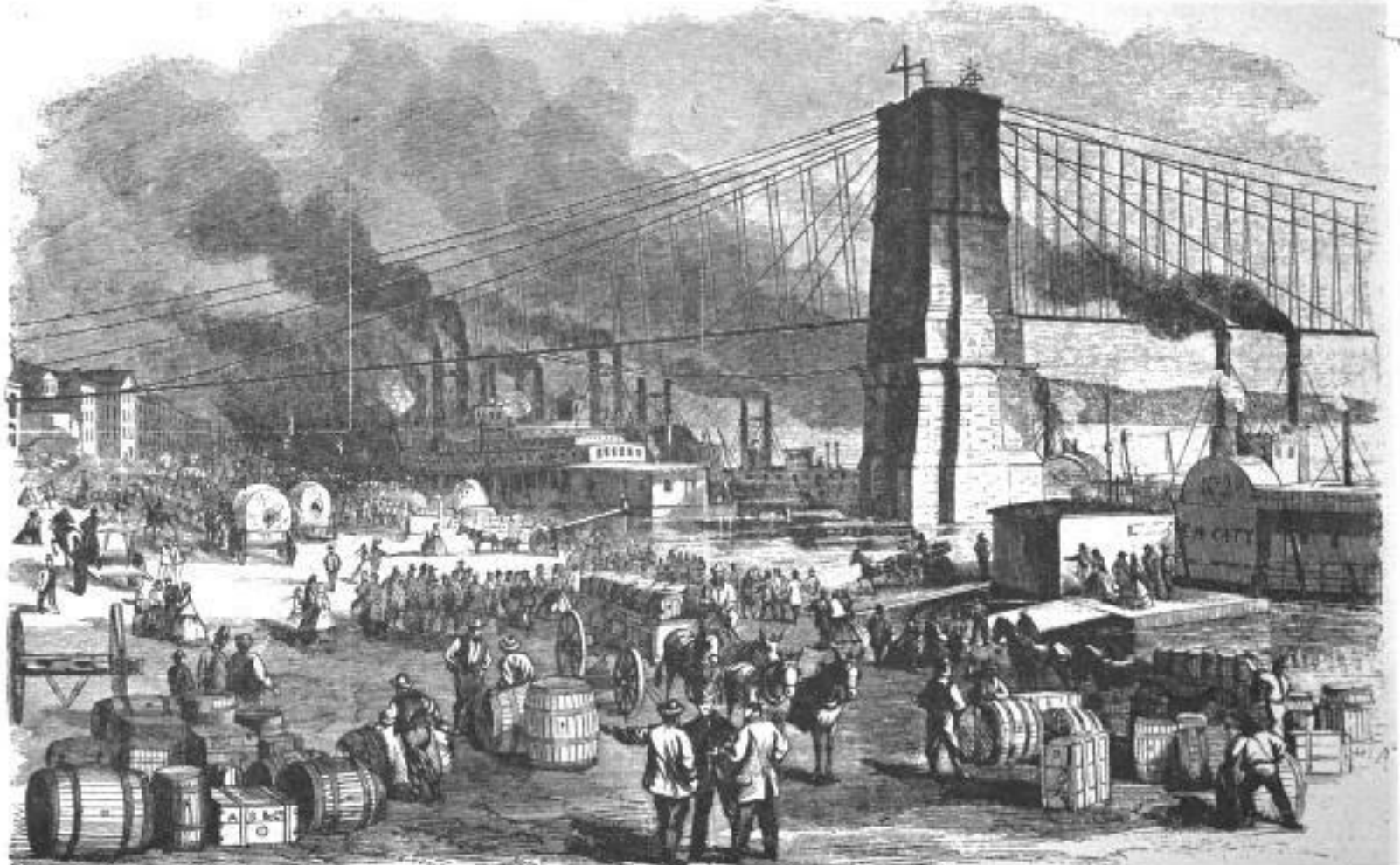
"RELIGIOUS SERVICE ON THE 'SOUTH.'

"The *Suth*, one of the finest river boats, went down the Mississippi from Cairo with your artist, a full complement of passengers, and, it was said,

2000 tons of freight. As among this transient population there were twelve ministers on their way to the General Conference of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church in New Orleans we had service on the *Suth* in the gorgeous cabin of the steamer. The President was prayed for, but Congress was ignored. The guests to the name of *Journeys* were many and ardent. The congregation was attentive, among the most devout being some gamblers. At the close of the service a subscription was proposed for the benefit of the Methodist Church in Fredericksburg, Virginia, destroyed by the war. To this I noticed that two Jews contributed, anxious, I suppose, to stand well with their Southern brethren of the Gentile persuasion. As for the ministers they exhibited feelings of bitterness toward the North quite unworthy of their profession. One of these, shortly after the service, I heard relating an interview with the *Hannay* in New York, in which he had openly avowed to one of that firm his regret that they should be obliged to purchase their publications. Mr. *Hannay*, he said, asked him if he was not one of those who objected to the education of the negro. His answer was that, on the contrary, they of the South wished to instruct that race to save them from being robbed by the North, as the white people of the South had been. This was received as happily by the others as though a fine point had been made.

"I could not but be aware of the curious social atmosphere which pervaded this company of travelers, composed of Southern and Northern people with a sprinkling of Jews and foreigners. Outward politeness was every where visible, but there was not one atom of cordiality between the different sections. The Southern people mixed with the others, but they showed more of curiosity and ardent desire to hear their sentiments than of friendly feeling toward their countrymen. They are very inconsistent. Professing the greatest desire to let by-gones be by-gones, they will yet tell you in the next breath, and without any apparent idea of the contradiction, that the hatred which the North has earned of the South can not be wiped away, and that the two sections are wider apart than ever.

"As the boat left Cairo the colored crew took



THE LEVEE AT CINCINNATI, OHIO.

their places on a pile of corn sacks at the bow, and, raising a flag, sang, as is usual with them on leaving port. They were a fine body of stalwart Kentuckians and Virginians, and had been hard at work the day and night previous getting in the cargo. The tone was monotonous, and the doggerel rhythmless, and devoted to suggestions to the Captain to come down with a treat of "beandy-wine." A jug of whiskey fixed them, however, and they were soon spread about on the piles of cargo.

In addition to the illustrations of the South already alluded to, we give on page 296 a view of Shockoe Creek Valley, Richmond, Virginia, of which a description is given on page 292; also on page 297 a graphic sketch by Mr. FENNERS of a cotton team in North Carolina. Not the least interesting of our Southern pictures is that on page 298, of the Negro Celebration in Washington, of which a description is there given.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1866.

THE CONGRESSIONAL PLAN OF REORGANIZATION.

THE propositions of the Reconstruction Committee will strike every thoughtful citizen as perfectly reasonable. They seem to us to justify the hope of the most truly intelligent and patriotic persons that Congress would propose no policy upon which the whole Union party of the country, including the President, might not agree. Some concessions of opinion were inevitable upon all sides. Those who held with Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS that there should be general confiscation, or with Mr. SCHMIDT that impartial suffrage should be immediately established throughout the country, or with the President that no further conditions whatever were necessary, must have seen that the opinion of the country did not support them, and that all must meet upon some firm and moderate middle ground such as the Committee now offer.

The objection to what is called the President's policy is plain and conclusive. It is that, by allowing the late rebel States to resume their full relations in the Union immediately, and without further provision, those States would have actually gained political power by the rebellion. This gain arises from the fact that every colored man, as a slave, counted as three-fifths of a man in the basis of representation; but as a freeman he counts as five-fifths. In a State like South Carolina, therefore, where the colored population is half or even more than half of the whole, and where that half is disfranchised, every voter has practically twice the power of a voter in a State like Connecticut. This is an absurdity and injustice so recognized as to demand instant adjustment.

On the other hand, the objection to the imposition of equal suffrage by the National Government as a precedent condition of resumption of full rights in the Union is practical and unavailing. In the first place, it is hardly to be presumed that the States which prohibit equal suffrage, or deny it to a colored skin altogether, would insist upon its adoption by the suspended States; and, in the second place, such a proposition would have been very widely regarded as a radical blow at the most sacred of State rights, and a consummation of centralization. Moreover, there are many of the most faithful and liberty-loving Union men, who are the steady advocates of equal suffrage, and who, under the circumstances, do not doubt the entire competency of Congress to require this or any other condition which might seem to it necessary, but who doubt the wisdom of this method, and question the expediency of such a requirement, and who could not therefore heartily sustain it.

But we see no good reason for supposing that all reasonable and patriotic men should not sincerely unite upon the propositions presented. They have reference exclusively to national relations. They do not interfere in the State economy, except in defense of national rights. They declare simply, in the first place, that no State shall abridge the privileges of citizens of the United States. Such a proposition is its own irresistible argument. A citizen of this country should be equally a citizen every where in it; this is plain, and therefore all his civil rights as a citizen of the United States should be sacred wherever the national flag floats. Can the President, with all his warm convictions of the sanctity of States, object to an obviously just provision?

In the second place, whenever the elective franchise shall be denied to any portion of the male citizens of a State who are of age, except for crime or participation in the rebellion, the basis of representation shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens not less than twenty-one years of age. In other words, if South Carolina shall choose to disfranchise 100,000 of her citizens because of their color, or New York shall choose to do the same thing because of want of property, then each of those States shall suffer in the national representation just in that proportion. Such a provision stimulates every State to enlarge the suffrage, and to extend education in

order to make the suffrage safe. It is strictly harmonious with the President's expressed wish to base representation upon the number of voters.

In the third place, the Committee recommend that until the 4th of July, 1870, four years hence, all persons who voluntarily adhered to the rebellion shall be excluded from voting at national elections. This article we presume is introduced to embody the President's desire that "treason shall be made odious," and that in the great work of reorganization the late rebel leaders shall "take back seats." In his frequent and vehement expression of that desire the President unquestionably spoke for the loyal country, and his sentiments are still further incorporated in the proposed bill to render certain of those leaders ineligible to office under the government of the United States. This third proposition is the one which seems to us likely to occasion most difference of opinion. That it is in strict accordance with President JOHNSON'S frequent suggestions is true, but it is a point of doubtful policy, not essential to the general plan, and, it seems to us, might be safely omitted.

The fourth proposition is a matter of course, that neither the United States nor any State shall assume to pay any debt incurred in aid of the rebellion, or for any claim for compensation of loss of slaves, and Congress is authorized to enforce the provisions of this article.

These are the propositions of the Committee, which we trust will be unanimously adopted by the Union vote in Congress, because they are perfectly just and moderate, and because they do not claim to reap more than has been sown. They simply define and secure the legitimate result of the war as recognized by the general conviction of the loyal country, and as it has been often strongly stated by President JOHNSON. They contain nothing vindictive, and if the Government of the United States has any right whatever to do any thing whatever to prevent the late rebel States from gaining political power by their rebellion, it may challenge the whole world and its late domestic enemies to show any thing unprecedented, unjust, or ungenerous in the settlement it proposes. We believe that the vast body of the Union party of the country which carried the war successfully to the end, and which triumphantly elected LINCOLN and JOHNSON, will most cordially sustain this policy of reorganization and gladly appeal to the country to ratify it. And however anxious the President may be to see loyal men from the late rebel States admitted to Congress, we shall be very slow to believe that he will refuse his sincere co-operation to a plan which does not conflict with any of his known opinions, and which secures the admission of loyal members to Congress with the heart-felt welcome and congratulation of the whole loyal country.

That the proposed settlement of the Committee should be greeted with sneers and anger by those who have persistently declared that Congress is a bloody, factious, revolutionary body is natural. These objectors have counted upon overthrowing the President and destroying the Union party by fomenting every real or asserted difference between them. But here is the utter refutation of their calumnies. Here is the plain proof that Congress seeks only the speediest reorganization of the Union upon the most temperate and reasonable conditions. For we assume that there will be little delay in ratifying the report; and then, so great and unprecedented is the occasion, we trust that the Legislatures of the States will be immediately summoned in special session to act upon the proposed amendment, that Congress and the country and the world may know the will of the loyal people of the United States upon this most vital point of national policy.

THE CHOLERA AND THE QUARANTINE.

FOR more than a year the arrival of the cholera at the port of New York has been expected. The memory of its former horrors was very vivid. The certainty of its terrible ravages when it should appear was indisputable. So great was the apprehension and the desire that the city should be protected by every means that a Board of Health with extraordinary powers, not, however, including those of a Quarantine, had been created. There was a health officer specially charged with the sanitary defense of the port from foreign danger. There had been a body of Quarantine Commissioners for two years, whose duty was to find a suitable site for the Quarantine buildings. Every precaution had apparently been taken, when, on the 9th of April, the emigrant ship *England*, with 1200 passengers, arrived at Halifax. The cholera was raging on board, and there had been fifty deaths upon the passage. The pestilence was plainly at hand, and the efficiency of our New York preparations would doubtless be soon proved. And so it chanced; for on the afternoon of the 18th the emigrant ship *Virginia*, with 1043 passengers, arrived in the Narrows, off Staten Island, and reported thirty-eight deaths by cholera upon the passage, and the disease still raging.

It then appeared that the sole preparation in this port consisted of the hospital ship *Falco*, which was not ready for service! As soon as possible, by putting on board a crowd of laborers, she was made ready, and on the 21st the sick were removed from the *Virginia*. As soon as possible, also, another ship, the *Illinois*, was prepared, and the well passengers were received upon her. If the fact were not tragical it would be unspeakably ludicrous. The chief port of the Western continent, after a year's warning, was totally unprepared to deal directly and adequately with the approach of a fearful pestilence. The probabilities were that it would come, as it did come, in an emigrant ship. It was known that such ships are crowded, often with more than a thousand passengers. The most extensive hospital accommodations were the most obvious necessity, and they were not ready. The difficulties may have been many, but there are cases in which difficulties must not be pleaded, and this was one of them. Somewhere, somehow the State of New York should have been ready for the event, and it was not ready.

We say the State, because the Health officer, in his explanatory letter, says that the Legislature up to the time of its adjournment had left the Quarantine Commissioners without any money. The law forbade them to erect hospitals on Staten Island, or Long Island, or Coney Island—the only New York shores of the bay; and New Jersey had refused them a foothold upon its territory. On the day that the *England* arrived at Halifax the Commissioners had telegraphed to the Secretary of the Navy asking for vessels. Two days afterward two were offered, but they proved unsuitable; and then vigorous measures were adopted to fit the *Falco* for immediate service. But this explanation is not satisfactory. The *Atlanta* was here last November. The cholera was very sure to come early in the spring. There were no hospital accommodations but the ship *Falco*. It was settled that there could be none upon the shores of the bay. Whose fault was it that the *Falco* was not ready even on the 18th of April? Whose fault was it that no other ships were asked for until the 9th of April? If the Legislature pertinaciously postponed the necessary appropriations, why was no statement made to the public that the imminent danger of the situation might have been known and proper pressure brought to bear upon the offenders? The *Virginia* and *England* are now both in port. After the former arrived the Quarantine Commissioners asked the authorities at Washington for the temporary use of Sandy Hook as a retreat for well passengers from infected ships. But the Government replied that New Jersey granted the use of Sandy Hook only upon condition that it should be devoted to military and similar public purposes. The Commissioners appeal, therefore, to the Board of Health to allow them some point of land at the disposal of the Board for the accommodation of quarantined passengers, declaring that the floating accommodations are insufficient.

The state of the case, then, is this: There are some 2000 persons detained in Quarantine. The sole hospital is the old ship *Falco*, which accommodates not more than a hundred patients, to which, as we write, the *Scraper* and *Perseus* are added. The shelter of well passengers is the steamship *Illinois*. There is a law against erecting hospitals on the adjacent land, and the Commissioners say that the floating accommodations are insufficient. Other infected ships are daily expected, and we have no other preparation. Meanwhile the Board of Health have asked for the use of the military hospitals at Fort Schuyler upon Throg's Neck, at the entrance of Long Island Sound. It is idle to assert that this dilemma arises from the destruction of the hospitals upon Staten Island; for that part of the island upon which they were situated was virtually a thickly-settled portion of the city of New York, and no effectual quarantine was possible there as the ravages of the yellow-fever in the neighborhood proved. It is not to the acts of a population which had no other remedy against a mortal disease planted among them, but to the avarice and corrupt intrigue of politicians and merchants that the absence of a suitable quarantine is to be ascribed.

The history of the New York Quarantine is briefly this: In 1758 the first hospital and offices were placed by the Colonial Legislature upon Bedloe's Island. In 1796 they were removed to Governor's Island, where they remained until the yellow-fever in 1799. The next year the Quarantine was established upon Staten Island, against the remonstrances of the inhabitants, twenty-four of whom were destroyed by the yellow-fever from the hospitals in the very first year of their erection. From that time onward the population constantly protested, until, in 1848—when there were a hundred and eighty persons attacked by infectious diseases from the Quarantine—the outrage became so undeniable that, upon careful inquiry, a Committee of the Legislature recommended its immediate removal. In 1849 an act was passed and officers appointed for the establishment of hospitals at Sandy Hook. Certain shipping interests in New York thwarted the

operation of the act, and nothing further was done until 1856. In that year the Staten Island and Long Island shores were declared by the yellow-fever, and the Legislature, in March, 1857, again ordered the removal of the Quarantine station. The Commissioners under the act applied to the Legislature of New Jersey to obtain Sandy Hook, and were again defeated by the same shipping interest, by the remonstrances of the Health Officer, the Board of Underwriters of New York, and the Commissioners of Emigration. Meanwhile it was impossible to prevent constant communication between the hospital-grounds and the other side of the wall, the seat of a dense population, mainly of a class which could not remove. The helplessness, suffering, and mortality of the inhabitants were such that the Board of Health of the town declared the establishment an insupportable nuisance, and called upon the citizens of the county to abate it without delay; and on the evenings of the 1st and 2d of September, 1858, without the least injury to the patients, who were carefully removed and protected, the buildings were burned to the ground by the people of the neighborhood. One man was accidentally shot by an employe of the institution, but the destruction was so little indicative of a riotous spirit that the property-holders in the vicinity considered that their property was enhanced in value fifty per cent. by the removal.

It is nearly eight years since the buildings were destroyed, and it is only during the session of the Legislature just ended that an act was passed to erect new hospitals upon the west bank of the Lower Bay. If the operation of this act is not thwarted as all the others have been, New York may possibly be ready for the next pestilence. But for the present she is shamefully unprepared; and although the sudden cold and the strict isolation of the ships have checked the progress of the disease for a time, the suffering of the passengers who may be subject to quarantine is already assured. The Health Officer says, "The roughness of the bay, from the high winds, makes it very unpleasant for all, and causes much sea-sickness." The present Quarantine arrangements are a disgrace to New York.

Upon page 292 the reader will find a descriptive Map of the Bay and the position of the ships.

MR. SEWARD'S DIPLOMACY.

MR. SEWARD'S letter of February 12, to the French Minister, the MARQUIS DE MONTMORON, is an elaborate and very able paper, stating with courtesy but with firmness the exact position of the United States in the Mexican complication. It has settled the question. France will leave Mexico without the appearance of compulsion, while the honor and peace of the United States are maintained. This is another of the signal services of Mr. SEWARD to the country, which will be gratefully remembered in extenuation of many harsh words privately spoken, and of much apparent alienation of sympathy from the cause to which his life has been devoted. The policy he has pursued in the French difficulty is surely preferable to the Captain Bobadil method, which was strenuously urged upon him in some quarters—a method of managing such questions which does not tend to keep the peace of the world.

The United States, according to Mr. SEWARD, do not question the right of France to settle her accounts with other nations in any manner which pleases her. If Mexico refuses to pay debts justly owing to French subjects, or if those subjects are maltreated in Mexico, it is certainly competent for an independent Power like France to demand and secure satisfaction. Nor, on the other hand, does the United States Government deny that any form of government voluntarily adopted by the citizens of Mexico must be respected. But the war in Mexico has become one of political intervention, which, in the judgment of this Government, menaces the interests of the United States; and there is no satisfactory evidence that the people of Mexico have established an empire, nor is such evidence possible while the French army remains.

As for the internal anarchy in Mexico which the French foreign Minister and others so loudly deplore, Mr. SEWARD bravely says that it is not to be denied but that this anarchy is necessarily and even wisely endured in the attempt to lay sure foundations of broad Republican liberty; and no foreign State can rightfully interfere in such trials, and, on the ground of a desire to correct them, deprive the people of their natural right of domestic and Republican freedom. The United States, therefore, must continue to recognize the Republic of Mexico, with which they have always maintained relations, and can not know the Austrian Archduke MAXIMILIAN as a Mexican Emperor.

The alternative is not stated, but it is plain. If the republic, our ally, should ask for aid in expelling an invader, it would be for us to consult our interests, which, as the wise and prudent ruler of France must see, would lead us to —! The French Minister of Foreign Affairs thereupon replies that the withdrawal of the French troops will begin in November.

At the same time, hearing that Austrian re-

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troits, under the countenance of the Austrian Government, were to replace the Frenchmen, Mr. Seward writes a brief dispatch to Mr. Motley, our Minister at Vienna, asking him to request a friendly and just statement of the position Austria intends to assume in Mexico, and to announce, in an equally friendly and just spirit, that hostilities in Mexico carried on by Austrian subjects with the consent of their Government will be considered war waged by Austria against the Mexican republic, of which the United States could not engage to remain silent or neutral spectators. Such friendly and just conduct on all sides will doubtless induce Austria, deserted by France and threatened by Prussia, not to sanction such hostilities. The Emperor Maximilian will then be about ready to take passage for home, and Mexico will resume, unmolested, her staggering journey toward national existence.

Less sagacity than Mr. Seward's and a different temperament would have managed these matters differently. But his ability and address in the West affair, and his tranquil tenacity in this French complication, rank him with the most accomplished diplomatists. It was a fashion some years ago to deride him as a doctrinaire, but it would not be easy to find greater common-sense in the management of difficult affairs than Mr. Seward has shown in these transactions, and we regret all the more that he seems inclined to treat our domestic questions in a tone of petulant persiflage.

ON TAX-GATHERING.

The public revenue from taxes, direct and indirect, during each of the fiscal years 1865-6 and 1866-7, is officially estimated at \$525,000,000—say \$16.50 per head of the total population of the United States—being 33 per cent. more than is paid by the population of Great Britain and Ireland, and about 100 per cent. more than is paid by the people of France. It is clear that when JAYMESSON BRICK, in his next Fourth of July oration, refers to the "worn-out despotisms" of the Old World, it will be but prudent to omit the usual sarcastic allusion to "tax-ridden people."

Heavy as the taxes are, however, they are and will continue to be cheerfully paid, so generally is it understood that the national debt was incurred for a proper purpose, and that the national credit must be preserved at whatever cost.

But there can be no question as to the impolicy of rendering the present onerous tax system needlessly odious by unjust, inquisitorial, and insulting formalities in the collection of taxes. Common sense indicates that the tax-gatherer, while doing his best to protect the Government from fraud, should not go out of his way either to outrage the feelings or to injure the interests of the people from whom he collects taxes. It is not quite certain that our present tax-gatherers altogether realize this principle.

There can be no question, for instance, but the publication of the income-tax returns last year was a gross outrage. It was a shameful invasion of the privacies of business. It may have served to bring to shame some rogues who had concealed their income for the purpose of cheating the Government. But for the sake of this barren revenge how many honest men were humiliated by the public parade of their misfortunes! A merchant's credit rests upon the proportion borne by his gains to his losses. To compel him to publish the results of his business each year is a stretch of despotism unparalleled in Russia, Turkey, or Morocco. Yet this is what our tax-gatherers did last year, apparently with the sanction of the authorities at Washington. The outrage was regarded with amazement in England, where, with becoming delicacy, the collector keeps his returns an inviolable secret. "The Americans not pay taxes!" said a good English friend, on reading the income-tax returns as published in our papers; "the Americans will endure without a murmur invasions of private rights which would plunge England into revolution."

Nor was the form and principle of the income-tax returns last year less objectionable. On the back of the return were a number of questions which will be readily remembered. The gist of these questions was: "Are you not a confirmed rogue, and have you not perjured yourself in the within return?" Now is there any common sense in thus gratuitously insulting tax-payers? If the original return be false the signer will not stickle at repeating on the outside the falsehood he has already stated in the inside. If the original return be true, the signer will justly feel indignant at being inferentially charged with regnery. In general these income-tax returns must be matters of honor. No investigation, however inquisitorial, will enable the officers of Government to detect the false statements rendered by a rogue. Why suggest the idea of fraud? In actual business every one has learned by experience that the surest way to get cheated is to assume that you are going to be cheated, and to take all manner of offensive precautions. Revenue officers should remember the fact; and bearing also in mind that their calls on the

public are of their nature unwelcome, should not render them doubly so by useless and irritating hints at knavery.

Last year, when the income-tax returns were made, a ruling of the Revenue Commissioner required a man to pay income-tax on all profits he had made, and did not allow him to deduct his losses from his gains. Thus, if a man had made \$10,000 in teas and sugars, and had afterward bought ships and lost \$20,000, the income-tax gatherers insisted on the tax on the \$10,000 without regard to the loss of \$20,000. No man, it seems, cared to resist so iniquitous and absurd a decision, and many men who had really no income at all in 1864 paid tax nevertheless. A recent ruling of the Commissioner partially corrects this injustice. This year taxpayers will be allowed to deduct their business losses from their business gains. But they will not be allowed to deduct losses from fixed investments in stocks and bonds or real estate. Thus, if a man, in 1865, owned real estate which yielded him \$10,000 a year, and at the same time lost by dealings in real estate or merchandise \$25,000—so that, in reality, he had in that year no income whatever—he will still be required to pay income-tax on \$10,000. Whether such a decision as this can be maintained in the courts may be a question. There can be no question whatever but that the practical effects of such decisions is to arouse animosity against a revenue system so harshly administered.

Judge SMALLER has lately rendered a decision which is of much importance. Heretofore assessors, after accepting returns and transmitting them to collectors who collected the money specified therein, have been in the habit of sending detectives to examine the books of the parties who had made the returns with a view of detecting frauds. Judge SMALLER has decided that, when an assessor has accepted a return, he can not afterward repudiate it. This seems to be common sense. If an assessor has reason to suspect the truth of a return made to him let him reject it or hold it in abeyance, and before transmitting it to the collector, make his inquiries and examinations. But after he has accepted it, he has no right to question it unless he is prepared to bring a specific charge of perjury against its author. It is impossible to exaggerate the practical evils of the present system of detectives. JONES, let us say, is a distiller, and has been making returns to the department regularly ever since returns were required. They have always been received, transmitted to the collector, and by him presented for payment and paid. Now appears on the scene ROUSSON, who says he is a Government detective, and desires to examine JONES's books for the last two years to see whether he has not understated his operations. Every one who is engaged in business will understand that SMITH and BROWN, who are competitors of JONES in the same trade, could afford to give \$10,000 to know exactly how JONES's business stands, how much whisky he has made, to whom he has sold it, and at what prices. All this information the detective ROUSSON naturally acquires by virtue of his office. In the Revenue Department supplied with detectives of such tried virtue that it can be sure ROUSSON will not sell his information to SMITH and BROWN, or, more likely still, accept a bribe from JONES for keeping his eyes shut during the examination of the books? It is very important indeed that Government should not be cheated in the collection of the revenue. But—strange as it may seem to the Revenue officers—there are things more important still; and one of these is, that citizens of the United States shall not be subjected to a government of spies and informers. The privacy of the bedchamber is not more essential to the individual than the privacy of his ledger to a merchant. Government must not venture to violate the one or the other. If it does so, it does it at its peril. The Government of the Emperor NAROLAN—whom we denounce as despotic—no more dare send detectives to inspect the books of a Paris merchant, under the pretense of seeing if he had not cheated the revenue, than it dare bombard New York without a declaration of war; and we are not, after all, very much more long-suffering than the French.

Revenue officials, and Congress—which will have this matter of the taxes before it at the time these lines are read—must steadfastly remember that the country is now cooling down from the enthusiasm which existed during the war. While the war lasted, every objection urged against the acts of Government was tantamount to aid and comfort to the enemy, and loyal men bore and forbore, rather than aggravate the necessary embarrassments of the Administration. That season has passed away. Neither the existence of the nation nor the success of our arms are now in question. People have leisure to think of their private concerns. They can afford to demur to any official proceeding which they deem unjust, without compromising their character as loyal men. Congress must therefore beware of assuming that, because the acts of the Revenue officials met with acquiescence during the war, they will not be questioned now, if they be questionable. Government and the revenue are very import-

ant things. But, as Mr. LAWCOLL well said, "The ship is made for the carrying and preservation of the cargo." The people have some rights as well as the Government. And while Congress will but do its duty in securing a proper revenue for Government, it should not forget that it had better leave Government without any revenue whatever than secure that revenue at the cost of the private rights and liberties of the people of the United States.

"ALL RIGHT, AGAIN.—DE SAUTY."

DE SAUTY is still "all right." He is the most miscellaneous "toiler of the sea." DE SAUTY will never say die. He is already preparing for his next attempt. May his lines lie in pleasanter places!

The stowing of the new cable in the tanks of the *Great Eastern* began three weeks ago. At the end of June the steamer will sail and the experiment begin again. Meanwhile the engineers of the Company and other scientific men agree in the conviction that it will be very easy to recover the cable which is now lying at the bottom of the sea, and complete it into an electrically perfect telegraphic line between Valentia and Newfoundland. These gentlemen are further of opinion that the *Great Eastern* can lay a cable in any weather; that her paying-out machinery worked perfectly, and can be trusted to lay cables across the Atlantic; and that with a steam-engine attached to the paying-out machinery the cable could be recovered before it reached the bottom and be repaired at once. They affirm that the cable of 1865, although capable of bearing a strain of seven tons, did not sustain one of more than fourteen hundred weight in the laying in the deepest water; and that four nautical miles of that cable were recovered from a depth of more than two miles, and the insulation of the gutta-percha covered wire was not in the least affected by the depth of water or the strain of recovery. On the contrary, it is proved that the insulation of a cable improves by its submersion in the cold, deep water; while the wire of 1865 was a hundred times better insulated than cables made in 1858, which were then considered perfect and are still working. It is supposed that the length of the line between Valentia and Heart's Content will be about 1900 miles, and that eight words a minute can be transmitted. The intention of the Company, as we understand, is to lay one new cable, and to recover and complete that of last year. For this purpose 2730 miles of cable will be shipped, which, in all but a slight difference of weight in air and water, will be exactly like the last.

Last year 1200 miles of cable were laid from Valentia westward, and this, according to the authorities, is now lying in perfect electric condition in the very safest place in which a submarine cable can be kept, and ready to do its work as soon as it is finished to Newfoundland, which is 600 miles distant from the west end of the wire. A system of recovery of the cable has been carefully matured, and every body concerned is clearly of DE SAUTY's cheerful opinion, "all right." Certainly it deserves to be; and the undaunted energy of the managers is the best reason for supposing that a work which is sure to be sooner or later successful may succeed at this third trial.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT?

The question is often asked of physicians, Is such or such an article healthy? The idea being that some articles are always readily digested, while some others are, as a matter of course, somewhat of difficult digestion, and therefore occasion to all more or less of trouble. The questioner usually, however, has no fixed purpose of discarding whatever kinds of food may be deemed injurious, as should be done if conscience is to dictate here as well as in other matters. The intention generally is to use occasionally the unhealthy articles, giving a large preponderance to those which are healthy. But the idea of such a general division of food into two classes is wholly unfounded. The question as to a suitable diet is an individual one. What may be readily digested by one is not by another, and profuse, therefore, Gasquet in the stomach. The latter can ordinarily digest easily a larger range of diet than the sedentary man, because with his greater general vigor there is commonly greater vigor of stomach. Milk, which is apt to agree well, as it is expressed, with most persons, in some occasions turned in the process of digestion, and to them it is, therefore, an unhealthy food. Cucumbers are often condemned unsparingly, but by many they are easily digested; and if so, the refreshment they afford is certainly beneficial. We have known some invalids to be really very much benefited by them from this cause. The effect was so marked in the case of one of them that she said that she was always better in the season of cucumbers than at any other period. We sometimes meet with some singular idiosyncrasies in regard to food. We know a lady who could eat rich cakes with impunity, and yet plain bread would make her sick.

Though milk is a full combination of all the elements of necessary food, it should be depended upon as the only food in no other period than infancy. We should follow here, as every where, the indications of nature. Teeth are made for use, and are supplied at the right time. Therefore, as soon as the child has a sufficient number to serve well in

cutting and grinding there is a call for solid food. The change should be made gradually, and not be inaugurated in full till the milk in the mouth is completed. The most common error is to make the change too early; for it is obvious that when there are only a few small teeth there is not an apparatus adequate to the proper mastication of the solid food that is often at this period made a part of the diet.

Sugar is an important article of diet, as indicated by its liberal supply in nature. The wisdom, therefore, of some restrictions that are sometimes put upon its use in the diet of children is doubtful, though there is no question that the free use of it at irregular times between meals is very injurious. But while we use it liberally, we should avoid using it in such a manner as to beget a dislike for articles of food in which it is not present.

Fruits are not made so prominent as they should be as a portion of our daily food, especially in the summer season. Observe that we say as daily food, for the occasional free use of them, with long intervals of abstinence from their use, is apt to produce derangement of the digestive organs.

Some are very restrictive in their diet, especially in relation to fruits, when such diseases as dysentery and cholera are prevalent. This is an error; for the best diet as a prophylactic is that which nature dictates as the most suitable to the digestive organs under ordinary circumstances. And experience has shown, what nature indicates, that the regular use of ripe, well-conditioned fruit is really a good preservative against irritation of those organs as well when such diseases are present as when they are not.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

- April 28: In the Senate, the bill for the admission of Colorado passed, 39 to 13.
- In the House, Mr. MORRILL reported a bill, which was passed, levying 20 per cent. ad valorem on all imported live stock.
- April 29: In the House, the bill for the relief of paymasters was passed.
- April 27: In the Senate, the bill for the relief of certain naval contractors was passed.
- In the House, the Northern Pacific Railroad bill was defeated, a motion to lay on the table being carried, 75 to 66.
- April 30: In the House, the River and Harbor Improvement bill was passed.

REPORT OF THE RECONSTRUCTION COMMITTEE.

- This Report recommends three measures:
 1. A resolution to amend the Constitution, so that
 1. No State shall abridge the privileges and immunities of United States citizens.
 2. Representation shall be based on the population, excluding Indians not taxed, but whenever in any State the elective franchise shall be denied to any portion of its male citizens not less than twenty-one years of age, or in any way abridged, except for participation in the rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation in such State shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens not less than twenty-one years of age.
 3. Until the 4th day of July, 1870, all persons who had voluntarily adhered to the late insurrection, giving aid and comfort, shall be excluded from the right to vote for Members of Congress, and for Electors for President and Vice-President of the United States.
 4. Neither the United States nor any State shall assume to pay any debt of obligation already incurred, or which may hereafter be incurred, in all of the insurrection or war against the United States, or any claims for compensation for loss of involuntary service or labor.
 5. The Congress shall have power to enforce by appropriate legislation the provisions of this article.
 6. A bill to provide for the restoration of the late rebel States to their full political rights, providing
 1. That whenever the above-revised amendment shall have become part of the Constitution, and any State shall by its legislature shall have ratified the same, and shall have ratified its Constitution and laws in conformity therewith, the Senators and Representatives from such State, if found duly elected and qualified, may, after having taken the required oaths of office, be admitted into Congress.
 2. That when any State lately in insurrection shall have ratified the proposed amendment to the Constitution, any part of the direct tax, under the act of Aug. 5, 1861, which may remain due and unpaid in such State, may be assessed and paid by such State, and the payment thereof upon proper assurance from such State, to be given to the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, may be postponed for a period not exceeding two years from and after the passage of this act.
 7. A bill declaring to be illegitimate to office under the United States Government the following persons:
 1. The President and Vice-President of the Confederate States of America, so called, and the Heads of Departments thereof.
 2. Those who in other countries acted as agents of the Confederate States of America, so called.
 3. Heads of Departments of the United States, officers of the Army and Navy of the United States, and all persons attached to the Military or Naval Academy of the United States, Judges of the Courts of the United States, and members of either House of the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, who gave aid or comfort to the late rebellion.
 4. Those who acted as officers of the Confederate States of America, so called, above the grade of Colonel in the army, or Major in the navy, or any one who, as Governor of either of the so-called Confederate States, gave aid or comfort to the late rebellion.
 5. Those who have treated officers or soldiers or sailors of the army or navy of the United States, captured during the late war, otherwise than lawfully as prisoners of war.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Metropolitan Board of Excise created April 28. The Board voted to establish two grades of licenses: one, at \$25 a year, to authorize the sale of ale, beer, and lightness liquors; and the other, at \$100 annually, granting license to sell ale and beer only.

July: Master of the Memphis Circuit Court, has decided that the law of Tennessee, discriminating against colored persons in the hearing of affidavits, is in conflict with the Civil Rights Act, recently passed by Congress, and therefore void. The negroes of Memphis may now open as many billiard saloons as they want.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The preparations on board the *Great Eastern* for reeling the new Atlantic Cable have been completed, and the stowing away of the cable in the tanks commenced on April 7. At the end of June or the beginning of July the *Great Eastern* will commence laying the cable.

An attempt was made to assassinate the Emperor of Russia on Sunday, April 15. The assassin fired a pistol at the Emperor. The ball, presumably, missed its aim. It appears now as if there would be no German war. Denmark will surely succeed in securing the alliance of the minor States, several of which have already declared for Austria.

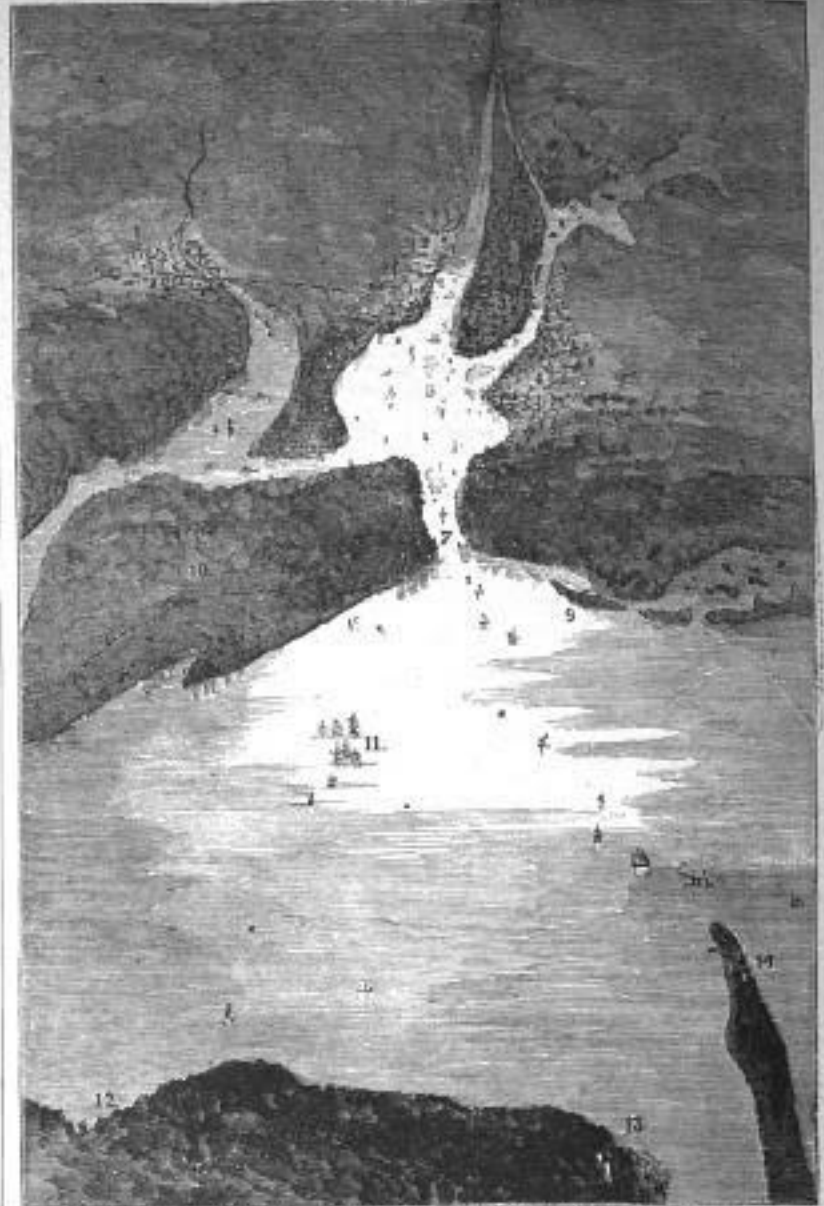


THE "CALISOPH."—[See First Page.]

SHOCKOE CREEK VALLEY.

It is not overrating the city of Richmond to say that, in point of diversity of scenery, in and around her, and for picturesque beauty, she stands unrivaled by any city of her size in the United States, and but few in the world. Situated, like Rome, upon her seven hills (Shockoe, French Garden, Union, Garfield, Oregon, Church, and Navy) whenever the traveler moves he is met by some fresh coup d'œil totally dissimilar to any thing he had seen before, and altogether destructive of that unpleasant monotony which is experienced in all large, flat cities, laid out in regular squares with mathematical precision.

One of the most interesting of the many views is the one which we present elsewhere, from a sketch by Mr. J. R. HANCOCK. It is taken from the eminence on which the Medical College stands, and immediately adjoining the famed residence of JEFFERSON DAVIS, the garden-front of which is seen on the bold promontory to the left of the picture. The hill on the opposite side of the valley is called Union Hill, and was, during the war, one vast encampment, when its side dotted with tents must have presented a most animated appearance. On the crest of the hill, at the extreme right, is seen Howard's Grave—a cluster of beautiful pine-trees—which was used as a camp and a hospital during the war, and is now occupied by the freedmen.



1. Newark.—2. Jersey City and Hoboken.—3. New York City.—4. Brooklyn.—5. N. Y. Bay.—6. Quantico Station.—7. The Narrows.—8. Fort Harrison.—9. Coney Island.—10. Staten Island.—11. Quarantine, Lower Bay.—12. Rip-jett, New Jersey.—13. The Highlands.—14. Sandy Hook.

MAP OF NEW YORK BAY.—[See Page 293.]

In the centre of the valley runs the great Central Railroad, leading to Gordonsville, and thence by the Orange Railroad to Alexandria and Washington. The varied fortunes of this great artery dur-

ing the war are too well-known for recapitulation. In the distance is seen the great work-shops and engine-stores belonging to the Company. Shockoe Creek, which gives its name to the val-



ON THE MISSISSIPPI—RELIGIOUS SERVICES ON BOARD THE "RUTH."—[See First Page.]

ley as well as the hill upon which the residence of the late Confederate President is situated, is a self-willed and pugnacious little stream that is either in good or bad humor as it chooses. During the summer months it meanders through the valley, a peaceful, inoffensive little stream, barely sufficient to turn the old-fashioned mill which is shown toward the right of the picture, and little children gambol about its cool waters; but when winter sets in, and the floods come on, Shockoe Creek has often been the source not only of consternation but much damage to various parts of the town. On its way to join the James River it passes under Franklin, Main, and Cary streets, and in flood-time creates havoc in the lower portions of these streets. Last winter it became so furious as to demolish several houses in the valley, inundated the cellars of Franklin and Main streets, and visited the old market, sweeping off butter, eggs, vegetables, and even the contents of the butchers' stalls that were not suspended high enough above its deprivations.

Along the crest of Union Hill runs the Mechanicsville Road, parallel with it. It was along this road that, in 1862, Lee marched his army to encounter McClellan upon the occasion of the ever-memorable seven days' fight. Upon that occasion the whole population of Richmond, men, women, and children, turned out upon the eminence from which our sketch is taken to mark the movements of the troops; and the sight of burning shells in that famous encounter was distinctly visible to the spectators.

Shockoe Valley is also the locality for public executions, a portion of it—that seen at the extreme left of the picture—being called "Execution Valley." It is rarely that public executions occur in Richmond during peace.

(Engraved according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.)

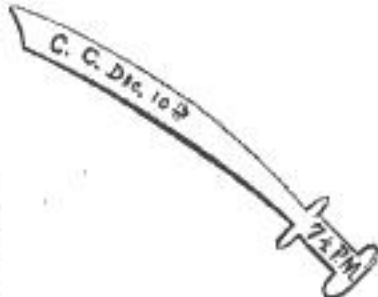
**INSIDE
A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.**

BY GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OF late Mr. Neely—a beef-contractor now, and getting rich much more rapidly than when he taught school; no man striving more desperately than he to keep himself in the very van of Southern sentiment—finds himself suddenly mystified and left behind. For several weeks now he has observed posted up from time to time on every door wall about Somerville a mysterious placard of red paper, sword-shaped, bearing mystical letters:



Turning whithersoever he goes to keep Mr. Neely out of some unknown Paradise, blazes this awful portent, until the contractor for beef can stand it no longer. He has questioned others in vain. Why had he not thought of it before? Tim Lammum!

Even after he found Tim, in the bar-room of Staples's Hotel, industriously engaged—Tim is a commissary agent these days, by deputy, his sole business by day being to smoke, with poker added at night—it is some time before Mr. Neely can get through with Burnside's repulse on the Rappahannock. This is the last news; and so Mr. Neely fighting it over again with terrific slaughter Tim only puffs a languid assent. In fact, the war has become a bore to the ex-provost marshal; for that bubble of blood has burst before this, at least until another and more regular one can be blown. The Yankees being so invariably and utterly routed in every fight, the independence of the Confederacy being beyond all question, very tired indeed is Tim of the whole subject.

And now, when Mr. Neely at last arrives at his point, and desires admission to whatever secret society lies behind the mystic sword, this Dragon of the Hesperides has that one fatal question to ask:

"Where were you born, Mr. Neely?" though he already knows perfectly well; and on Mr. Neely's reply assures the applicant that his admission is therefore an impossibility, and walks off.

That matter of birth—it clings to Mr. Neely as to *Cedipus* cling his curse. No child born out of wedlock, no offspring of one who dies by the hand of the hangman, so unfortunate. Yes; if his mother had been a harlot kenselled in a brothel, if his father had been a criminal whom last dying speech and confession had been published in all the papers, Mr. Neely could have concealed the blot and shame upon his name in some distant region, and lived and died respected and in peace. But his New England birth! The "damned spot" will not "out," nor can it be concealed. New England training will not permit him to tell a point-blank lie in the matter, even if he did not know from bitter experience that a certain Yankeeism clings to him in



THE MYSTICUS PLACARD.

shape of unceasing and long-continued exertion, an emblem of his right hand, which howev'ry itself do what he can. Cruel misfortune! and he so little to blame for it, too! Was it he or his parents who sinned, that he should have been born—in Connecticut? He would not have insisted on South Carolina, if that were too great a boon; if he could only have been born on the northernmost edge of Maryland, or the southernmost possible coast of Florida! Better have first seen the light even in the most desperate county in Arkansas.

In the name of Reason and St. Logic what is it constitutes one a Southern man? What the very essence and marrow of the thing so much more desirable to Mr. Neely than was the being a Roman citizen of old? Surely, Mr. Neely reasoned, it must be in the actually owning a negro. Yet, while many a man who enjoyed the enviable blessing of being Southern born, either could not or would not own a slave, Mr. Neely both could and would and did. The first moment it was in his power, with money industriously made and hoarded for that one end, Mr. Neely bought a negro. Not a negro man; Mr. Neely was not sufficiently acquainted with owning of the article to venture that at first. He bought a negro woman, of the jettest black he could get for the money.

Language fails to describe Mr. Neely's feelings on that eventful night when his woman Coely, paid for and delivered, made herself at home in the kitchen of his residence, while he sat in his room and thought it all over. He went back to the happy hour he came into possession of his deceased father's huge silver watch, had it actually ticking in his distended fob, his own watch. He recalled the day he put the first horse he ever bought in the stable, and stood without in the snow listening to it munching its hay; his own animal, hoof and hide, from the tips of its ears to the end of its tail; his own quadruped, to ride, harness, plow, swop, sell, exactly as he pleased. But here was something far superior to all that. A woman, a living, breathing, speaking, working woman. There was the "help" at his old house, Keziah, but she could drop her work, place her arms akimbo, and give Mr. Neely's mother just as good as she got—could, and on the occasion of a final spaz did, hurry her things in her trunk, slam to the lid, snap her fingers in the face of the Neely household, and depart, leaving them cookless and in the middle of a heavy washing. But here was a Keziah, only of another shade of complexion, who could cook, wash, iron, sew, plow and hoe, and his own, own property. His own woman to keep or to hire, to sell or to swap—from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot as much his own article as was his watch or his horse. And then, all her children as they might come into the world his also!

That eight hundred dollars had bought him more gratification than he had ever dreamed it lay in the power of money to purchase; it gave a value to money which it had never had even in Mr. Neely's eyes. Mr. Neely sat up late thinking it over, not unconscious of how much elevated he was thereby above any of his old acquaintances still resident in his old village. He would like to be there—they knowing of his purchase—if it was only for a few days to enjoy it. He woke a dozen times that night with the thought. He even went out once or twice during the night to the door of the kitchen to make sure she was there, heard her deep breathing within and returned satisfied. You who own merely houses, lands, bank stock, railway scrip, and the like, wait till you own a human being before you can claim to understand the pleasure of property. Only we at the South got so used to it!

With Mr. Neely there was at first the flushed eagerness of a school-boy with a stolen watermelon; the sense, too, of having achieved a kind of moral impossibility, which added to the excitement of the purchase.

But these weeks, up to and after the date of the sword on the walls, roll by very slowly; wearily, too, with the burden of heavy hearts. A vast and increasing difference between Union men and all others. Business, ruined with the Union people, was never more thriving with good Secessionists. Hardly one of these last in Somerville but has an office, a contract, an agency—

something or other which pays. If Tim Lammum has bought one fine horse in the last year he has bought twenty, the best to be had in all the land. Captain Simmons also. Herbert it was with utmost difficulty he was able to pay his board bill at Staples's; in fact, Joe Staples, his hair standing a thousand ways with indignation, exulting as he is, has been led in comment upon the Captain's delinquency, fearless of consequences. During the last few months, however, the Captain has "settled up like a gentleman," as Staples himself proclaims; has bought several new negroes, drives a splendid pair of blacks—not, of course, of the last-mentioned race—and is now habitually drunk, and therefore habitually the most Chesterfieldian in his intercourse with others of any man in Somerville. Bob Withers expresses only the experience of many thousands like him the South over.

"As for me, gentlemen, what's the use denying the thing among friends? Secession has put me on, by George! my legs for one!" Only a tax-collector is Bob; yet in some mystic manner he has got capital from some source, with which, ceasing from drinking even for the time, in the eagerness of a new excitement, he has speculated in flour, salt, and whisky, until, if we may credit his statement, he is "Rich, by George! You can always count on returns trading in the retail necessities of life, gentlemen. Yes, rich; you'd better believe so. Don't pretend to say how long it will be before Tim Lammum there wins it all from me at poker; but until that or some other providence happens to relieve me of it, for the first time in my life, by George! rich, yes, Sir, rich!"

There is Smithers, the postmaster, as testifery a little sandy-haired man as you have in all your circle of acquaintance. A strange article where-with to fill a post-office is sugar; yet Smithers has several rows of hogheads thereof and therein. Seven cents a pound Smithers sells it at? No, paid for it. It is forty-five cents a pound wholesale, fifty cents a pound retail, he sells it as. Smithers's intentions are—negroes. In fact, he is always in the market for a woman to do the housework. An unfortunate man he invariably is in his perpetual purchases of the same. As fast almost as he can buy them do they run away—owing to Mrs. Smithers, whom even Mrs. Warner has described as being "out of those women who will not have a moment's rest herself, nor let a soul on the place have it either, day or night. Deliver us from such creatures!" unconscious that that respected lady is as much like herself in that as it is a pin to a needle, a thorn to a splinter.

If Smithers has one woman "lying out" he has half a dozen. And where is the use of having the dogs to trail them? You have to pay more than the woman is worth to catch her. And when she is caught and whipped, Smithers doing it with his strap, Mrs. Smithers with her

tongue, the first thing Mrs. Smithers finds when she wakes of a morning is the kitchen hearthstone cold, and Polly, Molly, Cynthia, Aggy, whatever it is, gone again. And thus does Smithers's sugar dissolve away.

Look at Joe Staples. Happy day for Staples when he laid aside shears and goose, leaped from his counter, rallied to himself the other eight parts of manhood, and went to keeping tavern! With money—gold it was—lent him by Mr. Ferguson, he provisioned his house so thoroughly when prices were low, and charges so enormously now when prices are high, that he too is getting rich. Since he has straightened his crossed legs he has actually grown inches in height, feet in circumference, beyond all admittance in the estimation of his household and himself. His very hair is more electric than ever with increased life at its roots.

As to little Joe Staples—the forward, disappointed, little offspring—under the new hotel regime, "he has money in great rolls, you'll bet," is the touching plight of other boys to their parents; "lays game-chickens, emsly, cigars, and a new pony whenever he wants to!" He is not quite nine yet, but already disdains the hotel going on the arrival of glorious news. Generally he is the first, after Bill Perkins has announced it, at the Brick Church, hobnobbing with the grip of a cray-fish to the knot on the end of the rope, rising high from the floor into the air at each semicircular sweep of the great bell.

And there is good Mr. Ellis. Four daughters has Mr. Ellis, and two sons. Henry, his eldest, is back home now, a hero from the republic on the Rappahannock, but a cripple for life with a shot through the hip, and dreadfully emaciated by months in the hospital. Charley Ellis, his brother of twelve, no longer an attendant at Sunday-school or at church—it being impossible to go to Mr. Arthur's church any longer, since he will not pray for the Confederacy—shows terrible evidence thereof in morals; is, in fact, a distress to his father. A care-worn, haggard, stooping man now, from when collectors of the perpetual subscription-lists for war purposes shrink most when they are abroad—as, for one such object or other they always are; because they know how Mr. Ellis shrinks from them. He really can not, will not! The money is misappropriated, or the object does not exactly fit his way of thinking. More intensely, bitterly, even fanatically Secession than ever before; yet Mr. Ellis is getting the reputation, justly or not, of being the most pious man in Somerville. In far shabbier attire than he ever wore in other days Mr. Ellis, from talking at street corners all the rest of the time, is frantic to disprove all unfavorable, and to magnify all favorable news. On Sundays also, discussing Burnside and Lee with lying Sam Praters, Tim Lammum, Dr. Peel, Captain Simmons, and the rest, while the bells are ringing, and afterward too. As so that, the



MAKING CAPS.

Union people in Somerville are also thrown together these many months now in new combinations. Society, thoroughly broken up from its foundations, is crystallizing into totally new forms.

Mr. Neely is flourishing as a beef-contractor in war times should. Possessing Confederate money in great sheets, he has bought quite a snug tract of wooded land near Somerville, and sells wood off it by the hundred cords. True, it is land belonging to Gay Brooks, Esq., but he being, as is well known now, a Colonel in the Federal service, his property has been confiscated and sold.

It is not in horses, lands, sugar, or even— which he declares in the *Star* to be the best of all investments—negroes, that Lamm, the editor, has placed his money. Cotton is his weakness. Report whispers into your ear that he has hundreds of bales safely to his account in some place over the water—but report says the same thing of most of the Secession leaders; it may all be false. With Government teams an immense deal of cotton is certainly going to the nearest ports, the Government stores coming back on blockade-runners being singularly disproportionate. In fact, a cry of swindling and corruption and favoritism is already begun, which swells every day; only among the people, however, and the power has long ago passed out of their hands.

Dr. Ginnis, big, pompous, spending his money—on all sorts of Medical Boards these days—in improving his place in Somerville, asserts that Dr. Peel, who has half a dozen contracts, has made half a million—but who can say?

"Even an infidel," reasons Mrs. Warner to her husband, "can see the Almighty is on our side by the way He is blessing us. Every mail brings news of glorious victories, and scarce a Secessionist at home—I mean those who took a leading hand—but is raising money. As to those miserable, God-forsaken Union people—look at them! I say, only look at them!"

Well, yes. As a general rule these last have sacrificed to their pigheadedness, to their perverse principles, every thing in the shape not only of popularity, common respect even, but of business also. But their infatuation, their obstinate convictions, like cancers in the bosom, seem destroying their victims; and, like cancers, are incurable—only the more deep-seated as the days roll by and Secession develops itself. Their love for what they still persist in calling their country grows still unquenched, unquenchable.

You who lived outside the South during the war, reading all varieties of papers, speaking exactly what you happened to think and feel, imagine, if you can, yourself to have been placed as these were. You were no more accustomed to your life hitherto to freedom than were those. Your convictions upon the whole matter were no clearer than were those of those men; only, living within the disease itself they knew more of its misery than you could. To them the rebellion is devastating their own soil. Think of yourself as, under like circumstances, not daring to speak your deepest and dearest sentiments at your own table and fire-side lest your very children should, by their unguarded words, betray you to death. Imagine yourself doomed every day of your life to hear read aloud from the papers and spoken by every tongue that which you knew to be lies; forced to see the commonest of common sense hourly trodden under foot; compelled continually to hear approved things subversive of all morality, powerless to help yourself; obliged to hear positions assumed by Christian men and women, by Christian ministers and in churches on the Sabbath—positions assumed, sentiments advanced, plans proposed, which, in common with every believer in Christianity outside the malaria of Secession, you knew to be exactly that which Christianity was given to overthrow—principles which you knew, as well as you could know any thing, to be of the devil, fathered upon a holy God! All this, and you required to sit under it all like a statue!

The next time, dear reader, you hear news, glad news, which causes all your heart to leap for joy, oblige me by trying yourself the experiment of wearing therupon and therefore the saddest of countenances, as if for tidings the most disastrous. On the next occasion you hear news which rings a death-knell to your fondest hopes, be so kind as to assume the appearance of one who has just heard what he most desired. This was only the lot of Union people at the South all the war through. Your son, your husband, off from you in the Confederate ranks, enduring all the privations of a soldier's life, fighting, in spite of yourself and himself, in a cause you abhor; fighting against all of superior that is coming doubtfully toward you! But you can not imagine it as we felt it.

"Never was my poor faith in God so strong as it is now," pleads Mrs. Sorel says to Mr. Arthur in these days of the reprisals of Barnsides. "Because I feel that nothing but his special grace could sustain me as I am sustained. That my boy—my Frank—had the other day standing beside me, with his dead father's eyes and hair and very voice, his father's strong sense beginning to beam upon his forehead—my pride, beside Robby—my sole hope on earth—that he should be undergoing all those horrors in Virginia, and for what? And the tear which trickles down her cheek as she bends lower down over her sewing is, alas! but one of the drops abundant as rain which, from the same cause, fall over the whole South.

Because Frank Sorel has been trained to be true to his name in all his dealings with his mother, as with every one else, and writes, accordingly, as truthfully as he would have spoken had he been at home. Letters filled, as all truthful letters from Confederate armies these days are, with tales of nakedness, hunger, barbarism

food, exhausting marches, cold, and wet; letters telling of filth, vermin, disease, death by hundreds, like that among infected sheep; letters after battles in which valor the most desperate avails as nothing against artillery, and persistence even after frequent defeat, and telling of all the after-horrors of wounded, dying, dead; letters at least hinting at the gambling, hideous profanity, and licentiousness, before which even white-headed Christians give way, even Chaplains not rarely go down; letters written on a blanket spread on the ground, on saddle flaps, all blotted and blurred. If Mr. Ferguson, now, could only have made up a library of volumes of the war letters!

"And we have Davis's assertion that the war may last for years," says Mr. Arthur. "Even after it is over, the Confederacy a success, our young men have still to be soldiers, partly to watch the North, partly to stand perpetual guard over the negroes, then a hundred-fold more in need of being guarded than ever. May Heaven deliver Frank and Robby here from such a country! The ruin of our glorious land, and all this for—slavery." How evident that Mr. Arthur is becoming a fanatic!

"Pardon me, Mr. Arthur," says Mrs. Sorel, gravely, "but we will not speak on that subject. You know all my life-long prejudices on the matter. If our peculiar institutions are displeasing to Heaven, it will do away with them in its own time and way. I would not raise a finger in the matter. Meanwhile, to talk upon the subject—pardon me—is disagreeable to me. You know I am a South Carolinian, and we have been so basely abused by the Abolitionists! I am too old to change my views, too old even to think patiently upon the subject."

Not the only Union heart in the South which at that day shrunk from all investigation on that point. We all shudder and turn away when the bandages come to be unwrapped from an ulcer or a wound long neglected. We are so constituted, some of us, we grow pale, sicken, faint—we can not do it. We prefer to let the bandages stay, and hope for the best. Put on the broadcloth over it all, and, for Heaven's sake, let us say no more about it.

Mrs. Bowles is whitening in her hair these days as well as Mrs. Sorel. Not trouble only—bewilderment. Things were so perfectly settled in her younger days there in South Carolina. If Mr. Neely was not born there Mrs. Bowles was; it was a satisfaction to her every waking hour of her life; she escapes as much as she can out of the present which so stuns her into that blessed past.

"Dear Mrs. Sorel, please advise with me, talk with me as you used to do. There is such a difference between the two opinions; they are in such conflict one of them must be victorious over the other before very long. Which is the right one? Won't you tell me something?" It is Alice who says it, seated on a stool at Mrs. Sorel's feet, in Mrs. Sorel's own room. Her friend sews and mends with bowed head, moves almost unconsciously that Alice beside her is other than the little girl she was it seems but yesterday.

"You know you have always been another mother to me. You used to advise me in all my little troubles, and always advised me right," pleads Alice. "What do you think—what ought I to think upon these terrible things?"

"Do not think upon them at all, Alice," says Mrs. Sorel. "We are women. Let the men think and vote and fight."

"In so awful a state of things even we ought to know at least which is right and which is wrong," begins Alice.

"It is a theological affair in part; why not consult Mr. Arthur?" asks Mrs. Sorel, with something of the smile of other days as she looks her fair visitor in the eyes upturned to hers. Alice colors beneath the smile, drops the long lashes over her eyes, but answers none the less promptly:

"A minister has already advised me on the subject—that Mr. Barker. You know mamma has not attended Mr. Arthur's church for some time. Mr. Barker has had the good taste to make her a pastoral visit in consequence. But you know mamma, Good Secessionist as she is, she has a horror none the less for such men as Dr. Peel, Dr. Ginnis—especially for Mr. Barker, almost as much aversion as for the Abolitionist preachers. She sent down a request to be excused. He did not understand it in the least, and left behind, with his compliments for mamma, his last printed sermon."

"Well?"

"Oh, I actually read it through!" says Alice. He preached it on one of his visits to the capital of the State, and it was published, as the *Post* says, at the earnest request of the Governor and all the other officials there."

"And what is it all about? Colonel Juggins always sends me over Mr. Barker's sermons so fast as they are published, as well as every thing of the kind, but I'm ashamed to say," adds Mrs. Sorel, "that I have never read one of them yet."

"All about the Institution. It is like what I have read about the clergy of Europe preaching that kings rule the people by Divine right. They proved from Scripture that despotism is not of man at all, but exists by Divine ordinance. All who believe in and fight for despotism are God's peculiar people. All who oppose kings are infidels. This combining of the preachers for slavery so earnestly reminds me of the Holy Alliance of Europe. Am I wrong, Auntie?"

"I have been trained from my birth, my dear," says Mrs. Sorel, gravely, "to believe that the Bible does expressly sanction slavery. It is true I have never read but on one side. I may add, that I have at times had some painful doubts on account of some of the things which seem in-

separable from slavery, yet you know there is no institution but is liable to be abused. Two things troubled my mind; the Abolitionists are a bad, violent, blaspheming people—avowed infidels many of them, running into a thousand isms and errors. With such a people God can not be. And, then, what to do with the blacks if they were freed? But we won't talk about it, dear; there is nothing I dislike more. God will do what is right."

"Only this, Auntie—it does look so much as if men who themselves cared nothing for the Bible were using the preachers as a convenient set of tools to establish their own purposes. And I could not but think," adds Alice, after a long pause, "if the Church in the South—God's own Church—should turn out to be the chiefest instrument in defending a great wrong—"

"My darling Alice," interrupts Mrs. Sorel, nervously, and placing her hand upon the lips of her visitor, "you must permit me; please, don't. How earnest you are! Let us talk about something else. I am an old woman now. You young people belong, for what I know, to a new order of things; but you must let us old people alone in our notions. Did I tell you about Robby's fight with Charley Ellis? I would like you to see how he has grown; but he has gone fishing with Mr. Arthur—no one in the world like Mr. Arthur. And you actually did this transferring yourself—take off your collar, dear, that I may see it better. And what does your mother think of the terrible prices? Mr. Arthur insists on not having any sugar in his coffee. He thinks I must have white sugar for my tea—actually bought up the last fifty pounds in Somerville for me. But just to think: wood ten dollars a cord; meal five dollars a bushel. Not a bit of flour. Molasses four dollars, beef fifty cents, fifteen dollars for the coarsest shoes."

"I make my own, Auntie; you know how independent I am; pretty good for a first attempt, are they not?" and Alice, holding aside her skirts, puts forth the neatest of little feet.

"And Alice, dear, your mother did have to sell Charles?" Mrs. Sorel asks in the lowest of tones, gently as to a sick child.

Ah, how the bright young face at her knee clouds!

"I will tell you, Aunt Sorel. Ma says it is because Charles has been so insolent of late, and she has no one to control him; but we were compelled to, every thing is so very dear. I plead with her to let me sell my piano instead; she would not let me even speak of it. And such trouble we have had with Charles's wife ever since! but what could we do? And, then, she may revenge herself on us."

"Revenge herself, child?"

"You are the only person in the world I would tell," says Alice, her eyes so troubled as makes Mrs. Sorel's heart sick to see. "But I do believe Sally has given that Mrs. Warner a hint already of the—plain way in which we have to live. What I most dread is, that Sally may tell of my making things."

"Making things, dear?"

"Making caps—those ridiculous military caps that are so much worn now. You know I can make them before ma is up in the morning, and when she supposed I was reading or writing to Rutledge in the front-yard office. They sell them at the stores for five dollars each, and pay me three. I was obliged to take Sally into my confidence to sell them; and you can't imagine what managing it has taken to keep ma and the storekeepers from knowing about my making them. If she knew of it I do believe it would make her seriously ill."

"And you have sold your pony, Alice?"

"Of course, Aunt Sorel; with corn so high what could I do?" But Alice's assumed gaiety is not altogether a success, for Lightning Bug was a great favorite.

"No letter from Rutledge yet?" Mrs. Sorel asks after a long silence, during which she is smoothing down the long hair of Alice, seated at her knee thoughtfully.

"Not a line for months now. Oh, Aunt Sorel, we have so much trouble!" And leaning her head upon knees which have often supported her in infancy, Alice wept silently. "I do believe if it was not that I have to be cheerful and managing in order to keep ma's spirits up, I would—I do not know what would become of me!" Alice adds at last without raising her head.

It was one result of Alice's visit to Mrs. Sorel that, closed that very night with Sally in the kitchen, she told her all. Ever since Charles had been sold Sally had been sullen, on the usual road to insolence, insubordination, the marshal called in to whip her as a last resort; only the worse for that; next the calaboose; after that disgrace a servant lost to all love or fear; always insolent, always being whipped, always running away, in some instances slipping James-town coffee or some other poison into the family coffee-pot.

"Why, good law, Miss Alice, why didn't you tell me all this before?" is all Sally can say for some time, her tears flowing plentifully in unison with those of her young mistress. "If I had only known it! An' I had suspected something of de kind, you carryin' on so with them caps an' things. On'y you telled me so many little bits, Miss Alice. Bless your soul, you know you did, an' I don't blame you a bit. I don't mind one straw 'bout Charles now. You see he don't hab to hob Somerville. Fact I'd rather your ma did sell him; he was about the best all de time before; now he comes home on'y at night, sets more by me, an' I sets more by him for havin' him off some. Sollyam fact is, I serve cowardin' for not seein' it all before; an' you an' your ma, all of us, from South Carolina on!" All other now," she adds, soothing Alice like a child. "You get up in de mornin' de same Miss Alice, pros-like an' strong; need nether say nother word to me."

"I am glad to see that Sally has come back to her senses again," says Mrs. Bowles, profoundly ignorant of the facts of the case, as she and her daughter sit sewing together the next morning; "but it is all in the State they are from. They may talk about their old Virginia servants; at last there is all the difference in the world between even them and our South Carolina black people. As your dear father used to say, it is only in South Carolina that slavery as an institution exists in perfection."

At the moment her mother was speaking, Alice, by some singular association, was thinking of a picnic long ago in the woods, when Mr. Arthur, rolling over an old log to serve her as a seat, had pointed out to her the ants thus unperceived to the light scampering off in every direction for their lives. It happened she had just been reading aloud to her mother from the papers an account of the manner in which the planters of Virginia, Tennessee, Alabama, almost all of the Slave States, were hurrying about with their negroes from the Federal breaking in. "What the Yankees call the breaking in of the nineteenth century upon them, I suppose," said Alice to herself, singularly mingling the incident of the log and the events of the day with feelings of pleasure and pain wonderfully blended together. That Satan should put such thoughts in a heart so pure, so secluded, too, from his usual outward appliances!

"I have been thinking more than ever before in my life as I lay awake a little last night of one thing Mrs. Sorel told me," says Alice to her mother after an account, not a complete one, of her yesterday's visit.

"It is amazing about Mrs. Sorel, perfectly past my comprehension," says Mrs. Bowles, sadly. "She a South Carolinian herself, and after South Carolina had itself seceded and caused the other States to do the same! But what was it, Alice? I know Mrs. Sorel too well to suppose she would attempt to pervert your judgment—"

"She did not allude to it once, mamma. No, she was speaking of the little things that occur to one. She insists that each even of the smallest events happens to each of us by the special ordering of Heaven. That each event is of just such a kind as is best fitted to destroy what is weak or wrong in us, to qualify us to be happier, more useful to God and men here and hereafter. She says that generally even the most painful events have most influence on one in this way for good." But the last words of this Alice murmurs almost below her breath and to herself, with her eyes fastened upon the fire. "God help us to understand and feel and believe this all the time!" is the silent prayer of her soul.

Mrs. Sorel is a truly pious woman, although strangely permitted to err in regard to her native country, asserts Mrs. Bowles. "By-the-by, Dr. Ginnis is a member of Mr. Barker's church, I believe. I trust he will have pity's feel, under his less last night, the truth of what Mrs. Sorel told you, but which, my dear, I have myself instructed you in long ago in reference to a Providence over us. It is my only hope it reference to Rutledge Bowles, I am sure."

"Sally came back from market by way of the place, and says his whole property there is gone, only the chimneys left," rejoins the daughter.

And this brings us back to the night before.

At the very hour in which Alice was admitting Sally into her secret, the C. C. were engaged in admitting Henry Ellis into theirs. Henry is a wounded hero, and he is battered—no neophyte fitter for these Hellenistic mysteries than he—into that dread organization, holding midnight convales in the upper room over Mr. Ellis's store. Though violently opposed to masonry and all secret societies heretofore, the rash of Secession swept him into the new society as into many another position from which he would before have shrunk. Is the heavy expense attendant upon his membership therein the only reason why he rather regrets the step after the first few weeks? Nor has he seemed specially pleased that Henry should be initiated into this modern *Felix Gericht*.

Consumed with intense curiosity, we follow Henry Ellis as he enters the front-door below stairs, conducted by Tim Lamm, who bears, instead of a lighted torch in his hand, a cigar in his mouth as they grope along the darkness within. There is a tremendous oath in renunciation and denunciation of the old Union, and of intensest devotion to the Confederacy, and especially to Slavery, administered to them when inside the front-door, when at the bottom of the steps, when arrived at the top thereof; nor are they admitted into the door of the innermost arena without a repetition of the same. And very imposing it all is therein; the members seated along the sides of the room, an elevated seat at the far end, draped with a black flag, while before it burn a certain number of candles, to signify the Confederate States; other unlighted candles among them, to indicate the deplorable condition for the present of Missouri, Kentucky, and Maryland. Dr. Peel, in very remarkable attire, occupies the seat as the Glorious Calloun, presiding. And very imposing the ceremony is when Henry Ellis has it explained to him, by the Glorious Calloun before whom he stands, that a certain altar thereby—on which lies a Confederate flag, upon which is placed a Bible—represents that, of all nations on earth, it is the Confederacy which is truly Scriptural. In vivid proof of which the whole Scripture record of Noah's curse upon Cain is immediately recited before him: Drunkenness of Noah—insurrection—Shem, Ham, Japheth, and all. The effect is somewhat impaired, however, by Noah, a venerable patriarch with a white beard to his waist, to whom Ham, very black indeed, holds a candle while being duly cursed by Noah from a book.

"Cursed be Canaan," reads a well-known

frank, and honest voice. "A servant of servants shall be— By George! Simmons, hold the candle nearer, can't you? Blessed be— One half inch more, Simmons, and you would have set the beard on fire. If I was too drunk to stand, by George!" adds Noah, with asperity, "I'd lie down." And Ham reels away at last, the curse being endless and overwhelming, in deplorable plight.

Next Abraham, with a voice and gestures singularly like those of Brother Barker, in spite of beard and mask, reads the neophyte brought before him in another part of the room a lengthy lecture, embracing the rest of the Biblical argument for Slavery, closing with a strong intimation that as the South, in obeying the Divine command in this matter, are therefore God's peculiar people, those nations who do not do the same are under the wrath of Heaven. Shall we relate how George Washington, risen from his grave in the person of Dr. Ginnia, rehearses—in bag-wig, knee-buckles, and pretentious voice—the innumerable wrongs of the North and the rights of the South? Nor shall we wholly abstain from referring to a sarcastic Eulogy upon the Union delivered by the Evil One himself, to persons whom the only alterations Tim Lamm thinks it necessary to make in himself are a tail and a pair of horns. After which the notice is inscribed in all the countersigns and grips, and learns also that the mystic C. C. stand for Children of Calhoun, and also for Curse of Canaan, and the red sword to be passed so as always to point North—but that needs no explanation.

Next follows the arrangement of certain mangled matters relating to the widows and orphans of soldiers, in which the sums specified bear ludicrous proportion to the grandeur of their distribution.

"Children of Calhoun. Business," says Dr. Peel at last.

Whereupon, to the astonishment of Henry Ellis, 'he lights are put out and the conclave left in perfect darkness, during which the entire membership are evidently employed in changing their seats.

"Business!" says the Glorious Calhoun, at last.

"Glorious Calhoun!" A voice from the darkness.

"At my post!" replies that individual.

"Silas Jewet, comscript, sought for. Fled!" says the voice.

"Isaac Smith, ever cotascript age, but disloyal. Warned to leave. Fled!" says another voice from the other side, which Henry Ellis has heard before from the lips of Joe Staples.

"Glorious Calhoun!" from the far end of the room.

"At my post!"

"Hol Robbins, known as Catfish Robbins, exempt on account of sickness. Very seditious in language, disapproved!" The voice is evidently dignified. "His boy, Hark, actually fought for his master—soon settled him," the speaker adds, in a lower tone for the information of his near neighbors. But, after this, name after name is called out, now from one side and now from the other side of the darkness, with comment like the above. Then there is called one name more which makes most sensation of all.

"Parson Arthur!"

"Make charge!" from the presiding officer.

"Opposed to Secession from the first, and persists in his crime. Silent but influential for the Union."

"Business proposed!" from the Glorious Calhoun.

"I move he be regularly warned to leave," the speaker carefully dignifies his voice, but is loud and dogged. Whereupon rises a hubbub over the whole hall, some urging with violence, some opposing the suggestion. One voice has at last obtained the mastery; it would seem in the darkness as if its owner had mounted upon his seat.

"I tell you, fellows, you'd better not; by George, no! No man ever regret the parson's course more'n I do; but that man has buried too many of our dead, nursed too many of our sick, married too many of our couples for that! I ain't a Christian, but I know one when I see one, and precious few they are. Parson Arthur is not favorable to the Confederacy, I know, but you all know he is a Christian, a Christian gentleman. We can't afford it, fellows; and, by George, we won't!"

"One word more, gentlemen"—another voice from the darkness—"I'm Henry Ellis, you may know that by my crutches, there!" and a double knock is heard upon the floor. "You all know I have been fighting for the South in Virginia. Well, for one, the man that detests Mr. Arthur, unless he breaks some law, has me to disturb too. I say no more!"

A vote is taken. According to the Ritual of the C. C. on any thing moved for the benefit of the Confederacy the vote is South instead of ay, and North instead of nay. On this occasion a voice in the darkness, evidently the original proposer of the motion to rid Somerville of Mr. Arthur—a thing often before done by the C. C. in the case of other obnoxious individuals, and which has landed said individuals in a clime exceedingly unlike Somerville and very far above it, or in still another place not so greatly unlike Somerville though below it—on this occasion, we say, the original voice votes South, with an emphasis which makes up for its being the only vote to that effect. Most of the C. C. do not vote at all; but enough vote North, and with emphasis of their own, too, to decide the question for Mr. Arthur's further stay in Somerville. Let it be distinctly recorded here that we do not assert the first-named vote to have been given by the Patriarch Abraham; for the sake of sweet St. Charity let the matter at least remain in doubt.

This matter being disposed of:

"Glorious Calhoun!" from the darkness, which, like that of Egypt, is both intense and swarming with angry spirits.

"At my post!"

"Mr. Ferguson." We all know Joe Staples's voice.

"Make charge."

"Against the revolution from the first. Bitterly against it still. Won't touch Confederate money. Won't give the least belief to any good news. Always says it's a lie."

Joe Staples, who is deeply in debt to Mr. Ferguson, has never probably read Sallust, and imitates unconsciously those of whom that historian records that they joined the conspiracy of Catiline to get rid of their indebtedness. Not Staples only, no more eager Secessionists in all the South and from the outset, and a little before, than those owing heavily, especially to Northern creditors. But—

"He ridicules all the good news," adds another voice.

"And pastes it all in a big book," contributes a third from the darkness.

"And won't give one single cent toward the war," adds a fourth.

"A cross-grained old Abolitionist, heart and soul against us!" cries still another.

"Business proposed!" from the chair as soon as the Glorious Calhoun can make himself heard.

"Frighten out of his boots!"

"And to-night, right away!"

"Those in favor will say South!" Overwhelming voice.

"Those opposed will say North!"

"North"—only one voice, Henry Ellis. "One word, men," he adds. "You all know I have fought, will fight as long as I can pull a trigger for the South; but only on the open field, and where I can see. I resign." And the speaker is hobbling on his crutches toward the door as well as he can guess at it.

"Children of Calhoun," says Dr. Peel, promptly.

"At our post!" from the members, evidently part of the Ritual.

"Because, not fighting for the South in the field, we must work for it at home!" In full chorus, after Dr. Peel.

"Well, it's a sort of work I won't do for one. And I tell you, gentlemen, just this. I find here among all you stay-at-homes a sort of ferocity, a kind of devilish bitterness there isn't the least spark of in the army, and you know whether it fights or not. You must excuse me, your secrets are safe with me, but I am gone;" and a stumble and slam announces that the speaker has managed to find the door and leave—those nearest the door not unconscious that several seem to be leaving with him.

It is a singular fact, but from that night the C. C., notwithstanding the immense amount of work yet to be done, and the appalling oaths binding upon the organization to do it, steadily wanes to extinction. In vain Brother Barker especially exerts himself; for by his powerful appeals, not without tears, he has brought about, from outside, such an attention as admits him and Mr. Neely and others of Northern birth. It may be the very violence of these hastens its end. Even the dullest Secessionist knows that Union men have been initiated, at least men who were once Union, and that these have been foremost in ultra propositions therein. The sincere Secessionist sees afterward how these Union men thus kept the proceedings of the C. C. fully known to all their own kind outside, and, also, by putting on too much steam from within hastened the explosion. But the genuine, sincere, Southern-born Secessionists did the Northern-born members of the C. C. great injustice when they afterward charged the same treachery upon these.

"For one, gentlemen, I am firmly persuaded," said Captain Simmons, afterward, "that there was not a Yankee Secessionist in all the South, whoever he was, and whatever he said or did as editor, private, general, quarter-master, mere citizen, or what not, but went into Secession, and acted as he did during it with the full though secret determination thereby to defeat Secession and overthrow Slavery. In fact, gentlemen," continued Captain Simmons, with a firm grasp upon the pillar of the porch in front of Staples's Hotel, peculiarly dignified because particularly drunk: "I have become fully satisfied that Secession was got up and carried through by Yankees, South and North, expressly to procure the destruction of Slavery and the triumph of the North over the South. Hypocrites, gentlemen, every soul of them. Their bended eyes salute the skies, their lifted knees the ground, as the hymn has it; abhorrence of such was among the deepest sentiments instilled into me by parents now saints in heaven, where one day I hope to rejoin them. This whole thing has convinced my mind, gentlemen," adds the Captain, with a wave of his left hand, "being a Southern-born man myself I am none the less free to say it, that the Yankees are what they claim to be—the smartest people on this planet. None the less does my soul loathe them; so the last degree are they offensive to me."

Whether any of said Yankees who afterward claimed any thing of all this for themselves individually speaks truth or not who can say? Oh if we could but read the heart! Alas! he who pens these lines can not read his own. Enough for us that he who has the final settlement of all things say.

"Secret and Special Committee of Three will meet here to-morrow night at twelve. Be vigilant, Children of Calhoun, much and great work remains to be done." This from the chair, after the candles had been again lighted.

"France, what from you?" The editor, Lamm, who is thus addressed, sitting in his place under that flag, is silent.

"England, what from you?" Jem Budd, gun-

smith, seated opposite France, under the Cross of St. George, is compelled, by the painful facts of the case, to remain silent.

"Ourselves," says Dr. Peel, with enthusiasm, rising from his seat broad and jeweled as midnight, "what from us?"

"Rappahannock!" prompt and loud from the whole C. C.

A fervent prayer from Brother Barker in closing, as there had been one from the same source in opening, and, with certain mystical signs gone through, the C. C. adjourn. A Federal Flag being first spread before the door, each of the C. C. in passing out trembles it under foot, stamping and grinding their heels and spitting upon it in a manner in strict conformity with the Ritual and the feelings—some of them. Only let it here be written that the faculty of disembelling in some men, and during some epochs, is vigorous beyond all estimation.

"Oh yes, do what you please to old Ferguson!" is heard in the noise of departure. "We are at war, by George! We're got into this mess, and all we've got to do is to fight out of it if we can. But not Parson Arthur, by George! not the parson!"

SIR RALPH'S HERIOT.

A LANCASHIRE TRADITION.

In the "good old times"—that far-off past of which so many people talk and read about with pleasure, but to which so few, if any, would like to return—Ashton was the seat of the Ashton, or Asbhton, family. A Sir John Asbhton, in the fifth year of the Sixth Henry, became possessed of the Manor of Asbhton on payment of one penny annually. This worthy knight is said to have built the old church, and to have been the first to introduce seats for the common people. With a gallantry which adds fresh lustre to his name, the number of these seats being limited, they were given to the women—the tenants' wives and daughters.

Sir John was succeeded by his son Sir Ralph, who earned for himself the honorable title of the Black Knight. It is supposed that the annual ceremony observed at Ashton on Easter Monday, of "kissing the Black Lad," simply commemorates the popular custom in which Sir Ralph was held; this custom bearing a close resemblance to the "Guy Fawkes" proceeding of November the 5th.

Sir Ralph was feared and hated by his tenants. He was permitted, by royal letters patent, to execute supreme jurisdiction, and he misused his trust.

One of the most oppressive forms of taxation, originating in the feudal age, but perpetuated long afterward, was the custom of heriotage. This was neither more nor less than a fine for dying. A certain claim could be, and was, made by the lord of the manor on the property of the deceased tenant, and it fell with great severity on widows in humble circumstances. Death laid low the bread-winner, and the landlord stepped in to take away best part of the scanty store the dead man had scraped together.

There was, so says tradition, a poor widow near Ashton. Her husband had held his little farm under Sir Ralph Ashton, one of the most rapacious and cruel of men. The character borne by Sir Ralph was worthy of the old doggerel which set forth public opinion with regard to him—

"Oh, Joss! for thy money's sake,
And for thy bitter power,
Have on from the ace of the Tower,
And from Sir Ralph of Ashton!"

He spared neither age nor sex; he had to pity for the sick or the dying; he showed no mercy to the widow and the orphan; wherever his shadow fell trouble came; wherever his voice was heard, weeping and wailing were not far off. When Sir Ralph heard that his tenant was dead, he sent an imperative order, commanding that the heriot should be paid without delay. Now the widow had nothing with which she could satisfy his claim except one cow, and the cow was the chief sustenance of her family. The widow had four children to feed—two of them an infant not many weeks old, the eldest an idiot boy, harmless, but useless, strong and active, and about fourteen years old. This poor lad, tenderly beloved of his mother, was to her more trouble than all the rest.

It was a sad scene which the widow's home presented on the Christmas morning of 1484. Sharp, cold weather—weather unusually severe for the country for miles around covered with snow; the rivers and streams bound in icy fetters; the bleak wind sweeping and moaning through the forest and over the waste, as if it were chanting a Lenten dirge rather than singing a Yule carol. Cold outside the miserable home of the poor widow, and colder within, she and her children had taken a little milk and eaten a little porridge, and they sat huddled together over a few red embers on the hearth. The idiot boy was singing softly to himself, and winking his bony eyes at the fire; the other children were all unwittingly making their sorrowful mother still sadder.

"Was it not Christmas? then why not have a holly like they did last year—eh, mother? Why not have a Christmas fire—we should like Christmas fire, mother? And how long will it be before father comes home, and shall we have Christmas fire to-day, and see the holly, and sing as we sang last Yule-tide?" The cow looked from her crib, separated only from the family by a slight partition, and the sound the poor least made only served to deepen the misery of its poor mistress. The Black Knight of Ashton claimed the cow for his heriot, and, if he took her there was to be death for them.

Suddenly the door, which had been closed, was flung open, and Sir Ralph Ashton looked in—a tall, squarely built man, with snowy locks, and a great quantity of dark hair on head, and lips, and cheeks, and chin. His eyes glowed like fire, and there was a scowl on his face that betokened a storm.

Harsh, hard, fierce, and cruel were his words. He had himself come to claim his cow, and he would have it; the heriot was his, the cow was his, none should deprive him of his rights. Mercy! it was not in his hand. Leniency, delay! nothing

was said of either in his feudal charter. Chances, for the sake of him whose feast they kept that day!

Sir Ralph laughed his own harsh laugh, and said he had no time for feasting. So a couple of fellows who had accompanied Sir Ralph, drove out the peasant from the shed, and the knight, with a show of expelling the family from their miserable abode, turned to depart. It was the idiot who stopped him—

"Best thou our legs lord?"

"Ay, fool; what hast thou pert tongue to say to that?"

"The legs lord will die, mother—will he die?"

"Hush, boy, hush!" said the widow.

"Nay, let the brat speak out. What of it, boy—what if I should die?"

"Then thy legs lord will claim heriot."

"And who may he be?"

"Old Heriot—Heriot!"

"And what heriot should I pay to him?" roared the knight, half angry, half amused.

"Thy soul."

"And thy body shall smart for it, imbecile!"

"Oh, he's p'ity, he's p'ity—the lad's daft!" and the widow threw herself before the knight, who roughly spurred her with his feet.

"Enough of this. All of you shall suffer for this. There, no whipping!" He strode away across the snow, and never once looked back.

There were strange things that night at Ashton Hall. It was rough weather—snowing hard and freezing hard; but the company was still numerous, for when the lord of Ashton dispensed his good cheer was to those tenants who alighted his hospitality! A huge fire was kindled on the broad hearth, but it gave forth no bright and cheerful light; it sputtered, and could not be made to blaze. The air was damp and chilly; the woodwork seemed to have lost its fire, and the Christmas plants looked shriveled on the walls. The guests spoke in low whispers, and affected the fire rather than engage in any merry-making sports; the minstrels, in their little oaken gallery, rubbed their numb hands, and felt oppressed. There was good cheer; there were merriments in quaint devices of all sorts, hobby-horses, and what not; but there was no mirth.

About six in the afternoon Sir Ralph came into the hall and glanced angrily round upon his guests, and his indignation broke out in a storm of reproach. Was his bounty to be churlishly received by his own kind? Had John the Slater, and Ruess the Miller, and Jack the Woodman, and Halbert the Leech, come there to a feast or a funeral? Were there man's buff, hot necks, and bob-upple, no peer sport for these gentry? Was not the Christmas-plate large enough or good enough for their tastes? By his halberd it should go hard but he would teach them better manners!

While the angry knight was thus addressing his guests—guests who stood appalled to fore him—out of the merriments, a little fellow, clad in black, with a monk's luring horns, and a shawl, a long tail with a drape to it, cautiously crept out of the group, and stealing unperceived behind the angry host, seized him by his cloak, and tripped him on the floor. Sir Ralph had never in his whole life been so humiliated. Every face about him turned white as the specter's. He regained his feet in an instant, and catching up a stout oaken cudgel, dealt about him with no weak hand. The guests flew before him in dismay, and were closed round and round the hall in the utmost confusion. Some fell, some scurried into the open air; but the black man never fell nor fled. He was, or rather seemed to be, every where at once. He was safely in a corner one moment, and Sir Ralph was making sure of him, when out and away was he, dextrously diving and somersaulting between the knight's legs, perhaps spearing him, perhaps, for an instant, leaping on his back—here, there, every where, making the hall ring with his shrill laughter.

At last no more than a dozen of the guests remained, with the exception of those who were helpfully hurt and lay gasping on the floor. Sir Ralph paused to take breath and look about him. There, in the music-gallery, with his legs hanging over the fret, sat the black man, leaning his body to and fro, and laughing as if he was a witness of the drollest affair he had ever seen in his life.

"Fall down the rope!" called out Sir Ralph.

"Guard the stair. Some of you seize him. By the Hood, he shall pay for his sport!" The figure leaped from the gallery, and stood face to face with the knight. Sir Ralph raised his cudgel and aimed a stout blow, but the knave avoided it. Again Sir Ralph strove to strike, with the same result. There, in a shrill voice, heard distinctly over the hall, the black figure cried:

"The heriot! the heriot! Sir Ralph, I came to tell thee thy legs lord would take his heriot at Easter." And with these words and a diabolical laugh the figure vanished.

Sir Ralph hastily quitted the hall. He was troubled. Hastily he sent for his priest. What passed between them is unknown. Next morning the widow's cow was returned to her; in the course of the day assistance was sent to her from Sir Ralph's alms-house. He became charitable. He was attentive to his religious duties. He forbade any allusion to what had occurred on Christmas night; but as the year advanced he was noticed to change in other respects; he became weak, the rigorous fast of Lent told on him, and at Easter he died.

Such is the popular tradition of the Black Knight of Ashton. It is related by various authorities with different embellishments, and its explanation is sometimes supernatural, and occasionally the reverse. Who was the strange visitor—the black man, with his quaint antics and dreadful message? The Evil One, say some; a "Buggart" full of mischief, say others; only a few believe in the opinion which to us appears the most probable—namely, that the customer was no other than the idiot boy—witness the cough, but not so "daft" as to be incapable of the conception and execution of an ingenious trick—mad enough, doubtless, but with "method in his madness."



VIEW OF SHOCKOE CREEK VALLEY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—SCULPTURE BY J. R. HAMPTON.—[See Page 297.]



COTTON TEAM IN NORTH CAROLINA.—[DRAWN BY EDWIN FORBES.]



A STRAY LETTER.

SWEET COZ, I really meant to write,
In answer to your last,
A week ago this very night;
Dear me, how time has passed!

and leaves bloom; "It wouldn't rain in the country
on May-day, I'm sure. And Clara Clark writes
in her letter such a glowing account of the festivity
that are to be held to-day in the grove near
their house.

of these May-day merry-makers had a lurking sus-
picion that there was a good deal more in the af-
fair than those billets promised. And indeed there
was; but how little they dreamed of!

given to our friends, to take home with them. If
my part, I have resolved to add to the gift fish-
baskets, and all. But I presume some of you—

OUR MAY-DAY FESTIVAL.

DREAMING, I had the blues,
If I knew a nice word I would use it; but there
is no other word that will express the exact state
of the case.

EVERYBODY knows Beaujour's Assembly Rooms
—where that graceful Monsieur teaches the young
ladies how to behave. The dancing-master was not
in attendance on the occasion I am telling about,

A brick pattering of applauding palms from the
table-waiters greeted this little speech; and then
the Colonel, addressing the guests, added,

MR. B. FRANKLIN BERJARRIS is a young man
and a job printer—somewhere in Pearl Street, if I
am not misinformed. He recently married a wife,

TOO LATE.

AT, I saw her, we have met—
Married eyes how sweet they be!
Are you happier, Margaret,
Than you might have been with me?

A DAY'S SHOOTING IN MAY.

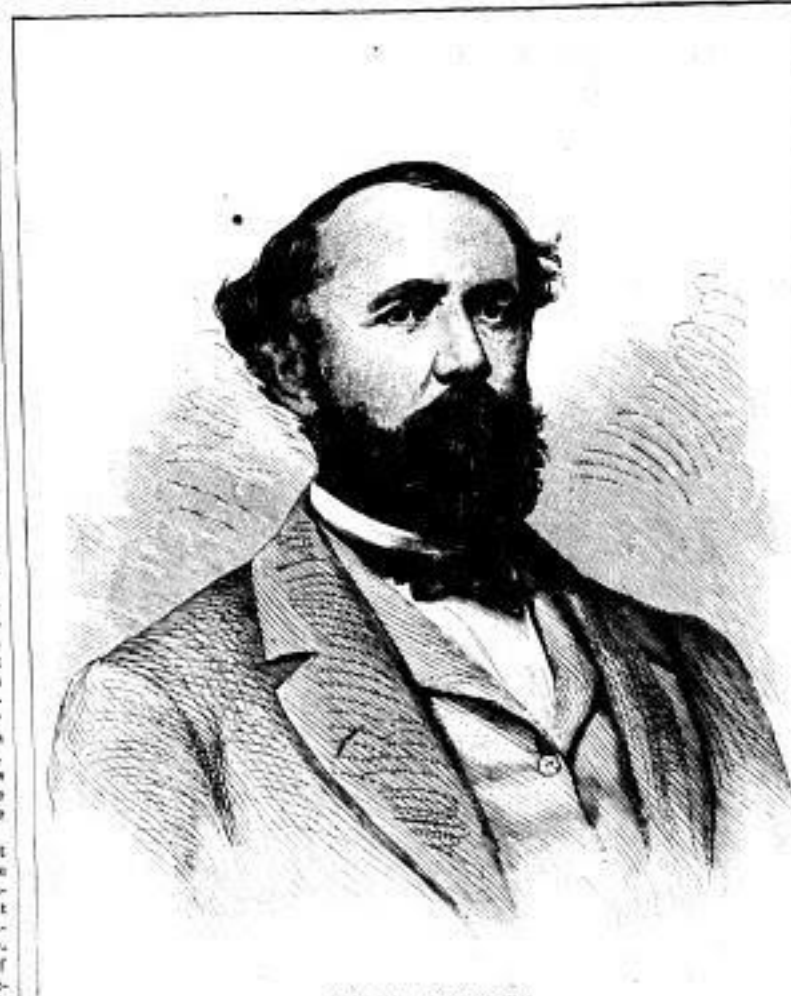
MR. B. FRANKLIN BERJARRIS is a young man
and a job printer—somewhere in Pearl Street, if I
am not misinformed. He recently married a wife,

HENRY A. SMYTHE, ESQ.

HENRY A. SMYTHE, Esq., who has recently been appointed by the President as Collector of the port of New York, was born in Hobart, Delaware County, in this State, in 1817, and is now in the fifth year of his age. His father, one of the earliest settlers in that section of the country, was a popular and able lawyer, and his maternal grandfather was the Hon. ANDREW MARVINE, also a distinguished lawyer, and who for some time represented the Delaware district in Congress.

At an early age Mr. SMYTHE, after receiving a good academic education, came to this city, commencing his business life as clerk in one of our large jobbing and importing houses. This house having been burned out in 1830, Mr. SMYTHE became connected with a large importing house, in which he subsequently became a partner. After remaining here about six years he joined the domestic commission house of F. SWINNEY & Co., of Boston, to whom, soon after, he suggested the propriety of opening a branch house in this city. The success of this enterprise was so striking that many of the merchants of Boston formed similar connections with New York. He remained in this firm until 1857, when he established the large and extensive house of SMYTHE, SPRAGUE, & COOPER. Mr. SMYTHE, in this new position, as heretofore, was the managing man of the firm, the business of which was most profitably and successfully carried on, even through all the great commercial excitement and revolutions of the period from 1857 to 1864. During the latter year he retired from the partnership, and was immediately elected President of the Central National Bank—an institution which was brought into existence mainly through his efforts, and he still remains at its head. The ability with which he engineered the affairs of the bank is the strongest evidence that could be given of Mr. SMYTHE's business tact and energy of character, as well as his executive ability, which constitute the very qualifications requisite for the Collector of the port of New York.

Honorable in his own actions and dealings, it is expected that Mr. SMYTHE will exact the same standard from his subordinates in the Custom-house. Socially, he is of a genial and benevolent disposition. Fortunately he is not known as a politician. His political bearings are rather conservative, and he is understood to be a supporter of President JOHNSON. This, however, has not prevented his receiving the support of all parties in his claim to the position to which the President has appointed him. It is but rarely that our Collectors have ever been chosen from among merchants, but those few who have been thus chosen were, without doubt, the most popular and efficient ones we have had. Certainly there is room for reformation in the New York Custom-house; and the man best calculated to bring this about is not a politician, but one such as we believe Mr. SMYTHE to be—a man eminent for business tact and rigid integrity.



HENRY A. SMYTHE, Esq.

THE NEGRO CELEBRATION IN WASHINGTON.

THE occasion of the celebration, which took place April 19, was the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. Two regiments of colored troops and various colored civic associations, with many other colored

citizens, assembled in front of the Executive Mansion, making a dense mass of colored faces, relieved here and there by a few white ones. After the firing of cannon and the playing of several martial airs three cheers were given for the President of the United States, who, having been escorted to a prominent position, addressed the assemblage. The President, after thanking his colored friends

for the compliment they were paying him in presenting themselves before him on the day of their celebration, reminded them that their truest friends were not those who had selected them "as a hobby and a pretense by which they could be successful in obtaining and maintaining power." He claimed to have himself contributed more than any other man in procuring the Constitutional ratification of their emancipation. He had done this not to gain power, but to establish freedom—a cause for which he had periled his all. He concluded as follows:

"Then let me mingle with you in celebration of the day which commenced your freedom. I do it in sincerity and truth, and trust in God the blessings which have been conferred may be enjoyed and appreciated by you, and that you may give them a proper direction. There is something for all to do. You have high and solemn duties to perform, and you ought to remember that freedom is not a new idea. It must be reduced to practical reality. Men in being free must deny themselves many things which seem to be embraced in the idea of universal freedom. It is with you to give evidence to the world and the people of the United States whether you are going to appreciate this great boon as it should be, and that you are worthy of being free. Then let me thank you with sincerity for the compliment you have paid me by passing through here to-day, and paying your respects to me. I repeat again, the time will come when you will know who have been your best friends, and who have been your friends from mercenary considerations. Accept my thanks."

Very many of the audience approached and shook hands with the President.

The procession then re-formed and took up the line of march along Pennsylvania Avenue. In passing the Capitol cheer after cheer rent the air in compliment to their legislative friends. There were probably 4000 or 5000 colored men in the procession, while 10,000 of the same race were interested spectators, manifesting their joy and gladness by waving their hats and handkerchiefs and cheering lustily the passing procession. The celebration was closed with religious services and the delivery of addresses in Franklin Square in the presence of a vast multitude. The stand on the south side of the Square was calculated to seat a large number of persons, and was handsomely decorated, a large national flag being displayed on either side, and one hanging in festoons at the front corners, with one in front on which was a message of President LINCOLN as follows:

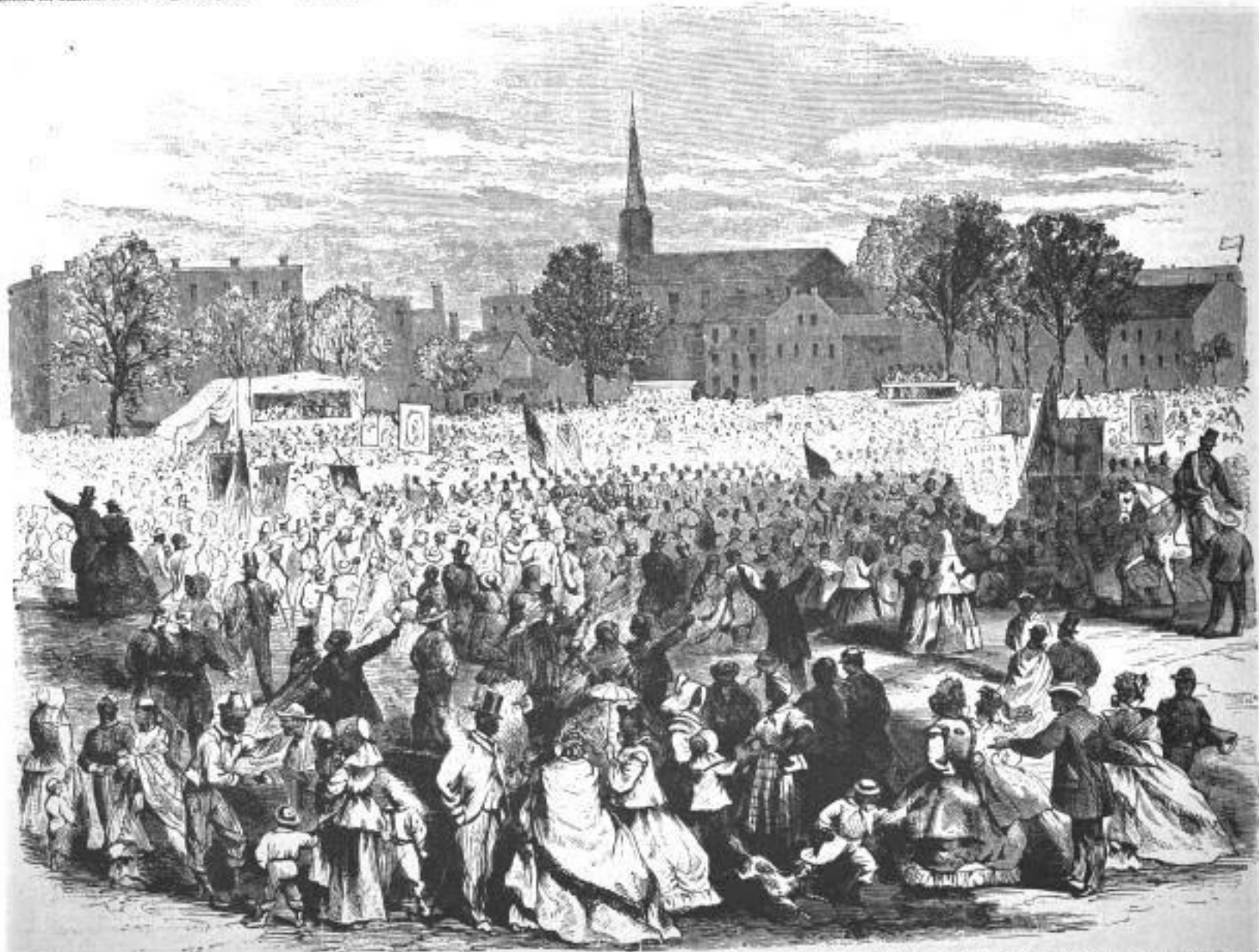
"Fellow-citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives: The act entitled 'An act for the release of certain persons held to service in the District of Columbia' has this day been approved and signed. A. LINCOLN. April 10, 1865."

Over the top of this stand was the inscription:

"LINCOLN, the Liberator of millions; his great work is done, and he sleeps in peace in the great prairie of the West. We are loyal to God and to our country. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes."

Also: "We have received our civil rights. Give us the right of suffrage, and the work is done."

The audience were then addressed by the Rev. HIGHLAND GARNETT (colored), SENATOR TAYLOR, and the Hon. HENRY WILSON.



CELEBRATION OF THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA BY THE COLORED PEOPLE, IN WASHINGTON, APRIL 19, 1865.—[SKETCHED BY F. DIEZEL.]

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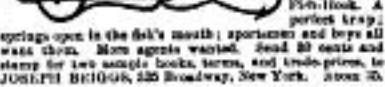
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THE REISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY



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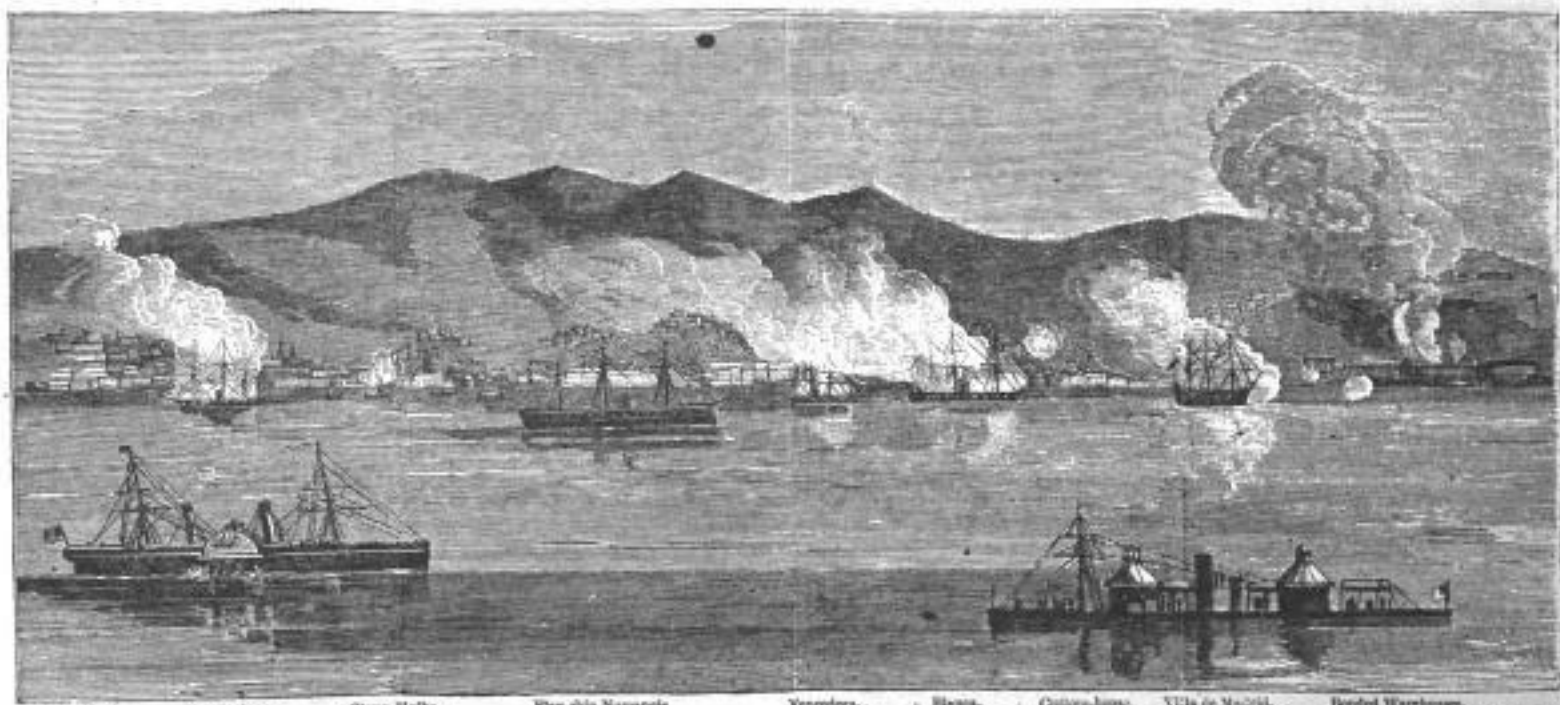
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MAJOR-GENERAL JUDSON KILPATRICK, U. S. MINISTER TO CHILE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE A. BARNARD, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.—(SEE PAGE 289.)



COMMODORE JOHN RODGERS, U. S. N.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRANT, NEW YORK.—(SEE PAGE 289.)



K. E. Duple. Buotacion. U. S. S. Vanderbilt. Steer Helix. Flag-ship Manatita. Venezuela. El Horno. Corro-horno. Villa de Mañila. U. S. S. Monitor. Bombed Warehouse. Fort and Flag-staff.

BOMBARDMENT OF VALPARAISO BY THE SPANISH FLEET, MARCH 31, 1866.—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER OF THE U. S. NAVAL SQUADRON OFF VALPARAISO.
[SEE PAGE 289.]

"The Three Little Spades."

When the above title will be commenced in the next issue of the Weekly a new serial story by Miss WALKER, author of "The Wise, Wise World."

MAY'S ADDRESS TO THE GOTHAMITES.

Come away to the country!—away! away! My carpet is spread on the sea; The trees are in bloom and the air is perfume,

tional ground, says: "The adoption of some such measure as the Civil Rights Bill was unquestionably desired by the great body of the Union party throughout the country."

Mr. RAYMOND is regarded as one of the chiefs among "the President's friends." He says in the letter to his constituents, from which we have quoted, that he knows the President regards himself as a member of the Union party, and that he has a right to act on his own judgment in all matters of public policy.

The question of the situation is, what do the loyal people of the country wish? not, what do the President or Congress wish? President JOHNSON has frankly said, and we are very glad to believe, that his object, like that of his predecessor, is not to impose his own view but to ascertain the national desire.

of Congress upon constitutional grounds for requiring the assent of those States to an amendment equalizing representation is equally a denunciation of the President for demanding their assent to the amendment abolishing slavery, or to the repudiation of the rebel debt, or to the revocation of the acts of secession.

The question of further conditions is wholly one of expediency, and not of constitutional right or authority. And can there be any thing inexpedient in requiring that a voter who was lately a rebel shall not have twice as much power in the Government as a voter who has been always loyal?

NEUTRALITY.

If the United States intend to regulate the wars of nations according to American ideas of justice and propriety, or by the judgments of American commanders, that policy should be announced and understood.

In the war between Spain and Chili the United States have taken a position of neutrality. It may be a wicked war, causeless, unjust, horrible; but we have resolved to be neutral. Commodore RODGERS says that he was sent out under the strictest injunctions of neutrality.

Of course, a sudden and unadvised bombardment, imperiling women, children, neutrals, and non-combatants, is ferocious and inexcusable. But Spain being at war with Chili, the war being of necessity naval, and Valparaiso being the most vulnerable point of Chili, was it against the laws of war to strike at that city in the only practicable manner, after four days' warning for the removal of non-combatants, neutrals, and neutral property?

EARL RUSSELL AND MR. BANCROFT.

Lord RUSSELL has made a sad mistake. His speeches and letters during our late war were perfectly familiar upon both sides of the Atlantic; his phrase that the United States Government was fighting for empire has become historic; that he habitually spoke of us as "the late Union" and "the late United States" was undeniable, and yet when Mr. BANCROFT spoke of him as making haste to send word of our agony to the other courts of Europe, Lord RUSSELL asks Mr. ADAMS to convey to Mr. BANCROFT a plain denial of the truth of his assertions, and to refer him to facts of a totally different character.

Lord RUSSELL should have remembered that Mr. BANCROFT is trained to consult authorities, and to make no statement without the verification. Upon the occasion in question he was a

historian reciting history, and in the preparation of his discourse he followed his constant method of study and composition—saying nothing for which he could not produce the proof. He therefore responds to Lord RUSSELL's letter in a brief, nervous, and trenchant letter which utterly refutes it.

We have heard of other conspicuous Englishmen making the same mistake, although in a less public manner. Mr. GLANVILLE, for instance, was very doubtful of our success in the late war. He reasoned as a scholar and an observer. No nation hitherto, in his judgment, could have subdued so formidable a rebellion, and he doubted even if Great Britain under the same circumstances could succeed.

Yet, to one passage in Earl RUSSELL's unfortunate letter every honorable American will heartily assent. It is his expression of a wish that in time of peace the people of Great Britain and of the United States should not keep up "sentiments of irritation and hostility founded on a mistaken apprehension of facts, and tending to lay the foundation of permanent alienation, suspicion, and ill-will."

We are glad that Lord RUSSELL has furnished Mr. BANCROFT this opportunity of explaining a matter which has been curiously misunderstood and vehemently misrepresented.

THE ROSS ROBBERY.

HAYDEN the final adjustment of the losses growing out of the KERCURUM frauds, Wall Street has again been startled by a development of rascality even more ingenious than that of EDWARD B. KERCURUM, though fortunately involving a smaller amount of money.

But little is known of the man's antecedents. He seems to have had few friends or intimate acquaintances. He had been an operator in Wall Street for some years, and, until their failure, was a customer of KERCURUM, SOX, & Co. Whether he learned his trade at the feet of EDWARD B. KERCURUM is matter of conjecture.

His chief speculations, however, were made without the intervention of a broker. Wall Street is so confiding a locality, and brokers are so simple a race of men, that any one who hires an office and hangs out a sign can immediately set his checks afloat for thousands of dollars, and people deal with him as unreservedly as if the mere possession of an office and a sign were certain guarantees of probity and capital.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1866.

REMOVALS FROM OFFICE.

WE should be very sorry to believe that the President intended to remove honest and capable men from office because they did not agree in all points with his view of the true policy of reorganization. It would be so flagrant an illustration of the perils of Executive patronage to which we recently alluded, that it would be the plainest duty of the Senate to interpose every Constitutional impediment.

A STALE SOPHISM.

It is amusing to observe the triumphant air with which certain papers ask the question whether, if the United States fought to prevent some of the States from seceding, and were successful, those States are not still in the Union; and, if so, whether they have not the same rights in the Union that all other States have?

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his explosion he gave genuine checks, genuine-ly certified, for both.

Money, however, came too slowly to this ardent chevalier of fortune. A short cut to wealth was what he coveted. And on a little reflection he discovered not one, but two. A slight examination of various railroad bonds enabled him to discover a bond which was not disfigured by tawdry pictorial embellishments, but which, being plain and unadorned, was susceptible of exact imitation by any printer. Such a security he found in the 8 per cent. bonds of the Michigan Central Railroad. To his friends, DAVID GROSSBACK & Co., he gave orders for the purchase for his account of \$20,000 of these bonds. They bought them and duly delivered them to Ross. Thus supplied with genuine originals, Ross proceeded, probably with the aid of accomplices as yet undiscovered, to manufacture spurious bonds. Disposing of his genuine bonds through another broker, he took \$20,000 of the forged bonds to GROSSBACK & Co., and borrowed \$15,000 thereon, the house naturally supposing that these were the very bonds they had bought for him. Another and a larger parcel Ross took to the Union Bank and borrowed money on. It is likely that he disposed of more forged bonds elsewhere, but if so the victims have as yet made no sign. The Michigan Central bonds are so plain that any printer can imitate them to a nicety, and it is remarkable that they have not been counterfeited before.

One royal road to fortune being thus discovered and exploited, the other was next explored. A bank check is said to be "certified" when the paying-teller writes his name across it. This constitutes an acceptance on the part of the bank, and renders the check as good as the bank-note of the accepting bank. It occurred to JOHN ROSS that it was no very difficult matter to counterfeit the acceptance of the paying-teller of his bank. He tried it, and after some practice succeeded perfectly. By counterfeit certifications of his own checks on the Union and Continental banks, he succeeded in obtaining from CHAS. & Co., BLACK & SPALDING, and others, at least \$150,000 in gold, with which he took his leave for parts unknown.

It may be remarked that of all the banks in the city there are none whose certification is more difficult to counterfeit than that of the Union and Continental banks. The Union Bank uses a stamp of peculiar shape, and the signature of Mr. GIBSON, the paying-teller, is a miracle of calligraphy. Not less remarkable and difficult of imitation is the autograph of the paying-teller of the Continental Bank, which is in a peculiar blue ink, and utterly inscrutable to persons who have not seen it before. The signatures of the paying-tellers of other great banks—the Bank of Commerce, the Bank of the State of New York, and the Bank of the Commonwealth, for instance—are so plain that any school-boy could imitate them perfectly after a few hours' practice. In practicing his rogueries on the Union and Continental banks, JOHN ROSS evidently "jouait à difficulté," as French billiard players say. He could have accomplished his purpose much more easily had he forged certifications on the Bank of the State or the Bank of Commerce.

The KITCHEN affair taught bankers that they must not lend money to any one—however high in station or credit—without a careful inspection of his collateral. The Ross affair should awaken Wall Street, and especially the banks, to the frightful looseness of their manner of doing business. A new rule should be adopted with regard to the certification of checks. No more signatures—easily counterfeited—should alone constitute certification. A private stamp, constantly changed, and of which the secret were only known to the banks, should be added. If this precaution be not adopted JOHN ROSS will have many imitators, and their funds will far excel his in magnitude. With his boldness and skill it is amazing that he contented himself with \$300,000, and did not take a million.

As to forgeries of bonds and stocks, there is nothing to be said except that dealers in such securities should not receive them from parties whom they do not personally know. There is no security in our market that can not be successfully counterfeited. The Michigan Central bonds were certainly very easy to copy. But there is skill enough among the rogues who now abound in this country to forge bonds of a much more elaborate appearance. We know that the larger descriptions of the national currency have already been counterfeited with such exactness that even the Department has been praxed to detect the counterfeit from the genuine bill. Yet these notes are said to be in the highest style of the art—covered with intricate scroll-work, and indorsed with an elaborate picture by the hand of the first engravers in the country. What if the knaves who counterfeited these notes turned their attention to Five-Twenty bonds or Seven-Thirty notes? The only possible security for a banker or broker is to refuse absolutely to receive bonds or stocks from parties whom he does not know. Even this security would fail in some cases, as a rogue might, by following the example of

Ross and hiring an office in Wall Street, establish in the course of a year character enough to enable him to circulate counterfeit bonds. But it would be an improvement on the present loose practice.

We are a little curious to see how the chase of Ross will end. The LOCO robbery and the Madison Avenue robbery have bred queer notions in many people's heads as to the proper functions and the actual policy of our detective police. In the former case the thief, or one of the thieves, is understood to have proposed a negotiation with the police, by which, on condition of his absolute release, his share of the booty was to be divided between himself and the detectives. We have not heard of any prosecution arising out of the affair, though the law against the compounding of felonies is clear enough. If Ross should turn up, and if he should propose to pay the detectives the reward offered for his apprehension—\$5000, and to restore half his booty on condition of retaining the other half—would the offer be accepted? And if it were, what would be the effect on the minds of the thieving community?

REFORM IN ENGLAND.

THE Government Reform Bill of Mr. GLADSTONE has passed the British House of Commons by a meagre majority of five votes. Its fate in the House of Lords seems, therefore, almost inevitable; and in that event the Ministry will probably resign or appeal to the country.

In the former case it would be impossible to expect public contentment with a Tory administration; while a Liberal ministry would undoubtedly bring in a still more stringent bill. In the latter case the extraordinary spectacle would be presented of a small minority of the able adult population of the country deciding whether any addition to their number should be made from the vast majority. The peaceful solution of such a question would be a most striking and instructive event, for it would show how deeply seated is the reverence for order and law in the general British mind. It would also show an astonishing progress in that direction since the Reform Bill agitation of 1832.

The Reform question in England is not one of an enlarged voting list only, it involves the very character of the Government. As it now exists the British government is one of classes. The practical point of moderate Reformers is to secure the balance between the aristocracy, the wealth, and the working-class of the country. The fear of the Tories is that the whole political power will fall into the hands of the working-class, which includes the great bulk of the population. They denounce JOHN BRIDGER, therefore, as really aiming at the structure of the Government itself.

But the inevitable tendency of all constitutional governments should teach wise men in England that, as political power will be more and more extended, the true national policy is not closer restriction, but provision to make the extension safe. Education and intelligence are the final security of national welfare; for they see not only the righteousness but the policy and interest of justice, which is the sole enduring corner-stone of peace. Meanwhile there was never a better time for electoral agitation in England. GLADSTONE, JOHN BRIDGER, JOHN STUART MILL, THOMAS HOUGHES, WILLIAM E. FORSTER, and Mr. GOSCHEN are sincere and able leaders. They all sit in Parliament, and they thoroughly understand the necessity of the reform.

A "WELL-CONSIDERED OPINION."

THE popular political comedian, MR. JOHN VAN BUREN, is reported to have said, the other evening, in one of his most successful acts of drollery, at the Brooklyn Academy, "that the Republican Party was committed by the Administration of President LINCOLN to the policy of the present Administration; and gave it as his well-considered opinion that Congress had no more to do with the restoration of the States to the Union than they had to do with the construction of the new court-house in the city of New York."

This was not original with MR. VAN BUREN, but it is sufficiently answered by the truth, which is simply as follows. On the evening of the 11th of April, 1865, MR. LINCOLN made his last public speech from a window of the White House. In the course of it he said:

"In the annual Message of December, 1863, and the accompanying Proclamation I presented a plan of reconstruction, as the phrase goes, which I proposed, if adopted by any State, should be acceptable to and sustained by the Executive Government of the nation. I distinctly stated that this was not the only plan which might possibly be acceptable; and I also distinctly presented that the Executive claimed no right to say when or whether members should be admitted to seats in Congress from such States."

He proceeded to say that he had submitted the plan "to the then Cabinet," and that it was distinctly approved by every member, although one suggested "that I should omit the pretext against my own power in regard to the admission of members of Congress."

The exact point upon which President JOHN-

SON differs with Congress is the one which President LINCOLN expressly declared was the exclusive concern of Congress. Yet the excellent jester, MR. VAN BUREN, assures us that the friends of MR. LINCOLN are committed to the support of MR. JOHNSON in his difference! Of course MR. JOHN VAN BUREN is peculiarly qualified to speak for the friends of MR. LINCOLN; and of course, as he gave us, at Poughkeepsie, in October, 1864, his "well-considered opinion" that MR. JOHNSON was a violator of the Constitution, he must be believed when he now imparts his "well-considered opinion" at Brooklyn that MR. JOHNSON is the Saviour of the Constitution.

Jordan is a very hard road to travel, MR. VAN BUREN!

THE UNITED STATES AND RUSSIA.

MR. SEYMOUR's resolution of congratulation of the Emperor of Russia upon his escape from attempted assassination will probably excite more attention in Europe than it does here. For it is another illustration of the friendly alliance between the two vast Western and Eastern powers which was so conspicuous during the late war, and which is naturally a spectacle of profound interest to other nations.

The attempt to assassinate the Emperor was made by a man who considered himself injured by the emancipation of the serfs. But when he was confronted with his intended victim, who mildly asked him, "How have I ever injured you?" he had nothing to reply. It would have been among the most remarkable coincidences of history if the chiefs of the two great nations which have recently abolished slavery and emancipated serfs should each have fallen by a hand inspired by the brutal spirit of the foe they had overthrown. And certainly, as one has escaped, it is peculiarly becoming in the countrymen of the other to offer their hearty congratulations.

THE VASSAR COLLEGE.

THE Vassar Female College at Poughkeepsie, New York, is now fully organized, and established in its noble building. The number of students is already three hundred and fifty, and President HAYMOND'S firm and beauteous rule is pleasantly apparent. There is naturally the warmest feeling toward MR. VASSAR, the founder of the College, and on his late birthday, when he drove out to visit the institution, he was surprised by a most festive and friendly reception from the whole fair body of scholars. They were ranged along the grounds at the entrance, and greeted him with sweet strains and smiles as he passed under bowery arches to the door, where a chosen choir burst into a song of welcome. Afterward there were congratulatory speeches and songs in the chapel, from which the company repaired to the dining-hall, where a tasteful and modest collation was prepared. This was all the work of the young ladies of the College; and it was a very graceful and appropriate tribute to a man who, like MR. COOPER and MR. FRANCOUR, has chosen to devote a large private fortune to a noble public service.

HEAT-FOOD AND BUILDING-FOOD.

THE different varieties of food are divided by LUTJES, a celebrated German chemist, into two classes—substances which are used for maintaining the heat of the body, and those which supply the material for building and repairing. The former—such as starch, sugar, and oily substances—are found on analysis to be composed of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen; while the latter—the gluten of grain, the fibrin of meat, the casein of milk, etc.—are composed of these with the addition of nitrogen. These latter are therefore called nitrogenous food, and the former carbonaceous, from the quantity of carbon which they contain. The heat of the body is supposed to be produced by an actual, though unseen, combustion going on every where; that is, by a union of oxygen with carbon, forming carbonic acid, and with hydrogen, forming water—just as in what we ordinarily call combustion. The carbon and hydrogen are furnished in part from the wear and tear, or waste, of the system, and in part from the food. As the oxygen, which, as in ordinary fires and lights, keeps up the combustion, is introduced into the blood in respiration, the heat-making food is called by LUTJES respiratory food.

The views of LUTJES are disputed by some chemists and physiologists; but without entering into any discussion of them, we would simply say that there is good ground for believing that what is called carbonaceous food is used to some extent, though not entirely, for producing heat. The evidence of this is much more decided in regard to fatty substances than those which are starchy and sugary.

We have some practical illustrations of the distinction between the two kinds of food, which are of an interesting and instructive character.

The Greenlander and the Esquimaux eat oily food, in the form of fat and train-oil, in large quantities, simply because the abstraction of heat from the system demands a large production of animal heat, and therefore an abundance of heat-food, or fuel for the fire. Accordingly ample provision is made by the Creator for their wants in this respect, for the animals from which they get their chief nutriment—as bears, seals, and whales—are full of fat or oil, while there is but little of this substance in the animals that furnish meat to the dwellers in Southern climes.

When there is a deficiency or a suspension of the supply of respiratory food, the fat which has been deposited in the system is burned up, as we may

say, to furnish the requisite heat. This is seen in the case of some hibernating animals, as the wood-chuck and the bear. When they come out of their torpid state in the spring they are lean, though they were very fat when they went into it. So also in sickness, the fat previously accumulated in the body furnishes fuel for the maintenance of its heat, in place of the respiratory food, the supply of which is now more or less cut off.

The common popular idea is, that the use of food is simply to furnish material for growth and repair; while really a large proportion of it is only fuel to keep the body warm. And there are many facts which show the importance of supplying this fuel-food in due quantity. Such facts as the beneficial influence of cod-liver oil in consumption and other diseases have led to the more careful consideration of the relation of oily food to health. Without adopting the extreme views which have been advanced by some on this subject, we think it to be well settled that the abstemiousness from fatty substances, so common with many, predisposes them to those diseases which originate ordinarily in a low state of the system, as scrofula and consumption. The habit of eating only the lean part of meat is positively injurious, unless a sufficiency of oily food be taken in some other form—as butter or milk, which contains this substance in combination with others. Persons who commit this error of diet are apt to have a flabby and blanched skin, and coldness of the hands and feet, with an irregular and fastidious appetite.

Infants are sometimes made the victims of this error by a confinement to a farinaceous diet. Barley-water, rice-water, arrow-root, etc., can never take the place of milk; for, to say nothing of other important elements, there is in them none of the butter which is so essential a part of the milk, that beautiful natural emulsion, which contains all the requisites of nutrition, even to the iron for the blood and the salts of lime for the bones.

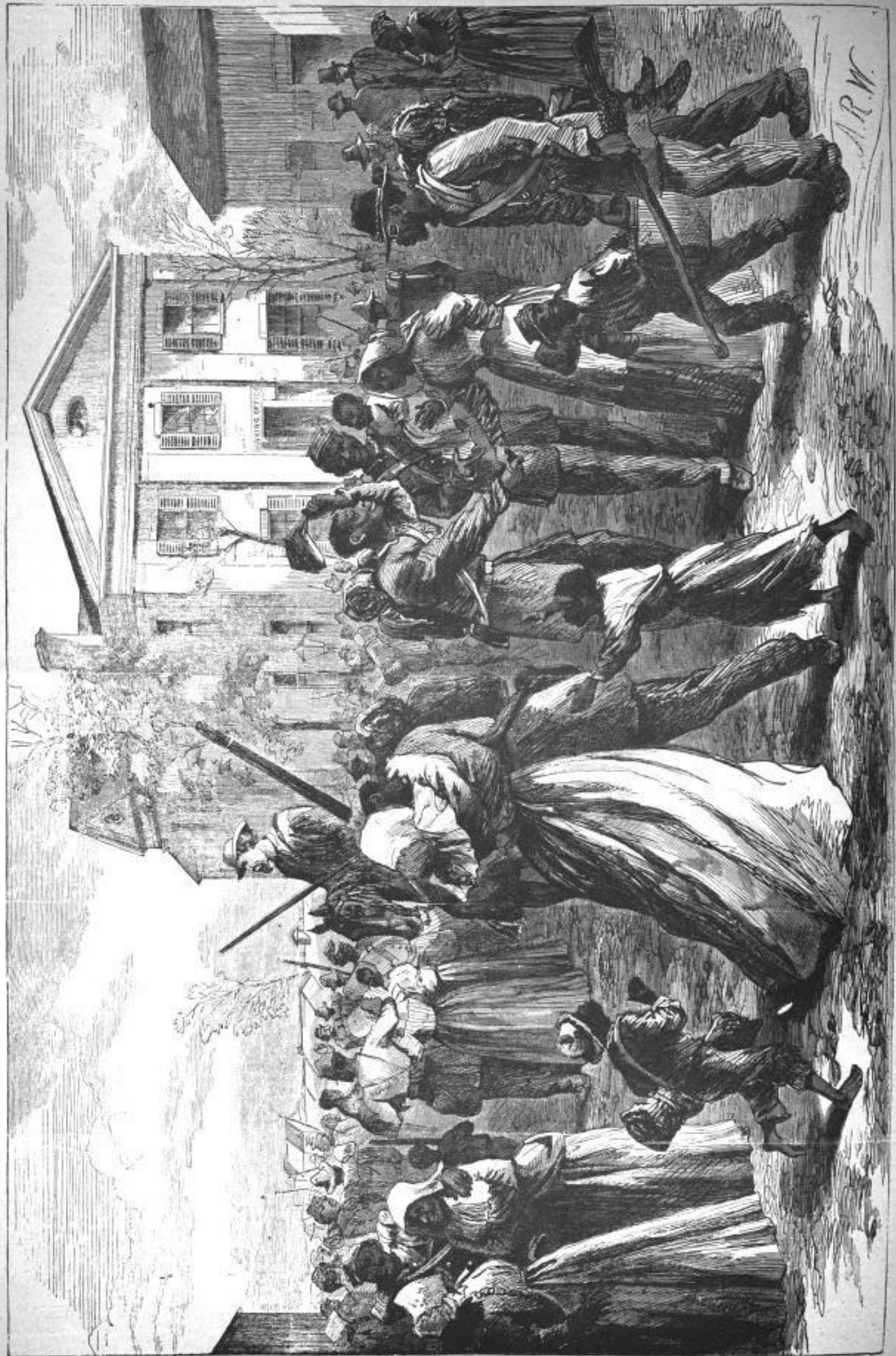
Labouring men require more nitrogenous food than those who lead an inactive life, for there is in them more repair necessary, and therefore more need of material for it. For this reason men, that live almost wholly on such articles as potatoes or rice or plantains, which have comparatively little of the nitrogenous element in them, can not do or endure as much as those who have a proper mixture of meat and vegetables in their diet. So, also, a horse that is not worked will be in good condition living on hay and potatoes, but if he is worked he will lose flesh unless grain be made a part of his food.

There is in most articles of diet a mixture of the two kinds of food. This is true of milk and of the grains that are used in making bread. Even in the lean part of meat there is some fat mingled with the muscular fibres. And men instinctively follow out the indications of nature in this respect. Thus the Irishman eats with his potatoes butter-milk for the casing that is in it, or cabbage, which is one of the vegetables that is rich in nitrogen. The Irish dish called kol-cannon is composed of potatoes, cabbage, and pork, seasoned with salt and pepper. SEYMOUR says of this: "Take a pot-bellied potato-eater and feed him on this dish, and he will become not only stronger and more active, but he will cease to carry before him an advertisement of the kind of food he lives upon." So the Italian eats cheese with his macaroni; and the Spaniard onion, a highly nitrogenous vegetable, with his bread. So pork is commonly eaten with cabbage or beans, butter with bread, and oil with salad.

LITERARY.

THE interior spirit of the rebellion was never so appallingly revealed as in the tale of "Inside," now publishing in this paper. In reading the smooth testimony of witnesses before the Reconstruction Committee like GENERAL LEE and ALEXANDER H. STUART, who state their belief in State sovereignty as perfectly sincere, we are apt to forget what every honest man in the North and South and East and West should remember—that the plea of State sovereignty was urged to protect and defend the untold and indescribable wrongs of slavery. That is the eternal disgrace of the rebellion. Had State sovereignty been invoked as a remedy against oppression, as an assertion of the rights of man, as a defense of civilization and humanity, however mistaken as a policy the late rebellion might have appeared it would have commanded the respect which attends all earnest efforts for the improvement of men. But the infamy of the object tainted the whole act. And the passions which slavery had fostered wreaked themselves remorselessly, not upon the slaves, but upon the Union men in the Slave States, who were born and bred in presence of the system, and who were not troubled by it, but who were simply faithful to their country. The fate of such men was tragical. They were hung, drowned, burned, tortured, exiled, and the heroes delineated in the chapters of "Inside" published recently are confirmed by every witness of the interior of the rebellion whom we have ever met, and were personally known to the author of this story. It is not desirable, in the interests of peace and Union and reconciliation, that these things should be forgotten. They were the natural and inevitable fruit of the huge wrong which was more the enemy of the region in which it existed than of the rest of the country. If that region says that it was itself the best judge of the matter, the unanswerable reply is, that so vast a wrong is not to be judged by opinions of its rightfulness, but by its results; and they are curiously blind who do not see that there can be no enemy so fatal to the happiness and prosperity of any community as a system which generated the ferocious crises of which Union men in the rebel States during the war were the victims.

"Miss Marjoribanks," a delightful novel by Mrs. ORCHAMPT, is just issued by the HARVARD. Those who have followed it in its serial publication are unanimous in their praise of the interest of the story and the skill of its development; and surely no one who has read "Katie Stewart" will doubt the fascinating power of the author.



"MUSTERED OUT" COLORED VOLUNTEERS AT LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.—[SEE PAGE 218.]

BOMBARDMENT OF VALPARAISO.

The long-threatened bombardment of Valparaiso by the Spanish fleet took place on the 21st of March. After the suicide of Admiral PAREJA Captain MANSUEZ had become Acting Admiral, commanding the Spanish fleet. On the 27th of March MANSUEZ gave four days' notice of the bombardment. Every diplomatic representative of foreign powers at Valparaiso entered a strong protest against the contemplated outrage, in which the rights of neutrals were so directly involved. MANSUEZ in his notification of the bombardment based his action upon the refusal of Chili to grant redress for the grievances suffered by Spain, and upon the fact that he had been unable to come to blows with the allied fleet. General KILPATRICK, our Minister to Chili, and Commodore JOHN RODGERS, commanding the United States Pacific Squadron, united in efforts to bring about an amicable negotiation between the contending powers. This might have been effected but for the fact that MANSUEZ insisted upon Chili's first saluting the Spanish flag, which Chili persistently refused.

At the instance of General KILPATRICK Commodore RODGERS entered into an arrangement with the British Admiral DRESMAN to prevent the bombardment by force. The French Government had but a single war-vessel, the *Egeria*, off Valparaiso, and could not, therefore, offer any very material assistance in a conflict with the Spanish fleet. The attitude taken by Commodore RODGERS and Admiral DRESMAN led the citizens of Valparaiso to expect that there would be no bombardment. Accordingly very little heed was given by them to the four days' warning given by MANSUEZ. But in this they were disappointed. For at the last moment Admiral DRESMAN received instructions from the British Government to maintain an attitude of strict neutrality. Commodore RODGERS, although with the iron-clad Monitor *Mohawk*, as he had assured DRESMAN, he would, "in not less than thirty seconds and not more than thirty minutes," leave only the main-masts of the Spanish iron-clad *Nesoesca* above the water, hesitated to enter upon the conflict unsupported.

Commodore RODGERS gives the following official account of the bombardment:

"This morning at nine o'clock the Spanish Admiral opened upon the town with shot and shell, directing his fire principally against public buildings and store-houses. After a continuous bombardment of two hours and fifty minutes the firing ceased, and the Spanish Admiral withdrew his vessels.

"Fear of the stone buildings connected with the Custom-house were actually destroyed, with their contents. Other adjoining buildings used for the same purpose were very much injured. The value of merchandise destroyed in those was vaguely estimated at some twenty-five millions of dollars. The Intendencia, or Government house, the Boice, or Exchange, and the railroad buildings were damaged to a considerable extent. Naturally and inevitably parts of the city which the Spanish Admiral declared he did not intend to injure received many of his missiles. Several blocks of private buildings were destroyed by fire, and churches and convents and hospitals were not exempt from injury. Few lives were lost—not more than eight or ten."

The Spanish fleet consisted in all of six vessels—the *Nesoesca* (iron-clad), the *Resolucion*, the *Villa de Madrid*, *Blanca*, *Vencedora*, *Pagante de Manila*, and the *Berenguela*. Only four of these participated in the bombardment.

Our correspondent, writing from Valparaiso, gives the following account of the assault:

"The squadron having taken a position near the city, at 2:30 they opened an effective fire on the bonded warehouses, Custom-house, Intendencia, Post-office, Naval Academy, railroad buildings, barracks, and all other public property. The bombardment continued until midnight without cessation. At 11 the bonded warehouses and the southern portion of the city was enveloped in flames, the dense smoke from which arose and settled over the beleaguered city like a pall. Although the fire was directed toward public property alone, the shot and shell in many cases injured private buildings to a very great extent. The fire in the southern portion of the city consumed many large wholesale warehouses and private residences. The flames spread rapidly, and for a time defied all the efforts of the Fire Department to check them, assisted by a large number of sailors from both the American and English men-of-war in the harbor. The conflagration continued until late Sunday afternoon. The total amount of losses is estimated at not less than \$20,000,000. The fire was not returned from the shore, but the Chilean flag floated defiantly on the brow of the hill overlooking the warehouses, and for a long time attracted the fire of the *Villa de Madrid*, a first-class 40-gun frigate; shot and shell hurled rained about the flag-staff, but still the iron-clad and 'hope star' could be seen amidst the smoke and dust caused by the explosion of the shell. At about 11:30 a portion of a shell wounded the staff, causing it to lean over a little, but the ballards and stays supported it through the fire. The flag-ship *Nesoesca* (iron-clad frigate, 24 5-inch guns) did not participate in the bombardment, but kept under way in front of the city, directing by signals the movements of the different vessels. The fire from the frigate *Blanca* and the corvette *Frodoval* was observed to have been particularly effective, doing great damage to the Custom-house and the Intendencia, which buildings, together with those in the immediate vicinity, were riddled with shot and shell. It is estimated that at least 2000 projectiles were thrown into the doomed city.

"Such was the bombardment of Valparaiso, which was witnessed with absorbing interest by the American and English squadrons in the harbor, and by the wretched inhabitants of the city from the hills overlooking the town."

The report of the Committee appointed at a meeting of British subjects, held at Valparaiso March 28, includes among others the three following significant resolutions:

"That Rear-Admiral DRESMAN'S plea of want of sufficient force to oppose the Spaniards is humiliating to his countrymen and inadmissible, considering that the co-operation of a powerful United States squadron was pressed upon him by its commanders, and that this meeting can not express in sufficiently strong terms its indignation that such an atrocity as the bombardment of a defenceless town with a population of 80,000 inhabitants should be perpetrated in the presence of a British squadron.

"That it is a matter of regret that between the British *Chang d'Affaires* and the community there has long existed an antagonism which has rendered him unfit to represent its interests, and that in the present emergency the disadvantages resulting therefrom have been more sensibly felt by his passive submission to the wishes of the Spanish squadron, while other vessels have been placed in much more favorable positions through the services of their representatives.

"That a deputation be appointed to wait upon the United States Minister, General KILPATRICK, and upon Commodore RODGERS, and express to them, on behalf of the meeting, its high appreciation of their earnest endeavors to prevent, by co-operation with the British force, the bombardment of this city, deeply regretting that those endeavors had not been more successful."

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.)

INSIDE A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



MR. FERGUSON APPEARS AT HIS WINDOW.

CHAPTER XIX.

It is not long after the adjournment of the C. C. that Mr. Ferguson, seated in his room reading the well-worn little Bible which, while yet a youth, he brought over, a genuine fragment of Scotland, with him, preparatory to going to bed, hears a noise as of the gathering of a crowd beneath his windows.

It is the upper room of a large stone building which he had built, by far the most substantial edifice in Somerville, to rent as a store. And it had brought Mr. Ferguson in a good rent until Secession closed it up, as it had closed up almost the whole legitimate business of the South. "The temporary inconvenience," Colonel Ret Roberts remarks in his public and private speeches, "which precedes independence and unparalleled prosperity; and he who bewails it is, adds the Colonel, coming down upon the stand with clenched fist, "either a fool or a Union man and a traitor!"

Very true, of course; yet it will sadden one. To say nothing of the vast tracts devastated by actual war, the appearance of the country far from such scenes is mournful. Fields, as you ride along, with broken-down fences, and acres wholly given up to sunflowers and cockleburrs, or making but faint fight against them. Noe did you ever before see white girls so young carrying water, or boys so very small driving oxen, or females, not African, cutting wood and hewing. The desolation looks worst in the little towns through which you pass. The homes are there still, but in painful need of glass and pallings and paint. The shops are all still there, but almost all shut up—no sound from within of hammer, plane, or saw. Nor have the offices emigrated; they are all there still, with their rusty signs of lawyer or doctor; but the lawyer, generally speaking, is colored now, speculator, or quartermaster; while the doctor is killing more rapidly than before in the ranks, or practicing wholesale surgery in the distant hospitals. And the stores remain, but mostly shut up, their enterprising proprietors gone into battle, or, most likely, into cotton. The shut-up doors and windows of the towns may, like the closed mouths and eyes of those in a swoon, be only temporary; but it looks, all the circulation stopped, very much like death. Not that there is not in every village at least one shop, store, grocery, gathering-point of some sort left, whereat clusters together the whole male population on the arrival of the stage, to get the papers and to hear the much more diversified and thrilling news brought by the passengers. An hour is spent by the neighbors so assembled in anticipating what the stage will, and should, and "has to" bring before it drives up; then two hours, after it has gone, in discussing what it actually does supply them. Blessings on these, the mass, the more virtuous and industrious portion of the people, the country, in fact, yes, Heaven abundantly bless these, even though it be in ways they dream not of! But upon the leaders—editors, military magnates, political preachers most of all—upon these rest the justice of Almighty God!

But Mr. Ferguson. He listens a while to the noise growing louder beneath his windows, then kneels for his evening devotion, remaining perhaps longer upon his knees than usual. Rising at last, he listens and considers. All the doors and windows of the building, for fire-proof purposes, are coated with sheet-iron and securely fastened. The truth is, Mr. Ferguson has long calculated the possibility of an attack, and is not unprepared. He glances at his iron safe—yes, his scrap-book, to say nothing of other valuables, is secured therein, and the Scotchman deliberately hides the key in a crevice to which he has called the attention of Mr. Arthur long

before. As the noise below increases into groans and yells he coolly produces from their hiding-places and lays upon the table, cleared of every thing for the purpose, two of Sharp's rifles, a pair of revolvers, a claymore brought from Scotland; the two Derringers he secures about his person, with the handles ready to his hand.

"Twelve and twelve," he says aloud of the provision on the table for his coming guests, "are twenty-four; two in my sockets, twenty-six; claymore at least one to last—say thirty in all." And so he snuffs the candle, takes his seat, and listens. Yes, it is the night of the C. C.—he remembers that. But then it may prove a false alarm.

He listens. Yells, oaths, blows upon the door, cries for ladders and axes. Not the C. C. only; there is a Camp of Instruction some dozen miles from town, and stray soldiers therefrom drop in to take a hand—good practice for actual war.

"Oh, nobody's going to kill the man; only going to give him a good scare," is the remark made to Dr. Warner, who, plucking himself out of the coils of his wife wound about him in night-gown and hysterics, has come down to see what is afoot, and that physician is tossed off from the crowd like a straw; and while he catches desperately at the attention of this and that individual, meditating a stump speech in defense of his friend, the tumult increases until he is fairly drowned and washed away.

"Now, then, what do you want?" hails the Scotchman, who has raised a sash, opened the leaf of a shutter, and looked out.

The pressing necessities of the mob thus appealed to are various.

"A hundred dollars for the soldiers!"

"In gold, old boss, mind!"

"And holler hurrah for Jeff Davis!"

"And down with old Lincoln!"

"Promise you will leave in twelve hours."

"And never come back." It is Joe Staples, this last; it will be several thousand clear gain to him if the Scotchman complies or is killed.

And thereupon follows a perfect storm of suggestions from the many-headed. The Scotchman waits patiently till he can be heard.

"Men!" he begins, at last.

"Stand firm, man!" shouts a powerful voice from over the way; and it is followed almost instantly after by the awful blasphemies of Dr. Peel, in the centre of the crowd, upon the man who said it.

"Men!" continues the besieged, "you are half of you deranged, the other half drunk. On that account I don't want to kill you. Do what you please. Only put my life in danger, however, and I will kill some of you. Howl away!"

And the Scotchman draws in his head, closes and fastens the shutter, lowers the sash. Not an instant too soon, for the missiles rattle upon it like hail.

Considering within himself, the Scotchman drags a large desk so as to fortify himself in a corner commanding windows and door, upon which he disposes in easy reach his weapons, having first carefully examined the caps of his fire-arms and unsheathed his claymore.

"Yes, I maun not forget it," he says, relaxing for a moment into a dialect the very burr of which has almost worn from his tongue; and taking the key from its crevice over the mantle, he unlocks the safe, takes out a written paper, dates and signs it, with a line under in explanation.

"It's not as regular as a man can wish, but it's the best a man can do. Ah, yes!" And he lugs out his ponderous collection, writes a rapid bulletin of matters up to date of sieges, pastes it from his mutilage apparatus and with the dexterity of long practice in its place in the volume, and replaces it and the paper in the safe, relocks it, puts the key in its place, and is comfortable once more.

"What fakes men are about their Wills," he says as he takes his place behind his *abatias*, "and I as great as any," he growls.

Meanwhile the uproar without is enough to appeal the stoutest heart. If yells and curses could have beaten down walls it would have been "all over" with Mr. Ferguson. What next?

Towering on the horse-block in front of the store, Dr. Peel, with terrific profanity, announces to the C. C. present that, having splendidly accomplished their project of frightening the old scamp, the next thing is to adjourn in quest of drinks.

But Alonzo Wright, being already supplied on that point, most strenuously objects, his thirst is now for blood. "Our own boys far away to-night," he shouts from the horse-block, "fighting for us, pouring out their blood in rivers. And here in this house is an insolent old scoundrel worse than the worst of Yankees. It is time to make example of these Union men, sneaking scoundrels, traitors, abolitionists," and a deal more to the same effect. Furious curses, ardent appeals, passionate entreaties—there is splendid eloquence in the raving of the man, and the audience are in the mood to appreciate it. In fact Joe Staples is making a free thing of it at the bar of his hotel near by, is even pressing his liquor upon all who come in perpetual relays from the crowd and back again. The ex-tailor sees a chance of his making the happiest hit of his life; he even dispatches a negro with a demijohn down to the crowd.

"Axes, men, axes, and our cry to-night is Rappahannock!" And the speaker springs from his rostrum among an excited crowd of kindred spirits. Some little time is spent in obtaining axes, those near by having unaccountably been misled. Next, it is slow work trying to peel the iron sheathing of the stout doors, especially in the rush of the crowd, each thinking he can do it



DR. PEEL AND JEM.

better than the other, Dr. Peel as active among them as Alonzo Wright.

Meanwhile Mr. Ferguson within ponders his course: "Had I not better fire on them from above? If they get those doors down they'll be upon me in such numbers—wait on the Lord till the last moment before you take to your platoon. God forgive me, I have been too cross with these poor demented bodies all along! Too close in business matters, too. Not meet to be partaker of the inheritance of the saints in— It is good," he continues to murmur to himself, "both to hope and"—arranging the weapons to his hand—"quietly to wait for the salvation of the Lord. Forgive my contempt for these fools, Lord, but those sects they are such fools."

The blows rain fast and heavy on the doors. Step! They must have given up the axes, and are now using a ram of timber. The Scotchman has known of too many similar atrocities, has dozens of them in printed form and written in his Scrap-book, not to know, specially since he has heard Alonzo Wright among the crowd, that his own death is about as much a speedy certainty as any thing human can be. The faxen hair, the blue eyes, the bonny smile—it seems nearer, clearer to Mr. Ferguson than for many a long year now. Heaven! But unfortunately he can not think of heaven without a grim remembrance of the Secession of angels therefrom, and the fate of said angelic Secessionists, too. Fly the one great gulf should swallow us all up so completely these days.

But the bells? What can they be ringing the bells for? That begins to be an inquiry among the excited mob, pausing a little to listen and ask.

Fire! An illumination upon the sky, dark shadows beginning to fall from the houses that way across the street. Fire! fire! And falling upon the excitement before Mr. Ferguson's doors, as when the sun shines on the hearth-stone, the greater glow extinguishes the less. Fire! fire! fire! And even Alonzo Wright, disabled some time ago by an accidental blow upon the shoulder from the axe of Dr. Peel in the intense enmity of the Doctor, after cursing for a time the rapidly-diminishing crowd, is compelled to limp after it. In little more time than it has taken to recede it the assault on Mr. Ferguson has begun and ended.

"Dr. Ginnis! Dr. Ginnis!" is the cry into which that of fire has now subsided.

"Dr. Ginnis?" Then, as we too hurry on to the spot, one word about him; it can soon be said, before we've gone more than a square. Low of stature, stout of frame, red of face, puffy of breath, load of tongue, excitable of temperament, "Secession from the start," of course. From the outset it is with pain that Dr. Ginnis tears himself from the knot at the street-corner to visit a patient. He is hardly in the sick chamber before the topic is introduced. As soon as possible the complaints and the prescription for the patient are got through with as an altogether secondary matter, that the Doctor may get to European dependence on the South, the sovereignty of cotton, the Scripturalty of slavery, the religious apostasy and hastening downfall of the North, the untold blessings Secession is to pour from its cornucopia upon our glorious Confederacy, and all the last great Confederate victory, too, roars over again with all its cannon in the ears of the stammering patient. The Doctor is enthusiastic, as even his political friends allow. Secession has taken possession of every globe of his blood, fold of his brain, holds as a rider does the reins every fiber and tendon of the Doctor's gibbous person. A big bubble, Dr. Ginnis, oscillating wonderfully when the wind blows as it often does, glittering in the sunshine of good news. It does Mr. Ellis good to see and hear him.

"Glory be to God!" he shouts, clapping his hands together, snatching his hat from his heated forehead, and waving it with enthusiasm. Then off like a shot, a large one, from the Post-office to spread the tidings whenever wonderful news arrives, as it does almost every mail.

"Have you heard the news?" he cries to people on foot across the street, on horseback, in carriage, whom he sees as he goes, never waiting till he can get near enough to see whether they be acquaintances or not. "Glorious news! Yankees cut to pieces again! fifty thousand killed! Not apt to be up early as a general thing himself, so man before Dr. Ginnis when the stage is to get in before day. "Wake up, all of you!" he shouts at the doors of the houses as he returns home with the great intelligence. "Wake up!" hanging tremendously on the gates and doors. "Great news! Louisville captured! Cincinnati burned! Washington City in our hands! hurrah! Wake up! Glory be to God!" And the Doctor hurries on to stir up the rest, making great bulwarks in his wake, literally so.

"Twenty-seven regiments bayoneted where they stood; cut down and cut to pieces; the carnage tremendous!" And Dr. Ginnis has a peculiar way of drawing his coat-sleeves up his arms, turning down the cuffs of his exposed shirt-sleeves, as he says it, and moving his mouth and eyes as if he was about taking part therein himself, anxious to behold. Being a member of Brother Barker's church, no man, not even Sam Peters nor Brother Barker himself, more fervent in prayer than Dr. Ginnis—only he begins too violently, runs in fifteen minutes into hoarseness, and ends in wheeze. There is this slight inconsistency in Dr. Ginnis. At the very outset of Secession, in indignant denial of the possibility of war resulting from the same, he had loudly and frequently promised contemptuously to drink every drop of blood that might be shed.

"If you will turn to Psalm fifty-fifth, fifteen, you will see that David said exactly the same thing, 'Let death seize upon them, and let them go down quick into hell,'" remarks Brother Barker when informed that Dr. Ginnis had been distinctly heard to say "Damn him!" in reference to Butler in New Orleans. "You

will hardly deny that David was a holy man. And these are most extraordinary times. We can not judge men by the rules of ordinary times; it would be foolish as well as useless to do so," reasons the divine. Nor was he the only professed Christian who used the same reasoning in reference to the intoxication of leading members of the church, even chaplains in the army, on rejoicings over victories. In fact, it was said of Brother Barker, and of many others like him, that, not content with supplicating yellow-fever and death in every form, as well as that in battle, upon the infidel foe, he and others had prayed for something that sounded marvelously like an eternal damnation of the same foe. Let any one who retains to-day clear recollections of what passed during the great delirium say, was this actually so or was it not?

Turning a corner on our hurried way from Mr. Ferguson's we find it is Dr. Ginnis's house that is on fire. Upon the whole, the handsomest two-story residence in Somerville, handsomely furnished, the Doctor has not occupied it more than a year. And the Doctor is moved as never the most glorious news had ever moved him before. Consequently the wretches is upon him almost from the first. He stands now near the fast-consuming remnant of his home, stammered, silent, in utter collapse. For there is this peculiarity about Dr. Ginnis, that he is as much affected by bad news as by good, the elation produced by the last being fully equalled by the degree of depression produced by the first—according to the inexorable law of mechanics whereby action and reaction are equal. Hence it is that while we good Secessionists rather like falling in with Dr. Ginnis when good news is afloat—we couldn't avoid doing that, as the Doctor then pervades every nook and corner of Somerville—we would rather not fall in with him when the news is bad. In this last case, to do the Doctor justice, we are not apt to, however, as he stays pretty closely at home then, if possible.

But Dr. Ginnis is not needed at the fire at all. Dr. Peel has arrived on the spot among the first, and has been hard at work from the moment he arrived. Truth is, Dr. Peel, by sheer force of the man, has come to be the life and soul of Somerville long before this; no public dinner, no war-meeting to receive from or dismiss to the war any distinguished personage or personage going to become distinguished, no ball or cakelaud, no public enterprise, of which Dr. Peel is not the grand carrier-on as well as the originator. We have come even to accept the essences, jewelry, broadcloth, and boasting of the man in consideration of his undoubted patriotism and genuine liberality of feeling and of funds. It has got to be generally believed that Dr. Peel and Anne Wright are engaged to be married, and Alonzo Wright has risen a hundredfold in public consideration, to say nothing of Anne, frail in form, fair, gentle, and doubly lovable in appearance from her contrast to magnificent and scantly Dr. Peel as she hangs upon his arm or stands by him in the dance in public assemblies.

And Dr. Peel sustains his well-earned reputation for public spirit and energy now at the fire. He has rushed a dozen times into the house, and returned bearing wardrobes, bureaus, and the like, beyond the strength of other men. Tearing off weather-boarding to get at the flames; on the top of the stable endeavoring to save it; here, there, every where; men running hither and thither like children at his command; his hat gone in the confusion; moving in the heat as in his native element, no man there refuses to feel him to be the hero of the hour, Agamemnon, king of men. But even Dr. Peel can not work miracles. When morning breaks it is upon the chimneys only and a few charred timbers, upon a bed of ashes, the bones, as it were, of the once living home, from which life and flesh are gone. All that is left is for Dr. Peel to start a subscription list, before he has washed his hands for breakfast, in Dr. Ginnis's behalf, heading it with a handsome amount, and canvassing the entire community with it before night.

In his heavy loss Dr. Ginnis accepts the assistance with gratitude, but adds to Dr. Peel: "A thousand thanks, Dr. Peel, for all your noble aid; but if you could only help me to prove it was the work of an incendiary, even if we did not know whom, and couldn't catch him—just to know that certainly would be a great satisfaction to me!"

He does not say it, but to have it known that his house had been selected out of all others in Somerville as that of the most prominent patriot there for destruction, would have gone far to console the Doctor.

"That was my full belief at first," says Dr. Peel, with oath, "until I happened upon that pipe I showed you lying near the stable among the straw. Some careless old negro woman. If I was you I would examine into it; and if I was to know that any negro of mine had lost so splendid a property—" And the friend describes, with awful profanity, the vengeance he would inflict.

And Mr. Ferguson? It is full compensation to him for the insults of the night that it has, at least, yielded him one of the most interesting pages for his collection. With more than the neatness, precision, blue ink, red ink, and black, with which he keeps his own hand and other accounts does he prepare the bulletin for posterity, date, events, results in full.

The second day after the fire Dr. Peel rides out to see Alonzo Wright. No man could make a handsomer apology for having accidentally lamed his friend's shoulder, which is badly hurt. "I was opposed to going on at first, you will remember, General Wright. I only wanted to frighten the old scamp. But I got excited by your eloquence; it would sweep away a stone. When I got hold of that axe I was in such a desperate hurry, too, to get at the fellow—"

"Let us say no more about it," interrupts Mr. Wright. "I am sorry for that man Ginnis, of course, but I am very glad the fire happened just as it did. When I am drunk I am a perfect fool, rather a devil incarnate. If any thing had happened to that brave old man I could never have forgiven myself. What an old Trojan he is! I will make a point to speak to him the next time I see him on the streets. It was the same way with Mr. Arthur. I made myself a perfect blockhead with him once—you may have heard of it—as the old gin. He will bear me witness I went in next day and apologized. I've told Anne here nobody ties the knot if she ever marries but that man, if only he was not an Abolitionist, or Union man, which is the same thing. True as steel he is, for all he is so quiet. But let us talk about Burnside, any thing. I made a fool of myself that night in Somerville, am ashamed of it, and have made Anne a half promise never to go to the place any more." This, with a good many strong expressions between, from Mr. Wright sober, a person bearing no resemblance to Mr. Wright drunk.

So Dr. Peel, taking another cup of the coffee—"the genuine article, Doctor; no rye, barley, okra, sweet-potatoes, or other trash in it"—of Miss Anne's making and another slice of Miss Anne's sponge-cake—only blondes like Anne can ever make real sponge-cakes; brunettes succeed in pound, preserves, and the like, not in sponge—Dr. Peel, we say, changes the topic to our bright prospect now of speedy success. At which point, Colonel Juggins having ridden over to trade certain oxen with Mr. Wright, Dr. Peel is left to be entertained by Miss Anne.

Petite Anne! A canary-bird is small, we know, never so small as when in contrast with an eagle. Very quiet is Anne; low-spoken, too. Blushes also coming and going on countless errands to and from heart and cheek. No one plays better on the piano—not concert music, you know, but exactly the kind for a parlor. Anne sings, too, as a canary-bird ever should, and very sweetly; not the operatic style either, yell, squall, inarticulate; you are not deafened by Anne, and can make out as distinctly every syllable she sings as if she spoke it. Dr. Peel standing behind her, turning over the leaves of her music as she plays, joining in with his splendid voice, stooping to say this and the other nothing in his lowest modulations.

"I had no idea it was so late!" she says, with an instant thrill at the impropriety of saying so with such simplicity, when, at last, Dr. Peel sees by his mazy gold watch that it is time for him to go. Mr. Wright, done with Colonel Juggins by this time, urges his guest to stay to tea. Dr. Peel would do so with great pleasure, he could ride in to town by moonlight, only he has "an appointment to keep."

"With some fair lady, I'll bet," says Mr. Wright, good-naturedly, as he shakes the Doctor's hand on parting.

"Wrong this time, General—not with a lady," replies Dr. Peel, Anne's little hand in his as he bids good-by.

No, not with a lady. As the Doctor nears the corner of a fence, about a mile from Somerville, he draws rein to speak with a particularly ill-visaged negro man, evidently waiting for him there. Protruding chin, with beard in little knots upon it here and there; retreating forehead; coarse wool tied up in pig-tails, sticking up in every direction from his head; squalid clothing; long, ape-like arms; big, flat feet—a savage. In all New Zealand none more so. Not a more thorough savage that hour in the Africa from which the man's great-grandfather came, save that here Jem is enveloped in an atmosphere of civilization, the chief ingredient gas of which for his breathing is—force. And Jem has lost his ancestral Fetich, the Christianity he has in exchange being too undefined for him at least to put in words if questioned. Not that there are not thoroughly pious negroes at the South; there are many thousands of them—a larger proportion of them pious, perhaps, than of the whites, only Jem was not one of them. Yet, sad to say, when Jem has any special villainy to engage in the negro in Somerville of all others whom he is sure to call upon to assist him therein is Orange, a preacher, a very Brother Barker for singing and praying among the blacks. Beyond this there is not, of course, the least parallel between the two preachers. Only, the remark may, with great deference to every body, be made, that, if Brother Barker's Scripture views of Slavery prompted him to his most violent courses, by a singular coincidence, it was the Rev. Orange's views, too, of Slavery from the Bible—read, doubtless, upside down—which prompted him to his most objectionable courses; his evil courses being, however, all underground. So very sly is Orange that it is hard to speak certainly; yet, if the fact was known, it is rather Orange who employs Jem in deeds of darkness than Jem who employs Orange. Just now both are in the hands of a greater than either.

"Splendidly done, Jem; you couldn't have done it better," says Dr. Peel to Jem standing before him. Great contrast between the broad-clothed, bejeweled, perfumed, highly-educated, perfectly-accomplished, and powerfully-influential Dr. Peel and the savage beside him! Civilization and Barbarism embodied and in strongest contrast? Apparently. Only there is not another white man in Somerville to whom Jem does not take off his hat when he speaks to him, but the relic of a head-covering remains untouched on Jem's head now, though no man can express in word and manner greater respect, even affection, for a companion.

"O'y Orange an' me," he says. "I told you boys before I don't think it is safe the money should be in your hands; you are sure to let it out," begins Dr. Peel, taking a canvas bag, apparently quite heavy, from his bosom.

"Me an' Orange think so too, on'y we is out of tobacco. A few dollars for our women-folks, too," pleads the savage as humbly as a child.

"Very well, certainly," says Dr. Peel, replacing the bag in his bosom, and giving the man a few coins of gold from his purse. "You may have that over and above, and welcome. The rest any day it is safe for you. You and Orange can't be too careful, remember, Jem. You know how to get it to me if you hear any thing. When I need you boys I'll let you know."

But what would have struck an over-dropper in all this interview most was the singular bearing of these two very different villains to each other. It can not be expressed in words, but it was very singular—very singular indeed.

A STRANGE STORY.

When the criminal, Pierre Granger, escorted by four gend'armes, was placed in the dock of the court of assize, there was a general stir among the crowd which had assembled from every quarter to be present at his trial.

Pierre Granger was not an ordinary culprit—not one of those poor wretches whom the court, as a matter of form, furnishes with an advocate, judges in the presence of a heedless auditory, and sends to oblivion in the convict prisons of the State. He had figured at Auzil in the columns of the newspapers; and while M. Laperrier had undertaken his defense, M. Louragat, the attorney-general, was to conduct the prosecution. Now, at the time of which I write, these two men stood at the head of their profession. Whenever it was known that they were to be pitted against each other in any cause, crowds immediately flocked to enjoy their eloquent sentences, sonorous periods, and phrases as round and as polished as so many billiard-balls. It was a perfect riot of tropes and figures, a delicious confusion of periphrases and metaphors. All the figures of rhetoric defied before the charmed auditory, and spouted, jested, and struggled with each other, like Virgil's playful shepherds. There was a luxury of epithets, passing even that of the Abbé Delille. Every individual substantive was as regularly followed by its attendant adjective, as the great lady of the last century by her train-bearing page. In this pompous diction a man became a metal, a horse a courser, the moon was styled pale Diana. My father and my mother were never called so, but invariably "the authors of my being;" a dream was a vision, a glass a crystal vase, a knife a sword, a car a chariot, and a beam became a whirlwind: all of which, no doubt, tended to produce a style of exceeding sublimity and beauty.

Pierre Granger was a clumsily-built fellow, five feet ten in height, thirty-eight years old, with fox hair, a high color, and small, cunning gray eyes. He was accused of having strangled his wife, cut up the body into pieces, and then, in order to conceal his crime, set fire to the house, wherein his three children perished. Such an accumulation of horrors had shed quite a romantic luster upon the perpetrator. Ladies of rank and fashion flocked to the jail to look at him; and his autograph was in wonderful request, as soon as it became known that Madame Célestine Langelot, the licentiate of the district, possessed some words of his writing in her album, placed between a ballad by a professor of rhetoric and a problem by the engineer-in-chief of the department; neither gentleman, to say the truth, being much flattered by such close juxtaposition with the interesting post-prisoner. When Pierre Granger, with his lowering brow and air of staid cunning, was placed in the dock, the names of twelve jurors were drawn by lot, and the president demanded of the counsel on either side whether they wished to exercise their right of challenge. Both declined offering any objection to twelve such honorable names; but the attorney-general added, that he would require the drawing of a supplementary juror. It was done, and on the paper appeared the name of Major Vermer. At the sound a slight murmur was heard among the spectators, while MM. Louragat and Laperrier exchanged a rapid glance, which seemed to say: "Will not you challenge him?" But neither of them did so; an offer conducted Major Vermer into his appointed place, and amidst profound silence the indictment was read. Major Vermer had lived in the town during the last two years. Every one gave him the military title, yet none could tell when, or where, or when he had served. He seemed to have neither family nor friends; and when any of his acquaintances ventured to sound him on the subject, he always replied in a manner by no means calculated to encourage curiosity. "Do I trouble my head about your affairs?" he would say. "Your staidly old town suits me well enough as a residence, but if you don't think I have a right to live in it, I shall be most happy to convince you of the fact at day-break to-morrow with gun, sword, or pistol." Major Vermer was precisely the very man to keep his word; the few persons who had entered his lodgings reported that his bedroom resembled an armory, so fully was it furnished with all sorts of murderous weapons. Notwithstanding this he seemed a very respectable sort of man, regular in his habits, punctual in his payments, and fond of smoking excellent cigars, sent him, he used to say, by a friend in Havana. He was tall, very thin, bald, and always dressed in black; his mustaches curled to a point; and he invariably wore his hat cocked over his right ear. In the evenings he used to frequent the public reading-rooms of the town, but he never played at any game, or conversed with the company, remaining absorbed in his newspaper until the clock struck ten, when he lit his cigar, twisted his mustaches, and with a stiff, silent bow took his departure. It sometimes happened that one of the company, bolder than the others, said, "Good-night, major!" Then the major would stop, fix his gray eye on the speaker, and reply, "Good-night, monsieur!" but in so rude and angry a tone that the words sounded more like a malediction than a polite salutation. It was remarked that whoever thus ventured to address the major, was, during the remainder of the evening, the victim of some strange

ill-luck. He regularly lost at play, was sure to knock his elbow through a handsome lamp or vase, or in some way to get entangled in a misadventure. So firmly were the good townsfolk persuaded that the major possessed an evil eye that their common expression, when any one met with a misfortune, was: "He must have said 'good-night' to the major."

This mysterious character died every day at the ordinary of the Crown Hotel, and although habitually silent, seemed usually contented with the fare. One day, however, after having eaten some bread soup, he cast his eye along the table, frowned, and calling the host, said: "How comes it that the dinner to-day is entirely meagre?"

"Monsieur no doubt forgets that this is Good Friday."

"Send me up two mutton-chops."

"Impossible, major—there is not an ounce of meat to be had at any butcher's in the town."

"Let me have some fowl."

"That is not to be had either."

"What a set of fools!" exclaimed the major, striking his clenched hand on the table with such force that the bottles rumbled and rocked just as if all the wine in their bottles had got into their heads. Then he called the waiter, and said, "Baptiste, go to my lodging, and bring me the inland carabine which hangs over my pillow."

The poor host trembled, and grew very pale when Baptiste returned with a double-barreled gun, beautifully inlaid with silver. The major coolly examined the locks, put on fresh caps, cocked both barrels, and walked out, followed at a respectful distance by the guests and inmates of the hotel. Not far off stood an old ivy-mantled church, whose angular projections were haunted by many ravens. Two large ones flew out of a turret just as the major came up and took aim for a double shot. Down tumbled both the unclean birds at his feet.

"Sacré bleu!" said he, picking them up. "I'm regularly sold—they're quite lean."

He returned to the hotel, and, according to his express orders, one moiety of his ill-omened booty was dressed in a savory stew, and the other simply roasted. Of both dishes he partook so heartily that not a vestige of either remained, and he declared that he had never eaten more relishing food. From that day the major became an object of unobtrusive respect, of terror to others, of curiosity to all. Whenever he appeared on the public promenade every one avoided him; at the theatre his box was generally occupied by himself alone; and each old woman that met him in the street invariably stopped to cross herself. Major Vernor was never known to enter a church, or accept an invitation; at first he used to receive a good many of these, and the perfumed billies served him to light his cigars.

Such, then, was the thirteenth juror drawn in the case of Pierre Granger, and it may easily be understood why the audience were moved at hearing the name of Major Vernor. The paper of accusation, notwithstanding drawn up by the attorney-general with a force and particularity of description which terrified the ladies present, was read amidst profound silence broken only by the snoring of the prisoner, who had coolly settled himself to sleep. The gens d'armes tried to rouse him from his slumber, but they merely succeeded in making him now and then half open his dull, leaden eyes. When the clerk had ceased to read, Pierre Granger was with difficulty thoroughly awakened, and the president proceeded to question him. The interrogatory fully revealed, in all its horror, the thoroughly stupid foolishness of the wretch. He had killed his wife, he said, because they couldn't agree; he had set his house on fire because it was a cold night, and he wanted to make a good blaze to warm himself; as to his children, they were dirty, squalling little things—no loss to him or to any one else. It would be tedious to pursue all the details of this disgusting trial. M. Lorrain and M. Lévesque both made marvelously eloquent speeches, but the latter deserved peculiar credit, having so very bad a cause to sustain. Although he well knew that his client was as thorough a scoundrel as ever breathed, and that his condemnation would be a blessing to society, yet he pleaded his cause with all a lawyer's conscientiousness. When he got to the peroration he managed to squeeze from his eyes a few rare tears, the last and most precious, I imagine, which he carefully reserved for an especially solemn occasion—just as some families preserve a few bottles of fine old wine to be drunk at the marriage of a daughter or the coming of age of a son. At length the case closed, and the president was going to sum up; but as the heat in court was excessive, and every one present stood in need of refreshment, leave was given for the jury to retire for half an hour, and the hall was cleared for the same space of time, in order that it might undergo a thorough ventilation. During this interval, while twelve of the jurors were cooling themselves with ices and sherbet, the thirteenth lighted a cigar, and, reclining in an arm-chair, smoked away with the gravity of a Turk.

"What a capital cigar!" sighed one of the jurors, as he watched, with an envious eye, the odoriferous little clouds escaping from the smoker's lips.

"Would you like to try one?" asked the major, politely offering his cigar-case.

"If it would not trespass too much on your kindness."

"By no means. You are heartily welcome."

The juror took a cigar, and lighted it at that of his obliging neighbor. "Well, how do you like it?" asked the major.

"Delicious! It has an uncommonly pleasant aroma. From whence are you supplied?"

"From the Havana." Several jurors now approached, casting longing eyes at Major Vernor's cigar-case.

"Give women," said he, "I am really grieved that I have not a single cigar left to offer you, having just given the last to our worthy friend. To-morrow, however, I hope to have a fresh supply, and shall then ask you to do me the honor of accepting some."

At that moment an official came in to announce that the court had resumed its sitting; the jury

hastened to their box, and the president began his charge. Scarcely had he commenced, however, when the juror who had smoked the cigar rose, and in a trembling voice begged permission to retire, as he felt very ill. Indeed, while in the act of speaking, he fell backward, and lay senseless on the floor. The president, of course, directed that he should be carefully conveyed to his home, and desired Major Vernor to take his place. Six strokes sounded from the old clock of the town-hall as the jury retired to deliberate on their verdict in the case of Pierre Granger. Eleven gentlemen exclaimed with one voice that the wretched assassin's guilt was perfectly clear, and that they could not hesitate for a moment as to their decision. Major Vernor, however, stood up, placed his back against the door, and regarding his colleagues with a peculiarly sinister expression, said, slowly—

"I shall acquit Pierre Granger, and you shall all do the same!"

"Sir," replied the foreman, in a severe tone, "you are answerable to your conscience for your own actions, but I do not see what right you have to offer us a gratuitous insult."

"Am I then so unfortunate as to offend you?" asked the major, meekly.

"Certainly, in supposing us capable of breaking the solemn oath which we have taken to do impartial justice. I am a man of honor."

"Bah!" interrupted the major; "are you quite sure of that?"

A general murmur of indignation arose.

"Do you know, Sir, that such a question is a fresh insult?"

"You are quite mistaken," said Major Vernor. "What I said was drawn forth by a feeling of the solemn responsibility which rests with us. Before I can resolve to make a dead body of a living, moribund being, I must feel satisfied that both you and I are less guilty than Pierre Granger, which, after all, is not so certain."

An ominous silence ensued. The major's words seemed to strike home to every breast, and at length one of the jurors said, "You seem, Sir, to regard the question from a philosophical point of view."

"Just so, Monsieur Cernosa."

"You know me, then?" said the juror, in a trembling voice.

"Not very intimately, my dear Sir, but just sufficiently to appreciate your fondness for discounting bills at what your enemies might call usurious interest. I think it was about four years ago that an honest poor man, the father of a large family, blew out his brains, in despair, at being refused by you a short renewal, which he had implored on his knees."

Without replying M. Cernosa retired to the furthest corner of the room and wiped off the large drops of sweat which started from his brow.

"What does this mean?" inquired another juror, impatiently. "Have we come hither to act a scene from the 'Memoirs of the Devil'?"

"I don't know that work," replied the major; "but may I advise you, Monsieur de Bardine, to calm your nerves?"

"Sir, you are impertinent, and I shall certainly do myself the pleasure to chastise you."

"As how?"

"With my sword. I shall do you the honor to meet you to-morrow."

"An honor which, being a man of sense, I must beg to decline. You don't kill your adversaries, Monsieur de Bardine; you murder them. Have you forgotten your duel with Monsieur de Lillar, which took place, I am told, without witnesses? While he was off his guard you treacherously struck him through the heart. The prospect of a similar catastrophe is certainly by no means enticing."

With an indistinct movement M. de Bardine's neighbors drew off.

"I admire such virtuous indignation," sneered the major. "It especially becomes you, Monsieur Dario."

"What infamy are you going to cast in my teeth?" exclaimed the gentleman addressed.

"Oh, very little—a mere trifle—simply, that while Monsieur de Bardine kills his friends you only dishonor yours. Monsieur Simon, whose house, table, and purse are yours, has a pretty wife."

"Major," cried another juror, "you're a villain!"

"Pardon me, my dear Monsieur Calfan, let us call things by their proper names. The only villain among us, I believe, is the man who himself set fire to his house six months after having insured it at treble its value in four offices, whose directors were foolish enough to pay the money without making sufficient inquiry."

A stifled groan escaped from M. Calfan's lips as he covered his face with his hands.

"Who are you that you thus dare to constitute yourself our judge?" asked another, looking fiercely at Vernor.

"Who am I, Monsieur Peron? Simply one who can appreciate your very rare dexterity in holding court-cards in your hand, and making the dice turn up as you please."

M. Peron gave an involuntary start, and thenceforward held his peace. The scene, aided by the darkness of approaching night, had now assumed a terrible aspect. The voice of the major rang in the ears of eleven pale, trembling men, with a cold metallic distinctness, as if each word inflicted a blow.

At length Vernor burst into a strange, sharp, hissing laugh. "Well, my honorable colleagues," he exclaimed, "does this poor Pierre Granger still appear to you unworthy of the slightest pity? I grant you he has committed a fault, and a fault which you would not have committed in his place. He has not had your cleverness in masking his turpitude with a show of virtue—that was his real crime. Now if, after having killed his wife, he had paid handsomely for masses to be said for her repose—if he had purchased a burial-ground, and caused to be raised to her memory a beautiful square white marble monument, with a flowery epitaph on it in gold letters—why, then we should all have shed tears of sympathy, and eulogized Pierre Granger as the model of a tender husband. Don't you agree with me, Monsieur Norbec?"

M. Norbec started as if he had received an electric shock. "It is false!" he murmured. "I did not poison Eliza; she died of pulmonary consumption."

"True," said the major; "you remind me of a circumstance which I had nearly forgotten. Madame Norbec, who possessed a large fortune in her own right, died without issue five months after she had made you her sole legatee."

Then the major was silent. They were now in total darkness. Suddenly came the sharp click of a pistol, and the obscurity was for a moment brightened by a flash, but there was no report—the weapon had missed fire. The major burst into a long and loud fit of laughter. "Charming! delightful! Ah, my dear Sir," he exclaimed, addressing the foreman, "you were the only honest man of the party; and see how, to oblige me, you have made an attempt on my person which places you on an honorable level with Pierre Granger!" Then, having rung the bell, he called for candles, and when they were brought, he said, "Come, gentlemen, I suppose you don't want to sleep here; let us make haste and finish our business."

Ten minutes afterward the foreman handed in the issue paper—a verdict of Not Guilty—and Pierre Granger was discharged amidst the hisses and execrations of the crowd, who indeed were prevented only by a strong military force from assaulting both judge and jury. Major Vernor coolly walked up to the dock, and passing his arm under that of Pierre Granger, went out with him through a side-door.

From that hour neither the one nor the other was ever seen again in the country. That night there was a terrific thunder-storm; the ripe harvest was beaten down by hailstones as large as pigeon's eggs, and a flash of lightning striking the steeple of the old ivy-covered church tore down its gilded cross.

This strange story was related to me one day last year by a convict in the infirmary of the prison at Toulon. I have given it verbatim from his lips; and as I was leaving the building the sergeant who accompanied me said, "So, Sir, you have been listening to the wonderful rhodomontades of Number 15,788?"

"What do you mean? This history—"

"Is false from beginning to end. Number 15,788 is an atrocious criminal, who was sent to the galleys for life, and who during the last few months has given evident proofs of mental aberration. His monomania consists chiefly in telling stories to prove that all judges and jurors are rogues and villains. He was himself found guilty, by a most respectable and upright jury, of having robbed and tried to murder Major Vernor. He is now about to be placed in a lunatic asylum, so that you will probably be the last visitor who will hear his curious inventions."

"And who is Major Vernor?"

"A brave old half-pay officer, who has lived at Toulon beloved and respected during the last twelve years. You will probably see him to-day, smoking his Havana cigar, after the table-d'hôte dinner at the Crown Hotel."

"HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Mr. Brown, contemptuously, as he snarled over the leaves of a fashionable magazine. "I can't find a decent story here. Now, what are all these?" Mrs. Brown came and sat down on the arm of the easy-chair in which her legs had been reclining. "Those? Why, those are croquet patterns."

"And that," indicating with his finger a singular-shaped figure, "is that a croquet pattern?"

"No, my dear innocent man," returned Mrs. Brown, "that is a pin-cushion—and there," turning over a leaf, "is another pattern, such a beauty; so be made in dark blue velvet and pearls! I am going to get materials to-morrow and commence one for the little table in our spare-room."

"Ah!" responded the gentleman, reflectively. "Do you happen to remember, my dear, how many pin-cushions you have made for the spare-room since we were married?"

"Well, you know that pretty white satin one baby spotted, playing with it—"

"Curious plaything," murmured Mr. B.

"—And somebody spilled some hair oil on the pink silk one; and I began a cushion out of black velvet, but I never finished it; and then that beautiful crimson—"

"Where are you going, Mr. Brown?"

"Only to my writing-desk," replied that gentleman, who was already half across the room.

"Dear me, how absurd!" ejaculated the lady, taking up for continued examination the magazine which her husband had tossed upon the table. Pretty soon, however, tired of the alliance, she stole softly along to the writing-desk, and peeping over Mr. Brown's shoulder, said, "May I see what you are writing?"

"Oh yes, my dear! It is especially for you. Or stay, I will read it to you." And placing her on a very comfortable seat, he commenced as follows:

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE PIN-CUSHION.

Although for centuries the pin-cushion has been a common article of human habitation, and has thriven and been most prolific in the very centres of civilization, its physiology and habits have been but little noticed by naturalists. Even the place to be assigned to it in the order of animated nature has been disputed.

Linnæus classed it with the hedge-hog, porcupine, and kindred animals; with which it has no noticable affinity—that of shooting loose spines on the approach of men; but in other respects it is very dissimilar. Buffon, observing that it frequented human habitations, and these chambers and dwellings for its abode, was led to consider it an insect, and to class it with the spider and centipede.

Cuvier, however, who was the first to dissect the structure, and observe accurately its anatomical structure and relations, corrected these errors and rightly assigned to the pin-cushion a place in the order Invertebrata, in company with the aracha, the sponge, and the (baby's) coral.

The pin-cushion is a creature of which it may be said with justice, that you do not see all its good points at the first glance. Individuals of the species differ widely in size, and even somewhat in form. All, however, so far as observed, have a soft, homogeneous body, destitute of skeleton, and covered with a firm, tough skin, in which are set, more or less thickly, a great number of spines, which serve, probably, as its principal means of locomotion with the world, as it has no limbs nor organs of locomotion. It has eyes however. If a few needles are thrust into its back the eyes may be seen distinctly.

The pin-cushion is very domestic, seeking the society of man, though it decidedly prefers that of women. It loves to lie on mantle-pieces, on dressing-tables, or wash-stands, or to make its nest in bureau-drawers. The smaller varieties will burrow cunningly in a gentleman's pocket. It is less timid than the rat or mouse, seldom sneering from a stranger even, unless actually touched. It thrives best in the temperate regions, and prefers climates

and large towns. It has been found in the tropics, but neither Perry nor Kane make any mention of having found it in the frozen North. It is most prolific, and attains the greatest size in hotels, barbers' shops, fancy shops, and similar places. Though seldom toward sea, it is not gregarious. It is rare to find two or three little creatures together.

The pin-cushion frequently enjoys long life. The simplicity of its internal structure preserves it from many of the ailments to which the softer animals are subject. It is most liable to perish through severe abrasions or divisions of the external skin, to which it is exceedingly exposed. When these occur immediate aid should be afforded, as nature appears to possess no restorative power. If means of proper appliances the wounded pin-cushion may be recovered; and care being taken, it will usually pass a long, contented life, peering at last through simple old age alone.

"Dear me! Mr. Brown," exclaimed the lady as that gentleman came to a pause, "what an amount of nonsense you can write about nothing!"

"Nothing! Why, I am sure I thought I had been writing about the pin-cushion. But if you looked upon calling it nothing I have no objection. Only I am hungry—I am sure that was the tea-bell that rung before I had read my second period in the pin-cushion."

And they went down to tea.

If Mr. Brown's brain had been less prolific we should have had room to give our little readers some descriptions of "new styles" for "pin-cushions." As it is we can only say that they are scarcely fit of fending a porcupine head, and "New styles for a pin-cushion" if they open any popular periodical for notice.

It is certainly to be hoped that the following statement, made by an exchange, is a mistake:

"Within a month after the opening of the New York Institute Asylum over fifteen hundred applications were made by wealthy parents for the admission of their daughters, who had contracted habits of intemperance from the use of wine and liquors at fashionable parties."

May-day in New York develops character. 5th Avenue and Madison are brought to light as well as generally and softness. Some people have a way of taking a petty revenge on the house they are leaving; or else it is merely a chronic mania, by carrying away with them pieces of it.

On the second day of May a gentleman of this city went to call on a friend who had been boarding in Twenty-third Street. On reaching the house he was puzzled by not being able to find the bell-handle. Considering he was mistaken in the house, he looked for the door-plate—it was gone. That was not strange; but on searching for the number of the house that also had been removed. A further investigation for some signs of progress showed that the door-plate was missing. A slight peep opened the door, revealing that the lock, and all pertaining to it, was wanting. Convinced by the surroundings of the identity of the house the gentleman stepped into the vestibule; and seeing through the curtainless glass of the inner door a small boy, he resorted to the successful expedient of tapping on the glass. It was a somewhat doubtful relief to learn that his friend was not an occupant of this location, but his house, since the probability seemed strong that the notorious, outgoing tenant had carried off his boarder's jaw.

How many full-grown Americans know how to eat properly? The lawyer who stuck up on his office-door, "Gone to dinner; back in ten minutes," might as well have added, "I am killing myself by holding my food, and then trying to digest it over my papers; at five-fifty I shall probably be either a broken-down invalid or a hearse, but, in the mean time, I am very much at your service." There is also a ghostly humor about the other story of the host in a New England city who asked his guest, at a Sunday dinner, if he would mind eating his pie in the street as they walked along.

The ever-strict rigorists of etiquette often suffer severely in consequence of bad days. But even the most particular of our times would scarcely make such a sacrifice of good taste as that recorded in the incident we give below:

In England, during the French Revolution, the Duke of Bedford invited the emigrant Duc de Grammont to a splendid dinner, one of those magnificent entertainments in which English noblemen prize themselves on giving to crowded heads, and their good feeling prompts them to do it to excess. During dessert a bottle of Champagne was produced, which for age and flavor was supposed to be unexcelled. It was liquid gold in a crystal flagon, a ray of the sun descending into a goblet; it was nectar which was worthy of Jove, and in which Bacchus would have revolved. The noble head of the house of Russell himself helped his guest to a glass of this choice wine, and the Grammonts in lauding it declared it to be excellent. The Duke of Bedford, anxious to judge of its quality, poured out a glass, which so soon approached his lips that with a heroic conviction he exclaimed: "Why, what on earth is this?" The better approached, took the bottle and applied it to his nostrils, and to the dismay of his master pronounced it to be counterfeit! The Duc de Grammont had swallowed this horrid draught without noticing.

As to fastidious Bonnets, it is said, are not worn at all! A handful of lilies or violets, fastened with a ribbon, and placed conspicuously on the top of the head, being mostly concealed by the hair, is used as a substitute. No bonnets amount to nothing!

Some other things are worn, however—dresses, for example—and very handsome ones too.

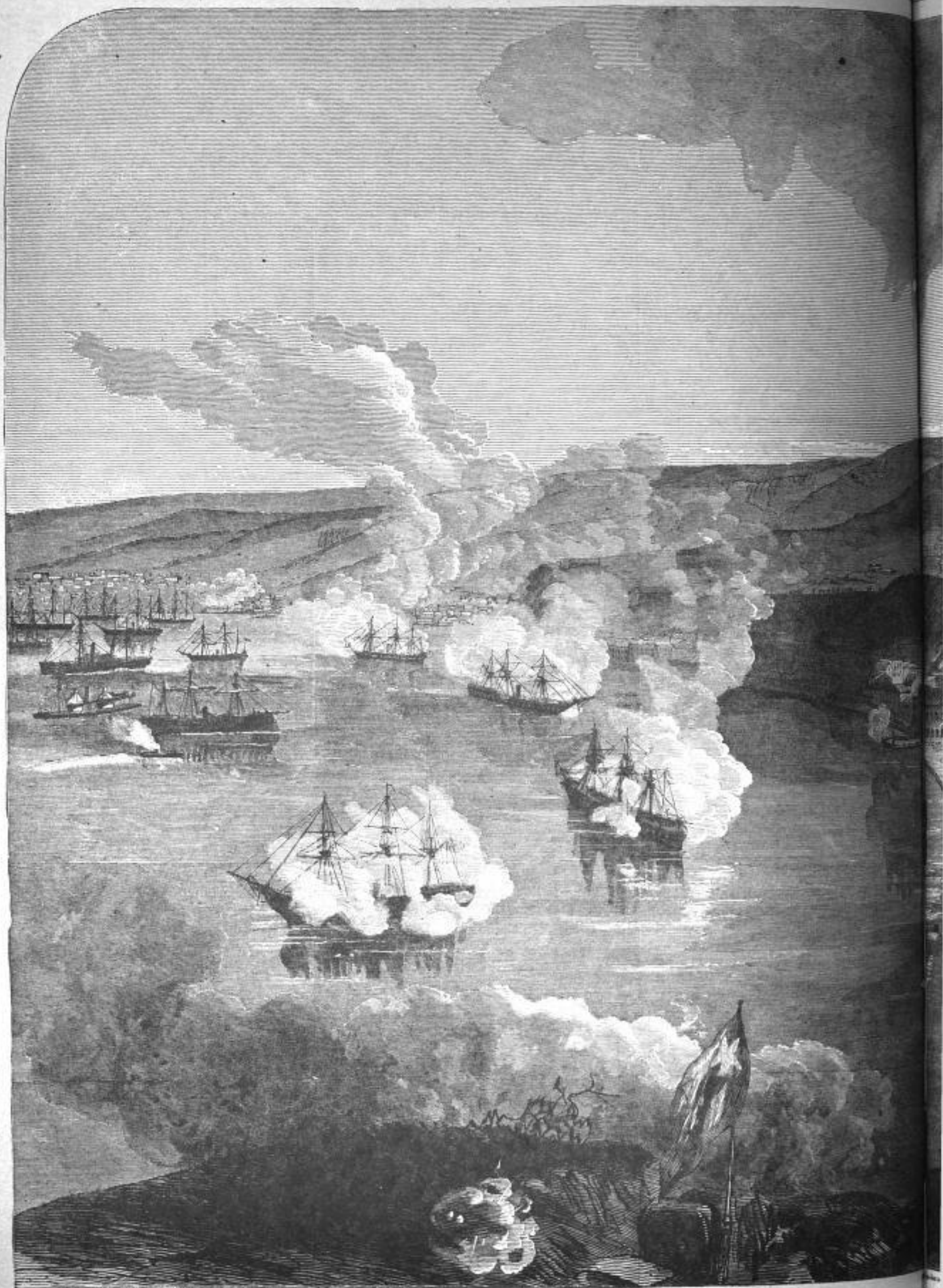
The popular material for the present season is called crepe, and is one of the prettiest fabrics ever manufactured. It is a sort of strong Ulster crepe, with all its lustre and brilliancy of silk upon it; and, added to this, it has an admirable quality—it is soft to the touch. Each-gay crepe dresses, trimmed with pale-blue silk, are very popular. The silk is cut on the cross and made into beads, and these beads are worked over with crystal beads. This trimming is varied either with gimpure, lined with colored ribbon or with narrow fringe, arranged in rows to simulate pearls. Pink and blue crepe dresses are particularly pretty for evening wear.

White and scarlet will be the Fashionable summer colors, and therefore likely to be also adopted here. Many white fustian bodices are trimmed with these colors. A very pretty one has, first, scarlet ribbon full and black lace round the throat, and another covered down as a collar round the neck. Scarlet buttons bordered with they lace are arranged down the front, and the cuffs match the neck.

Garibaldi in white muslin are trimmed with a new material in cotton that washes with them, and looks at night like black ribbon and Gray lace. Some of these bodices in fine muslin, lawn, and embroidery, are cut open across at the throat. Others cross like a jacket, and are composed of narrow bands and lace.

Colored hand embroidery on shawls is a new feature in the fashion introduced for the coming spring and summer. The materials upon which the work is executed are China crepe, French crepe, fine cashmere, etc., and upon black or white grounds. Flowers and leaves are introduced in the natural colors, sometimes in garlands centered round the shawl as a border, and sometimes in strips. Lace patterns in black and white, and executed with a Russian stitch, are also used, sometimes alone, and at others mixed with the colored flowers. Rich soft silk shawls, known as, are generally added to these shawls, but sometimes the border is of lace, black or white, or a mixture of both.

Black and white granadine shawls, embroidered in scarlet, deserve notice as novel. Plain shawls also, in these thin materials and fringed, and also plain neck shawls in lace, in all colors, delicate light-blue and rich rose shades, will be worn.



U. S. S. Vanderbilt,
U. S. S. Monadnock.

Spanish Flagship Nassau.

Resolution,
Villa De Madrid

Vencador.

Blanca.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF VALPARAISO, CHILI, BY THE SPANISH FLEET UNDER ADMIRAL PAZ.



NUNEZ, MARCH 31, 1866.—SKETCHED BY AN ATTACHE OF THE CHILEAN EMBASSY.—[SEE PAGE 309.]

IT COULD

me—Yes or No. Let it be, if you like, that I want you to take care of me. I am much older than you are, you know."

"I don't know what possessed me. I said 'No.' Oh! how I would have liked to recall the word, but it was spoken, and he rose with a clouded and disappointed face. He lingered a little, and asked to know why it was No and not Yes? I said we could not be happy together. He bowed gravely and left me. I suppose he was hurt, for he did not add a word. No assurance of friendship, of good-will, no hope that I would relent or change my mind, passed his lips. The door closed upon him. I heard the garden gate fall to, and I felt in a sort of stupor. It was over. What madness had made me taunt him? Every step took him away farther from me—never—never again should we meet. Perhaps he would not have left me then, if I could have spoken the truth. Ah! if I could have said to him, 'I can not be happy with you because I love, and you do not; because my love and my pride would suffer all day long if I were your wife; because it is easier to do without you than to have you on these terms.' If I could have said all this, would our meeting have ended thus? It was too late to think of that now, but it was not too late to suffer. I buried my face in the pillow of the couch on which I was sitting, and cried and sobbed as if my heart would break.

Poor Carlo's cold nose thrust in the hand which hung down by my side in the folds of my dress roused me. I looked up and saw Mr. Thompson. He was very red, and seemed furious.

"I have forgotten my umbrella," he said, a little nervously.

Yes; there it was, in the corner, that horrible umbrella of his! But instead of going to look for it he suddenly came and sat down on the couch by me. I do not know how I looked, but I felt ready to die with shame. He took my hand and kissed it.

"My dear Miss Raymond," he said, persuasively, "why should we not be happy together? I can not bear to give you up, indeed I can not."

I looked at him in doubt.

"Then do you really like me?" I asked.

"Do I really like you? Why, what else have I been saying all along?"

"You said you wanted to take care of me."

"Oh, if we are to go back to that—" he began, resignedly. But we did not go back to that; we went back to nothing, for a miserable girl suddenly became the happiest of women. Still I was not quite satisfied.

"You would not have come back if it had not been for that horrible umbrella of yours," I said, with a little jealousy.

"Very true," he replied, with his peculiar smile; "but I did come back, and I glanced in through the window first, and saw you hiding your face on that cushion, and Carlo looking at you as if he thought it strange you should be so furious; and so I came in for my umbrella; and, to tell you the truth, I had forgotten it on purpose."

Perhaps he only said it to please me; but as I looked in his face I did not think so then; and, though years have passed over us both, I do not think so now.

SEED-SOWING.

Mr. LITTLEBERRY perceived in Amelia—a dawning lady of sixteen—a growing interest when questions of love and matrimony were under discussion. Mr. Littleberry had loved and lost. Not loved and lost in the beautiful way that leaves a sweet and tender pain behind, but loved and lost in a bitterly practical and unlovely way. I should put it plain if I said that, life being viewed as a vast gambling-table and matrimony a lottery, he had staked his love—and lost, not won. He had suffered, in a word, profoundly; and his experience he knew to be worth more than untold gold, if its lessons would but be received by the young and forward-looking. Little Amelia was one such. Mr. Littleberry was thrown frequently into her society, and, wishing to sow good seed in her heart, he had striven to win her esteem by listening with every indication of interest to her callow prattle about beaux and that sort of thing. So he found his opportunity to speak words of warning and wisdom to Amelia.

One day, discovering that she listened to him with high apparent interest, he suffered himself to talk at such length as this:

"You think you love, do you, Amelia? Perhaps you do. I can't tell. But let me whisper this secret to you: girls of your age do not often love profoundly, nor judge wisely concerning their own hearts. How should a little lass whose mind is immature—wholly in the formation state still—be able to tell the difference between a girlish fancy, which time will wear away, and that true love which sinks deep into the soul, and knows no change nor death till the grave covers the heart in which it dwells? It would not be fair to expect that of her. Love is a thing that can not die. It is nonsense for any one to say that a person, having once loved, ceases to love, that love changes, that it cools or deadens, that the lover becomes tired of his sweet-heart. Impossible! To love once is to love forever."

"This kind of love, Amelia, does not often take up its dwelling-place in the heart of a girl of sixteen or a boy of eighteen. Not but that it may, and can, but that it hardly ever does. When it does there is something rarely exceptional about it. If I were to say what I thought was the truest age at which the impulses of the heart may be relied on as a safe index, I should place it somewhere beyond the age of twenty-five, for either sex. For men, perhaps later. Men's minds usually do not mature in the direction of the emotions so early as women's do. When a man or woman seriously 'falls in love' (as folks say) at the age of twenty-six or seven, or upward, it is pretty sure to be a true passion, which can not be destroyed. If it is a false one it will pass away speedily. But to really love at that age, and to marry, is to be happy."

Feeling himself getting into deep waters, Mr. Littleberry paused.

"Are people always happy who marry when they are twenty-six or seven?" asked Amelia, with charming simplicity.

"There!" said Mr. Littleberry, "I wanted just such a question, Amelia, to help me out. No; don't let any such absurdity as that get before your eyes, and blind them to the truth. We are talking—"

Mr. Littleberry perhaps forgot that he was himself doing all the talking.

"We are talking, you must bear in mind, about love. Now the world is full of people who don't marry for love, and don't pretend to. They marry for wealth, or for convenience, or for pride; some marry for hate. That these marriages are unhappy is to be expected, and is no more than fair. But when people marry, as they suppose, for love, they certainly ought to be happy. Now here's the thing in a nutshell. If it is true love they will be happy—they must be (and I positively assert that a true and noble love can never die). At eighteen they are incapable of judging in this matter; at any twenty-six or seven they are capable, if they ever are. So if a girl of sixteen thinks she loves, there is no certainty that she does love—she is terribly liable to be mistaken about it. But if a woman of twenty-five thinks she loves, it is pretty certain to be so. I have known fifty cases of marriages for love (so supposed) at eighteen, and they all proved ill-assorted and miserable unions. Now the sum and result of this sermon, Amelia," Mr. Littleberry smiled, "is this—that marriages contracted between children are woefully in danger of proving unhappy. You are young; the opposite sex is peculiarly attractive to you; your heart feels the longing to love, and reaching out its tendrils, as the poets say, for an object to cling to, is quite as likely to cling to the wrong object as to the right one. When you stop to think that among every hundred young men you see it is hardly possible the one exists in whom your heart will find that perfect, restful love that will bear you through life, isn't there a grave danger that you, in your determination to love somebody, will love—or seem to love—the wrong one? Now fancy for an instant that you are married to one of these youths at the age of seventeen; a few years—may, a few months—may show you that your love does not satisfy; in time it dies; you may find some 'excesses of sorrow' in the new and different love you give to your children; but you feel that this is not true love which you bear your husband. This is mournful, but, alas, how many go through life so! Pray God they may know nothing worse than the mere 'dreadfulness of emptiness' herein! But suppose the worst happens—suppose, when ten years are gone by, and you are twenty-seven, you chance to meet the man you should have married—what then? Ah, that is the terrible thing! But what help is there for you now? It is too late!—too late! You are bound about by other ties, which must not and can not be broken! You look back on your past life, and see wherein you erred, and that you must bear the consequences of your error through life. You can do nothing—nothing except to pray Heaven to help you carry your weary load."

Mr. Littleberry bowed his head on his hand, thinking I know not what thoughts. Amelia, supposing from his silence that he was done, stole out of the room. He heard the door close behind her, and raised his head but not in time to add the further word he would have said: bidding the young girl beware of becoming bewitched by the mere senses, and of taking the step which she might some day find was beyond all setting right.

However, he believed he had sown good seed; and he lighted a cigar and went to his office.

II.

I MARK A LOVE-SCENE to describe. Gather round me, young ladies. It is *bona fide*.

Scene, a pretty parlor. Time, evening. Window-curtains down. Lamps lit.

A young man of perhaps twenty-one was kneeling at the feet of a beautiful girl with warm brown eyes and flowing curls.

That a young man of respectable parentage should kneel on the floor at the feet of a young lady of equally respectable parentage, in the heart of a civilized community, in the State of New York and in the year 1862, is an absurdity, I freely admit. But in that absurd position did Charley Christie find himself on the evening in question, and Kate M'Call looked down upon him not unkindly while he so continued.

"Kate," said the young man, "won't you say yes? You must say yes! I will not get off my knees till those lips have pronounced the simple word that bids me hope."

"Oh, Charley, how can I?" said little Kate, seventeen to a day, and very impressive. "What would father and mother say?"

"They would relent, Kate. I'm sure they would. Your father likes me. Do say yes!"

Poor Kate was in a quandary. It was a trying position for a girl of her generous nature, to sit there and witness such a handsome fellow as Charley Christie, with such sweet whiskers, kneeling at her feet with his earnest, up-looking eyes, and begging her to "say yes."

All that "yes" meant, being said, was that she would marry Charley the next day, privately.

"Oh dear, I am afraid, Charley!"

"You love me, Kate?"

"Yes; that is, I think I do. But I should be so afraid, when I go home to Penville again, and had to tell father and mother what I had been doing. I—I think I had better not."

"You refuse me, Kate?" said the young man, in deep distress.

"No—not exactly. But you—you must let me have time to think of it a little."

"You're not going to tell any one?"

"Oh no. I wouldn't dare."

"Then when will you give me an answer?"

"Why, you are so sudden, Charley. Give me till day after to-morrow."

"So long as that, Kate!"

"That is not so very long. I will give you an answer day after to-morrow."

Having said so much, Kate felt a great relief, and this helped her in sticking to her point.

So Charley got off his knees without having heard her "say yes," thus violating his own terms.

Kate was at this time visiting her grandparents in this city. Young Christie, as an old acquaintance in Penville, had been permitted to escort her about to places of amusement, and a week of uninterrupted evenings in her company had brought the youth to his present pass.

The next day Kate went to a tea-party given at Amelia Mansfield's, and there she met that queer old fellow, Mr. Littleberry—a man past thirty-five, but such pleasant company!

Mr. Littleberry was pleased with Kate's ingenuous face and soft eyes, and talked with her a good deal. What seed he undertook to sow in that quarter, if any, I never asked him; nor whether he had any opportunities that he ought not to have neglected. I trust he had.

While he sat talking with Kate in the parlor after tea he was suddenly hailed across the room by Mrs. Gosney, a pretty widow of twenty-five, with the exclamation:

"Mr. Littleberry, what is this hurry? Amelia says you told her the other day that no one could really love till they were twenty-six or seven years old."

"Me?" said Mr. Littleberry, blushing deeply at finding his private seed-sowing thus being converted into a spectacle for a roomful of ladies. "Why, no; I did not say so—that would be an absurdity."

"Why yes you did, Mr. Littleberry!" cried Amelia, turning on him with a look of much astonishment. But Mr. Littleberry shook his head. Alas, he would have been glad to hold his tongue, but they would not let him.

"Then what did you say?" asked Amelia, a little piqued.

"Yes, what did you say, Mr. Littleberry?" put in Mrs. Gosney.

"I said—I—I—that is—"

Guiltily man! Why did he stammer so?—and think so? He asked himself why, and got no answer from himself.

I can tell him why: It is one thing to sit in a rocking-chair twiddling your watch-key, and calmly and deliberately sowing sentiments which you design for the private and especial behoof of a single young lady auditor in whom you feel a kindly interest; and it is another thing to have a chorus of female voices plump at you a witness-box sort of a cross-question of, What did you say? Say it again, Sir. Repeat your words, Sir. Let us know what all this means.

"Amelia," said Mr. Littleberry, gravely, endeavoring to recover his calmness, "do you soberly say that I said to you that no one could love till they were twenty-six or seven years old? Is that what I said?"

"Yes," said Amelia, who innocently believed herself to be stating the gist of Mr. Littleberry's whole argument; "I know you said so, Mr. Littleberry, for I heard you, and I don't forget so easily."

"It is impossible I should have uttered such an absurdity, child," said Mr. Littleberry, a little warmly—stumbling since that he was; "why not say twenty-five and three months? A statement of that kind is absurd."

Amelia was confounded, but obstinate. Mr. Littleberry grew more cool.

"I will try and tell you what I did say, ladies," said he, finally. "I advanced, in general terms, the principle that love, as between the sexes, was a sentiment that could not well exist in an immature breast. A girl of eighteen or a young man of twenty is not likely to be capable of judging wisely concerning a passion that has an apparently strong hold upon his or her heart; and although it may be a true love, the probabilities are a hundred to one that it is set the love which will endure forever, and bless the life of the pair. I said, that at twenty-five or upward, one is not likely to be mistaken in the matter, while at the younger age one is very likely to be so. Marriages contracted at so early an age prove almost always unhappy. Such marriages are often performed in a gust of passion—are often born of the moment—and two foolish children may bind themselves in a weak, blind hour, and incur that hour all the rest of their lives. I deem it the most dreadful danger to which our young people are exposed, the facility with which private marriages are performed in this State. The clergyman who will thus marry two big babies ought to be thrashed; but there are in this city plenty of clergymen who will do it."

Mr. Littleberry, having thus strayed a little aside from his proper theme, suddenly makes a faint effort to return to it, and failed wretchedly.

"As a general principle, the child that walks into a pond will be drowned; and as a general principle, the children under twenty who venture the untied waters of matrimony will be sorry they had not washed till old enough to swim."

Here Mr. Littleberry stopped in a miserable state of dissatisfaction with himself.

And as he went to his room that night he muttered to himself,

"I am almost resolved to register an oath, like the man in the fable, that I will never undertake to do a fellow-creature a service again. The idea of that hasty little Amelia getting so much good out of my sermon the other day! I am tempted to declare this seed-sowing a humbug."

Don't, Littleberry, my friend. That would be rash and false.

Let me whisper to you that brown-eyed Kate M'Call took into her heart the seeds you dropped while in the parlor, as a flower drinks the dew it needed that very hour. She left the house that night wiser and stronger than when she entered it—all through you.

Charley Christie, if he had waited on his knees for Kate's "Yes," would have stood in that position till this day. For Kate said "No."

Inside of six months Charley Christie found an-

other flame, and Kate M'Call was as nothing to him. She is still at home in Penville—still under twenty-five—still beautiful, and growing more lovable every year. Who marries her for love his heart will be made glad.

"And some fell upon a rock; and as soon as it was sprung up it withered away, because it lacked moisture."

"And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprung up with it and choked it."

"And other fell on good ground."

There is always good ground somewhere. Let us not weary, Littleberry.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A GRATEFUL ACCORER or IT.—A man asked the cause of his father's death, answered that "while he was addressing a large outdoor assembly of people, who were listening to his remarks with the deepest interest, a position of the platform on which he was standing gave way beneath him, whereby he was precipitated several feet with such violence as to break his neck." His father was awed.

Who were the original hog-towners?—The President.

CURE FOR A COLD (A. N. 1420).

Put your face in hot water, As high as your thighs; Wrappe your head up in flannel, As low as your eyes; Take a quart of warm'd gruel, When in bed, as a dress; With a number four dippe Will follow your nose.

A man, seeing an undertaker carrying a very small coffin, exclaimed, in the utmost surprise, "Is it possible that this coffin can be intended for any living creature?"

A LAY FOR MAY.

"May I come?" said the month. "Oh, say!" "May you come?" we replied. "You say, For you come postively, Deftly, and sprightly;

Not roughly, Or gruffly; Not asserting your right, Nor using your might; Not with raging and riot, But with mildness and quiet;

Not with a snarl, and a snarl, and a will, But pleasantly, orderly, manly, and still, Having permission with 'May' So, May, you may come and stay."

Why is England the richest country in the world?—Because it has a Dead pore on its coast (then say other coast?)

A reporter, in describing a meeting of a local abstinence society, said that "they had a most harmonious and profitable session, and retired from the hall full of the best of spirits."

Why is the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland beneficial to the Fuzians?—Because it quickens their apprehension.

What kind of money is every where legally tender?—Hard-money.

"If a family quite fill their carriage why are they not to be dressed? Do you give up, Sarah?" "Well, mamma, I 'peck it is better dry's got to be full (dressed). Yab! yab!"

It is only a curious grammarian who would inquire too strictly concerning your relatives and ancestors.

What man is keener than a razor?—A sharper.

WARNING TO NARCISSES.—Meddling with other women brings us into scrapes, and thereby one of the elders of a certain church made "bad, worse." A young fellow entered the church and took his seat, keeping his hat on. The elder, seeing it, requested him to take it off. His request not being complied with, he spoke to the young man a second time, and seeing he still hesitated, the elder gently lifted the hat off, when, to his chagrin, he called a quart of hickory nuts, making more noise than was consistent with decorum. "Meh," quietly said the youth, "see what you have done!"

CHANGE OF NAME.—In consequence of the successful counting displayed by the Head Centre in stating the police, we believe that the title of a well-known spot in Dublin is to be changed; instead of "Stephen's Green," it is henceforth to be known as "Stephen's any thing but green."

DEEP AND BROTHERS.—Those who live on sponge cake must often eat luncheon pie.

Why are the arrows of Cupid like a man in an agon?—Because they are all in a gutter.

A peddler reading in a paper that a distinguished opera singer had "a voice of two registers," expressed his opinion that she ought to sing with great warms.

Most everybody can write your name, says Josh Billings, but there ain't but few that can write good names— and it 's more takes an educated man now appreciate it after it is writ.

"New children," asked a school inspector, "who loves all men?" A little girl, not four years old, and evidently not well up in the Catechism, answered quickly: "All women!"

A German surgeon in Paris was recently bereaved of his wife by death. His friends assembled to console with him, and found him engaged in dissecting her body!

The ancient Scandinavians called their poets *Scalds*; the modern Scotch poet is known as poetic fire in all ages.

A CAUTION TO TAIL-GATHERERS AND OUTRIGGERS.—If a man is to do as he is done by, he may well be excused for scolding when he is tailed.

Ladies look most "killing" when they are ready for fighting.

A WORTHLESS BOON.—A neighbor.

APPROPRIATE THANK.—Every thing is about as dear as it can be.

Why, if you paint a man's portrait, may you be described as stepping into his shoes?—Because you make his feet yours (paternal).

"It is not meet only that it be extremely dear," said a careful housewife; "but I can not obtain four for nothing for less than double the usual price, and they do not make eggs half so large as they used to be!"

Do you want to know the man nearest whom you have the most reason to guard yourself? Your looking-glass will give you a very fair likeness of his face.

"Raising Cain"—The plasters down South.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, M.P.

GLADSTONE.

UPON the death of Lord PALMERSTON it became evident that the duties of leader in the English House of Commons must devolve upon Mr. GLADSTONE, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Many misgivings were felt as to his fitness for so responsible a position. There was no question, of course, there could be none, as to his ability; but it was doubted whether he possessed the necessary discretion, tact, and command of temper—qualities which had been so characteristic of his predecessor. Mr. GLADSTONE has thus far been fully equal to the occasion, and for judgment and prudence, as well as for pre-eminent ability, he stands to-day the first of English statesmen.

The Right Honorable WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, the fourth son of the late Sir JOHN GLAD-

STONE, Bart., was born at Liverpool, December 29, 1809. He graduated at Oxford in 1831. Shortly after his election as member of Parliament for Newark, in 1832, Sir ROBERT PEEL appointed him to a junior Lordship of the Treasury, and two months later to the post of Under-Secretary for Colonial Affairs. Together with his ministerial leader GLADSTONE soon retired from office and remained in the Opposition until PEEL's return to power in 1841. He was then sworn a member of the Privy Council, having accepted the Vice-Presidency of the Board of Trade. In this position it became his duty to explain and defend in the Lower House the commercial policy of the Government. The revision of the British tariff in 1842 was almost entirely the result of his energy and industry. In 1847 he was chosen the colleague of Sir ROBERT HARRY ISOLIS as member for the University of Oxford. He could not

unite thoroughly with the High Church and Tory party, and he refused to accept office under the short-lived ministry of the Earl of DERBY in 1852. He was, however, returned that year by the University of Oxford, though not without a sharp contest. His influence more than that of any other man contributed to the early dissolution of the DERBY administration and the succession of the Earl of ARDEN. Under the latter he was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lord PALMERSTON took the Government in 1855, and in a few weeks Mr. GLADSTONE resigned on account of a difference with the ministry in regard to the conduct of the Crimean war. He still continued to give the PALMERSTON ministry his support, and in June, 1858, he resumed the Chancellery of the Exchequer, which office he has since retained. In the late elections he failed to be returned to Parli-

ment by the University of Oxford, and now sits as a member for Lancashire.

As an author Mr. GLADSTONE is chiefly known by two works—that on Church and State and his work on the Homeric Poems. The former was the subject of one of Lord MACAULAY's critical essays in the *Edinburgh Review*.

As a statesman Mr. GLADSTONE strictly belongs to no party. He is as conservative as he is liberal. Without the popularity of JOHN BAIKIN among the British masses, he yet inspires general confidence in all classes of society. In his late acute work upon England LOUIS BLANC says, that the peculiarity of GLADSTONE'S mind, which gives him often a hesitating tone in speech and a half reluctance in action, is his exquisite sense of justice, which shows him how much it is to be said upon both sides of a question.

A FEARFUL CRASH.

In Hartford, Connecticut, there occurred on the morning of May 2 a singular accident, which we illustrate in the accompanying engraving. The Hartford *Courier* of May 3 thus describes the affair:

About 2 o'clock Wednesday evening the north wall of the building known as the City Bindery, near the corner of Tremont and Pearl streets, fell with a loud crash which started many of the inhabitants of that vicinity from their beds. Although it had been an earthquake. The walls had been removed to such an extent to make room for the new building about to be erected by Case, Lockwood, & Co., that the heavy rains of Tuesday probably started the foundation—hence the accident. The upper story was occupied by Case, Lockwood, & Co. for bindery purposes, the stories below by O. D. Case & Co., and others. Owing to the lateness of the hour we were unable to ascertain the extent of the damage done, but the loss will amount to thousands of dollars. It is fearful to think what might have been, had the accident occurred a few hours later, as there are upward of two hundred rooms and tenises employed in the building. It seems a providential escape for them.

We mentioned briefly Wednesday morning the fall of the north wall of the City Bindery building on Tremont Street. In digging a cellar for a new building to be erected by Case, Lockwood, & Co., on the site of the old jail, workmen went as close to the bindery wall as they could, and the violent rain of Tuesday night washed away the remaining foundation, and the wall tumbled with a tremendous crash. A party walling out and went through the building and the south wall fell from destruction.

The north wall of the structure is standing, and it is said that some of the employes of the establishment who came across the Park yesterday morning entered the building before discovering that any thing had happened. The total loss can not, of course, be exactly ascertained, but it will amount probably to over fifty thousand dollars.

O. D. Case & Co., publishers, conducted their business in the third floor. They had 3000 volumes of Garrison's "American Clashes," Vol. 1, all ready for delivery; 1000 volumes of James H. Hunt's "Four Years in Mexico"; a quantity of Mitchell's Outline Maps. Their loss can not at present be known.

Case, Lockwood, & Co., in the two upper stories and attic, had 5000 volumes of "Annals of the Revolution," a part ready for delivery in the Hartford Publishing Company, besides a quantity in various stages of forwardness; selling price \$4 a volume. There were also 15,000 volumes of Garrison's "Clashes" in the bindery works for O. D. Case & Co., selling price \$4 to \$7 a volume. They were



FALL OF THE CITY BINDERY OF O. D. CASE & CO., HARTFORD, CT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY PRESCOTT, HARTFORD, CT.]

also getting out a quantity of Cottage Bibles, and forty different school-books, on a contract for 30,000, is part already delivered; price ranging from 75 cents to \$1 a volume.

BURNING OF CHURCHES IN PETERSBURG.

In Petersburg, Virginia, where there is said to be, generally, on the part of the citizens, a good feeling toward the freedmen, there is yet enough left of the old barbarism of slavery to inspire the wanton destruction of churches for no other reason than that they are frequented by colored people.

At about 2 a.m. on the morning of May 1 fires were discovered issuing from the Sunday school of the Union Street (colored) Methodist Church. This room was a separate building, standing a few feet distant from the main body of the Church. Upon the alarm being given the Stroom quickly repaired to the spot and succeeded in saving the church, but the school-room was entirely destroyed.

About two hours after this conflagration the alarm was again sounded, and the new African Baptist Church on Harrison Street was found to be on fire, which, notwithstanding the earnest endeavors of the fire department, burned to the ground, the flames having gained a great headway before being discovered.

During the progress of these fires attempts were made to burn two other African churches, the old African on Harrison Street, now used as a school-room, and the Gillfield, quite a handsome edifice on Gill Street. The destruction of these buildings has inflicted a wanton and undeserved injury upon the colored people.

The *Petersburg Daily Leader*, commenting on these fires, says:

If the guilty parties imagined that they would find the sternest reprobation of approval of their villainy in the sympathy of this community, they have been woefully deceived. In no part of Virginia, or of the South, does a better feeling exist between the whites and blacks. With rare exceptions the feeling for mention, the oppressor of the colored people in Petersburg has been all that could be desired, and the compensation of their general conduct has been unassumed. But if they had been as virtuous as they have been un-



FIRES AT PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA—RUINS OF THE COLORED BAPTIST CHURCH ON HARRISON STREET.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY LAZELLE & M-MOLLEN, PETERSBURG, VA.]

MUSTERED OUT COLORED VOLUNTEERS. "Blasphemy before the office of Colonel Fager..."

THE BILLS. Hear the Trademen with their bills— What a world of misery their very look instills!

Read the contents of the bills— What a world of bankrupt thoughts in every cry!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE. CONGRESS. May 1: In the House, Mr. Eliot offered a resolution, which was adopted, directing the Select Committee on Freedmen...

May 4: In the House, the bill to revive the grade of General in the United States Army was taken up...

RECONSTRUCTION. It is reported in good authority that President Johnson met his Cabinet on the 30th of April...

THE CAPTURE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS. It appears from the records in the War Department that, with the exception of the President's Proclamation...

OUR FINANCIAL CONDITION. The 1st of May public debt statement from the Treasury Department shows a reduction in the grand total...

GENERAL SHERIDAN BEFORE THE RECONSTRUCTION COMMITTEE. We make the following extracts from the evidence submitted by General Sheridan to the Reconstruction Committee...

FOREIGN NEWS. The Reform Bill has passed the British House of Commons by a majority of five votes.

the committee on the subject of the bill to revive the grade of General in the United States Army...

NEWS ITEMS. Antislavery Protest has made a full confession in his praise of all the wonders of the hearing...

The New Scotia Legislature has voted \$5000 to the widow of Dr. Harker, who died by cholera while employed in attending on the ship's passengers.

The Methodist Episcopal Church (South), now in Convention at New Orleans, has changed its name to Episcopalian Methodist. This has been done to make a Union with the Northern Episcopal churches impossible.

The ladies of Columbus, Mississippi, recently decorated the graves of the Confederate dead in the cemetery of that city. They also paid the same mark of respect to the memory of some forty Federal soldiers buried near by.

The Texas Constitution, drawn up by the late Convention, will be submitted to the people on the fourth Monday in June. It formally abolishes slavery, and places freedom on an equality with white before the law.

BRADLEY'S CELEBRATED PATENT DUPLEX ELIPTIC. They will not bend or break, like the single spring, but will always preserve their perfect and elastic shape...

Advertisement for I. E. WALRAVEN Lace Curtains and Window Shades. Includes text: "Lace Curtains and Window Shades", "House-Furnishing Linens", "BETSEY JANE WARD", "GILBERT RUGGE", "New Skirt for 1866", "Spring Skirts".

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP,

COMPOSED OF IODIDE POTASSIUM, WITH THE COMPOUND CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT OF VALUABLE MEDICINAL ROOTS AND HERBS.

PREPARED BY WILLIAM H. GREGG, M.D., Graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, formerly Assistant Physician in the Blackwell's Island Hospital, late Medical Inspector of the New York State Volunteer Depots, under Governor Edwin D. Morgan.

Constitution Life Syrup HAS PRODUCED A REVOLUTION IN MEDICINE.

What may seem almost incredible is that many diseases hitherto considered hopelessly incurable are frequently cured in a few days or weeks, and we classify under the investigations of the liberal-minded and scientific in cases which have no parallel at the present day.

RAPIDITY OF CURE. "Your cures are too quick," while others doubt their permanency, and think that diseases can only be cured by the slow, recuperative process of Nature.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP Is a positive and specific remedy for all diseases originating from an IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, and for all (constitutional) diseases transmitted from Father to Child.

PARALYSIS. It is so universally admitted that Constitution Life Syrup is the only effective means of restoration in the various forms of Paralysis, that we need not reiterate that it is emphatically the Great Life-giving Power.

DIARRHEA. INDIGESTION, WEIGHT AT STOMACH, FLATULENCE, LIVER COMPLAINT, WANT OF APPETITE, AND BRUISES, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS.

SCROFULA. STYRIA, KING'S EYEL, GLANDULAR SWELLINGS, ERYTELEMA, ULCERATIONS, SALT RHEUM.

REUMATISM. (ARTHRITIS), LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, GOUT, AND RHEUMATISM.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP Purge the system entirely from all the evil effects of Malaria, removing the bad breath, and curing the Weak Joints and Rheumatic Pains which the use of Calomel is sure to produce.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP Emetics, root and branch, all Eruptive Diseases of the Skin, like ULCERS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, And all other difficulties of this kind, which so much disfigure the outward appearance of both males and females, often making them a disgusting object to themselves and their friends.

For all Forms of Ulcerative Diseases, Eminent of the Nose, Throat, Tongue, Spine, Femur, or Scapula, no remedy has ever proved so equal.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP IS THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND, AND THE RICH MAN'S BLESSING.

Buy it, Take it, and be Cured. WILLIAM H. GREGG, M.D., Sole Proprietor, NEW YORK.

J. H. Winslow & Co.

THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY EVER OFFERED TO SECURE GOOD JEWELRY AT LOW PRICES. 100,000

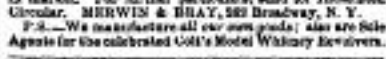
WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELRY, PENS, BRACELETS, CIGARETTES, GLOBETS, SPOONS, FORKS, NAPKIN RINGS, &c., &c.

Worth \$500,000! To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 208 Broadway, New York.

MERWIN & BRAY,

MANUFACTURERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN ARMS AND AMMUNITION OF ALL KINDS.



Leading Sporting Rifles, of different calibers, and Eagle Arms Co.'s Belt and Pocket Cartridge Revolvers.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 501 BROADWAY (at Nicholas Hotel).

WAR VIEWS. PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS, GREAT ASSORTMENT, CARTES DE VISITE OF FAMED PERSONS, &c., &c.

MOTH AND FRECKLES. Ladies afflicted with Discolorations on the Face, called moths, patches, or freckles, should use FERRY'S celebrated MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.

PRINTING PRESS FOR SALE. One Taylor Double Cylinder, Five Rollers, Table Dispensing, and No. 1. Price \$2500.

FISHING TACKLE. In all its varieties, for sale by A. DRAPER, No. 68 Nassau Street.



NEW MUSIC. Twilight Dances Waltz. Duet. For violin 15c.

CHOLERA TROCHES. Needles' Compound Camphor Troches, a positive preventive for all choleraic symptoms.

DRUNKARD STOP! De BEER, 41 Chatham St., New York.

LOOK! LOOK! Full instructions by which any person can master the great art of Ventriloquism.

A Stout Back-Bone is an Essential To physical health as to political consistency.

FIRST PREMIUM IMPROVED

\$5 SEWING MACHINE \$5

The embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. Originally patented May 13, 1850; improved and patented June 5, 1862.

Single machines, all complete, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions.

\$2 ASTOUNDING! \$2 Timekeeper \$2 And Vest Chains, \$2 00.

A genuine English Sewing Machine Timekeeper, with accurate miniature compass in the dial.

THE CHEAPEST HISTORY OF THE WAR. Complete, Price 50 Cents.

HITCHCOCK'S CHRONOLOGICAL RECORD OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

\$150 A MONTH! NEW BUSINESS FOR AGENTS. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Maine.

PORTABLE PRINTING OFFICES. For the Army and Navy Hospitals, Mercantile, Druggists, and all who wish to print cheaply, elegantly, and expeditiously.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER. CHEAPEST AND BEST. Price of Presses, \$15, \$18, \$22, and \$30.

DR. CLOVER'S NEW CHAMPION LEVER TRUSS. In perfection. Trusses, bandages, &c., &c., of every kind.

OLD PRICES FOR LACE AND MURLIN CURTAINS.

Nottingham Lace Curtains AT REDUCED PRICES.

Gilt Cornices No. 447 AT REDUCED PRICES. Broadway.

Window Shades, ALL KINDS, STYLES, AND FIGURES.

Agents Wanted.—\$20 a Day. We want agents, male and female, in every county in the United States.

RIMMEL'S Aromatic Vinegar. One of the most necessary adjuncts of the Toilet and the Bath.

RIMMEL'S PATENT PELLUCID GLYCERINE SOAP. The most useful and agreeable Soap for the Toilet.

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RANS MERCI; or, Kezrole and Paloma. A Novel. By the Author of "Gay Livingtons."

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Stammering. Cured by Baker's Patent Appliances.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR MAY, 1866.

TERMS. One Copy for one Year \$4 00.

Circulation 112,000. The Publishers will accept a limited number of free-class advertisements.

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Three to Advertisements.—One Dollar and Fifty Cents per line for inside, and Two Dollars per line for outside advertisements, each insertion.



TRUE COURAGE.

'THAT DREAFFUL BOY.' 'Oh, ain't Margaret brave, that's all! Last Night, when she was in the Garden, I saw a Man jump over the Hedge, and Kiss her. She was not a bit Afraid, and said nothing about it when she came in!'

Robinson & Ogden, BANKERS, AND DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES, No. 4 Broad St., New York, (Two Doors from Wall.)

Collections made, with quick returns. Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check. Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks, Bonds, and Gold will receive our PERSONAL attention.

ROBINSON & OGDEN, Bankers.

POLLAE & SON Manufacturers of Sewing Machines, 62 Broadway, near 4th St., N. Y., wholesale and retail at reduced rates. Pipes and Hoses cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted. Send stamp for Circular. Pipes 25 to \$20 each.

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Never less their fire-proof qualities, outside the lock, or inside their contents. Safes made and packed safe for shipment. MARVIN & CO., 385 Broadway, New York, 723 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

50 MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP PER-CENT SAVED BY USING R. T. BARRITT'S PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH, or READY SOAP MAKER. Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other soap or lye in the market. Put up in cans of 1 pound, 2 pounds, 3 pounds, 4 pounds, and 15 pounds, with full directions in English and German, for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make 15 gallons of Soft Soap. No lye is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market. R. T. BARRITT, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, and 74 Washington St., N. Y.

RAVEN & BACON'S PIANO-FORTES. (Established 1828.)

A full assortment of these instruments, which have been well known in the New York market for more than thirty years, constantly on hand. Special circulars sent by mail.

Warehouse, No. 135 Grand Street, near Broadway, New York.

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MANUFACTURERS OF Revolvers, Rifles, Muskets, and Carbines, For the United States Service. Also POCKET AND BELT REVOLVERS, REPEATING REVOLVERS, Rifle Guns, Revolving Rifles, Rifle and Shot-Gun Barrels and Gun Materials. Sold by Gun Dealers and the Trade generally. In these days of House-breaking and Robbery, every House, Store, Bank, and Office should have one of Remington's Revolvers.

Circulars containing cuts and description of our Arms will be furnished upon application.

E. REMINGTON & SONS, Des. N. Y.

ORIENTAL CHOLERA BITTERS, Used with the greatest success as a preventive, and adopted by the faculty of a metropolitan.

MERCHANTS, BANKERS, And others should send to all parts of the United States by HAKENDEN'S EXPRESS, 45 Broadway.

MAGIC LANTERN AND STEREOSCOPE.

We are now receiving the most comprehensive and finest importation of glass views ever made in America, representing scenes and objects in nearly all European cities and countries. These views are specially selected and are adapted for the use of either the Stereoscope, or the Magic Lantern.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 341 Broadway, 3 doors south of the St. Nicholas Hotel.

100 Photographs of Female Beauties sent postpaid for 50 cents. Address R. L. Fox, 34 Varck St., N. Y.

THE BONA FIDE GIFT CONCERT: Comprising the entire Valuable Stock of CLARK & SAYLOR, JEWELERS, 146 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill., TO BE GIVEN AT SMITH & NIXON'S HALL, May 23d, 1886.

\$10,000 IN GREENBACKS.

First Gift, \$5000 in Greenbacks. Second Gift, House and Lot in Chicago, \$4000.

1000 One-Dollar Greenback Gifts, Gifts of Gold and Silver Watches, Diamond Rings and Pins, Gold Chains, Ladies' Amethysts, Topaz, Pearl, and Emerald Gold Encrusted Sets; Ladies' and Gent's Rings, Ear-Rings, Necklaces, Solid Silverware, French and American Clocks; a large stock of Rogers, Smith & Co.'s Silver-Plated Goods; and thousands of other articles too numerous to mention.

8575 Gifts. 43,000 Tickets. One Gift in five.

REMEMBER: \$1 00 Only for a Ticket; 11 Tickets for \$10; 50 Tickets for \$50.

REMEMBER: \$5000 for One Dollar.

This Concert will not be postponed, as we shall open with a new stock June 1st. Read all orders at once, or you will be disappointed.

Money can be sent at our risk by drafts, express, post-office orders, or registered letters, or by mail in Greenbacks. Address all orders to

CLARK & SAYLOR, Jewelers, (P. O. Drawer 628.) 146 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Circulars of this scheme sent by return mail. Include stamp for return postage. All goods warranted.

THE NATIONAL REVOLVER.



This new celebrated Revolver exceeds all others for compactness, convenience, durability, power, and safety in carrying. Is light (14 oz.), small only 1 in., with larger metallic wire-gauge cartridge .38-100 ball than any Revolver made of same size and weight. Read for circular. GEO. A. HICKCOX, 73 Peacock Street, New York.

ITCH (WHEATON'S) ITCH. Salt Rheum. OINTMENT Salt Rheum.

Will cure the Itch in 48 hours; also cures Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Chills, and all Eruptions of the Skin. Price 50 cents. By sending 50 cents to WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass., it will be forwarded free by mail. For sale by all Druggists.

Advertisement for 'FRAGRANT SODIUM FOR THE TEETH' with a circular logo and text: 'BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND PERFUMERS.'

Special Announcement.

THE UNITED STATES PRIZE CONCERT

WILL POSITIVELY BE GIVEN AT CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE, ON MAY 28, 1886. ONLY FOUR WEEKS TO TIME OF DRAWING.

No Postponement.

125,000 Valuable Prizes, worth \$492,575 25, will be presented to Ticket-Holders, including \$100,000 in Greenbacks.

Over 250,000

TICKETS ARE ALREADY SOLD, AND WITH THE HELP OF OUR

Five Thousand Agents

(Located in nearly every Town and City of Importance throughout the Country) we have

No Doubt Every Ticket will be Sold before the Day Designated.

Local and General Agents will please make a note of the above facts, and "govern themselves accordingly." They can easily see the necessity of making returns promptly each week.

Parties ordering their Tickets by mail should send along their orders immediately. If the Tickets are all sold the money will be returned.

The drawing will take place after the concert, on the stage of the Opera-House, where 10,000 persons can witness it. A Committee will be appointed by the audience to superintend the same. All purchasers and agents will be supplied with correct lists of drawing as soon as published. Parties holding tickets will retain them until after the drawing, and if their number appears in the list of drawn numbers, they will forward their ticket immediately, with full directions as to the shipping of goods or money. Tickets are for sale at the principal Hotels, Book and Station stores in the city, and at our Office, 123 Dearborn Street; price \$1 each; sent by mail on receipt of price and stamp for return postage.

Good and reliable Agents wanted in every city, town, and village in the United States, to whom great inducements are offered. References required.

Special Terms, or Club Rates.

Any party procuring a club of five or more names for tickets, and forwarding us the money for the same, will be allowed the following commission, viz: WE WILL SEND

Table with 2 columns: Quantity of tickets and Price. 5 Tickets to one address for \$4 50, 10 Tickets to one address for \$8 00, 20 Tickets to one address for \$17 50, 30 Tickets to one address for \$25 50, 40 Tickets to one address for \$30 00, 50 Tickets to one address for \$35 00, And 100 Tickets to one address for \$50 00.

In every case send the name and post-office address of each separate subscriber. Money, by draft, post-office order, express, or in registered letters, may be sent at our risk.

All communications should be addressed to WIGGINS, BRADFORD & CO., 123 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. (Post-Office Drawer 5213.)

The proprietors will donate to the Lincoln and Douglas Monument Fund \$2000; also there will be \$2000 covered from the person drawing the \$20,000 prize, for the same purpose.

Referees.—Hon. M. S. Wilkinson, Ex-Governor of Minnesota; Hon. Geo. V. Lawrence, M. C., of Penn.; Hon. Alex. Rankin, Ex-Governor of Wis.; Hon. Wm. Montgomery, Ex-M. C., of Penn.; Hon. Major Dan. Mann, Ex-M. C., of Ind.; Hon. Ira J. Laysok, of Kansas; Hon. Wm. Luffingwell, Lyons, Iowa; Hon. Joseph Koon, of Chicago; Hon. C. Graves Smith, of Minn.; Jacob Forsyth, Agt. M. S. R. R., Chicago, Ill.; M. Kroebing & Co., Importers of Watches, Chicago; Massey, White & Co., New Orleans, La.

N. B. Editors of country papers are authorized to act as our agents, and they will be allowed full commission on all tickets ordered whether for themselves or other parties who may order through them. Proposals for inserting this advertisement are requested.

ART NOTICE. FINE MINIATURES.

WENDEROTH, TAYLOR & BROWN, PHILADELPHIA.

Encouraged by the favor extended to their paintings in New York, have established a branch for making sittings for their Fine Miniatures at the gallery of

BOGARDUS, 363 Broadway.

PESTACHINE

It is the most effective and the most pleasant of all vegetable purgatives. Invented by Dr. HOFF, manufactured by URSIN SHANNON & CO., Springfield, Mass.; and sold by DECATI BARNES & CO., New York.

DEAFNESS,

DISCHARGES FROM THE EAR, AND NOISES IN THE HEAD, RADICALLY CURED. By the use of the recently-discovered Vegetable Extract

OTTINE.

Price \$2 00 a bottle. For sale by all Druggists. GEO. C. GOODWIN, 36 Hancock Street, Boston, Wholesale Agent.

Portable Steam Engines, ERICSSON CALORIC ENGINES,

Pumps, Mills, &c., &c. JAMES A. ROBINSON, 104 Duane St., New York.

Advertisement for 'WARD'S PERFECT FITTING SHIRTS' with a circular logo and text: 'Self-Measurement for Shirts. Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of Shirts and Collars, sent free every where. THE CASH can be PAID BY EXPRESS COMPANY, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. R. W. H. WARD, No. 237 Broadway, New York.'

MUSICAL BOXES.

Playing from one to thirty-six different tunes, and costing from \$5 00 to \$50 00. The most complete stock ever offered for sale in New York. Fine ornaments for the parlor, and cheapest compensation for the invalid. R. J. FAHLLAND & CO., Importers, 31 Malder Lane (up stairs), New York. Musical Boxes repaired.

READ THIS! IMPORTANT!! READ THIS!!!

STURCKEL'S PATENT GRADUATED BOTTLES.

Graduated from 1 to 500. Patented Feb. 4, 1866. Needs of Families, Physicians, and Druggists will find in these bottles most valuable adjuncts. They are a cheap, useful, practical bottle, graduated the same as the graduated measures; raised marks on the bottle. No family should be without at least one at home. Ask your Druggist for them. You may often have occasion to use them. Sold by all wholesale and retail Druggists, and by GEO. W. STURCKEL, Patentee, Box 499, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.



NATIONAL GIFT CONCERT

WILL BE GIVEN AT CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE, CHICAGO, MAY 31, 1886.

25,000 VALUABLE PRIZES VALUED AT \$100,000.

Will be presented to the ticket-holders totaling \$25,000 dollars in money. Only 100,000 tickets will be sold, thus giving a prize for every four tickets. A ticket costs but five Dollars, and it may draw \$10,000. The \$25 prize in Greenbacks is

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.

I have just published a book which contains a complete descriptive list of all the prizes, and much other valuable matter of general interest. In this I have explained how the drawing will be conducted, and I have answered every other question that can possibly be asked in connection with the concert. One copy of this book will be sent free of charge to any one sending for one or more tickets, and including five cents for postage. Forward every prize named in this book will be drawn at the appointed time, WHETHER THE TICKETS ARE SOLD OR NOT.

THE PRIZES ARE READY, and will be distributed immediately after the drawing is completed, and correct lists of the winning numbers will be sent to agents and ticket-holders. Parties whose numbers appear on the list will forward their tickets at once, with directions as to shipping goods and money.

INDUCEMENTS FOR FORMING CLUBS.

Upon the receipt of \$4 00 I will send you 5 Tickets. Upon the receipt of \$7 00 I will send you 8 Tickets. Upon the receipt of \$10 00 I will send you 12 Tickets. Upon the receipt of \$15 00 I will send you 20 Tickets. Upon the receipt of \$25 00 I will send you 30 Tickets. Money may be sent at my risk by draft, P. O. order, or registered letter. My references are any citizen of Chicago. Address MARTIN O'BRIEN, 123 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

GILMORE & CO.'S

CELEBRATED BAND INSTRUMENTS.

EXTENSIVELY USED IN THE ARMY AND NAVY.



PRICES REDUCED, May 1, 1886. CIRCULARS SENT FREE BY MAIL. The general adoption of our instruments by all first-class bands and orchestras throughout the country, is the best evidence of their superiority over all others now offered to the public.

GILMORE & CO., Musical Instrument Manufacturers, 15 & 19 Harvard Place, Boston, Massachusetts.

CEDAR CAMPHOR

Defends Pure and Weakens from Worms and Blisters. Made by HARRIS & CHAPMAN, Boston. Sold by drug-gists every where.

SCHLEIBER'S GERMAN OINTMENT.

Warranted a certain cure, without the slightest danger, for piles, old wounds, scrofula, salt rheum—all bone and skin diseases, &c. 55 Bowry, New York.

MOTT'S CHEMICAL POMADE

Is the best hair-dressing and restorer known.

THE REISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.



Vol. X.—No. 491.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1866.

[SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
\$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

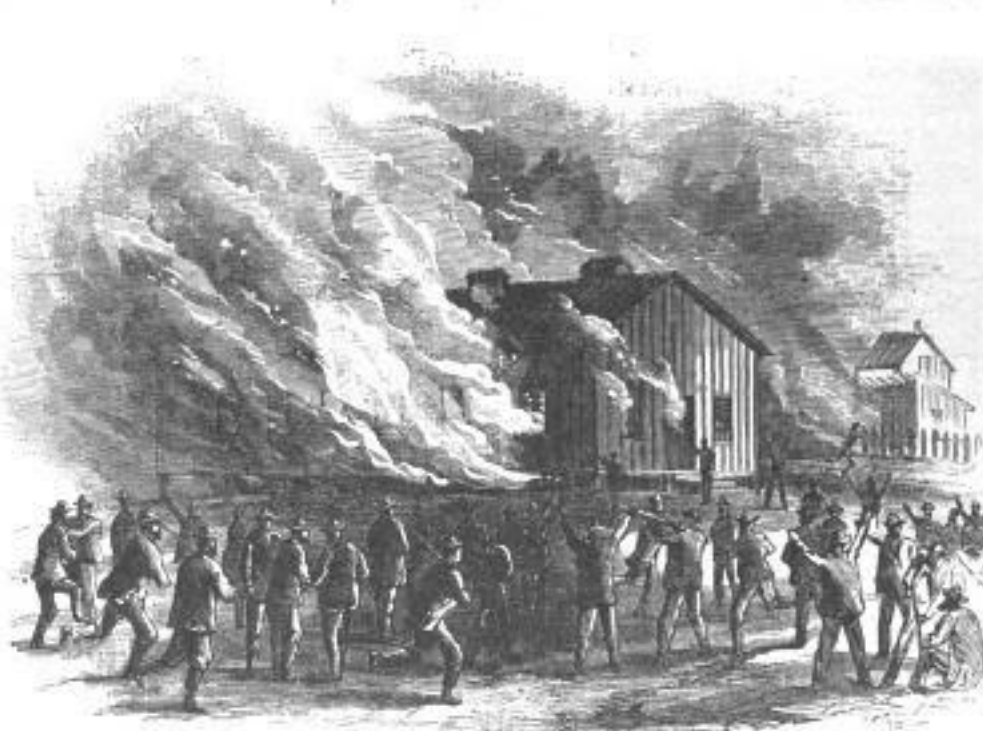
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THE MEMPHIS RIOTS.

There was in Memphis, on the first two days of May, an excitement unequalled since the close of the war. The origin of the disturbance between the whites and negroes of that city was highly creditable to the colored soldiers, and the riotous proceedings which followed were a disgrace to civilization. For the riot the lower class of white citizens were as responsible as were the soldiers of the Third United States Colored Infantry for the original difficulty. This regiment, whose reputation has been a bad one, had been mastered out, since which they had frequented whisky-shops in the southern part of the city, and had been guilty of excesses and disorderly conduct. On the evening of May 1 some drunken members of the regiment were on South Street, talking noisily, when in an insolent manner they were ordered by two policemen to cease their noise and disperse. Words ensued, followed by blows, throwing of missiles, and firing of revolvers.

To understand what followed it must be remembered that the police force of Memphis is composed mostly of Irishmen, whose violent prejudice against negroes was so shamefully displayed in the New York riots of 1863. The *Tribune* correspondent thus described the riot:

Word was sent to police head-quarters, and the whole force at once proceeded to the scene of the fray, being joined on the way by a crowd of excited citizens. Meanwhile the firing had brought other negroes to the spot, who arrived with clubs and some with revolvers, so that by the time the police force came up the two parties were about equal in number. The negroes held the original



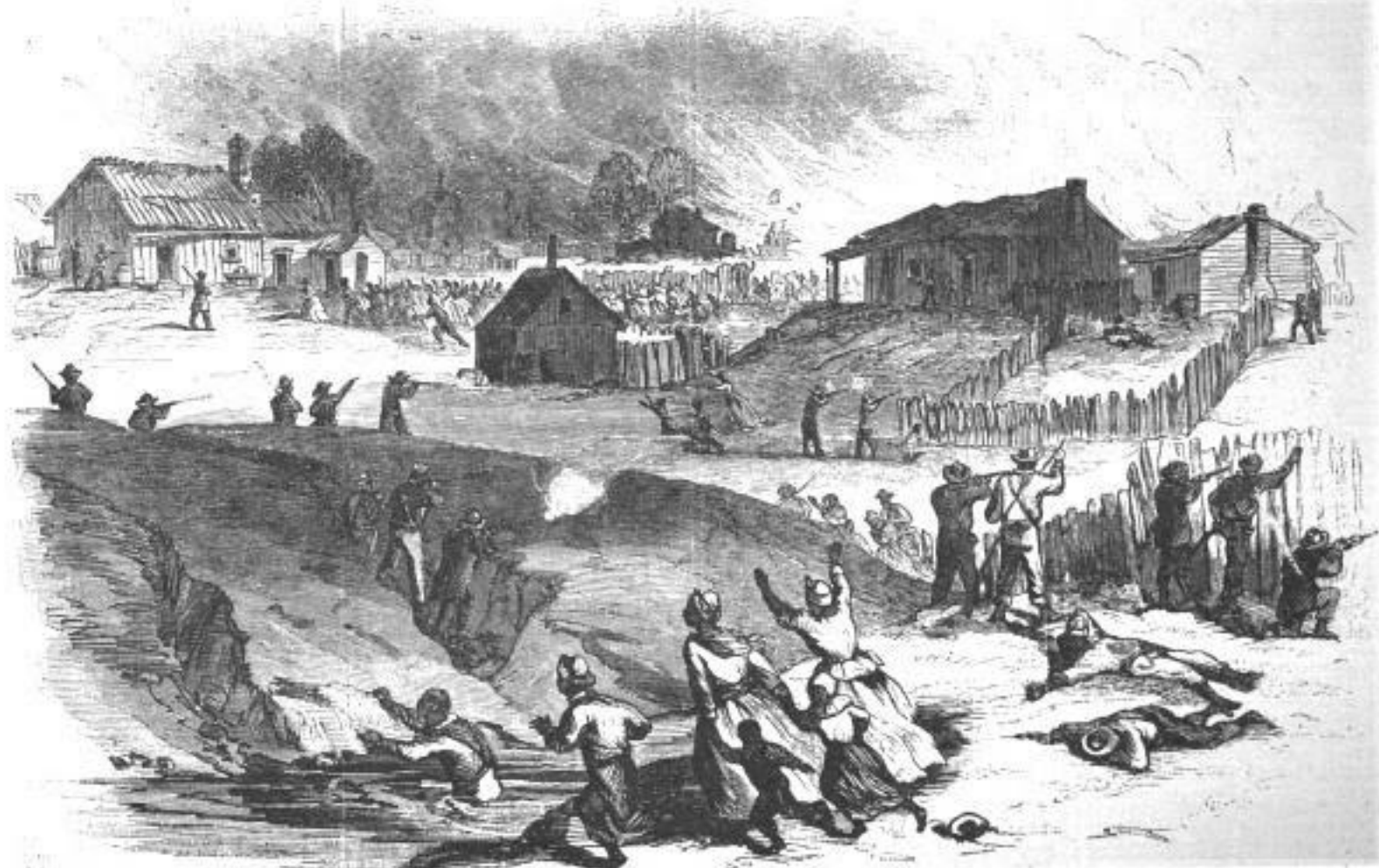
SCENES IN MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, DURING THE RIOT—BURNING A FREEDMEN'S SCHOOL-HOUSE.

[SKETCHED BY A. R. W.]

position, and, upon the approach of the police, showing no disposition to disperse, they were fired upon by the police and citizens who accompanied them. This fire was returned, and for a while both parties seemed themselves in discharging their weapons as rapidly as possible. Meanwhile word was sent to General Slocum, who promptly dispatched to the scene of action a company of regulars (white), whom the negroes were quickly dispersed and driven in every direction.

During the evening the wildest and most exaggerated reports were spread throughout the city. Every rumor, rumor of the indulgence of the fight told a different story, and the highest excitement prevailed. Each rumor placed a new aspect upon the affair than the preceding one, and only served to deepen the pre-arranged prejudice against the negro. Soon after dark this excitement and prejudice found vent. Large numbers of armed citizens repaired to the scene of the fight and commenced firing upon every negro who made himself visible. One negro upon South Street, a quiet, industrious laborer, was shot down almost in front of his own cabin, and after life was extinct his body was fired upon, cut and beat in a most horrible manner. In all parts of the city, wherever they could be seen, negroes were fired upon by policemen as well as citizens. They were shot while driving carts, and quietly walking in the streets about their business. The police seemed to make it their special business to shoot every negro they could see, no matter where he was or what he was doing. The result was that by 9 o'clock the colored population were numbers dwindling with wild alarm. How many negroes were killed during the night it is impossible to ascertain, as fire was incessantly heard during the night from houses in all parts of the city. It is estimated that from 15 to 20 were killed. So far as I have been able to learn, not a white man was fired upon by a negro during the whole night.

After the light of Tuesday evening the negro soldiers and most of the colored population residing in the vicinity of the fight fled to the fort for security. They were perfectly quiet—in fact, were terribly frightened for their own safety. At an early hour yesterday morning every thing



SCENES IN MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, DURING THE RIOT—SHOOTING DOWN NEGROES ON THE MORNING OF MAY 2, 1866.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. W.]

in the neighborhood of the late fight was quiet and peaceful. One, indeed, were the negroes to be seen in the streets. The bodies of most of those killed the evening before lay scattered where they fell, in some places horribly mutilated and disfigured. Before the door of a dilapidated house with a revolver, shot-gun, and musket, with a squad of policemen, repaired to the locality. As soon as they reached the place they commenced firing upon every negro in sight. It was said that the negroes had shot two white men who were quietly passing along in that vicinity in the morning; but this was, doubtless, one of those wild and unfounded rumors called out by the unnecessary excitement of the previous evening, and the unjust prejudice of the ignorant whites against the freedmen, who were killed were found, nor could the reason be traced to any reliable source. Immediately upon the commencement of firing by the militia, the report spread rapidly through the city that the fight had been renewed, and a large posse of citizens were called out by the Sheriff, armed with large gun-stones, and ordered to the field of battle. By 11 o'clock a large force had collected in the vicinity, who dealt out destruction to every colored man within reach. Several negro women and children were shot, in several instances from a light to a bullet striking them. So far as I could see, there were no armed negroes in the neighborhood, and I have the testimony of many respectable and reliable gentlemen to the same effect. The negro soldiers, and many old soldiers, stood trembling in the fort, filled with the most apprehensions, and beyond even imagination of those who were engaged in shooting down innocent and helpless men, women, and children. The arrival of a company of regulars upon the ground restored order, and the militia and police gradually retired. How many negroes were killed in this vicinity during the morning is not known. The number, however, was considerable. During the entire day they were shot down in various parts of the city. But one white man was killed in the street, and he was shot by a southern white man for the simple reason that he stood talking with an old negro acquaintance. Such familiarity could not be tolerated. And I have, after careful inquiry, failed to find a single instance where a white man was shot at during the day by a negro.

Two or three days after the red glare of fire shot up in the northern part of the city, then the flames burst out in the eastern part, and then they rolled up in the northern portion of the city. Some thirty houses, occupied by negroes, every one of them for colored children, and every place of assembly for the freedmen were given to the devouring element. Lincoln Chapel, costing \$12,000, only served to what the appetite of the greedy destroyer, for soon the old place of worship in the city—a large brick church on the corner of Main and Overton streets, lately occupied by the freedmen, rolled away into a heap of blasted and charred ruins. And while the fire rolled onward and upward the masses weiled and wept. At this writing we possess no estimate of the damage caused by the fire on the main, so great is the confusion and excitement.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1866.

THE TRIAL OF THE GOVERNMENT.

IT seems to us they greatly mistake the temper of the loyal majority of the American people who suppose that because there are differences among them upon certain points of policy, they will, therefore, from sheer impatience, grow careless of securing the victory they have won. If the correspondent of the London Times reports truly, even the President himself makes the mistake of considering the loyal majority as aiming merely at a party advantage and not at the public welfare. He forgets that he could be as easily accused of holding his course merely with a design to secure his own re-election. Indeed the freedom with which the President assents the motives of those who decline to receive his views as the perfection of statesmanship is one of the unpleasantest episodes of this interesting time.

The truth is, that, with the utmost magnanimity and a cordial desire of restoring the Union to its normal condition, there is no considerable number of faithful Union men in the country who believe that the late rebel States should be restored to their national relations without further conditions. Those who hold that they should be, are the late rebels, their Copperhead allies, and a very few who have hitherto acted with the Union party, and of whom Senator CONAN, of Pennsylvania, is a representative. Those all believe with ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, that as Congress did not consent to Secession the seceding States had a continuous right to resume all their relations with the Union at their pleasure. There is no middle ground between this peevish opinion and the position of the faithful citizens who sustained the war and elected Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. JOHNSON. As Mr. JOHN L. THOMAS, JR., of Maryland, said, in his manly and admirable speech of the 21st of April, the late rebels "are either to be consulted as to what conditions will best please them, or we are to make known to them upon what terms we please to receive them. . . . We are either to exact no guarantees for future security, or we are to impose such guarantees as Congress in its wisdom may deem best for the public good."

In determining these guarantees there is no limit to the authority of the Government but its own discretion. The rebel forces have surrendered, but the Government has not laid down its arms, and General SHERMAN assures us that it will be long before they can be safely relinquished. The right to defend its own existence against armed assailants, which is inherent in the Constitution and in the nature of Government itself, authorized the Government to wage war against the rebels, and the authority to maintain its security by exacting guarantees of defeated rebels is a necessary part of the same inherent right. There was no express verbal provision of the Constitution for emancipation or for any other measure of war, nor for the appointment of Provisional Governors by the President. But the power of the Government is not limited by its excuses. Its rightful action is not subject to their discretion. Because they lay down their arms, they can not compel the Government to connive at its

own subversion. The Union is restored, and the rights of the States are resumed, not when ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS and the Copperheads say so, but when the loyal people of the United States in Congress assembled are content to declare it.

That declaration should be made only after the most careful investigation and reflection. It is not surprising that the late insurgent States should still seethe with angry passions. It was to be expected that Union men would still be hated and maltreated. It is natural that men like HENRY A. WISE should continue to raven and swear at the Union, against which they have so long plotted and declaimed. It is not strange that conspicuous rebels should be enthusiastically elected to the highest local offices, and that men whose hands are still trembling with the effort to overthrow the Government should insolently denounce those who have maintained it at the most costly sacrifice as enemies of the Constitution. It was above all to be expected that the freedmen, whose fidelity to the Union has been proved, should be the victims of those whose war for slavery has ended in emancipation.

All these things are natural phenomena of the situation. There was no thoughtful man who did not anticipate them, and only the foolish are disappointed now that they are every where apparent. But these phenomena are contemplated without anger as without surprise. They serve to admonish us all that the conditions upon which States full of such a spirit may resume their national relations must be determined with great sagacity and prudence. Great risks are of course to be taken. That is the inevitable law of the situation. "Bring us back!" uttered LOUIS WINDFALL in the dark days of 1860, when the Senate chamber, to which his comrades now again seek admission, rang with the contemptuous fury of secession: "When you undertake that, and have accomplished it, you may be like the man who purchased the elephant—you will find it rather difficult to decide what you will do with the animal." None of us supposed that the end of the war would solve all problems. The question to be decided would plainly then be the one which we are now reaching, whether, the attempt of forcible secession having failed, and the rebel States having resumed their relations upon prescribed conditions, the controlling majority of the American people would still maintain the Government and the Union under the constitutional forms, or permit it to be subverted.

We have now, therefore, to decide under what conditions that final and crucial experiment shall be tried. Sooner or later the normal condition of the country must be restored, and there is no conceivable method by which the strain and friction of the trial that will follow can be avoided. Certain conditions we may see at once would be useless. General disfranchisement, for instance, simply postpones the experiment. Holding the suspended States as conquered provinces, also, protracts and complicates, but does not obviate the peril. The only rational solution of the problem is to confide the experiment of a popular government to its principle in such a way that it shall have the fairest trial. Then, if it fails, it is not we but human nature which is responsible. If the lawfully expressed will of the people of the United States is that this Union shall end and the Government dissolve, there is no further alternative or appeal. But to ascertain this will, to satisfy the conditions of the trial, the whole people must be consulted. It will not do to follow JAMES M. MASSON'S advice to Virginia, and hang or shoot every man who votes in a certain way, or CLINTON'S promise that in North Carolina Union men should be hushed by "the swift attention of Vigilance Committees."

The risk that we undertook when we fought to defend the Government and save the Union was not, if we succeeded, to govern half of the country as a subjugated province or colony without national rights or representation, but it was to trust the Union to the people of the Union, some of whom hated it and had fought against it, and would doubtless vote against it. The less delay in the trial the better; for delay endangers a just decision by breeding impatience among loyal citizens anxious to renew their old activity and repair their fortunes. The important element of the experiment was thus evident. It was the late slave population. The war had made them freemen and citizens. If the old order of the national system were restored, and they were not consulted, and the Government were embarrassed or ruined by an alliance of the late rebels with the Copperheads, the experiment of a popular government would be as far from satisfactory solution as ever. It can be satisfactorily tried only by an equality of electoral right among the whole population. The experiment is not satisfactorily tried evidently if 681,000 citizens, as in North Carolina, are invested with political power to the exclusion of 331,000 who have the same qualifications except color; or if, as in Virginia, 719,000 may exclude 533,000; or, as in Alabama, 595,000 may exclude 437,000; or, in Georgia, 591,000 may exclude 465,000; or, in Louisiana, 357,000 may exclude 350,000;

or, in Mississippi, 353,000 may exclude 436,000; or, in South Carolina, 291,000 may exclude 411,000.

Under the circumstances of the case, as we have defined them, this electoral equality may be secured either directly or indirectly. Congress may, as a measure of national security, determine who shall vote, either by express specification or by sanctioning the provisions of a State Constitution, and guarding against its unfair operation. This is obviously a purely exceptional measure. In the normal operation of our system the regulation of suffrage is left to the States, and it would be touched by the National Government in this instance for the same reason that property in slaves was touched—for the public safety. The right of a State to regulate suffrage is no more sacred than that of a property holder to his property. The Constitution protects neither when in extreme national peril its sacrifice becomes necessary. Congress has chosen, and we think wisely, to leave the regulation of the suffrage to the States, but proposes to reduce the basis of representation in proportion to the number of male adults disfranchised except for rebellion. The reason for proposing this rather than directly establishing impartial suffrage is purely one of expediency. It saves friction.

This is the substance of the amendment suggested by the Committee of Reconstruction. This enables us to meet the inevitable risk in the safest way. This, also, undoubtedly commends itself to every loyal man in the country. This is the logical completion of the measures already taken. And when this has become a part of the fundamental law, then, with an executive which will honestly defend the equal civil rights of all citizens, and confide the national offices to hands which have always faithfully upheld the nation, we shall be ready to encounter the sharpest peril to which a popular system of government has ever been exposed.

THE APPOINTING POWER.

THE question of Executive patronage, of which we have several times spoken, is beginning to excite deeply the public interest and attention. It is to be considered without the slightest reference to the present President. Mr. JOHNSON can not be accused of grasping at an increase of that patronage, for he vetoed both the bills which would have greatly enlarged it, although he has been charged with using that which exists for his own political support and not for the public service. If that should be true in his case, the exercise of the power should be restricted by every lawful means; and that it may not hereafter be true in any case, under any Administration, the Executive patronage should be very seriously abridged.

The Constitution empowers the President to nominate, and, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to appoint all officers of the United States whose appointment is not otherwise provided for by the Constitution. But "Congress may, by law, vest the appointment of such inferior officers as they think proper in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments." Here is one plain remedy for the peril of the enormous executive patronage now held by the President. Assassins, collectors, postmasters, and a large class of officers, as Senator SHERMAN recently remarked in opposing Senator TRUMBULL'S amendment, may be removed from the Executive control. Is there any good reason why they should not be?

As for the apparent discourtesy toward the President of such an act, it should be remembered that it would always seem discourteous to limit a prerogative which had been long exercised. But fortunately the present President has himself very forcibly and truthfully stated the danger of committing so vast a power to the hands of one man. And while it is indeed unfortunate that the antagonism which has become apparent between him and the present Congress would give to such a proposition an air of personal suspicion and censure, yet we can trust his good sense to accept a reform, whose unquestionable advantage to the parity of the Government he has most ably advocated, even when it seems to be generated by distrust of himself.

It is not easy to see, upon a careful study of the Constitution, how the power of arbitrary removal by the Executive can be derived from it; but there is undoubtedly a question of the scope of that power. The popular theory indeed is, that all national offices are the prerequisites of the Presidency; and that when we elect a President we do virtually elect every village postmaster and custom-house boatman in the country. The theory is, that we are torn up by the roots every four years. The result is, that a vote for a successful candidate is held to be a valid claim to office; and the candid applicant recommends his merit and his modesty by declaring that he never asked for an office before. This terrible demoralization of our politics is the logical result of the principle that to the victors belong the spoils; and the consequence is, that the public service is intrusted to the most incompetent hands and the taxes are enormously increased.

This practice has now become so lawless in our whole system that reform, or even relief, seems hopeless and helpless to many honest minds. But there is a way to begin even to clean out the " Augean stable." There may be, as we said, a perplexing constitutional question of the limits of the Presidential power of removal from office. There is a long tradition of thirty years' unquestioned use of this power. But there can be no obscuring an express provision of the Constitution authorizing Congress to place the appointment of thousands and thousands of officers beyond Executive control. Here is a plain way to begin this radical and regenerating reform. If it does not prevent the myriad little offices from becoming the spoils of a party, it at least distributes their division, and in the case of appointments vested in the courts of law, it secures comparative permanence. When we have gained one step the next can be more easily taken. When it begins to appear that the perils of a Presidential election are due to the fact that so large an army as the officeholders are voting for their bread and butter, and not to the fact that we are changing the chief Executive of the Government, sensible people—and, spite of Chancellor OXFORDIAN, they are the final Government—will very sensibly ask why we should be shaken to the centre every four years. Can't we roast our pig without burning the house down?

A wise man maintains the value and beauty and usefulness of his home by constantly tending it with brush or plane or trowel, wherever and whenever it shows the need of repair. In this way his home is always comfortable, his domestic tranquillity undisturbed, and his home a model to every neighbor. A wise nation is wonderfully like a wise man. It does not wait until the roof begins to tumble about its ears before it inquires whether it leaks.

UNITED STATES CONSOLS.

IT is not so clear as it seemed a few days ago that Senator SHERMAN'S bill for the consolidation of the United States debt into a 5 per cent. 30-year consol will become a law without opposition. Some pains have been taken to collate opinions in Wall Street, and the result of the inquiry is, that a 5 per cent. 30-year bond would not under present circumstances command public favor. Some journals announce that applications for the new consols have already been forwarded to the Department. But it would probably appear, as investigation, that such applications, if not wholly mythical, have proceeded from houses which have bought Ten-Forties on speculation, and are naturally solicitous for their advance.

We may be said, as a nation, to have now reached years of discretion, and it is time that an end were set to youthful follies. Time was, not long since, when we had such faith in our national strength and vigor, that we believed the rebellion could be put down by 75,000 volunteers, and that \$500,000,000 of greenbacks could be issued without justifying a premium on gold. We have learned wisdom since then. All men now admit that the United States, vastly favored as they are by Providence, are not exempt from the laws of political economy, and that United States citizens, loyal as they may be, will not lend their money to the nation at any cheaper rate than they can lend it to individuals. This much must be said by way of answer to that class of reasoners, who are forever discussing economical questions from a sentimental point of view, and denouncing a man as disloyal because he insists that two and two only make four, desirable as it would be for the country that they should make five.

Now, with regard to this 5 per cent. consol, it is clear, in the first place, that if the bonds can be negotiated, it would be advantageous to negotiate them; in other words, it would be a gain to reduce the rate of interest on our outstanding liabilities from 6 and 7/8 to 5 per cent.

But to do this, without repudiation, the consent of our creditors is essential. And no man, who is not crazy, will expect bondholders who are entitled to receive 6 per cent. per annum from Government to gratuitously forego their claims and accept 5. No adult of sound intelligence can be expected to make the commensurate a present of one-sixth of his income from national investments.

It is thus clear that of the \$2,200,000,000 of national debt not represented by greenbacks, \$814,000,000, which is in the shape of Seven-Thirty notes, \$171,000,000, which is in the shape of Five-Twenties of 1864 and 1865, about \$302,000,000, which is in the shape of long Sixes; in all, about \$1,258,000,000, or nearly two-thirds of the whole, are out of the reach of the Government, and would not be converted into the proposed consol, unless Government offered its creditors, by way of compensation for the sacrifice it asked them to suffer, an equivalent which it is not in its power to bestow. The holders of these various securities are entitled to 6 per cent. for various periods ranging from 4 to 15 years; they can not be expected to surrender their rights without compensation.

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Of the remainder of the debt—say \$1,100,000,000 (exclusive of greenbacks)—about half, \$500,000,000, is in the shape of Five-Twenty Bonds, which are redeemable next year. It is not settled whether they are redeemable in gold or greenbacks. Mr. CHASE unofficially assured holders that they were payable in gold. It is not likely, however, that the Government will do more than it is obliged to do, and as the law is not explicit, it is as well to assume that they will be paid in paper. A further sum of \$62,000,000 in debt certificates is also redeemable within the year; \$130,000,000 of deposit certificates; and about one-third of the outstanding compound-interest notes—say \$60,000,000. Thus, in all, assuming that the new consols prove a success, and be negotiable at par, within twelve months, it is in the power of the Secretary to fund therein \$772,000,000 of the public debt. Should Mr. McCULLOCH share Mr. CHASE'S views, and consider the Five-Twenties payable in gold, the aggregate would be reduced to \$572,000,000. In 1867-8 and 1868-9 the balance of the compound-interest notes—\$120,000,000—might be funded. In 1869 and 1870 the new Five-Twenties—\$171,000,000—would mature, and might be disposed of. In 1871 and '73 the Five-Twenties created by the conversion of Seven-Thirties would mature, and might be paid off or converted. And, lastly, in 1874 the Ten-Forties might be exchanged.

Clearly, then, the consolidation of the public debt into a 5 per cent. consols is going to be a slow business under the most favorable circumstances.

But what if a 5 per cent. loan could not be negotiated at par? What if the design of the bill was to prevent any successful negotiation by the Secretary? These are questions of moment. It was Senator SHERMAN who defeated the Secretary's plan for the construction of the currency and the gradual absorption of the greenbacks with a view to resumption. It is the same Senator SHERMAN who now restricts the funding powers of the Department to a 5 per cent. bond at par, well knowing that the only 5 per cent. in existence are selling at 95, after having been for a year between 90 and 92. Of course, if a 5 per cent. loan could not be negotiated at par, the debt certificates and deposits on call would have to be renewed, the compound-interest notes would not be disturbed, no effort would be made to pay off the old Five-Twenties next year, and a plethora of money would prevail at the monetary centre, which would make the fortunes of the speculators who are said to have influential friends in the House and the Senate at Washington.

Senator SHERMAN'S bill seeks to enlist public favor for the new 5 per cent. by exempting them from taxation. Has any one reflected upon the practical effects of such an exemption? Supposing the bill passed and the bonds were negotiated, what would be the result? Why, simply that the capitalists and rich men of the country would be exempt from taxes, while poor men paid them. How long would such an inequality be endured? Among the causes of the French Revolution De TORQUILLAN enumerates, first, the exemption of the nobles from taxation, and adds that subsequent French governments, taught by experience, have carefully avoided this error. And this is the policy which Senator SHERMAN now recommends us to adopt!

A SUPERFLUOUS JURY.

It is very authoritatively announced that the Government of the United States is about submitting the decision of the justice of the late war to twelve chance men in Richmond, Virginia. For what purpose this is to be done is not clear. If the twelve men decide that the Government had no right to wage war, what then? Will anybody's opinion be changed? In the former case, will those of us who supported the war regret our conduct, or feel that we committed at the murder of the brave men whom all true hearts forever honor? In the latter case, will those who opposed the war acknowledge their prolonged and miserable mistake? The sole question which can engage the consideration of the twelve men is, whether Secession is a right reserved to the States by the Constitution? But can that question be more absolutely and finally decided than it has already been by the war?

The plea of JEFFERSON DAVIS precedes the question of treason. He would willingly agree that treason should be punished. But he would contend that he has not committed treason. Treason against the United States, says the Constitution, "shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort." But this is true only of a citizen of the United States. DAVIS argues that he was not a citizen. He contends that his sovereign State had withdrawn and had thereby relieved him from allegiance to the United States. Therefore, while he would not deny that he levied war, he would insist that he did so not as a citizen of the United States but of a political community with which the

United States were at war. Consequently he is an alien enemy, not a traitor.

Suppose, however, that the twelve men decide that this plea is of no avail; that a State is not sovereign, and can not withdraw from the Union, and that the allegiance of every citizen is due to the national authority; yet, we ask again, what have they decided which the whole country has not already decided by the most tremendous ordeal? This decision certainly gains nothing in weight or solemnity by the approval of the twelve men. Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS and his friends do not change their opinion. Certainly loyal men do not change theirs. In the estimation of the first, JEFFERSON DAVIS does not become a criminal, even though hung upon a gallows; in the judgment of the last, he is not a hero or a patriot though he go untouched. Upon what point, then, and to what purpose, are the twelve men summoned to decide?

Is it to determine whether there is such a crime as treason? But the Constitution defines it, and there is no question. Is it to decide whether DAVIS is guilty of treason? But that question is already settled by the refusal of the country to admit the plea under which he levied war. Is it to make treason and traitors odious? But how can that be done by convicting and hanging JEFFERSON DAVIS when General HUMPHREYS, of Mississippi, who is guilty of exactly the same offense, is elected Governor of Mississippi by his fellow-traitors—all of whom are equally guilty with DAVIS—and who is pardoned by the President that he may exercise his office? The odium of treason in the person of DAVIS hanging upon the gibbet is entirely destroyed in the person of HUMPHREYS sitting in the Governor's chair.

But suppose the twelve men differ, or agree that DAVIS is not guilty of treason. Is it worth while for the Government of the United States to have placed itself in such a ludicrously humiliating position? If the jury be packed, the trial is a farce. If it be free, there is the chance and the probability of this humiliation. Now, is there any conceivable advantage to be gained by the trial which can authorize the Government to take such a chance as this? If the accused be convicted he is not disgraced. His offense is political, and no reasoning can persuade men to regard political offenses as crimes. Does any man suppose that if convicted DAVIS would be hung? To hang him would be an error as huge as to try him. To-day he is a baffled conspirator, and practically the deadest of dead men. Hang him and he becomes a living power to sedition, and an eternal remorse to the country. Every reader of history condemns CHARLES I. until he mounts the scaffold; then he pities him. Did his father's scaffold frighten or deter JAMES II.? We have subdued this vast rebellion by force of arms. The blood it shed has been avenged upon the same field by blood. Its argument, its objects, and the characters of those who caused and controlled it, are committed to the terrible justice of history and the conscience of mankind. Our present duty is not to hang those whom we did not shoot, but to secure ourselves by political measures against political perils.

Of course we speak of DAVIS merely as a political offender. If he be guilty of complicity with the horrible massacres at Andersonville and Salisbury and Belle Isle, or with the crowning crime of the assassination, humanity itself calls for his punishment. The evidence of this latter charge is in the hands of the Judiciary Committee of the House. Before the Richmond trial we hope that Committee will give the country a plain statement of the grounds upon which the President offered a reward for DAVIS'S arrest as a conspirator in the assassination plot.

HOW TO ESCAPE THE CHOLERA.

The cholera first appeared in this country over thirty years ago, and such a vast mass of facts has been gathered that some think it unreasonable that the doctors have not fully settled upon the means of preventing its incursion and diffusion. But it is forgotten that in this world it takes a long time to settle even the most simple points in any new subject that comes up. And besides, there is, after all, more ascertained by medical men in regard to the cholera than is commonly supposed; but this is very much kept out of view by the excitement that prevails in relation to the few points that are in dispute.

The world, both professional and non-professional, is in truth too much occupied with the question, whether the cholera is contagious? and every doctor is piled with it by patient and friend and stranger. And you must either be a contagionist or a non-contagionist, or you will give no satisfaction to the questioner or disputant that introduces the subject. This comes from a narrow view of the facts. One who has a certain set of facts come under his observation, decides that the disease spreads by contagion; while another, from another set of facts, comes to an opposite decision. This is all wrong. Where there are numerous facts, and many of them apparently inconsistent, they must be extensively compared and sifted in order to reach correct conclusions. Taking this broad view of the facts revealed by the whole history of the disease, it is clear that its ordinary propagation is by some cause, as yet wholly unknown, which does not emanate from

the sick, and that it is only now and then contagious. For, not to go into any discussion of this point, while there are occasional facts that show that cholera is communicated from one person to another, it very commonly overleaps the strictest quarantine and sanitary cordons, and often fails to follow the freest lines of communication.

Far be it from us to say that all quarantine regulations are to be discarded. Some are necessary. And yet some which are resorted to are useless; others still are absolutely injurious, multiplying the victims of the disease; and none are to be relied upon as certain preventives of its introduction. The idea, indulged by some, of sealing up this whole country against the cholera by a universal quarantine is preposterous.

So much for quarantine measures. But there are other measures about which there is no dispute, and they are of immense importance in limiting the ravages of cholera if not in preventing its introduction. And yet their value seems to be far from being properly appreciated by the community at large.

Promoting cleanliness is one, and we use this expression in its broadest sense. You must have a clean skin, clean clothes, clean air, clean houses, yards and streets. No filth must be covered up with an outside show of cleanliness. Dirt in cellars, in corners, may do the mischief. A nasty carpet, changed with the accumulating filth of months of slothfulness, may procure the cholera for a family. After all, this interior uncleanness has more to do with the origin of the disease than what is outside. Bad as are the emanations from decaying vegetable and animal substances, they are nothing like as inviting to cholera and other diseases as those from personal filth, within and without, but especially within, where, pent up from the free air, they act with all their force.

Much is said about disinfectants; but, useful as they are, they never can take the place of cleanliness. We say, then, both to communities and to individuals, Clean up, clean up; and when you have done so, keep clean—for the cholera is likely to come again; and, if not, there are other diseases, as typhus fever and cholera infantum, constantly, and therefore less observably, destructive of life, of which filth is a chief cause.

New York and Philadelphia once presented a decided contrast in regard to the influence of cleansing measures. Philadelphia adopted them thoroughly, and had but 700 deaths from cholera; while New York, neglecting them, had 5000 deaths.

There is no fact more prominently brought out by the whole history of cholera than that intemperance in drinking is one of the principal causes of its diffusion. It acts in two ways: directly, by predisposing the individual to an attack, a large proportion of the victims being from the intemperate; and, indirectly, by promoting the uncleanness, poor and irregular living, and crowding together of families. If, then, we could shut up the drinking places we should effectually cut off one of the chief sources—nay, the chief source—of the influences that so largely generate cholera and various other fatal diseases.

Intemperance in eating predisposes to the disease. But so also does a diet too restricted in quantity or variety. A poor diet will weaken the system, and thus make it liable to an attack. A diet restricted in variety does not meet the wants of the system, and so fails to fortify it properly against disease. The true course is to have just such a diet as a rational moderate liver would adopt in ordinary times. Good fresh vegetables and ripe fruits should be eaten as usual, as a part of the daily diet, and not irregularly.

No reliance should be placed upon vainly prophylactics—that is, remedies supposed to ward off the disease. Intoxicating drinks are often taken for this purpose, and they are really among the most likely means of bringing on an attack. Good habits of living, the cheerful performance of duty, and a calm trust in Providence, are the best prophylactics. These are the grand preservatives of the physicians who fearlessly stand at their post in the midst of the pestilence, and very seldom does one of their number fall a victim to it.

LEFT-HAND WRITING.

THE specimens of left-hand writing by disabled soldiers, of which we have formerly spoken, were lately exhibited in Washington, and excited very general interest and attention. Speaker COLMAN, General BANKS, General HOWARD, the representative left-handed soldier, with other noted men, made interesting and eloquent speeches, and it was resolved that the collection should be sent out for exhibition at the Great Fair in Paris. Meanwhile these left-handed heroes who have not contributed are invited to send specimens of their writing for reference and preservation to WILLIAM OLAND BURNES, Esq., of the Soldiers' Friend, who has devoted himself with untiring energy to this patriotic and illustrative work.

LITERARY.

Under page 330 of this Number we begin the publication of a charming little story called "The Three Little Spades," by Miss WARNER, author of "The Wide, Wide World."

With the Number for June, 1866, Harper's Magazine begins its thirty-third volume. It is the one hundred and ninety-third number of the whole issue of this popular periodical, whose hold upon the public does not appear to relax. The circulation is very large, and has increased by twenty thousand copies since the first of the year. The June Number opens with a paper by General SYMONDS upon his "Personal Recollections of the War." The author is a Virginian, and was a steady Unionist throughout the struggle. His peculiar position, his shrewd humor and observation, and his artistic skill both with pen and pencil make this article, which is one of a series, very entertaining and valuable.

A brief paper upon "Gladstone as Leader of the Commons" is a vivid and picturesque sketch, and is the best portrait of the English statesman who now excites such interest and admiration. "The Fall of Richmond" describes that event from the inside. It is written by a resident of that city whose heart sank with Lee's retreating army. The other articles make an excellent variety, and we see no signs of ennui in Harper's Magazine.

An "Index to the daily Times for 1865" is a very useful work, and is the model of an index. We believe it is the first instance of the kind, with a single exception. The book contains twenty thousand references to the events mentioned during that period, each specifying the date, page, and column of the paper in which it is to be found. It is handsomely printed, and bound in dove form, and contains 182 double-column pages. The index applies to other papers as well as the Times, the daily news for all the papers being essentially the same.

A modest, anonymous novel, "Emma: a Tale of Slave Life in Haiti," is published by JOHN BAUMANN. Although its date is so remote its interest is vivid, while the novelty of its scenery and incidents, and the skill with which the tale is unfolded, give it a peculiar charm. The evident familiarity of the author with the details of Roman life under the empire does not make his penance, but imparts a fine local coloring to the events of his story. The plot reveals the essential inhumanity of slavery, whatever the time or the race analyzed—a truth which it is most useful to study in the passionate perspective of centuries. The merit of this modest book is likely to be overlooked, but we heartily commend it to our readers.

"Across the Continent" is the title of the book of Mr. SAMUEL BOWLES, editor of the Springfield Republican, recording his observations during his late journey with Speaker COLMAN. It is by far the most graphic and shrewd report upon the journey over the plains, the Mormon Question, the Pacific Railroad, and Territorial Mining, that we have, while the quick and humorous eye, the true and tender heart, and the picturesque and subtle hand of the author, give it a various interest which can not fail to send the book every where over the country. Mr. BOWLES is an American and a Yankee in every heart-beat, and the sound good sense which is manifest through the whole work gives the greatest value to all his opinions upon the important and interesting questions he touches.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

May 8: In the House, debate was opened on the joint resolution reported by the Reconstruction Committee proposing a Constitutional Amendment. In the evening the vote was taken up, and the first section, imposing a tax of five cents per pound on cotton, was adopted.

May 9: In the Senate, the House resolution appointing a Commission to select a site for the New York Post-office was passed. A bill to incorporate the National Theological Institute of the District of Columbia was passed. The object of the Institute is the education of colored men for the Christian ministry.

May 10: In the Senate, the Post-office Appropriation Bill was taken up, the pending question being on Mr. THURMAN'S amendment, providing that no compensation be paid to any Assistant Postmaster until his appointment is confirmed by the Senate, unless recommended to fill a vacancy created by death, resignation, or expiration of office during the recess of the Senate. The Senate was addressed by Mr. HOWARD and Mr. GORHAM. The vote being reached the amendment was disagreed to—yeas 35, nays 53. The bill was then passed.

In the House, the joint resolution to amend the Constitution was passed, including the disfranchisement clause, 195 to 37.

NEWS ITEMS.

The body of Brother KING, late Collector of the Port, who, it will be remembered, was killed while endeavoring to jump off a Hoboken ferry boat into the river, was discovered at 5 A.M. May 14, drifting in through the gap of the Atlantic dock, Brooklyn, by Officer KENNY.

On the 10th of May Jefferson Davis was indicted for treason by the Grand Jury of the United States District Court now in session at Norfolk, and the trial of the prisoner, it is supposed, will take place in June.

James Stephens, the Fenian Chief, arrived in New York last week. His arrival was soon followed by the resignation of O'Malley.

The appointment of Collector Ruyter for the Port of New York was confirmed by the Senate May 11.

FOREIGN NEWS.

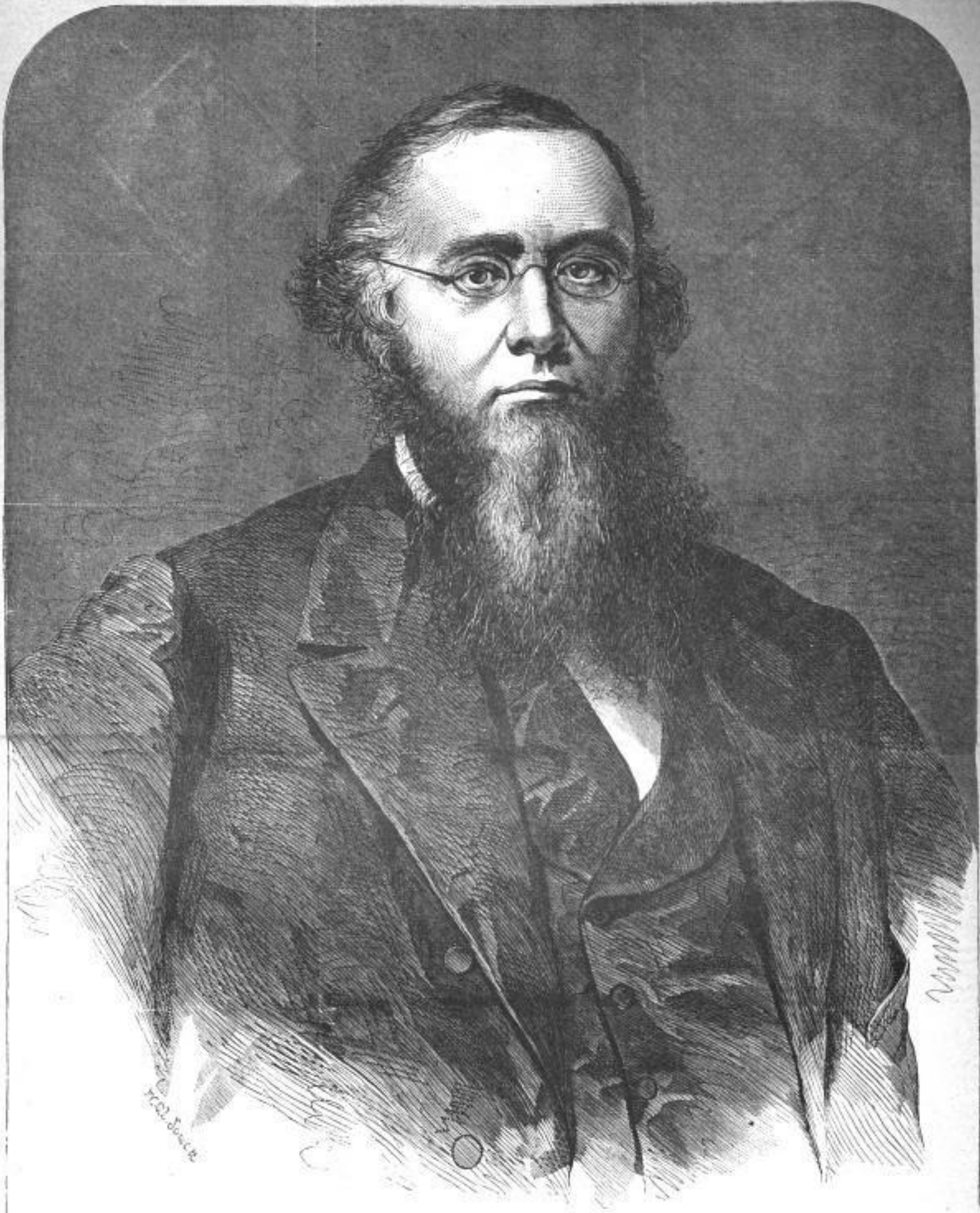
The Russell administration has concluded not to resign, but deemed it prudent to make some concession to the Whig section of the Opposition, the member of the proposed Reconstruction of Senate. The latter measure will be shown to the House before the Franchise Bill is passed in Committee.

The Washington correspondent of the London Times gives that paper an interesting account of an interview which he had recently with President Johnson.

The German question was still unsettled, and its fate more threatening than at any previous time. Neither Prussia nor Austria would yield any of their demands, nor would either lower its terms to the other. The war spirit still smoldered in Italy; but it was reported that France had given a gentle hint that the time to strike for Venetia had not yet come. A meeting of the European Congress was talked of, for the settlement of the question now so angrily debated.

Since the advent of warm weather the cholera has broken out at the most towns of Holland and in the interior of Brittany, between the French ports of Brest and St. Nazaire. All winter and spring the disease has been making a few victims in the Dutch Province of Luxembourg and in the French Province of Brittany, and the great question has been what direction the epidemic would be likely to take when hot weather returned. We now see that from Luxembourg the disease has crossed the Rhine into Holland, and that in Brittany it is going back from rather than to the coast.

Cholera has appeared among the German emigrants awaiting embarkation for America in Liverpool. The Germans went on board the Steamship *Victoria* some time ago as the England and Portugal for New York, but the disease manifested itself on board about immediately after her departure from Liverpool, and two deaths occurred before she crossed to Queenstown. She had to put back to Liverpool. The National Steam Navigation Company has decided to stop German emigrants by their vessels, and the British Government ordered a strict examination of all German emigrants before their admission to England.



EDWIN M. STANTON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.]

EDWIN M. STANTON.

It has been usual with some of the admirers of the Secretary of War to compare him with CAESAR, the war minister of the French revolution. The analogy may hold good in respect of the enthusiasm, energy, soul, and inflexible honesty evinced by each in the performance of public duty, but the burdens which our war imposed upon Mr. STANTON far exceeded in their magnitude and complication the utmost of those that were borne by the celebrated Frenchman.

Mr. STANTON came into office on the 26th of January, 1862, a month before the decisive and cheering victory of Fort Donelson. Though never identified with the party by which Mr. LINCOLN was elected, his appointment was urgently recommended by both Mr. SEWARD and Mr. CHASE, as well as by Mr. CARRISON, whose retirement caused the vacancy which he was to fill. He had always been a thorough-going Democrat of the JACKSON school; but these Republican leaders will know the earnest-

ness of devotion to the Union, and the extraordinary power he had manifested during the disastrous closing days of Mr. HOCHSTETTER'S administration. In these days of gloom and anxiety he was Attorney-General, while Mr. HOLY was Secretary of War, and Mr. DIX Secretary of the Treasury; and it was chiefly to him, and to these patriotic associates of his, that we owe the preservation of the Government from total shipwreck before the 4th of March, 1861, so that the helm of power could be put into the hands of Mr. LINCOLN. The services which Mr. STANTON then rendered were known especially to Mr. SEWARD, with whom, as the designated Secretary of State of the new Executive, he was in constant communication. It was also felt to be desirable to give a prominent part in the work of the Administration to some representative man of the War Democrats who were then nobly sustaining Mr. LINCOLN in his efforts to vindicate the national integrity; and accordingly, when Mr. CARRISON left the War Department, Mr. STANTON took charge of it.

At the time when Mr. LINCOLN appointed him

to this office there two remarkable men, who were destined to an intimacy which history will never cease to remember, had not seen each other. The first meeting between them was when Mr. STANTON went to the White House to receive his commission. We believe, also, that the first notice which the new Secretary received of his intended appointment was but the day before the nomination was sent to the Senate, when he was informed of it just as he was about to rise for the argument of a case in the Supreme Court. The relations thus commenced between the President and the Secretary of War always remained exceedingly cordial; or, rather, they constantly became warmer and more confidential, down to the last fatal day which ended Mr. LINCOLN'S earthly career. While he was rarely seen at the offices of the other executive departments, at the War Office he was not merely a frequent, but a constant visitor. His tall form, wrapped in his familiar gray shawl, was usually to be seen making its way along the back alley that leads there from the White House, at from 9 to 10 o'clock

in the morning, or about 6 in the afternoon; and persons who were admitted to see the Secretary on important business in his private room at those hours would sometimes find the President stretched upon the sofa there, if the discussion between him and the Secretary had not yet been concluded. Indeed, the tie between them seemed to be quite as much that of private affection as of official duty; and when the catastrophe occurred which roused the nation in mourning, all will remember how admirably the confidence of the deceased statesman in his friend and adviser was justified by the latter. For a brief time, in that awful crisis, the whole Government seemed to rest upon the shoulders of the Secretary of War; and the country will not soon forget the manner in which the momentous trust was discharged.

Mr. STANTON is a native of Ohio, whence his parents emigrated from Culpepper County, Virginia. He was born at Steubenville in 1815; studied at Kenyon College in 1833, remaining there barely a year; served as a bookkeeper's clerk at Columbus

at the same time that he was studying his future profession; was admitted to the bar in 1836, and began the practice of the law in Harrison County. He soon gained an extensive reputation for ability in the argument of abstract questions of law, as well as for success with juries. The memory of some of his more remarkable efforts, especially in the latter department of his profession, is still fresh in all that part of Ohio and the neighboring region of Western Virginia. He also became known as an active politician of the Democratic party, of which Senators ALLEN and TAPPAN were then leaders in Ohio; and into the political contests which then prevailed he cast himself with all the fire and passion of his powerful nature. In 1848 he removed to Pittsburg, whence, in 1857, he transferred his residence to Washington, where his professional occupations, especially in patent cases, soon became as constant as we presume they were profitable. Of his history in connection with the War Department it is not necessary that we should speak in these columns. The people know it already.

Mr. SWANSON is about five feet eight inches in height, and is a person of broad shoulders and heavy frame. His features are rather round and full, his hair very dark, though thin, and his complexion sallow. These peculiarities, combined with his intense and penetrating dark brown eyes, and his heavy beard, sprinkled freely with gray, give somewhat of an Oriental air to his general appearance. Though his ordinary expression is thoughtful, absorbed, and stern, his smile is gentle and winning as a woman's.

One of the most striking facts about Mr. SWANSON is his indifference to the usual means of popularity. Though during the past four years no man has been criticised so vehemently as he, he has not once undertaken to defend himself, either by his own hand or that of any friend. The facts alleged against him might be either wholly fictitious or wholly misrepresented; he has treated them with the same patient neglect, as if confident that the future would do him justice, or careless of all wrong provided he himself felt that he was right. This habit seems to have been adopted by him before his advent to public office. His arguments in important legal controversies he has taken no pains to preserve. In one of these, which related to the right of the Suspension Bridge Company at Wheeling to construct their bridge across the Ohio River, his plea is spoken of by those who had the luck to hear it as a most impressive performance, but we have not succeeded in procuring a printed copy of it.

Mr. SWANSON has been twice married. His present wife was Miss ELLEN DICKINSON, of Potosi. He has four children: a son of some twenty-five years by his first marriage; and one son and two daughters, all yet little children, by the second.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

**INSIDE
A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.**

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XX.

THERE is a certain manner—the nautical name for which the writer has clean forgotten, though he assures the reader he once knew it—by which a vessel is advanced upon its way when steam or tide or wind fall in. Its anchor, with a stout cable attached, is carried forward in one of the ship's boats and hooked on to some rock or iceberg ahead, the other end of the hawser being fastened to the capstan on board. With many a heave-to the crew then ply their strength, as in a slow whirlwind, around the capstan until they and their vessel are drawn to the anchor. The anchor is then again borne forward, and so the operation continued as long as may be necessary.

And in the same way we will bear the anchor of this our bark ahead, and grapple it with this first day of March, 1865, and endeavor to—yes, warp, that is the word—warp ourselves up to that point; for, though all the world else moves, Somerville has seemed sorely to lack, so far as advance is concerned, of steam and tide—not of wind, only it has been perpetually shifting.

Great events have befallen since Dr. Gimna's house was burned—many of them.

Vicksburg. The Somerville Star had acknowledged, after the fall of New Orleans, that the Mississippi River, Fort Pillow and Memphis having fallen, was open along its whole length to Federal navigation. Only a few days after its article in proof that this, so far from being an advantage, would be, like the capture of New Orleans, a positive disadvantage to the Federals, Vicksburg and Port Hudson are known to have suddenly arrested the navigation of the river, at which, with singular inconsistency, the Star greatly rejoices. Then follows the long story—oh, how long and weary in the slow telling!—of the assault upon Vicksburg and the repulse. The episodic capture of Arkansas Post, though Somerville has accounts for weeks after that event of the escape on their way up the river, and their march across Tennessee to join Bragg, of the prisoners there taken. Next comes the wearisome digging of the famous canal, and its failure, proving that hydraulics and hydrography are greatly neglected parts of civil engineering as taught at West Point. Great rejoicing in Somerville over that. Then comes Grant's desperate march around and regular investment of Vicksburg, at which also Somerville greatly rejoices.

"With Johnston in front of him, and Pemberton in his rear cutting off his escape to the



A SMALL SCENE.

river, we regard the annihilation or capture of Grant's entire army as a positive certainty," says the Somerville Star for weeks. "As to starving out Vicksburg, we happen to know it to be victualled for a two years' siege."

Then follow tidings of the fall of Vicksburg. This is scouted with scorn. For weeks after, it is amazing how many gentlemen arrive, not in Somerville, but in its immediate neighborhood, who "are known to have left Vicksburg on the tenth or fifteenth of July, the place not having fallen then, nor having the least intention so to do."

Even when Vicksburg and Port Hudson are known to be captured—"We see only cause of congratulation in it," says the Somerville Star. "First, because of the tremendous loss—one hundred and fifty thousand is the lowest estimate—of the Federals in capturing those points; second, because it will occupy a large part of their army to garrison those places; third, in that guerrilla bands will as effectually prevent the navigation of the river as before!"

Yes, there is the singular fact. We Secessionists may attach infinite importance to an Object, may wait in most intense anxiety to know the result in regard to it, deny the capture of it indignantly for weeks after it has fallen, yet the instant it is known to be undoubtedly gone we care no more for it, wonder we should ever have interested ourselves so much in New Orleans, Vicksburg and Port Hudson, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Savannah, Mobile, whatever the object is in its turn; can even see now, are astonished we did not see it before, that the loss of each such place is on every account rather an advantage than a disadvantage to us. Not merely in words only or in editorials—to some degree actually in heart it is so! No doubt there is, with the occurrence of each disaster to the Confederate arms, a secret undermining going on in the understanding and heart of each even of the most rabid Secessionists, but it is unacknowledged at this period even to themselves. In exactly the same way, Dr. Gimna, swelling and bursting to-day with some wonderful news of Foreign Intervention, Confederate Victory, and the like, abandons it to-morrow when it is known to be false, not only without much regret, but scarcely remembering even that he ever heard, much less believed, in any thing of the kind.

"But who," says Mr. Ferguson, "can reason in regard to insanity, or analyze infatuation? There is something even awful in it," he adds; "a supernatural folly at which I shudder, as at the direct doing of Jehovah."

At which point Mr. Arthur corrects his friend by drawing distinction between the positive and the permissive providence of Heaven—a distinction lost upon the Scotchman, who quotes the case of Pharaoh and the children of Israel to a frightful degree in these days.

But even while we are scolding the lying rumors of the fall of Vicksburg all Somerville is electrified by tidings of the glorious victories of General Lee in Pennsylvania. The bells can not ring enough after the dispersion of the Pennsylvania militia and the capture of forty thousand prisoners at Gettysburg. Brother Barker has been entrapped by false news so often by this time that he is far from being as credulous as of yore, yet, "Do you imagine General Lee would have crossed the Potomac if he did not know what he was about? Believe it; yes, brethren, with all my soul!" For who can resist, if it is only the big bell of his own church, to which little Joe Staples clings, with brief relays for refreshment, for hours at a time? And so, when he can have the bell so long enough for him to be heard in special prayer, as on Sabbath, Brother Barker leaves all doubt in regard to his patriotism far behind.

It was a singular coincidence that Orange, plowing in his master's field, and Jim at work with his axe in the woods near Somerville, both paused from their labors at the first sound of the bells with about the same exclamation upon their lips.

"Dar's had news for us!" They, and, of their colored friends, not they alone, had made about the same remark once or twice before at the sound of distant explosions, taking them to be cannon for victory. These reports, however, had turned out to be only the

blowing up—quite a common incident—accidentally, of powder-mills and all therein—no mistake about the bells, however.

Not that, returning to Mr. Barker, his has been an altogether untroubled course. Like other eminent confessors in all ages he has had his troubles also. Many, among the best of his church, have long ceased to attend thereat. There is Mrs. Juggins.

"No, Brother Barker, I can't do it. It was bad enough to see you, a preacher of the Gospel of peace, marchin' along, as I see you that day in Somerville, with a gun on your shoulder, member of a company, practicing, too, with them at a mark, I'm told! But for a disciple of the blessed Jesus to preach and pray as you do is more'n I can stand. Not only it is nothin' but politics, politics all the time with you in the pulpit and out of it—no Gospel; but, then, you've been there than Staples or Larsen, actually blood-thirsty an' bitter. God, He knows I love my country. I gave Tom for it, didn't I? Please God, I hope the Yankees may be whipped back where they come from. If they ain't, it won't be for want of prayin' for it here South!"

"All the Union people have ceased to come to church long ago, and to support the ministry," begins her spiritual leader.

"Can't help it, Brother," says Mrs. Juggins, firmly; "the Colonel and I is getting old; since Tom was killed, too, I've seen things different. The Confederacy gainin' its independence is a great thing, I dare say; but religion here, the makin' a better world after this, is a better thing still. Dare say you have no idea how you've stopped preachin' and prayin' any thing but the Confederacy. And look at it. The Sabbath-school there in Somerville is broken up, they tell me. Except on some grand political occasion, they say you've only a handful to hear you. Then you know better'n I how many of the very pillars of our church, ministers even, some of them, has taken to drinkin', cursin', and swearin', swindlin', and all manner of wickedness. As to sinners, they are farther off than ever; and who's to blame?"

Yes, Brother Barker has a hard time of it as well as Mr. Arthur. Somehow his salary is very slow in being paid, what little is promised, the reliance he placed upon his Secessionist admirers in this matter being exceedingly mistaken; ready enough they are to crowd his church on every political occasion to hear, and to inflame and inflame by their presence the violence of sermons and prayers for the South.

"If the Almighty does not give victory to General Lee in this his march upon our wicked foe, the very angels of heaven will be ready to revolt," he had remarked one Sabbath morning in a sermon. Who could say more than that? Yet the subscription paper circulated the very day after on his behalf was far from as successful as it

should have been. "We all greatly admire, esteem, approve Brother Barker's course—no man in all Somerville more patriotic and useful than he—yet the war has cut our means down so, and we have really so very many calls every week connected with the war, that we can not say at this moment what we can give, Brother; we will think upon it, however, and let you know."

"No, Sir, you must excuse me," Captain Simmons remarked when applied to. "True, I was early instructed to worship in the sanctuary, and I could at this moment repent to you, sing to you to its own tune, the hymn 'Away, away; away, away to Sabbath-school.' True, I do drop in to hear the person when he gives us a red-hot sermon, prayers, and all the trimmings, on the times. But I can not disguise the fact that he is a—Yankee. My soul revolts at a Yankee and—you must excuse me."

There was the shameful way, also, in which Brother Barker was treated on his last visit to the Pines. The preacher is exceedingly averse to speaking of it, but it seems a camp of soldiers stationed there have varied their monotonous routine of slaughtering such fat heaves, and stealing such poultry and honey as they can lay hands upon, by insulting, hustling, throwing clubs at Brother Barker on his last appointment. Not on Union principles at all—from sheer contempt of a religion which has ceased to owe them in reference to things spiritual in its superhuman exertions to instruct and excite them in reference to the Confederacy.

Very slowly, indeed, the truth comes out in regard to the Gettysburg affair. Somerville has placed all its hopes on a long succession of heroes, dropping them in turn as easily as it has done great cities; for the time, even General Lee has slattered on the earth from his pedestal. The tide and flow of feeling during those days among Secessionists and Union people—the one class being in the trough exactly at the instant the other is on the crest of the sea—who can describe!

Neither can be described the intense eagerness of Mr. Arthur, Dr. Warner, Mr. Ferguson, and all other Union people—it is amazing how many of them are left in Somerville still—for Federal papers. Colonel Gay Brooks, not a written line from him since he left, contrives to get papers to friends in Somerville. Isaac Smith, painter, too, little he cared for literature of any sort, still less his big and better-making wife; now the zeal with which Isaac Smith, from within the Federal lines, pours in letters and papers upon his wife is wonderful. Mrs. Smith's little parlor sees, and sees very often too, visitors it never dreamed of before. Let fat Mrs. Smith get a package as large as your hand at night—and her mails almost invariably arrived at that period—how soon to-morrow she had a dozen applications from friends to know the news. And a



"DIDN'T I TELL YOU SO?"

great deal of news Isaac Smith managed to smuggle in; only, alas! Isaac, from long use perhaps of his brush, gave too much—a little proving to be true. For, let the truthful record be made, we Union people in Somerville are almost as credulous in regard to the news we wish to be true as are the Secessionists—not quite, but almost.

But, ah, the eagerness with which we clutch a paper from the North! We get it as a great favor, to be read as rapidly as possible, to be returned exactly at such an hour to such a place. We button it up in our breast-pocket, and hurry home, for we dare not be seen with it on the streets. Arrived at home, we arrest all the household work, turn the children ignominiously out of the room with terrible threats in case they come in again, which, by-the-by, they are sure to do a dozen times during the reading on pressing emergencies which can not be postponed a moment; and so we carefully unfold and read the precious paper aloud to wife or sister, to say nothing of all the Union people in the neighborhood cautiously summoned in to hear. The editorials, dispatches, items, advertisements of hair oil, and the like—with greedy hunger we let no morsel or crumb of the paper escape us. In spite of all the effort we make, a dozen readers or two have had the document before us, as dozens will, eagerly wondering why we can not remember that others want the paper as well as ourselves and get through with it after us. In consequence of this, the paper is painfully illegible at the folds; we have, in the course of the most interesting articles, to stop and puzzle around the chinks, often to take a flying leap over them and proceed. The little scraps of patriotic poetry, here and there, we often memorize even. And so the paper circulates till it is read, literally read, to shreds.

There was Everett's speech at the Dedication at Gettysburg. Could the orator have imagined the zest with which his words there spoken would have been read from soiled and worn-out sheets by thousands at the South his soul would have burned with sublimer enthusiasm than any awakened in him by the audience then visible to his eye. Who of us forgets the keen enjoyment with which we read our first fairy tales in childhood's sweet hour—not so keen, so delicious that gratification as the reading, during the war, of all thoroughly American matter oozing in to us, parched with thirst, from abroad. The circulation through Somerville of one good paper of the kind did all the Union people—for if one individual thereof read it, every soul did or had it repeated to him—evident good for weeks to come. Perhaps the shortness of the allowance—as with food doled out to the wrecked at sea—increased its value, months often elapsing between the ration. Let us keep secret the absolute faith even Mr. Ferguson placed in the least assertions of a Northern paper, his belief herein as absolute and sweeping as was his unbelief in reference to the Somerville Star and all its kind. And, as men build a moral tablet into the wall of an edifice with due inscription, permit the inscription here of this profound truth, that in very much every sense of the word human nature at the North and the South is exactly the same; with superficial differences we are at last One people.

The fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson and the victory at Gettysburg send the Union people of Somerville quite up upon the crest of the ever-rolling sea, and—Mr. Ellis, Dr. Ginnis, lowest of all—the Secessionists down into the trough thereof for months to come.

"I tell you, Lamum," Dr. Peel says to the editor of the Somerville Star, telling away cold, pale, steady as ever in his business of lying by power-press, ever consistent in falsehood whatever news Bill Perkins brings in his budget—"I tell you, man, one screw loose in the machinery of the Confederate Government is the way the Post-office is managed. What awaits all you say in your paper so long as there is a perpetual stream of private letters coming in to the contrary? Federal papers, too, these Union people are constantly getting them; letters, also, from friends in the Federal lists—such things provision them, so to speak, to hold out. If a few more of them could be barged—!"

But this last remedy has been so thoroughly tried—not actually in Somerville, as yet, but all around it. There was Mrs. Isaac Smith's teacher, John Jennings. Who did not know him? Gray-headed with fifty years of farming—farming with his own hard hands alone these days, his boys being in the Confederate service, and he owing no negroes.

"You see, Mr. Arthur," Mrs. Isaac Smith says to that individual, who harrises to see her—is she not a member of his church?—on hearing of the catastrophe, "they knew John was a Union man. He tried to help its being known, but he couldn't. Not that he said anything. He made a point to stay close at home—never opened his lips. But he was my brother, you know, and my husband being gone that was enough. Every once in a while he'd come down from his place—fifteen miles, you know, it is from here—to bring me a little butter, or cheese, or wheat, whatever happened he could spare. Ever since Jim Bolden waylaid and shot down his own brother-in-law, Mr. Tanner—they do say Mrs. Tanner, his sister, who is a bitter Secessionist, actually got her brother Jim up to it—ever since Tanner was found lying dead in the road with a ball through his head for being a Union man, John has been careful as a man could be. Letters from Isaac! How could John get letters from Isaac? As God hears me, Sir, John never saw one that I didn't show him. But you've heard the story; I have no heart to tell it, hardened as I'm getting to almost any thing. A party of a dozen of them broke into his house at midnight: said to his daughters, poor things! screaming around, they only wanted to take him to Somerville to be conscripted. Sarah, the

eldest, knew better; she clung to him till they tore her off, some of them holding her to the wall while they tied John's hands. As they were dragging him out, Sarah she begged and screamed only to be let give him—her gray-headed old father—one last kiss; they wouldn't let her do even that, the man holding her saying things—Can you make yourself believe, Sir, that such a thing can be true in this Christian land?" says Mrs. Smith, speaking more slowly, exhausted with weeping till not a tear is left, emotion itself worn out from exercise so intense and so long. "Sarah here in the next room could tell you herself. They dragged that offending old man—lived fifteen years in the neighborhood—out of his house, mounted their horses, and rode off at full speed, holding the end of the rope. Of course when he couldn't run he was dragged. Sarah tracked him next day by the bits of his clothes on the brush till she lost the trail over the rocks. No one but her, and she not twelve years old, near night she finds her father at last. They had hung him by the neck from a blackjack. God knows whether it was because they intended it, or because they did not know how to tie the rope so as to strangle, but he was warm yet when she came upon him. He had been hanging there in struggle and agony full fifteen hours. Sarah she had never thought to bring a knife—just think if you can of that poor young thing working there—"

But here there is loud crying from the next room of the little house—Sarah has been wakened from her slumber of exhaustion by her aunt, who has forgotten in her excitement that her niece is asleep there.

"We must get used to it, man; like things, in all varieties of British wickedness, are taking place every hour," says Mr. Ferguson, to whom Mr. Arthur has been telling the story. "The National Government will not or can not help us. For His own wise purpose the Almighty is leaving us to ourselves."

"But to me the strangest part of the infatuation of these men around us," says Mr. Arthur, walking the floor of Mr. Ferguson's room like a caged leopard, "is that they do not seem to understand exactly where Dr. Warner and you and I and all other Union men of Somerville—and I know of more and more of them every day—actually stand. Do you suppose Mr. Ellis, Captain Simmons, Bob Withers, Ginnis, the Lamums, and the rest know that there is not an individual at the North, in the Federal army, in the Cabinet at Washington—not Lincoln himself more thoroughly, intently, absolutely—"

"Sh-sh-sh, man, not so loud!" says cautious Mr. Ferguson.

"And expect me actually to pray for the success—"

"We must beware of becoming too excited. It is our duty to exercise the patience and meekness of the Gospel," remonstrates the Scotchman at some length, whose feelings never assume the form of wrath, only of intense bitterness and contempt. "Beware of becoming a Brother Barker, or only on the opposite side," adds this grizzled mentor.

And it strikes this Telemachus that night, ruminating, Testament in hand, in his room at Mrs. Sorel's, that he is sliding down into a condition to be alarmed at. He blames Mr. Barker, Mr. Ellis, and the rest—for what? For leaving the Gospel and the moderation of the Gospel behind them; for ceasing to have main reference to things spiritual, and becoming far too intensely interested in things of this world. Wonder if I am not doing the very same thing? he thinks. If they are too excited for what they call their country, am not I for what I regard as mine? True, there is a wicked rebellion; my interest is in my country, in which is involved civilization, freedom, the Gospel itself—And all he can conclude is to set more rigorous watch upon his heart, out of which are all interperate deeds, words, thoughts, feelings—the issues of life. For grace to do which he prays there and then. Only there is the same sense of exhaustion in prayer that there is in reading the Scripture and in preaching. Leading the life of a parish with most in Somerville every day, so little encouragement, every emotion in such perpetual and intense play—thought, fervor on the strain—insufficiency of actual labor to give relief—exhaustion.

And Alice? If she was a thousand miles away now! God forbid—she is all of hope he has. Yet, like the Princess of Fairy Tale, alive to her lover in all her charms, yet inclined beyond any thing but mere sight in adamantine crystal.

Oh yes, yes, of course, the writer knows all that fully as well as the reader; but Mr. Arthur, though he ought to have done so, doubtless did not. It is the easiest thing in the world for you to say how you would have gone boldly to her like a man; how you would, and long ago, have had a perfectly frank and full conversation with herself, and, if necessary, with her mother. You have a consent for this Mr. Arthur for waiting, hoping, fearing so long. Very well; letter despise him for cowardice in the matter than that the one who pens these lines should despise himself for telling a falsehood in the matter. "If I was Alexander I would do so and so," said Hephæstion. "And so would I were I Hephæstion," replied Alexander. You have, dear reader, first to be Mr. Arthur, defers and all, and then to be exactly in Mr. Arthur's rather peculiar position, before you can decide how he should have acted.

"We so-called Union people here in Somerville are like—Bye we I do not mean to include you, Miss Alice," says Mr. Arthur to her one day. "I have made his semi-six-months' call at Mrs. Bowles's, and find that lady away from home assisting down-town in the preparations for a supper in behalf of the sick soldiers—the proceeds somehow never reaching them in its

transit through so very many hands—very little at least—and that paper-money into which the specie paid in has become singularly transmuted. We dare not stop to ask whether, before calling at Mrs. Bowles's, Mr. Arthur knew or not of that lady's absence. How could he, in that case, have conscientiously asked Miss Alice if her mother was at home?"

"The Union people in and around Somerville," he repeats, having corrected himself from daring to class his fair friend among them, "are like the early Christians."

"In purity of purpose or in degree of persecution?" asks Alice, looking up—what beautiful eyes! thinks her visitor—from her sewing. Was ever woman lovelier? demands Mr. Arthur of himself, warming himself in her presence after long dwelling among winds and frosts and icebergs without.

"It was of their kindly feeling toward each other that I spoke," says he. "Not a day I do not hear of some charitable and generous deed. You have long heard of old Mr. Adams—"

"Is it not strange that so large a slaveholder should be a Union man? You know he openly avows it," says Alice.

"He is far from being the only slaveholder—" begins Mr. Arthur, but prudently halts. "He has had the reputation heretofore of being rather—rather—"

"A penurious old gentleman," supplies Alice, demurely. "Proverbially so, I fear."

"Well, his corn-cribs, fodder-stacks, smoke-houses, grain-bins, poultry-yard seem to have ceased to be his own this last year. He gives away as freely as water. People send out their wagons, and help themselves as a matter of course. Provided, you know—"

"The applicant be thoroughly disloyal—to the Confederacy I mean," says Alice with, did ever woman have so sweet a smile since Eve was created? says Mr. Arthur, to himself. "Oh, yes," she continues, "Mr. Neely was telling me of it when he was here last night; no, it was when he was here last week. He tells me the Union people are more like one family dwelling over town in different houses—what belongs to one belongs to all. I happened to pass Mrs. Isaac Smith's this morning, and I noticed no less than three wagons unloading sacks of something—pigs, turkeys, chickens, corn—almost every thing, and next two immense ox teams going in that direction with wood as I came away."

Like one family? More loving with each other than the members of families generally are. Those of the Union people in Somerville who did not even know of each other's names or existence had long now become well acquainted. Long before this had old quarrels between such of these as had been at variance ceased. No distinction of occupation, denomination, property between these any longer. Treated with contempt, at least coldness, by all Secessionists, Union people can not even pass each other on the street without stopping to shake hands. On the most frivolous pretenses, and on none at all, they are visiting each other, especially when "disastrous news" is afloat, all the day. The very children of Union parents confidently expect now, when they pass him on the street, as much of a smile as Mr. Ferguson ever manages to radiate through his beard. As to that, more than once or twice has sober little Robby Sorel come home laden with gifts from men he has met in town of whom he only knows that they asked his name.

And how Mr. Arthur cherishes, hidden among his sermons, letters of encouragement, anonymous, homely signed, drop-letters from persons in Somerville, long letters from strangers living far away. Letters in which the writers venture decided opinions in reference to current events in guarded language, but with such an air of being arrived at on the part of the writers after much thought, and as original and remarkable discoveries as makes Mr. Arthur smile. The plain country people that take Mr. Arthur cautiously to one side when they meet him, and look to him, in exceedingly prolix and round-about way, their views, or ride out, introduce themselves, and spend the night at Mrs. Sorel's to do the same, each displaying his devotion to the Union and his execration for the Confederacy from within a hundred wrappings, like a precious jewel peculiar to the speaker's self. And the delight, too, mingled with fears that he may not be prudent as he should be, of the new friend when he finds Mr. Arthur, with exactly the same opinions, so very decided and clear.

Not plain people, obscure and quiet only.

"Parson Arthur, hold up a minute, I want to say a word to you," says Bob Withers, whom Mr. Arthur meets face to face on horseback in a sequestered spot near Somerville. And Mr. Arthur complies, but with very cold manner, for, like almost every man of his class in Somerville, Mr. Withers is very shy of Mr. Arthur in public; Mr. Arthur, therefore, is doubly shy of him. But Bob's open, cordial face is irresistible.

"I've wanted to speak to you for a long time. But in strict confidence, by George! mind—in strict confidence, Parson. You look pale and worn, and go about Somerville looking as if you didn't have a friend there. I wanted to tell you it's a mistake—you've plenty, only we don't like just now, by George! to show it. You just hold out, Parson, that's what you've got to do, hold out! I ain't a professor myself, as you well know, though if I don't get to heaven at last it's a poor chance for most Christians, by George! I know. When this thing come about, do you suppose I didn't know as well as you and Brooks and the rest it was a piece of the most infernal folly? What could a fellow do, by George? We were in it, you see. But it's worse than I ever thought it could be. Worse? The lying, swindling, shuffling, stealing, murdering, no-iver-sat scandalism! Oh, never mind, by George! You only hold out—that's what I say,

hold out! And if you think I don't know as well as you that this whole thing is harrying, like every other spree, damn bang to eternal smash, you are just, by George! mistaken. Yes, Sir—"

And Mr. Arthur does not see his way clear to refuse the double eagle Bob Withers insists upon leaving with him as a token of regard when they part at last. As to that, no one can write a letter or speak a word, "in confidence between us, Sir," without doing something of the same kind. Though Brother Barker even would have been almost satisfied with the coldness with which Bob Withers and Mr. Arthur pass each other on the street the very next day.

In fact Bob Withers is very far from being the only prominent Secessionist of whom Mr. Arthur could have told some singular things if he had wished. But who dare say what is done toward this by Vicksburg, Port Hudson, and Gettysburg?

Even the grand old Major seems to look down more benignantly than of old from his frame, this spring morning of eighteen hundred and sixty-four, upon Mr. Arthur chewing himself in the society of the Major's daughter. Very dignified and reserved indeed the visitor intended to be when he found, so very unexpectedly, that he must be entertained by the daughter instead of the mother. It was, after all formal inquiries in reference to Rutledge Bowles, at whose name both color simultaneously; after being fully informed in reference to Mrs. Bowles's health, whom he already knows to have become greener, thinner, more nervous than ever from what he has casually heard and seen of her; after Alice has volunteered to speak of the school she is intending to keep, after all this and a little old music too, that Mr. Arthur, slipping from sheer force of habit, permits himself to speak of politics by the reference to the kindness among Union people.

He ventures, Mrs. Sorel and Robby being mentioned, to tell how the latter is advancing in his studies. Nor can he resist the inclination by this time to relate how Robby was assailed for about the hundredth time on his last errand into Somerville by Joe Staples. But Mr. Arthur refrains from mentioning the artillery of Yankee, free negro, Abolitionist, traitor, and a good deal worse with which Robby was assailed. That he and every child of every Union parent had long ago become accustomed to, though it took a long time before Robby could endure being named as an Abolitionist, that being something ingrained into him as far worse than any other epithet in the world—the quintessence of all abuse. But when Joe Staples actually seized upon the bride of Robby's pony, and would not let the child pass till he had been sufficiently cursed, nothing being left for it, Robby slipped off his pony, left him to his fate, and pitched in, dense little fellow as he was, with his neat jeans suit and his hair fresh from his mother's brush, and with the sudden ferocity unknown to his mother and himself under surface of his sober sense, gave Joe Staples such a drubbing as increases tenfold Staples Senior's hatred for the Union people, and causes Mr. Ellis to caution his Charley that night at table against ever associating with a boy so desperately depraved as Robby Sorel.

"And she to set herself off from every body, and pretend to be so very strict with her children!" says Mrs. Ellis from her bed in the next room. "You hear what I say, children! If ever I know of your associating yourselves with them—"

And so on, and so on.

"Do you know," says Alice, at last, "that Mrs. Warner and Mr. Ellis, and the others who have withdrawn from the church, are greatly offended that you never have called even to see them since they withdrew?"

"And when they have urged me so often to do so, too," adds her visitor, reflecting her smile. "Would you have me do so, Alice—Miss Alice?"

What a nameless charm in the very parting of her hair, in the plain collar around her neck, in the flow of her calico dress—see she has had now four years if he only knew it—a divine grace, a heavenly sweetness! After so long, long a period, too, of anxiety, disappointment, alienation from a hundred friends! Of course he exaggerated her, idealized, apotheosized—just as we must not trust what is said of holy travelers fresh from long and bitter travel is crossing the Alps. So rapidly and thoroughly has this lover thawed, beyond all his recollection when he first bowed to her, on principle not even shaking hands with her on his first coming! Five minutes more, and, having but all resolve to the contrary as if it had never been, Mr. Arthur will have learned his fate. A discourse infinitely more impassioned and eloquent than he had ever favored her with from the pulpit already burns on his lips, when—the big bell of Brother Barker's church first, then, clanging in as for their places in a procession, one by one, every bell in Somerville! Really and truly it was the great, hidden, unacknowledged movement, from the recent Federal successes, which had thrown these two thus so close together. At the first blow made by Joe Staples—yet still from his drubbing but a martyr to the cause—upon the big bell, these two are far apart. His fault, his, not hers!

And here are Mrs. Bowles and Mr. Neely. Great news, glorious news! From the South west of the Mississippi this time. Banks is captured at Mansfield, eight hundred wagons, fifty cannon, innumerable prisoners, all the gun-boats and transports; not the least doubt but the next mail will bring accounts of the capture or destruction of the last vestige of the Federal force. Slight, pallid, enthusiastic Mrs. Bowles! She strives, even in the excess of her joy, to be quiet from habitual refinement, but fairly rolines with exultation. And Mr. Neely! Getting quite fat, physically as well as pecuniarily, upon his counterfeiting, he is rosy as morning, rubbing his

hands, pulling down his waistcoat, jubilant in every curl of his hair, in every motion of his body, for he can not sit still! If any thing was needed to bring his cup it was meeting Mr. Arthur in just that parlor on just that occasion. Even the old Major overhead beams upon them in grander proportions, struggling in his frame to speak.

And just at this juncture it is that Brother Barker makes that fatal mistake of his. The Somerville Star is full of the news. Tim Lamm and Bob Withers shake hands over it—alienated during three months before from something rising out of poker. Dr. Pool has read the dispatches aloud in a dozen crowds, with running oaths of confirmation. Even Bill Perkins, fallen back into a mere stage-driver on account of Confederate disservice he has been bringing so long, with vague sense on the part of the people that he is somehow to blame for them, is treated till he can not stand. Dr. Ginnis, inflated, from the shabbiest collapse, in five minutes, by the news, to his fullest former proportion, is up and down every street, in and out of every store in the place, slapping his hands together, drawing back his sleeves, whooping but irrespirable, gesticulating though he can not speak.

There is Mrs. Warner; from some sudden whirl, given by the Confederate disasters, she has been prophesying defeat and ruin to the South for weeks on weeks now. Not a bit less vituperative. She plies her staff-stick as energetically as ever, denouncing the swindling, stealing, lying officials of the Confederacy, their cowardice and inaction! She does not stop with, "We are whipped—whipped, I tell you!" but even adds, "And I'm glad of it, because I hope the Federals will catch and hang these miserable fellows loading about with their stripes and ambulances and things, when they ought to be off at the front, as they call it, fighting!" All of which falls incessant upon Dr. Warner, who droops his head and takes it, conscious of being in some general way guilty of it all himself. Even if he is halder these days, what he loses in hair he makes up in flesh—a storm-bent man, but used to the squall and gust. The instant Dr. Warner could tell his wife this last news, before he had got it half out of his lips, his wife had snatched her footstool and thump, and thrust the former within half an inch of his nose.

"Didn't I tell you so, Dr. Warner? I want you to tell me that this instant! Didn't I tell you so? Didn't I tell you, over and over and over again, we would whip them yet? Always croaking!—selling me about your Gostybergs and Vicksbergs till I was sick of the sound! And you a pious man—at least, pretend to be, and doubt that God is a just Being! Wanted me to laugh at Brother Barker."

Which brings us back to the fatal mistake made by that clergyman when the news comes of Banks's repulse.

"I hope so, I hope so!" he says, having hold of Mr. Ellis's hand, with peculiarly mournful intonation of the word "hope"; "but I fear not. We have been so often deceived—I myself, on one occasion—by mere idle rumors. You, as a Christian, will understand me when I say I see the hand of Satan, the Father of Lies, often put forth these days. For some inscrutable purpose, always against the best and holiest of causes; but," adds Brother Barker, with a sorrowful shake of his head, "we are not ignorant of his devices. I hope so, Brother Ellis, but I fear not, fear not."

Even Mr. Ferguson, peering the dispatches as they come into his Scrap-book—with grim unbelief upon the surface of his beard, though sincerest apprehension is tugging at its roots—even Mr. Ferguson might have admired the sorrowful, not to say morose, disbelief in the glorious tidings by Brother Barker, as he shakes himself away, with boiling head and sorrowful hand, through the crowds upon the streets.

Long ago, like all his class, his chiefest associations have been, especially on the street, with striped officials and brass-buttoned heroes. He may be talking with Sam Peters about his bad fall from his horse, awfully exaggerated by Sam; or with Smithers, also a member of his church, about Mrs. Smithers's last worthless runaway of a cook; even with Mrs. Warner, who regularly attends his church now, and always bewails Mr. Arthur's course in conversation with her now pastor—whatever it is with whom he is speaking, but Brother Barker but catch sight of a military man passing, or over the street, and, with a hurried excuse, he is off to speak to the son of Mars, or to get an introduction—offer to introduce himself, if unacquainted.

But when this news of our glorious victory over Banks in Louisiana arrives, Brother Barker fails to render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's.

"I hope so, Captain Simmons—hope so," he says, steadily resisting the universal Faith and Joy, gently deprecating it, with open hand, as a father among his thoughtless children—"but I fear not, f-a-r not!"

And this illustrates just what Mr. Neely so bitterly bewails—the deep-seated, utterly incurable want of faith in even the most thorough-going of Northern-born Secessionists on the part of Southern-born men.

"Gentlemen, you see that person who has just left us," says Captain Simmons, full of solemn joy, and something else, over the news, his left arm around a friendly post; "Rev. [sic] Mr. [sic] Barker, resi-resident clergy-clergyman of this common-munity. Did you ob- [sic]—observe the statement he imparted to me [sic]? We having full-foldest dispatches of a glor-glorious achiev-y-achievement, he, that [sic] individual, doubts it, gently-gentleman, doubts 'it'!" (Intense scorn.) "But do you con-jecture-conjecture the reason? A Yankee! I admit he tells hard [sic] to hide it—very hard.

It will come out. Not a Yankee in [sic] the whole Confed-y-Confederacy this day [sic] but is a double traitor—traitor to his own sick-sack-section, and a traitor to [sic] us. My earliest infidelity was, I may say, sat-sat-saturated with reverence for the clock. But that Yankee, Bob-Barker, I revolt from. To those of his birth I apply the language of the—the hymn: 'Touch not, taste not, handle not!'

Is it reasonable, therefore, to wonder at the frantic effort made by Brother Barker to right himself, when it is established beyond all doubt that Banks has really been repulsed? Eager as Mr. Ferguson and the rest of the Union people are to stave off that conviction, strange to say, the fact of the affair breaks at last upon them not more against their wishes than it does upon the preacher against his! Frantic effort! Brother Barker finds Prophecy which bears direct upon it. In the course of a sermon on the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar set up, after proving that the erection of the Washington Monument at Washington City, being as palpable an idolatry as in the case of the Babylonish king, was doubtless the grand sin for which the South was chastised, Brother Barker gave in his painful experience as an unbeliever in reference to the late news. With tears he made a clean breast of it:

"As lack of faith, brethren, in Kirby Smith, it was no sin; as lack of faith in Heaven, pledged by all its attributes to the cause of the South, it was a great sin. Pardon your most unworthy speaker"—bowed head, wet eyes, handkerchief. "And as this very moment, while I stand here before you"—handkerchief dropped on the desk, arms extended at their full length upward, eyes upon the ceiling above the pulpit, look hair falling back from the head bowed backward—"the angels in heaven, seraphic Stonewall Jackson towering among them, all who have gonethither by mill—thousands from our glorious battle-fields, all heaven!"—extended arms farther extended to take it all in—"from innumerable harp rings Jubilee over our victory at Mansfield!" Speaker stationary for a moment in thrilling tableau; then slowly-falling eyes, then hands, then head.

"But"—handkerchief, sip of water, tone fallen from ecstasy to commonplace—"let us note, in the fourth place, who are destroyed by the Furnace Flames." Which proves in some way to have been the Federal Government.

If we think we can depart when the sermon is over we are mistaken. Brother Barker—very hoarse—has been, as we brethren may be aware, in attendance last week at the regular semi-annual meeting of our Church in the State. A full attendance, as we are happy to know. Subject of the support of the ministers; fully dwelt upon this by the preacher. One or two other matters before we come to the main business done by said meeting, brethren.

And here Brother Barker proceeds to read in his best manner a Whereas, with ten resolutions thereupon, passed unanimously at said meeting, in enthusiastic eulogy, exaltation, prophecy, in reference to the Confederate Government in general, and one or two Major-Generals in particular—the well-known morals, or rather immorals, of said individuals causing their names to have an odd sound, as of Saul among the Prophets, in that connection.

One thing more—the collection for Brother Barker's support.

"Not that you do not mean well by putting in Confederate money, dear brethren," the preacher mildly expostulates as the hats go around; "not that I will not gladly do all in my power to sustain the currency. But you know as well as I that it rates only at twenty for one. Even at that, people, I grieve to say, will not touch it when they can possibly avoid it. Of their gold and silver Scriptures invariably represents the generous as contributing; it is surely of our dear that we should give to the House of the Lord. Understand me, brethren, not that I—"

SOUTHERN PICTURES.

Our artist gives the following description of the sketches which we publish on pages 328 and 329:

ROCK AND LITTLE ROCK.

"Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas, seems to thrive pretty well, notwithstanding that business is dull and likely to remain so till the prospects of this year's crop are decided. There is stationed at this place the Nineteenth Regular Infantry and the Third Cavalry, as well as some colored troops on the other side of the river. The Quarter-masters and Commissaries are reducing their departments, and the extensive army hospital around the Masonic College is almost deserted. Labor is in demand, and all the industries colored population are doing well. There is less of squall among the race here than elsewhere. Military occupation is a fact which every where starts one in the face; and the defensive lines that surround the city are still comparatively perfect.

Big Rock is two or three miles above Little Rock on the opposite side of the river, although after crossing the ferry at the latter place it takes a round of ten miles to reach the former. The Arkansas River makes here a pretty reach, the bluff called Big Rock being a good feature in the picture. The river is not usually so high as represented in the two cuts on page 328.

CHEYANNE AT WATCH HOOKS.

"This terrible break in the levee, over a mile in length, has flooded a hundred miles of the country, and is pushing out to the ocean by way of Berwick Bay. Planters all along the route taken by the waters have no hopes of a crop this year. Fields of cane, cotton, and corn, flourishing well before, are now under the flood—which, without hindrance, is pouring over the low lands to the beyond beyond. So sudden was the break that, besides overflowing

the farms, in some instances drove away the families, who escaped by shifts from the houses, leaving hens, turkeys, and all live-stock to their fate. No attempt has been made to stop the crevasse; and indeed it would be impossible to effect any thing until the river has fallen again, of which there is no immediate prospect. The river is on the right of the sketch on page 329, the break extending from the figures on the levee to flats in the distance."

A Louisiana paper, speaking of this subject, says: "From every part of the State come up, in response to our daily records and warnings, the most touching lamentations because of the overflowing floods. The great crevasses in West Baton Rouge have been abandoned, and the people of that parish, and of Iberville and Point Coupee, driven in great numbers from their homes, many of them to perish miserably. The accumulating waters from these crevasses have also filled up the neighboring bays and basins so that a large portion of the Atchafalaya country is already flooded, and the people have fled to the highlands. And now, in the midst of all this actual devastation, come sweeping down upon us floods from the Missouri, the Arkansas, Red, and all the other tributaries of the mighty Father of Rivers, threatening to wash away whatever little of dry land is left to us."

WASHINGTON MARKET.

It is a city which boasts the best markets of the world as regards the excellence of the commodities offered for sale in them it is shameful that these markets should be, of all others, the most filthy in their surroundings and the meanest in their structure.

For the present necessities of the city their situation is unfavorable. They are not sufficiently central; they were built over a century ago, when they were probably very conveniently located, but now they are in the most commercial quarters of the city, where they are least needed. They are difficult of access, also, on account of the crowded streets. Why can we not have in the more central portion of the island large, clean, and tastefully-constructed markets, such as shall be an ornament to the city instead of being, as now they are, reckoned as nuisances?

Of our large markets Washington Market, of which we give an illustration on page 322, is the oldest. Its first charter dates from 1586—a century before the establishment of our republic, and long before the birth of the illustrious patriot from whom it was afterward named.

SPRING.

Sweet Spring has come, and once again,
O'er hill and plain,
She weaves her carpet soft and green,
In brightest shades of emerald sheen.
With pinks and convexes between;
And lays it down
Where late the white and chilly snow,
So late to go,
Leak'd off and left the earth so brown.

Sweet Spring has come, she wakes again;
For hark! a strain
Of woodland welcome soothly rings;
The air is stir'd with glancing wings,
With crystal pipes and twitterings,
From conscious birds:
While larkskins sporting on the mead,
With velvet tread,
Skip in and out among the herds.

Sweet Spring has come; we through the shade
Of lower and glade
Can trace her pathway in the dark,
By silver glints from larchen bark,
And purpling bud-lights on the stark
And leafless boughs;
Or by the gleams from sunlit streams,
Whose dancing beams
The gentle ferns mistake for vows.

Sweet Spring has come, and in my heart
Its passions start.
Joy's babbling brooklets gaily sing,
Like silver chimes that sweetly ring,
And new-plumed hopes take lighter wing,
And mount above;
Even star-bright eyes and rose lips fair
Spring blooming there,
And promise autumn wealth of love.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The pedestrians of New York city make no special claim to any "right of way" in the streets. To be sure it is necessary to cross these streets frequently; but care, care, and carriage never seem to regard those who humbly go as foot. No do the "hoovers" expect any such attention. If, by means of dodging behind one vehicle, and before another, and running alongside of a third a while, they succeed in crossing without being crushed, they are simply thankful, and never for an instant cherish the idea that they had the slightest right to be in the street at all.

Moreover, our citizens have unconsciously and grossly surrendered a large portion of the sidewalks, which are generally supposed to be for the special use of pedestrians. Apple-stands, newspaper stalls, and innumerable miniature bazars for various commodities, have long been patiently tolerated. Each by each has the encouragement continued until the majority of second-class shops—to say nothing of many that would refuse to be so called—are literally turned inside out. Pendent rows of slaughtered animals, artlessly arranged over terraces of potatoes and turnips, signal a market within. The corner grocery sign extends far and wide in the shape of boxes of hard soap, coils of dried apples, and baskets of lemons and pears; while one's head is not infrequently entangled in the melange of hoop skirts and brilliant-colored bangles and belts which waltzing announces that dry-goods "are sold here" for "less than ever." But New Yorkers bow their heads submissively, best a return if necessary, or pass on.

There is, however, a limit beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue. Some of our sidewalks appear to be exclusively used for lumber-rooms and packing places; and immersion through these is next to an impossibility. Pass down Bedman Street, for example, or you can find

an equally good (?) specimen in many other directions if you prefer. Boxes, barrels, casks, and bales of goods literally crowd the sidewalks. Bundles of rags, and newspapers, and packages of every conceivable kind of merchandise are stowed, apparently, on the flagstones. A man weighing a hundred and twenty, or a woman with the smallest possible circumspection, would be repulsed by the attempt to squeeze through, to say nothing of garments soiled and rent. But perhaps this is some extraordinary emergency, a mere temporary state of things. Return a couple of hours later, the blockade continues. Come back again to-morrow, or next week, and the sidewalks are as usual in the same condition.

Really it does not seem that it would be unreasonable to mildly suggest that a small passage way be reserved on the sidewalk for those who do not desecrately ride in cars or carriages.

The May Anniversaries appear to have been carried on with unusual spirit and interest this year. This was doubtless due to some measure to the series of bright, sunny days which adorned last week; and which enticed many to venture out who are ordinarily "keepers at home." Among the many meetings of interest, the Anniversary of the Institution of the Deaf and Dumb, that of the Institution for the Blind, and the "Howard Music and Home for Little Wanderers" were especially interesting. Ten thousand dollars were contributed to the latter Society, several gentlemen giving one thousand each. At the reunion of the American Congressional Union, six thousand five hundred dollars were donated, at the instance of General Howard, for the purpose of establishing a church in Washington, where the "truth" should be "outspoken" and "proclaimed aloud."

Of course, during this coming season, all cases of cold, cholera morbus, cholera infantum, dysentery, and of every kindred disease, will be regarded by the establishing masses as instances of genuine Asiatic cholera. Let those who can think be sensible, and avoid while the two extremes—caricatures and fear.

Something like the following is said to be an everyday scene:

"Omnibus crowded. Enter two young ladies of the female profession. Gentleman rising to one of Y. L. V., 'Take this seat, Miss.' No. 2 to lady No. 3. 'You take it, Katy.' No. 2. 'No, you take it, Mary dear.' No. 1. 'Oh no, Katy, I'd rather stand; you sit down.' No. 2. 'No, no; I can just as well stand.' No. 1. 'You had better sit down, Katy.' Swift scolding, men standing crowded, door half-way open, and wind blowing in the street. No. 2. 'Won't you take it?' Well, then, to No. 1. 'You are very kind, Mary dear.' Swift scolding, omnibus drives, girls roll into eye of old gentleman on one side, and jump elbow into hat of young gentleman on the other, and scold. Gentleman who surrendered seat having been utterly ignored in this conversation, vows as he hangs on the conductor's strap, he will never rise again, not for a prince."

The Parisian correspondent of one of our daily journals states that a French workman has just completed for the Duke of Wellington a work of novel and peculiar construction, the idea of which was conceived by the Duke himself, who is well known to be of an impatient temper, and can not pass half an hour in any one's society without feeling an irresistible inclination to look at his watch. This being very impolite the Duke devised an ingenious plan to ascertain the hour without any one present being the wiser for it. The watch manufactured for him is a silent repeater. It is provided with a spring, upon twisting which a small hammer issues from the case and strikes the hour in the palm of the person's hand who holds it. The Duke will merely need to slip his hand casually into his pocket, touch the spring, and he is immediately informed of the time of day. The only difficulty will be that all the papers will publish a description of the trick, and the Duke find it somewhat embarrassing to put his hand in his pocket without having his secret discovered.

The death of Mrs. Carlyle took place under very peculiar circumstances. She was taking her usual afternoon drive in Hyde Park, when her horse favorite dog, which was running by the side of the hearse, was run over by a carriage. She was greatly alarmed, though the dog was not seriously hurt. She lifted the dog into the carriage and the man drove on. Not receiving any call or direction from his mistress, as was usual, he stopped the carriage and dismounted her, so he thought, in a fit or fit, and drove to St. George's Hospital, which was near at hand. When there it was discovered that she must have been dead some time. Mrs. Carlyle's health had been for several months feeble, but not in a state to excite anxiety or alarm. The deceased lady was the daughter of the once well-known Dr. Welch, of Haddington, and, with gifts and grace of her own, she inherited much of the force and penetration of her father's intellect. She was worthy to be the life companion of Thomas Carlyle.

The Cleveland Herald gives an account of a singular case of suspended animation—a trainee of twenty-four hours in duration. A young German, recently married, was taken suddenly ill at his place of business, and in two days was, in all appearance, dead. Arrangements were about to be made for the interment, when the young wife insisted that the funeral be postponed; and she remained in the room with the supposed corpse, clinging to the idea that he could not be dead. She became convinced that she perceived the body move. Her friends became anxious about her reason and tried to divert her mind from the sorrowful scene. Two long hours were spent in conversation, the friends urging that she was deceived, possibly by the flickering light. Then, suddenly, another slight movement was perceived by all, and the scene which followed may be imagined. The husband and wife are now living, well and happy.

By a series of interesting experiments, lately made, a woman's tongue has been found capable of moving one thousand times hundred and twenty times in a minute. Think of that, all ye who argue that woman is inferior to man! Produce a specimen of the masculine gender who can accomplish such a feat, or yield the point!

The following characteristic excerpt of Dr. Franklin is not so new as it is good!

During the long residence of Dr. Franklin in Paris he was once invited to a party of the nobility, by whom the Bible was ridiculed and severely criticised. It was remarked that the Bible was devoid of all literary merit; and Franklin being absent, they applied to him for his opinion. He replied that he was deeply prepared to give them an answer, as his mind had been turning on the merits of a new book of non-existence which he had just happened to fall in with at one of the book stores; and as they had pleased to make allusion to the literary character of the Bible, perhaps it might interest them to compare with that old volume the merits of his new prize. If so, he would read them a short section.

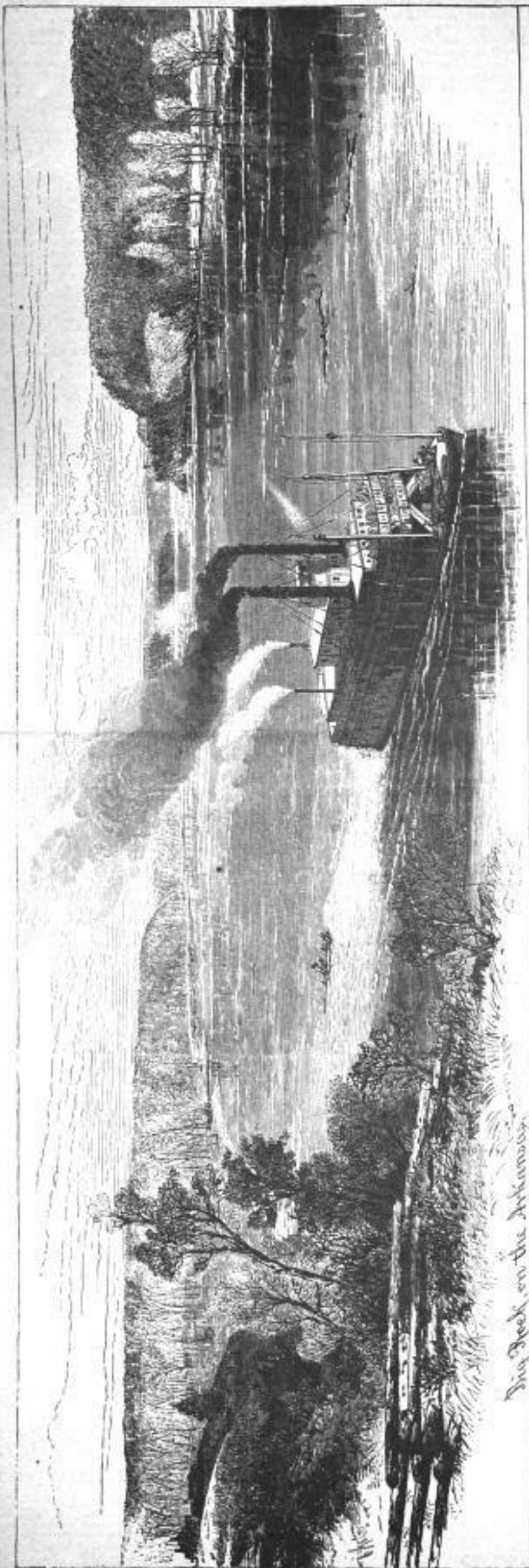
All were eager to hear the Doctor read them a portion of his new book. In a very grave and serious manner he took an old book from his coat pocket, and with a propriety of utterance read to them a poem.

"That is pretty," said one.

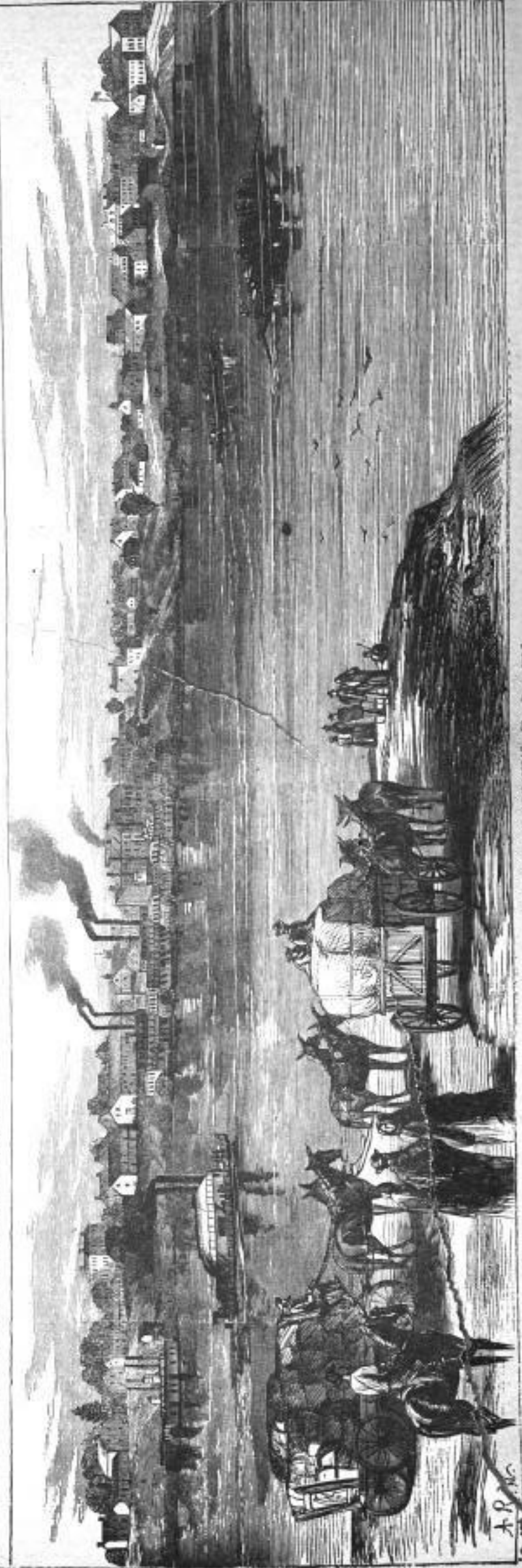
"That is sublime," said another.

"It has not its superior in the world," was the unanimous opinion. They all wished to know the name of the work, and whether that was a specimen of its contents.

"Certainly, gentlemen," said the Doctor, smiling at his triumph, "my book is full of such passages. It is no other than your good-for-nothing Bible, and I have read you the prophet Isaiah's."

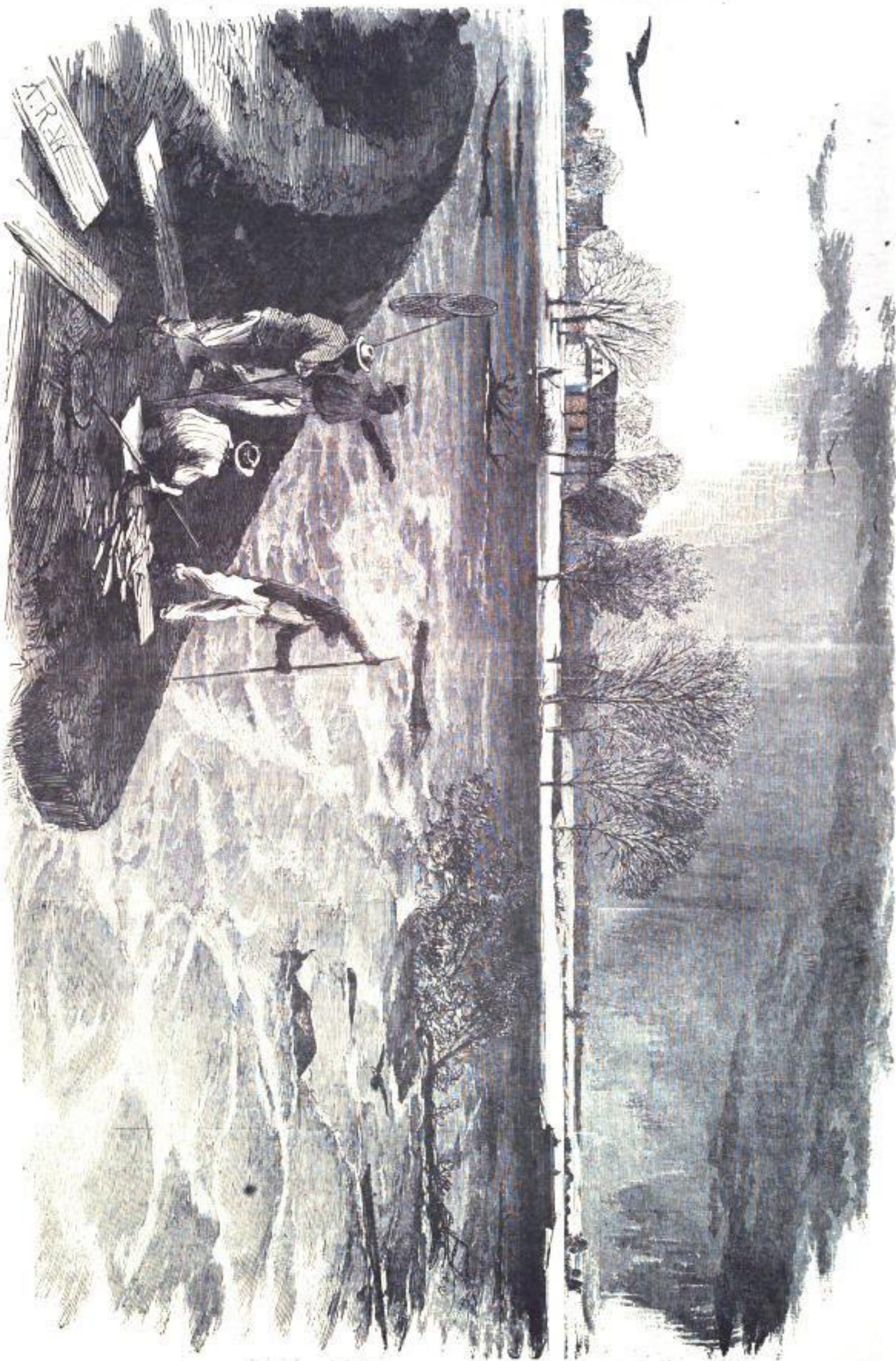


Big Beck on the Arkansas.



A.P.M.

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.—[See Page 277.]



CHANGE ON CHINE PLANTATION, WEST BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA.—[See Page 327.]

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HARPER

CLARA'S TEMPER.

I WANTED new carpets in the parlors, and my Uncle Andrew declared they were unnecessary. Now that was not so; for only I knew how they had been turned and coaxed and even needed. And why, seeing that every one knew my uncle was rich, should the best rooms of the house look shabby? It was bad enough to live down-town where no one else did; to have the busy law-offices on the first-floor; and to pass long days seeing no one but old Barbara and the cat, as I had done often and often since I kept house for Uncle Andrew, with-out being ashamed to ask any one in besides.

"He's a gentleman been knocking for half an hour. I do suppose, and couldn't make himself heard for the jawin'."

And in the midst of the sudden silence a tall figure passed her and came into the room, hat in hand, with that peculiar bow, equally removed from the servile bend of an inferior and the flourish of the drawing-master, which so plainly marks the gentleman. I felt my hot face flush anew with shame at the very thought of being seen so red with anger. And what had I been saying? I could not remember. All sorts of passionate things for this cool, calm, quiet man to hear. I bent over the tea-cups, wishing I could quietly sink through the floor, as I often did when my angry feelings came to an end, and I saw what a fury they had made of me.

Meanwhile the gentleman was talking to uncle.

"Mr. Andrew, I believe?" he said.

My uncle bowed. The gentleman handed him a card.

"Ah!" cried my uncle, growing genial at once. "Mr. Rushton—glad to see you, Sir. I have been expecting you. Take a seat, Sir, take a seat. We have not yet finished breakfast. Pray join us."

"Thank you, I have breakfasted," replied the stranger.

"No matter," said my uncle; "an extra cup of tea or coffee hurts no man. Barbara, a cup and plate. We can be more sociable. I don't know whether you are a sociable man, Sir, but I am. Now, Clara, My niece, Sir."

I saw in the glass between the windows a very meek and very pink face lifted for a moment, and I heard a voice to match—not in the least the voice of half an hour before—inspire whether Mr. Rushton would take cream and sugar.

I was naturally far from bashful, but that day I could neither speak to nor look at our guest, and I listened to the conversation without joining in it by a word. Indeed, there was not much opportunity for me to speak. The talk was all of law matters. Of the case of X versus X, in which my uncle was engaged for the plaintiff. Of the singular letters on which he most depended for evidence, written in such a peculiar, idiosyncratic style as almost to defy translation, yet every word of great importance. Of the assistance Mr. Rushton's perfect knowledge of French would be. I gathered the fact that this young gentleman was about to be employed by my uncle in some capacity—whether as clerk or secretary I hardly knew—and that, it being necessary that he should be always in communication with my uncle, he was to remain, for a while at least, under our roof.

"You'll have the blue room put in order, Clara," said my uncle, curtly; "and now, Sir, shall we adjourn to the office?"

Then they arose, and, looking on the floor, I saw the shadow there make a bow; bowed in return, and was alone. Never, never, never, so long as I lived, should any one find me in a temper again. That I vowed. Yet it was not an hour before I was angry as ever with that provoking Barbara, who insisted that the blue room needed no sweeping, and that, if it did, she couldn't do it baking day.

"I didn't mean to," I said to myself, as I bathed my eyes with rose-water; "but an angel could not live with testy Uncle and sulky Barbara without quarrelling. It was not my fault, but theirs."

Then I went up to darn the worn place in the carpet. It was a good while before I could look the stranger in the face, but then I saw that he had a cool olive skin, calm dark eyes, a mouth as sweet as it was firm, and the broad forehead of a thinker. Perhaps his face was not regularly beautiful—I hardly know; but it had the effect of beauty, and he had youth and health and strength, and was wonderfully graceful. Soon I'd have given half the world to know what he thought of me. He was polite, attentive, as a gentleman would naturally be to the only lady inmate of the house; but, perhaps, after all, he remembered the little vixen he had first seen. I tried to be calm and quiet; to answer uncle when he scolded me with decorous respect—but that thought haunted me. I had never thought so much of any man's opinion in my life.

On Sundays we went to church together. I learned by that that he had an exquisite voice, for I used to hold my breath to listen to his singing. At last I ventured to ask him to sing for me at home. I never shall forget the song he sang, but there are many ways of singing. I have heard it from another, and scarcely listened. That same night I sang for him. He said not one word of praise—only bowed a thank you; but, as he turned my music, I saw his heart beat under the soft gray vest he wore. Mine was beating, too, like a mad thing.

Well, after that I was not so much afraid of him, and it came to long talks in the parlor and long walks by moonlight. We never said one tender word. We never took my hand. We never looked

at me more earnestly than one friend might look at another; but I felt, in spite of that, that he cared something for me, and I—/ loved him. I used to think sometimes with shame that I had given my heart unsought; that it was unadvisedly to care so very much for one who had not asked me yet to care for him at all; but how could I help it? All my feelings were strong. I could not walk by the delectable rule and line so many women liked; and in the sight of Heaven I could not be wrong in admiring what was admirable, in loving purity and truth and noble manhood! So I kept my secret, but did not strive to alter it. And at last! At dusk one autumn day we walked in the shady Square, under some old trees.

The nurse-maids had gone home with their little charges, and the file of workmen with tin-cans had tramped through it into the street. The fountain tinkled and splashed into the wide basin. The flowers gave forth their sickly evening perfume. A bit of crescent moon came faintly into the sky; and in all the Square, besides ourselves, was only a sleeping beggar stretched upon a bench. No one to watch—no one to listen; and then I heard all I longed to hear! I had never thought that quiet man could love so—that that silence could cover up such a sweet wealth of tenderness.

We went home arm in arm, and under the blue heavens the moon saw no woman happier than I.

Ah me! If you had told me then what I should do I would not have believed you. As well believe a man would willingly cut the rope that held him from dropping into some awful chasm as that I should part myself from him.

For weeks and months I kept my temper. For half a year I was too happy to be angry. We were to be married in a little while, and there would be little change save a trip to some country place, for we were still to live with my uncle in the old house. Edwin—I called him by his first name now—was not demonstrative; but I knew he loved me, and that was enough.

Enough until one day I heard Ruth Baker say to my cousin Grace:

"Heaven send me a different husband from the one Clara is to have! Who would think he was fond of her?"

"It's only his way," said Ruth.

"I'd teach him another," said Ruth.

That set me thinking. It was not pleasant to be spoken of in this wise. No good ever comes of listening. I began by trying to lure Edwin into making pretty speeches and doing silly things. At last I strove to pierce him into more demonstration of the love I knew (poor fool, that it should not content me!) that he really felt, and flirted, before his very face, with a young coxcomb of a midshipman, just my age, for whom I absolutely felt a detestation.

The little puppy had taken it into his small brain to admire me. He was pleased and flattered. Edwin looked on gravely without a word. At last, angry that he should take it all so coolly, I let the little middy steal a kiss from my lips where he could see me.

That evening, when the rest were gone, I felt a hand touch my arm.

It was Edwin Rushton's. I looked up.

"I want to speak to you, Clara," he said; and before I could answer had quietly taken me to task, as one might a willful child, on my impropriety.

"It is not right," he said; "and people will make even worse of it. I can not permit it, Clara."

Not a jealous word. My uncle might have spoken much the same. "He can not love me," I thought, and my cheeks burned hotly.

"Who made you my judge and master?" I asked.

"Yourself," said he, "when you accepted me."

"Mere silly I!" I cried. "Why do you care to hinder others from having what you don't want yourself?"

"What do you mean?" asked he.

"Frank would give his right hand for a kiss from me," said I; "and you hardly know whether I am living or dead, I believe. It's like being in fetters to be tied to such an icicle."

"You are letting your temper carry you away," said he.

"My temper, Sir?"

"Yes," said he; "it is your one great fault. I saw that when I first saw you. There, there."

He tried to soothe me, as though I had been delirious. I believe I seemed so to him.

I forgot every thing in my anger.

"I wish you had never seen me," said I.

"You will be sorry to have said that."

"I say it from my heart."

His face grew white.

"There is more in this than I thought," said he. "Perhaps you love Frank Hearne better than you love me?"

I saw the chance of making him jealous. I saw nothing else in my rage.

"Perhaps I do," I said. "We can't help our fancies."

He drew a great breath, and arose, standing before me like a statue.

"I will not let your pledge to me stand between you and your young lover," he said. "God forgive you, and make you happy! Good-by! You are as free as you ever were."

And I was alone. Alone, stretching out my hands toward the closed door, and calling on my darling to return. He did not hear me. He never came.

"Temper! temper! temper!" shouted my uncle when I met him at the breakfast-table next morning. "Ah, you will suffer for your folly this time. He was the noblest fellow God ever made, and you've lost him. I told him you'd repent. 'No,' said he, 'it is not temper. She loves Frank Hearne; she told me so.' By Jove, if that puppy enters my door I'll kick him!"

"Is he gone?" I asked, with my head in my hands.

away. My life was over; my joy past. I wanted to die; but I was young, and still lived. I shut myself up from every one, and knew they said of me that I had been jilted. What did I care now? At first I used to hope he would return. I knew soon that such a hope was folly. No angry mood had made him leave me. He believed me false. Oh, the pain in his face, the anguish in his voice at that last moment! I never should forget it. As time went on I scolded myself for their sins, so I punished myself by recalling that look, that tone daily and hourly.

The spring which was to have seen us wed was gone. Autumn came, and winter. At Christmas tide I sat in my own room reading. It was long past twelve. Barbara slept in her attic, my uncle in his chamber below, but I could not sleep. The evergreen Barbara had twisted about the gas fixtures and placed over the mirror seemed to mock me with its holiday look. What was he doing tonight, my Edwin—my own dear love? I lifted the curtain and looked out. All the street was white with snow, frozen snow, that crisped and sparkled in the starlight. Opposite a dark figure paced slowly—a watchman, I supposed; but my fancy, aided possibly by a vague rumor of Edwin's presence in the place, made the outline seem his. Oh, if he should be there! If—ah, it was all folly! I dropped the curtain, and sat down before the fire a while. Then I took my white dress from its rack—the dress in which I should have been married—and folded it and unfolded it, and creased it, saying such words to it that you would have thought me mad. Yet while it was on my knee I fell into a kind of dream. It hardly seemed as much like sleep as stupor.

I was startled from it by a blaze of light. The dress had fallen from my lap into the grate. It was all aflame, flaring up toward the bed-clothes. In an instant they were caught, and the blaze went whirling up the paper on the wall, and the window curtains, long and light and floating. I rushed to the door. Alas! my evil genius had impelled me to lock it and withdraw the key. I could not find it. I searched in vain. I screamed, I prayed. Neither man nor Heaven seemed to hear me. I stood in a very furnace of flame. Walls and door and ceiling were all blazing.

They were crying fire in the street now. I heard the policemen's clubs, the tolling of the fire-bell. Why did no one come to save me? Help, help! The flames were licking up the floor, climbing, twining, swirling through the ceiling. Barbara would be burned in her bed, my dear uncle would perish, and I—I had done it, I!

The flames had driven me into a little corner. They were driving me closer at every instant. I could not see the door—it was a wall of flame. The window was a seething furnace.

"God receive my soul!" I prayed. And then I heard a crash. Something came dashing through the door into the flames. A voice cried:

"Clara! where are you?"

And I felt Edwin's arms about me once more, and was borne through the red whirlpool out into the open air. He had saved me, but he left me then. After I knew my uncle had caught me to his breast I saw him no more. One moment of hope had I had; it was gone as though it had never been.

Ah, that was a woeful night! The dear old house was gone, with all its belongings, and the alarm and exposure hastened my uncle's end. He took to his bed in the new lodgings we found, and never arose from it. In two months we buried him, and I was alone in the world.

A great heiress; for it proved that Uncle Andrew had been far richer than I guessed. But oh, so miserable and lonely that the poorest wretch might pity me! I had not heard one word of Edwin Rushton since the night of the fire.

But six months after, as I sat at work in my black dress, Barbara came in weeping.

"What is the matter?" I asked, for she plainly wanted me to question her.

"I've seen poor Mr. Rushton," said she. "It makes my heart bleed. He that was so strong and bold, feeling his way along like that! You'd cry too, Miss."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Didn't you know?" she said. "Why, Miss, you, of all people! I heard it from his landlady. The night he saved you he went home feeling his way up the stairs. She was frightened, and asked him what had happened. 'I've been through a fire,' said he, 'and I suppose it will pass off soon; but I can see only a red blaze.' It didn't pass off, Miss—her's blind!"

"Oh no, no!" I sobbed. "Oh no!"

"It's true; more the pity," she said, and was going from the room. I stopped her.

"Where did you meet him?" I asked.

"In the Square," said she. "He goes there every night. A boy leads him, and he sits alone near the fountain—Ah, you'd pity him, poor dear!—waiting until he comes again to fetch him."

Every evening! I had no rest until the next. Then I put on shawl and bonnet and went over to the Square. All quiet in the dusk, as it had been on that long-gone night when he asked me to be his; the nurse-maids and the children gone home; the troop of toll-free laborers passed by. I stood by the fountain and looked at him.

He stood beside it, his soft hat drawn low over those darkened eyes; his hands playing with the loose chain that kept intruders from the fountain's brink. I remembered standing in that very spot. I knew it by the weeping willow drooping over it, and the cleft head of the post hard by—only a little cloth, you might not have noticed it, but I remembered feeling it with my finger as he spoke to me.

I looked at him, my love, my life. He who had sacrificed so much for me, and was held enough for any thing.

I went closer. I touched him. He started. "It is only Clara," I said; and he trembled all over for an instant.

Then he said: "I can not see you, but I know your hand. I should have known it if you had not spoken."

And I knew he loved me still. "Edwin," I said, "it was the hand of your promised wife once. It is long since you have held it; will you take it now?"

"Give it to me," he said; and our palms touched once more.

Then we stood silent, close together.

"I have been the cause of great ill to you," I said. "Do you hate me for it?"

"You forget," he said; "it was not I who caused to love."

I clung to him. "Did you believe me?" I asked.

"Oh, Edwin, I never cared a straw for Frank Hearne. I flirted with him because I thought you indifferent. My evil temper conquered me, and I sinned foolishly. I loved only you. I never shall love any other."

"On your soul?" said he.

"On my soul!"

"I shall be happier for knowing it," he said. "It was hard to think you false. Oh would I were not blind!"

"If you were not," I said, my heart choking me, "I could not speak as I do now. If you love me still, and, oh, I think you do!—if you forgive me, and you seem to, take me to your heart again, your promised wife. If not, let me go to hide my shame, for I have been over-bold, and die of my remorse."

He caught me in his arms. I felt his great heart beat.

"It is worth eight—it is worth life!" he said, and kissed me. "Then I led him home, through the still streets."

We were married in a quiet little church. Only Barbara was with me, and I wore my black dress. I shed some tears, but I was very happy, so was he. So in the years to come in which we dwelt together.

And still the future held a great joy for me. Years after, when there were young children at our fireside and gray hairs in his curls, my darling's sight returned to him. When the surgeon told me he could see, my first thought was great thankfulness. My next: "But I have altered so. Will he know the girl he won in the faded woman?" But when I stood before him, trembling and fearful, this was what he said, though the roses of my cheeks and the gold of my hair were quite gone, I knew:

"My love, how sweet a woman you have grown! There is no angry temper in your face now any more than in your voice." And he kissed me like a bridegroom, and I thanked Heaven.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.)

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS WARNER, Author of "The Wide, Wide World."

CHAPTER I.

"PAPA, please," said little Primrose, "what smells so sweet?"

Her father sat by the table, untying a large brown package; and from it came a strange, fresh, wild sort of perfume; but sweet, as Primrose said, and very pleasant.

"What smells so sweet?" Mr. May answered, cutting the last stubborn knot with his pen-knife.

"Why, my dear, I fancy it is some of my new seeds." And selecting a small paper-bag from the heap which now lay spread out before him, Mr. May held it down to the little girl's nose as she stood at his side. Primrose took a long sniff with great delight.

"Oh, papa, how good!"

"Good, is it?" said Mr. May, laughing. "Prin, you ought to be a seedsmen!"

"No, papa. But I wish I had a garden."

"So as to plant such sweet things as celery seed?" said her father. "Prin, this is not a flower."

"But, papa," cried the impatient Lillian, flinging down her book on the widow-seat, and coming to the table with a bound, "there are flowers, you know, and we might plant 'em! Oh, papa, wouldn't you give us a garden?"

"If you please, papa?" said another little voice, now drawing near; "there is nothing we should like so much! Only I should prefer to have our gardens separate, because I should wish to keep mine in order."

"There spoke my methodical Clover!" said Mr. May, with another laugh, as his orderly, rosete, chubby little daughter came gently and stood behind Primrose, who had not spoken again, but whose dark eyes watched her father with intense interest.

"One would like a garden to keep in order, and the other to run wild in; and the third—What does my little Prin want of a garden?" he said, bending down to kiss her.

"I should like it so much, papa!"

"Prin would nestle there just like a little bird," said her tall brother Sam.

"Papa," cried Lillian, "will you give us three gardens?—I should like that best too."

"Yes, Lily should be allowed to grow weeds entirely on her own account," said Jack.

"When I grow any you'll know it," said Lily, with great good-humor. "Will you, papa?"

"I find one garden pretty expensive now," said Mr. May; "what should I do with three more?"

"Oh, they wouldn't cost any thing—our gardens," said Lily.

"A very excellent sort of gardens yours will be then," said her father. "Where do you propose to get your seeds and plants?"

"Well—just a little," amended Lily.

"Perhaps we could get wild flowers, papa," said Clover, thoughtfully. "And I've got one package of seeds already, that Maria Jarvis gave me. It's niggonette."

"And then just the ground is so pretty, papa!" urged little Primrose.

"Think so?" said Mr. May. "I must confess I like to see the ground well covered. But what'll dig it up, to begin with?"

"Why, Belds," said Lily.

"Robin has a great deal to do," said Primrose, "I guess Sam would, you know, papa, to do any thing." It was very ridiculous, of course, but—tall fellow as he was—Sam's eyes actually dimmed with pleasure at this compliment from his little sister.

"And will Sam take care of the garden all summer after they are dug up and planted?" said Mr. May, lifting Primrose upon his knee.

"Oh no, papa! that's what we want to do."

"Well," said her father, "upon three conditions I will give you each a garden: First of all, mamma must approve. Next, each one is to choose her own seeds and plants; to suit her own taste. And, lastly, each must keep her own garden in order, after the first heavy digging is done. She must sow the seeds, and plant the plants, and dispute possession with the weeds—all herself. Now, what does mamma say?"

"I say yes, with all my heart!" answered Mrs. May. "But I too shall make conditions—or, at least, one: In each garden, no matter how full it may be, there must be one corner set apart for patience, perseverance, brotherly-kindness, and such sweet herbs; and each shall be well hedged in with the Golden Rule."

"Well, children, now you know the conditions, what do you say?" said their father.

"I like the conditions very much, papa," said Clover.

"They are easy enough," said Lily.

"Mamma," said Primrose, quitting her father and going to lean her elbows on her mother's lap, "what is the hedge for?"

"To fence out such little mischief-makers as pride and selfishness and envy; for if they get in they will root up every sweet flower there. And no other hedge grows low enough and close enough to keep them out."

"But, mamma," said Primrose, her little mouth dimpling into a smile of full intelligence, "who'll want the herbs?"

"We shall see," said her mother, answering the smile. "I should not wonder if I came down to the garden myself for a sprig now and then."

"Well, papa," said Lillian, "we agree. But where are the seeds and plants which we must choose to come from?"

"I suppose from my pocket," said Mr. May. "Most things seem to come from there nowadays. See! here are three greenbacks—a dollar apiece for each of you—how far will that go? Far enough, I think, for little wipers."

"Oh, papa!" said Clover, "a dollar apiece is a great deal. Are flower seeds so expensive?"

"All depends upon the sort," said Mr. May, with a shrug of his shoulders. "They cost from five cents a paper to fifty cents a seed, according to circumstance."

"Fifty cents a seed!" said Lily. "I guess I shouldn't buy that sort. Spend all my money for two seeds, truly!"

"Papa, did you mean me to spend a whole dollar too?" said little Primrose, eyeing the greenback in her hand as a joy quite beyond belief.

"You are to spend the whole of it. And you will find it as easy to do as possible."

"A dollar will buy twenty papers of the first kind—only think!" said Lily. "Papa, will Robin lend us tools?"

"No, no; you are to have nothing to do with Robin. I will furnish the tools. Now, what next?"

"How are we to choose our seeds, papa?" said Clover.

"Oh, to be sure! Here is Mr. Vick's Catalogue," said her father, taking it out from his pocket, "full of names and descriptions and prices. You can study this at your leisure, and when the lists are made out I'll send an order for the seeds."

Prim's eyes glistened as her father flattered over the leaves of the Catalogue. What pictures of flowers were there!

"How splendid!" said Lily, taking it from his hand, and passing over a bunch of petunias.

"Papa," said Clover, "I feel too rich!"

"Rich?" said Mr. May, laughing—"you will feel as poor as possible when you have studied that Catalogue for half an hour. I foresee an endless call for donations. In fact, you will be such poverty-stricken donors, with your one dollar apiece, that I think we had better take up a collection at once, before matters go any farther. Mamma, what will you give?"

"Some strong calico frocks, and thick shoes and gloves," replied Mrs. May, promptly.

"A most needed contribution! But tending rather to the comfort of the gardeners than the beauty of the garden."

"Oh, I will give the gardeners each a rose-bush," said Mrs. May.

"Ah, that is good! Sam, what say you?"

"A cutting of geranium, Sir, for each; with twice for tying up the flowers, and strong sticks and labels. Also, the help of a knife and hammer and nails when wanted."

"All very excellent and necessary," said his father.

"I will furnish advice," said Jack, "in any quantity, and upon the most liberal terms. Also, as Sam says, a well-grown plant of Canada thistle for each garden—just to promote the growth of mamma's sweet herbs."

"It wouldn't promote the growth of mamma's hedge," said Lily. "If you'll furnish shears, Jack, we'll take it, and thank you too."

"For me," said Mr. May, "I will provide the roots. And I think, under the circumstances, that is all I will engage to do."

"Do you mean that you will give us tools, papa?" said Lily, with flashing eyes.

"A little spade and watering-pot, papa?" said Primrose.

"You will see," said her father. "If I tell you I'll help you, the package will not be so interesting as it is."

"We can work!" said Lily, gaily. "We've nothing to think of for one day. Come, Clover, let's go make our list."

"But I think I can not make mine to-night,

Lily," said Clover, as she came to the window. "I don't know yet where my garden is to be."

"That makes no difference," said Lily. "Just look at these pink! Did you ever see any thing so grand?"

"Why, it makes a great deal of difference," said Clover, eyeing the pink with loving looks. "I can't tell what I shall want. I may have to 'plant out' something; you know; and that would require tall things. Or there may be rocks. Oh, Lily, I'm so happy!—it's so delightful!"

"These gardens will be a study," said Mr. May to his wife. "Clover, what do you know about 'planting out'?"

Clover turned back, blushing a little.

"Not much, papa. But I heard you and Mr. Jarvis talking one day, and I saw something in a book."

"That's right," said her father; "listen, and then apply your knowledge. But go and make your list, my child; and then it can be modified here and there if need be. You will find it a larger business than you think. And I'll see where the gardens shall be to-morrow."

So the three children curled themselves up on the broad, low window seat, and the work began. Mr. May and the boys went off, and their mother sat silent by the table, her gentle face bent over her work.

CHAPTER II.

THE children of whom I told you in my first chapter had been (so far) brought up in the city. Brick walls, and noisy streets, and town sights and sounds, were what they knew best; and it was no wonder that Primrose pronounced the colony seed "sweet," if only by way of comparison, and quite apart from its intrinsic claims. Of course their knowledge of flowers was all in one line. A greenhouse full of geraniums, carnations, violets imprisoned in pots, and each stretching their spiny arms wildly about, far away from their native plains; an orderly hyacinth in a tall-glass in a furnace-heated room, or a small bed of the same planted where now and then a stray beam of sunshine slept between indolent walls; a tall magnolia, growing ferociously between a brick wall on the one hand and the dusty pavement on the other; a wisteria, rambling cheerily over a brown stone front in the vain search after something pleasant—all these they had seen again and again. But these are exiles, singing but half their sweet song in a strange land; and every child knows the difference between their captive beauty and the free, sunny grass of a transient dandelion, that every now and then runs away to see the world, and displays the oldest fashions in Fifth Avenue. Highly respectable little dandelion!—nobody ever dared laugh at it yet.

A year before this time of which I write Mr. May had bought a country place, and with the beginning of winter the family had all removed thither, to make it their home. It was set at all a remarkable place, unless for being at once large, old-fashioned, and comfortable—three things not always found together in those days. The house stood back from the road, with a short, smooth slope of grass between, and a simple white fence for boundary line. The fence turned up the slope quite near the house on one side; but on the other, where was the door of entrance, the green turf had even a wider sweep than in front, and the fence stood off at a respectful distance. Behind the house was a large garden and orchard combined, where already Robin was busy with his pruning-knife and hot beds, and preparations of all kinds. For it was now just at the end of winter, and there were days when the very breath of spring was abroad; and the light on the bare trees looked soft and gentle, and adventurous blades of grass peeped out in sheltered places.

The front-door of the house being, after all, a side door, the real front was unbroken except by a large low-window belonging to the family sitting-room; and as the first floor of the house was but a single step above the ground, this low-window was something like a glazed porch, having its own low step without, and within a broad, divan-sort of seat on all sides. And now, in winter, shut tight with double sashes, it became the favorite resort of the children. Here they sat with their Catalogue on this very afternoon of which I speak, hardly knowing whether they were most delighted or at their wit's end; for of all distracting things command me to a well-down-up, illustrated Catalogue of flowers! Such a bewildering confusion of red and blue and purple and yellow; such descriptions of "snowy white" blossoms dazzling your very eyes; such "blazes of brilliance" that you seem to see; such "very sweet" perfumes that you almost perceive! The colored leaves, the stately growers, the trailing creepers, the vines that mount up like Jack's bean to an enchanted world above your head. People go into raptures over lace and jewels and old china. Well, well, those have their place; but it is not the place of a violet, after all. And they are not heart's-eases—they can never be balm.

"Now, first," said Lily—"oh me, whatever shall we do with these hard names!"

"They are not so hard when you have looked at them a little," said Clover. "Maria Jarvis knows ever so many. See—that first one is easy enough—'Aronia.'"

"How shall we begin?" said Lily; "will you take the first part of the Catalogue, and I the second, and Primrose the third? or shall we divide by flowers? Aronia for you, and adonis for me, and ager-ageratum for Prim? Such names!"

"But that wouldn't be choosing," said Clover.

"No, it wouldn't," said Lily, "and we've got to choose. Well, shall we agree that we won't ever take the same?"

"But that would not be choosing, either," said Clover.

"Then we'll just have to begin, and be mere about it," said Lily. "I don't want any of all these first four—do you?"

"I want adonia," said Primrose. "It's sweet."

"Write it down then," said Lily, "but if you take all the sweet flowers, I guess you'll have

enough. And that's so little—only six inches high. But I'll tell you what I want, and that's snap-dragon—never mind the other name. Look, Clover, here's a picture of it; and you see they say it's 'exceedingly brilliant.' Oh, I should think so, indeed!—scarlet and yellow with white throat, and 'crimson with white throat,' and 'magnificently striped,' and all sorts. Which would you take?—here's a blood-red one."

"I should take this—see, down at the bottom," said Clover, "best and brightest varieties mixed."

"Why how splendid!" said Lily; "and only ten cents for them all."

While Lily was writing down snap-dragon, Clover peeped over the leaf and quietly headed her own list with sweet adonia.

"What's that?" said Lily. "Oh, I don't believe you'll like that. It's just some common little white thing."

"But see these!" said Clover; "amaranthus, with red and yellow and green foliage. I must have that—they say it's useful for back-grounds."

"What are back-grounds?" said Lily. "Love lies bleeding—what a funny name! Prim, don't you want any thing on this page?"

"I'll see what there is first," said Primrose, knitting her little brows; on all the other pages, I mean. Because I got so confused. I think I want every thing; and you know I can't have that."

"Oh, but a dollar will get a great deal," said Lily; "just look at those asters! I must have them."

"So must I, some of them," said Clover. "And there are ever so many kinds. Which one will you take?"

"This first one—'perfection,'" said Lily. "There can't be any thing much better than that."

"I'll take the 'chrysanthemum—flowered,'" said Clover. "I like chrysanthemums."

"Well, I guess I'll have this little one—'pyramidal bouquet,'" said Primrose. "Because I like bouquets."

"Prim's garden will be all six inches high," said Lily, laughing.

"They say balsams are beautiful," said Clover, writing the name down on her list. "And they must have good culture; you see they must be sown and then transplanted, and pinched off. That's just what I shall like. I think I can take pains enough."

"Then you'd better take some cockscombs," said Lily—"recommended to all who will give their plants good care." Why, I mean to do that, too, of course; but then I don't want fussy things."

"Oh! oh!" cried Primrose—"just look at these dianthus flowers over the leaf!"

"Dianthus!" said Lily—"what's dianthus? Why, they are perfectly splendid!"

"They are pink," said Clover; "it says so down here. I never saw any thing so beautiful in all my life!"

"No, I believe you never did," said Lily; "and there are ever so many kinds. Let's go all through and look at the pictures the first thing. There's something—I don't know what; and petunias—and petunias. Mamma, this Catalogue is perfectly fascinating!"

Mamma laughed a little at that. "How do the dollars hold out, Lily?" she asked.

"Oh! I don't know," said Lily—"well, I guess. You see, mamma, we are going through just to put down a few of the most striking ones first, and then we can add to the lists afterward."

"How many 'most striking ones' does each list contain at present?" said Mrs. May, looking very much amused.

"We haven't counted yet, mamma. Now, there's something I should like—a 'double green-centred sunflower,' from five to eight feet high."

"That sounds imposing, at least," said Mrs. May.

"Don't you like sunflowers, mamma?—the name's pretty. What do they look like?"

"Mamma," said Primrose, going to her side, "what flower do you love best?"

"I am quite fond of primroses!" said Mrs. May, taking the little face between her hands and giving it a kiss.

"And you'd like some more?" said Primrose, laughing.

"Well, there's plenty of 'em in Mr. Vick's Catalogue," said Prim, gaily, going back to her seat. "And I'll write 'em right down."

"But, Lily," said Clover, presently, looking up from her list, "mamma has reason—how far will a dollar go? It will never buy all these in the world!" said Clover, showing a slip of paper well penciled on both sides.

"Oh! I guess it will," said Lily; "a dollar's a great deal. Let's count up and see. But I haven't written down the prices—never mind; we can turn over the leaves again. There's snap-dragon one—I mean ten; and aster fifteen; how comes that, I wonder?—fifteen is twenty-five; and pink, ten more, makes thirty-five; and my sunflower is forty-five; and pansy, sixty-five; and my double petunias—Dear me, what will ever do!—double petunias, fifty! Why, I must have five dollars' worth on my list, at that rate."

"I've got three dollars' worth on mine," said Clover, laying it down with a blank face. The children looked at each other, then broke into a laugh.

"Prim was wise," said Lily; "she waited. Well, we've just got to begin over again, that's all."

"Yes," said Clover, "we began all wrong. I ought to have had more sense. The way is to put down only what you must have, at first; and then write down the price after each one. Let's take new slips of paper, and make a nice list this time."

"Well," said Lily, and she wrote at the top of her paper—"Flower seeds that I must have."

"New don't let us talk," said Clover, "but just go over the Catalogue quietly and think." And again the enticing pages were turned over, leaf by leaf.

"Well, this passes all my philosophy," said Lily, when she had again added up her list. "It seems that I must have at least two dollars' worth!"

"That's just what I've got, too," said Clover. "Papa might well say it would be a long piece of work."

"Mamma," said Primrose, once more quitting the low-window for her mother's side, "isn't it funny?"

"And are you in difficulties, too?" said her mother.

"I've not made my list yet, mamma. I get so confused between what they want and what I want. I think I'll wait till they have all done with the Catalogue, and then I can take it."

"That's not likely to be very soon," said Lily.

"What can I strike out! Mamma, did you ever see this bartsia—very showy, with yellow flowers and gray branches?"

"Yes, I have seen it."

"Is it pretty?"

"It is very showy."

"Which is the prettiest, that or pansies?"

"Oh, pansies, if I am to be judge! They are showy and lovely too."

"How nice!" said Lily; "that's just what I'd like to be. I'll mark pansies with my red pencil, as a settled thing. But they're terribly expensive."

"It often costs a good deal to be showy and lovely," said Mrs. May, with a smile.

"I must have my hyacinth-bloss," said Clover, "but that don't cost a great deal; and I must have some stocks, though they do. Mamma, are zinnias handsome?"

"Very handsome."

"I may want those, they look useful," said Clover, with her feet full of plans and bark-grounds.

"And I must have petunias," said Lily. "Mamma, my head's in a perfect whirl."

"Then if I were you," said her mother, "I would put my body in a whirl, and then give it a good run out of doors. You will not know red from blue if you sit puzzling there any longer."

"I guess that's true," said Lily, with a laugh. "I'm as tired—!"

And the children went for their books and cloaks and then off into the snow; little Primrose giving a lingering look at the Catalogue where it lay on the window-seat. Her list was but just begun.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.—"Well, I'm blowed!"

JOURNALISM.—A new Boston Catholic satirical paper will, it is rumored, shortly appear in England. It is to be called *Guy Fawkes*, and will blow up the Houses of Parliament once a week.

AN IRISH PRISONER being asked why he permitted his pig to take up his quarters with his family, made an answer amounting to a matrimonial rail-road:—"Why not? Down the piece after every conversation that a pig can require!"

THE ENTIRE ASSETS of a recent bankrupt were also children. The creditors asked magnanimously, and let him keep them.

WHAT BUSINESS ought Tom Thresh to go into? (Grove Grove etc.)

THE CHINESE WAY WITH THE LAWYERS.—Mary was her own counsel.

WHY IS QUEEN VICTORIA, just about now, like a deaf lady?—Because her King (having) it in a bad condition.

A DEBILITATED our acquaintance says that it is much easier to take the Factor of a woman's oath than off her cap.

HOW MANY PARS are there in a plot?—One p.

LETTERS FROM AROUND.—What foreign town has the dirtiest street?—Moscow.

ACCIDENT WITH MACHINERY.—"I've got a new machine," said a Yankee peddler, "for picking bones out of shaves. Now, I tell you, it's a little bit the darndest thing you ever did see. All you have to do is to set it on a table, and turn a crank, and the fat flies out under the wheel, and the bones the other side. Well, there was a country 'greenhorn' got hold of it the other day, and he turned the crank the wrong way, and, I tell you, the way the bones flew down his throat was awful. Why, it stuck that fellow so full of bones that he couldn't get his shirt off for a whole week."

THE FOLLOWING IS an Irishman's description of *Baking a canon*:—"Take a long hole, and pour brass or iron all round it."

ONE OF GOUGH'S stories was a man hit at those ditatory people who are always behind lines. Some one said to a person of this class, "I see that you belong to the three-headed people." "Three-headed! that's rather uncommon." "Oh no, common enough—two hands like other people—and a little behind-head."

A MIMICRY paper announced a short time since that the "wife-step in Greenwich County yielded fifteen thousand gals." The next week the editor came out with an "erratum—for wife read wine."

A SCOTCHMAN asked an Irishman, "Why were half-fortings coined in England?" The answer was, "The gals Scotchmen an opportunity of subscribing to charitable institutions."

WHY IS A MAD BULL an animal of a convulsed disposition?—Because he offers a horn to every one he meets.

AN INVISIBLE gentleman lately fought a duel with his invisible friend because he joyously asserted that he was born without a shirt to his back!

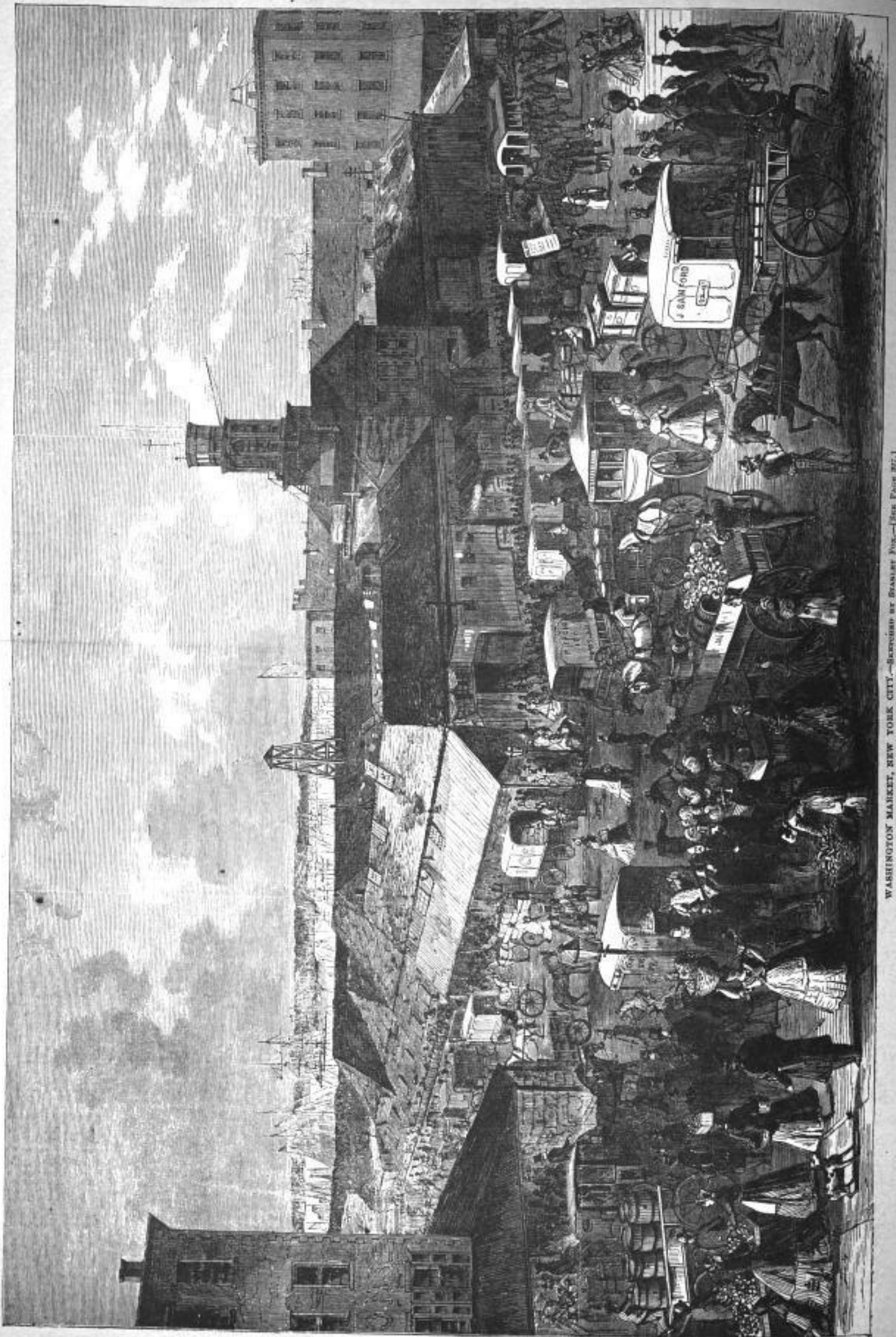
THE FOLLOWING purports to be a model medical puff:—"DEAR DOCTOR.—I shall be one hundred and seventy-five years old next October. For over eighty-four years I have been an invalid, unable to step except with a crutch and with a lever. But a year ago I heard of the Great Relief Balm. I bought a bottle, used the ointment, and found myself a man. I can now run twelve miles and a ball on horse, and throw thirteen consecrals without stopping."

THERE ARE GREAT fears entertained in England that if the cattle disease continues Heriot's declaration that the "gimes are out of joint" will be realized.

THE FELLOW who sat down on a pig got up on the spot of the moment.

A DECEASED chief justice once addressed a jury in the following metaphor:—"Gentlemen of the Jury, in this case the witness on both sides are verily afflicted; the witness incredible; and the plaintiff and defendant are both such bad characters that to see it is indifferent which way you give your verdict."

"BATER" call a great many people to church.



WASHINGTON MARKET, NEW YORK CITY.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 327.]



"SPRING-TIME."

THE BLACKSMITH'S WIFE.

BY AUGUSTUS COMSTOCK.

She has a figure trim and neat,
 And full of health and life,
 With nimble hands and nimble feet,
 The blacksmith's little wife.

Her hair is dark, her eyes are blue,
 And though her cheek is browned,
 An anchorite would smile to view
 A face so smooth and round.

All day she labors like the bee,
 The blacksmith's little wife,
 While round her play her children three,
 Bright-haired and full of life.

And all-day long, her cheery song
 Comes through the cottage door,
 With tap, tap, tap, her patters rap
 The neatly sanded floor.

Her swartly husband, from the town,
 Comes home when day is dim;
 For kisses he must stoop 'way down,
 Or she climb up to him.

He's just the man that women crave
 To shield them from "the wrong,"
 For he's as kind as he is brave,
 As brave as he is strong.

"You're tired out with work," she sighs;
 "You lead a weary life."
 "No, no," quoth he, "tis Paradise,
 With such a little wife."

The gleeful fire with ardent rays
 Keeps shy from the hearth,
 The tea-pot blazes in the blaze,
 The kettle stokes with rattle.

The sleek "grimalkin" purrs and mews,
 The dog whines at the door,
 The pattering of little shoes
 Is heard along the floor.

About the smith his children play
 When evening's meal is through,
 They love to see his pipe of clay
 Send forth its clouds of blue.

They clamber on his shoulders broad,
 They clamber on his knee,
 While wife looks on with smile and nod,
 And all are full of glee.

I'd sooner be this blacksmith bold,
 With such a little wife,
 Than have the wealth of yellow gold
 That gilds an aimless life.

THE ISLAND GIRL.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

After leaving the port of Valparaiso we cruised for several months in different parts of the Pacific, capturing three large sperm whales and a "California gray." The latter was a curious-looking fish, about twenty feet in length, with a long, funnel-shaped head, crooked flukes, and a thin, tapering body, spotted like that of a leopard. We lost a whole tub of line, and one of our best boats was stove, before we succeeded in killing "Monsieur Gray," but he rewarded us for our trouble in the end—yielding us forty barrels of good clear oil. By this time the few casks of fresh water procured at Valparaiso were nearly empty; so, as soon as we



"THE BLACKSMITH'S WIFE."



"THE ISLAND GIRL."

had stowed our all we shaped our course for the Navigator Islands to obtain a fresh supply. Our vessel was the bark *St. Mary*, of New Bedford, commanded by Captain Barlow—a tall, raw-boned native of Sag Harbor, who could fling a lance to the distance of twenty fathoms without missing his aim. He was a thorough whaler and sailor, equally cool and collected whether tussling with the mighty Leviathan of the deep or the shrieking typhoon; a large-hearted, genial man, too, well calculated to win the love and esteem of his officers and crew.

All hands were delighted with the prospect of a run ashore. The vast watery wilderness of ocean, unrelieved by a rock or even a floating blade of grass, most exotically fatigues the eyes of poor Jack, how deep soever may be his attachment to Old Neptune; and though his fancy may occasionally weave pictures of rocks, valleys, and even trees among the clouds in the horizon, yet these are not substantial enough to satisfy his longings for a sight of terra firma.

As our little bark stood bravely upon our shoreward course we spent our leisure hours in washing and "patching up" our well-worn garments, so as to look respectable when we should reach our island port—for a sailor likes to appear well, even in the eyes of a savage. A couple of clothes-lines forward, extending across and above the deck from the lee to the weather shrouds, now presented a spectacle which was both amusing and picturesque. Old blue jackets with great patches upon the elbows, trousers of various sizes and colors, Guernsey frocks, woolen stockings, and clean but melancholy-looking shirts were there—all tussling about in the wind, with arms and legs kicking and striking at each other, as if they were quarrelling because one garment stood a chance of getting dry before the other.

One morning, however, the cry of "Land O!" wafted simultaneously from our three mast-heads, put an end to our "washing and drying." We donned such of our garments as were fit to be worn, and hung up those that were wet in the fore-hold. Then leaning over the bulwarks, we gratefully inhaled the sweet fragrance of flowers and spices wafted from the groves of beautiful Samoa, the island we were approaching. As our little bark beached herself through the curling waves our watchful gaze was soon rewarded with tall, sloping hills, covered with cloud-like masses of green verdure, slender cocoa-nut-trees lining a white, curving beach, and the hats of the natives, with the smoke ascending from them, seen through openings in the shrubbery of bread-fruit-trees and clambering vines.

We let go our anchor a quarter of a mile from the beach and shook hands with a number of natives who had come alongside; a canoe loaded with yams, cocoa-nuts, bananas, and bread-fruit, which they were anxious to exchange for tobacco, articles of clothing, etc. After our sails were fuiled we were at leisure to trade with the islanders. From one of them—a giant fellow whose only garment was a piece of tappa (cloth) confined about the waist, and whose Herculean chest was scarred with many wounds received in battle—I obtained a hundred ripe yellow bananas for a small whistle, which I had carved from a whale's tooth. There was something touching in the simple, child-like pleasure evinced by the stalwart savage for such a mere trifle. His eyes sparkled, his whole countenance glowed with delight as he turned the little piece of ivory round and round between his thumb and forefinger. He examined it on all sides, then chuckled and commenced to dance about the deck, clapping his hands. Afterward I saw him striding to and fro along the beach, blowing the whistle with all his might, and returning the careless gaze of his dusky brethren with glances of puffed exultation. From this man my attention was at length drawn to a pretty, interesting little girl of seven or eight years, who was seated upon the knight-heads crying and sobbing as if her heart would break. She wore a long thin robe of faded tappa, confined just beneath the armpits, and around her forehead a pretty wreath of flowers, from beneath which her long black hair streamed in wavy masses. On her lap were several downy mountain or mouse apples, strung together by means of a piece of twine formed of cocoa-nut husks.

"What ails you, my child?" I inquired, advancing and touching her on the shoulder; "why do you cry?"

She wiped her eyes as if comforted by my sympathy, and in broken English informed me that she had not yet succeeded in selling one of her apples. The crew, attracted by mere palatable fruits, had paid no attention to her simple merchandise. She feared she would have to go back to her old mother, who had sent her to the ship in one of the canoes, without any cloth or tobacco; and this old mother, who, according to the child's description, was a perfect fury—would then beat her with sticks, and afterwards shut her up in a dark hole in the mountain.

I immediately purchased the apples, giving her in exchange half a dozen heads of tobacco and a small silk scarf. The latter I fastened about her shoulders, telling her that it made her look very pretty, and expressed the hope that her mother would not take it away from her. She clasped her hands and laughed with childish glee; then threw her arms about my neck, calling me her dear "friend" (friend), and declaring in her half wild, half gentle manner, that she would never go back to her wicked mother, but would stay with me and let me be her father.

Before I could reply an angry screech, something like that of an owl, pierced my ear, and turning, I beheld an old, fierce-looking hag, whose paint figure was enveloped in a ragged piece of cotton cloth. She held in one hand a knotted, ferocious-looking stick, and in the other a long wooden pipe. Her skin was of the hue of parchment, her forehead seemed to bear a hundred wrinkles, and the small black eyes beneath gleamed like those of a wasp from a shrivelled apple.

"Hi! hi! hi! run from mother, ah?" she screamed, seizing my little companion by the shoulder. "Glad we cease aboard—give much beat; beat so we walk for long time!"

And lifting the stick she would have carried out her threat, had I not prevented her. The tobacco which her little daughter now slipped into her hand elicited a screech of satisfaction, and grinning with delight, she thrust the stick into an old belt around her waist, and proceeded to fill her pipe. She had lighted it and begun to smoke when the mate came forward, ordering all the natives to leave the ship. My little girl was obliged to go with her mother. Her eyes filled with tears when she entered the canoe, and as it glided away from the vessel she looked back now and then, waving "farewells" to me with the pretty scarf. I stood watching her until the canoe with its occupants disappeared around a head-land; and even then her large, melancholy eyes haunted my mind.

When our watch was sent ashore the next day with a raft of coals, I looked in vain for the child among the groups of natives about the banks of the lake from which we were to procure our water.

Children of both sexes were there, running hither and thither, or rolling over the green turf like tumble-bugs. Many were provided with long wooden spears, which they darted at the little fish gliding beneath the ripples near the beach. The girls were very pretty, but I was not impressed by either of them as I had been by the child with the mountain apples.

After we had obtained our water and stowed it I visited the island on several different occasions, but was still unable to find my little friend; and I felt a presentiment that I should never see her again.

One foggy morning about a week after my last ramble over the island we got up our anchors and stood out to sea. I had just taken my station at the helm when the cry of "Hard up—up with that wheel!" was shrieked by the mate, who stood upon the knight-heads, forward.

I raised the wheel quickly, but even as I did so I heard a snapping, crackling sound, followed by a plaintive wail that pierced my ears like a knife. The next moment the main yard was hauled aback and a boat was lowered—for the bark, I soon learned, had run over a canoe, containing a little girl. A melancholy suspicion flashed through my mind, and with breathless anxiety I awaited the return of the boat. It was not long absent. The crew had not found the occupant of the canoe, but had picked up fragments of the frail vessel, to one of which, caught by a projecting sail, hung the silk scarf which I had given to the island girl.

The poor child, leaving her wicked mother, had put off in the canoe before the vessel sailed, that the night might intercept it and be taken aboard to join "her friend;" but the thick fog had prevented her from seeing the bark in time to escape her melancholy fate.

SECOND THOUGHTS.

"NICK, old fellow, tell me what's the row? There have I been thinking you sulky and all sorts of things; tell me—" and I got up and put my hand on his shoulder. "Poor old boy! what is it?"

"Oh! leave me alone. There's nothing the matter; only I'm a fool. Well, if you must know, read that! I shall be all right soon; only I got that this morning—read it! It's my own fault; I know I'm an ass!"

I took the letter he held out, and he twisted up his mouth and tried to whistle "I'm adieu;" but it was a failure, and he added, in a lower tone:

"One can't pull up a ten years' fancy of that sort, Jack, without shaking the soil a bit. Thank you for making me let the cat out; I'm all the better for it. Good-night!"

I was sorry—more sorry than I could say—for him. He was the oldest friend I had got. We had slept in the same chamber at Winchester, and had rowed in the same boats at Oxford, and I could not bear to see him so cut up. I could have done almost any other thing for him, any thing—but—wish him any other answer than the one I read by the fire-light now. It was this:

"MR. DEAR BARNARD,—You must not think more of the subject mentioned in your letter. I do not speak of honor or unadvisably; but I do speak decidedly, wishing to aid you in determining to take your mind from a subject which you must believe me can only bring you pain. That you may be more satisfied of this, I enclose a letter from my daughter Minnie, who is much distressed at being obliged to give you pain.
Believe me, yours sincerely,
T. DARLEY."

I could not bring myself to read Minnie's letter, so I folded Mr. Darley's up again, and gave them both back.

"Poor old Nick! I'm very sorry for you. I hadn't a notion you really cared for her. Good-night, old boy!" and I squeezed his hand, feeling half a hypocrite all the time, and lay down to think till I fell asleep.

I think that any one who is rash enough to attempt to describe even an ordinarily pretty girl is sure to make a failure; so all I shall venture to say of Minnie Darley is, that she was slight and very pretty indeed. Possibly some critics might object that her lips were rather too thin. Perhaps, too, that her delicately-chiselled features were, at times, almost so colorless as to be almost more suggestive of marble than soft flesh and blood; but in a moment a blush or a smile could warm the beautiful statue into a charming English girl; and any one must have been something altogether less than honest who could watch her, flushed and animated, in the momentary pause in a value or gallop, without acknowledging that—artistically speaking at least—she was lovely.

I really was very sorry for my friend Nick, for I know how I should have felt that letter. I had only known her six months; he, poor fellow! had loved her for ten years. It had been, according to his own account, his one idea since he was a boy at school, and he was inconceivably now, and seemed quite unable to rouse himself up to any thing. I had the greatest difficulty in stirring him up enough to start for Switzerland; and if it had not been for my mother and sister, whom I had promised to escort as far as Geneva, I am not at all sure that either of us would have left England at all. When we did start he was not a lively com-

panion, and for the first whole day traveled with his hat resting on his nose, without speaking a word.

Fortunately our passage over the Channel was a very rough one, and Nick, who was never an over-good sailor, was compelled, against his will, for a time to turn his thoughts away to other more immediate troubles.

There is nothing, as every one knows, like time and change of scene to take the edge off any sorrow; and nothing, perhaps, helps their effects more than another sorrow intervening. His shocking seasickness was, as it were, an awful black chaos yawning between him and his rejection; and when we landed at Boulogne his spirit had risen in a way that surprised us all. We had lovely weather, luxuriant fruit, and amusing company. My mother and sister, who both liked him, and had heard his story, did all that kindness could suggest to cheer him up, and by the time we reached Geneva, after a laborious journey, he was quite himself again, merry and uproarious, the life of the party; and his confidence in me had been dropped for at least a week.

We had arranged—at his suggestion, I believe—to go with the ladies of our party as far as Chavronix, a solitary chalet, standing in its own pine-wood and vineyard, on an isolated marble rock, a little way up the mountains between Bex and Aigle to the west of the Rhone above the Lake. A steamer was starting very soon after our train arrived, so we made up our minds to go on by it the same night as far as Lausanne without making any stop at Geneva. There was not any time to spare, and Nick ran to inquire for letters, while I hurried the luggage on board as best I could. My mother and Nick settled down quietly on one of the benches on deck to digest their letters as the boat steamed out. Neither Fanny nor I had any to read; so we leaned together over the bows, and devoted our whole attention to the enjoyment of some grapes and a light fresh breeze which blew in our faces, and was exquisitely refreshing after the dust and heat of the train. A heavy shower had just blown over, leaving the sky behind it as blue and sparkling as the lake below, and the distant mountains and trees on either shore and the sunny leeward sails of the fishing-boats glistened in the "clear shining after the rain." We had not been very long in that delightful state of dreamy abstraction which the full appreciation of beautiful scenery at once requires and produces by an adapting power of its own, when Nick joined us and broke the silence with, "Jack, when you have quite done building castles up in the Alps over there, I have got something to talk to you about, if Miss Holmes will spare you for a few minutes."

"Very well, Mr. Barnard, you may have him for a little while, as you ask so prettily, but you must give him me back soon. He's very useful to tell me the names of the places. You must get me Murray first though; it's in mamma's bag there."

"I have got such a queer letter from my mother I can't think what she's driving at" (he had carried me off to the other end of the boat before he began to speak). "Just tell me what you make out of it." It was a short note, without any date, and written evidently in a great hurry. I read it through two or three times, and Nick lit a cigar and puffed away in silence:

"DEAREST NICK,—We are all in a great state of excitement, and can't think where to write to you; but I think it just possible that a line posted to-day may catch you at Geneva. So I write for the chance to say that you will find letters from Mr. Darley waiting for you at Chavronix, where you said in your last you expected to be soon. Jack has the gray mare added to take this into Hellion, so I have not a minute time to write. Well, dearest boy, you were in low spirits when you left England. Take care you do not allow yourself to be too much excited now. I suppose this news will cheer you very trip.
I love you, my
Your loving mother, E. B."

"Can Minnie have changed her mind?" he said, in a low tone—"no, surely not. It can't be."

"Can Minnie have changed her mind?" I had not thought of that. Yes, that's it; what else could it be? that must be it; and I tried to swallow the big lump in my throat, and said, "That's it—of course it is. Nick, you are a lucky fellow, and I congratulate you—though it costs me something to do it. Of course that's it."

I don't think he noticed the last part of my speech; but he snatched up the letter and read it through again. "No, surely, she never would. It's impossible."

I had worked myself up till I hardly knew whether to laugh or cry. Nick pitched his cigar over the side and watched it hiss into the water; then put his hand on my arm and said, with a coolness that seemed rather odd for a lover, and aggravated me intensely, "It's a rum go, and I don't know what to make of it. I want to ask you one thing; don't say a word about this to your mother or sister."

I left Nick and my sister chatting together, and went and sat down by myself in any thing but pleasant thought. Till that night at the pilot-house I had not been sure that I was really in love with Minnie Darley at all. It was only now, as I stared down into the foam of the paddle-wheel, now that all chance was past, that I was finding out how much I really cared for her. We were nearly at Ouchy. I opened my pocket-book and took out an envelope with a faded violet in it, and threw it overboard. "That's done. She is a flirt, like the rest of them," and I went to see the luggage taken out.

We slept that night at the Hotel Gibben, and, after an early walk through the wood to the Signal Hill, which commands one of the most extensive views of the Lemans, started off again by boat, past Vevey, and Old Chillon, and the little island, to Ville Neuve, at the head of the lake, whence we took the train to Aigle.

We left our luggage at the station, and made a small boy in a blouse happy with the promise of fifty centimes to show us the way to the house, which had been hired for some years as a summer residence by a widowed cousin with two little girls. A pleasant walk of half a mile up a narrow road, fenced in by a crumbling stone-wall, half hidden in ferns, and overhung by walnut-trees, brought us to a grove of magnificent chestnuts, and through their huge twisted stems we seen caught sight of our friends coming to meet us.

On a table of soft moss close by some rough wooden seats we found some wine and fruit awaiting us, and sat there chatting and telling our adventures till it was time to go in. "There are some letters for some of you, Fanny dear, on the drawing-room chimney-piece," said Mrs. Grey, when we had all met for tea; "I forgot them when we came in." Fanny was up in a moment, and danced back into the room with a disappointed "Not one for me; what a shame!" Mrs. Holmes, two for you, mamma, and 'N. Barnard, Esq.,' such a fat one for you, Mr. Barnard; I'm sure it won't have got another one in it." Nick took it, blotted crimson, and put it in his pocket. It was from Mr. Darley.

Supper, as every thing else must, came to an end at last; but after supper there was a turn on the terrace, and, after that, something else, which kept us with the rest of the party, and it was not till we were alone in the little bedroom we were to share for the night that Nick could venture to open his letter.

I don't know which was most eager. I looked over with him and read:

"MR. DEAR NICK,—If you believed how much I was to me to be obliged to send you the telegram to my last letter, you will not, I am sure, think that I give me the greatest pleasure to forward that which accompanies this. Second thoughts, they say, are best. I fancy you will not quarrel with the truth of the saying in your case. I think you had better come here at once on your return. There will be several business matters to arrange, and I may possibly, by then, be able to say what allowance I shall be able to let you have. You must be moderate in your expectations at first.
I hope Mrs. Darley may be able to persuade your mother to meet you here. Writing you all happiness,
I remain,
Your very truly,
T. DARLEY."

Nick stared at me. "Well, old boy, I congratulate you," I said, with a sickly smile, and the knob in my throat bigger than before; "I wish to goodness I could not; but I must—so I do."

Slowly once more he read through the letter, getting redder and redder every moment, till all of a sudden he threw it down into the middle of the room and burst out in a towering passion. "Second thoughts, indeed! and wasn't I have second thoughts too, I should like to know? A flimsy thing that I'm going to be kicked and then whistled for again, like a dog."

"Second thoughts, too—!" He stopped short and was quiet for a moment, and went on in a lower tone. "Jack, I've been an ass! The fact of the matter is, I don't care a snap for Minnie Darley; but I love your little sister Fanny a thousand times more than I can say. No, stop; don't say any thing yet, and don't go starting as if you had never read Romeo and Juliet, nor heard of such a person as Headline; but just listen quietly to me. I shall go right home to my chambers, and stick to the law night and day till I've doubled my dirty three hundred a year, and then I shall try my luck with Fanny. I've had two or three letters this year, and I know I've got wits enough if I can only stick to it, and I will. I was thinking the whole matter over last night. I guessed you were right yesterday, so I sat up and wrote a letter to old Darley to tell him I was very sorry for his daughter and all that; but that I've blowed if I'll have her. I didn't put it exactly like that, of course, but I was firm and civil, and I'll send the letter first thing to-morrow morning. I wonder when the post goes? Have you got any stamps, by-the-by?"

I never was so taken aback in my life, and had literally a difficulty in catching my breath. There was a vague feeling of relief with it all. Minnie's account got over it, and who could tell what might not happen then? but the complications before us were appalling.

"Let me see your letter." It was at my feet. I picked it up, tore it open, and looked for her signature, and read—

"Dear Sir,
Your obedient servant,
"MRS. AND FANNY."

I suppose I opened my eyes wider, if possible, than they were before, for, in a second, Nick had snatched the paper out of my hands. It was Minnie's letter, announcing the sudden death of old General Barnard, soon after he had executed a will which revoked a former one, bequeathing his money to build and endow two monasteries and a convent, and left all his property to Nick on his attaining the age of twenty-five.

Mr. Darley was named executor and trustee, with full powers to do as he thought best with the estate till Nick should come into possession. A dozen times, at least, we must have read it through. Nick at last broke the silence. "Jack, on second thoughts, I ain't sent this letter to old Darley."

I seized hold of his hand and shook it so that his arm was stiff for three days after, and it was a mercy that he was not disgraced by having it posthumously lengthened.

I have not much more to tell, and what there is is best told in few words.

Nick left us the next day but one, but before he went he caught Fanny (by accident, he says) alone on the garden.

What happened there I am sure I don't know; but I do know that when I met them coming back through the chestnuts, Fanny ran and threw her arms round my neck and kissed me, and Nick paid me double at least for his stiff arm.

Both of them, no doubt, thought it very cruel of my mother to refuse point-blank to allow the wedding till Fanny was eighteen; but, perhaps, in the whole, it was as well, for Nick in the mean time turned twenty-five, and was able to accept an invitation to stand as Conservative candidate for Helidon. When the appointed day—Fanny's birthday—came, I was in full orders, and had rung myself in as rector of Barnard.

I am not a good hand at describing a wedding, and am grossly ignorant of the difference between taciturns and tulle; but Emma and Edith Grey were two of our bridesmaids, and as Nick and Fanny were going to the East, and did not want Chavronix for the honeymoon, Mrs. Grey lost it not.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE, 1866.

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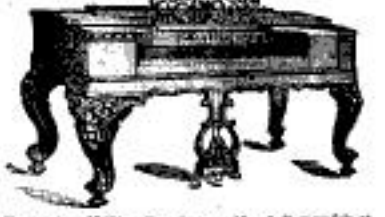
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS WARNER,
Author of "The Wide, Wide World."

CHAPTER III.

"Well, young ones," said Mr. May, next morning at breakfast, "what of the lists? Are they made up?"

"Not finished, papa," said Clover.

"Papa," said Lily, "it's terribly hard work!"

Mr. May laughed.

"I thought so," he said. "And so you have all been busied with a dozen things? Well, I have chosen three places for the gardens. My part of the work was easy."

"Oh! papa," said Lily, "whereabouts is mine?"

"Why, that is as you all agree," said Mr. May. "I promised to provide the places, but you must do the dividing yourselves. The first is down by the fence, just in front of the bow-window. The second lies close at the foot of the window itself."

"Papa," said Clover, "may the one who has the place by the fence let her flowers run on it?"

"The one by the fence may do what she likes with the fence, except pull it down. In like manner the one by the window may do any thing with that except break it. The third place lies down at the foot of the slope to the west; toward the side fence but not by it. This is rather the largest of the three."

"Oh, I should like to have the largest!" said Lily.

"Till the weeds come," said her father. "My dear, have you thought about the weeds?"

"Oh! I don't think to let 'em come—so I needn't think about 'em," said Lily. "But Clover's the oldest, she ought to choose first."

"I don't care about choosing," said Clover. "I dare say I can make something of either place."

"Well, then, I shall take the large place down at the foot of the slope," said Lily. "I can't bear to be crowded."

"Now, Prim," said Clover, "you must choose next."

"By what rule of preference?" said Mr. May, who was watching the progress of affairs with a good deal of interest.

"She is the smallest, papa—it might make more difference to her."

"May I really choose?" said Primrose. "I don't think it's fair."

"Why you it is, if I wish it," said Clover.

"Well, then," said Prim, with grateful pleasure in her very tone, "I choose the place under the window. Because mamma can look at me when I'm at work; and I might be lonely down there by the fence."

"I am sure mamma will approve that arrangement," said Mr. May, as they left the table. "Clover," he said, softly, bending down with his arm round her, "are you quite content?"

"I? Oh yes, papa! I shouldn't enjoy any thing, you know, if Lily and Prim were not pleased. And besides, don't you think, papa," said Clover, drawing him off to the window, "that my fence will be an advantage, and give me nice facilities?"

Mr. May laughed; but there was great tenderness in his eyes as he stooped and kissed the honest, sensible little face, and went away.

"Yes," he said, "you'll find 'facilities' enough, and turn them all into felicities!"

Clover stood still, looking out at her fence.

"Oh, Sam!" said Lily, "will you dig our gardens this morning?"

"Certainly not," said Sam, without hesitation.

"Oh, why not? I thought you would do any thing!"

"I will not, chiefly because it is impossible," said Sam. "The ground is frozen as hard as a rock."

"Why, is it?" said Lily—"frozen? That's very strange."

"On the contrary, it is just what happens every year about this time."

"But when will it melt?" said Lily.

"Melt?" cried Jack; "the ground melt! Ha, ha! that's a good one!"

"Well, I don't see what you're laughing at," said Lily. "Other frozen things melt."

"Yes," said Sam, "other frozen things melt, but the ground does not."

"And as soon as the ground thaws will you dig up our gardens, Sam?" said little Prim.

"If I live and am well, you may depend upon it. As soon as the ground will work, I will."

"What do you mean by the ground's working?" said Clover, tussling round from the window.

"Why, just now it is frozen hard, you know; and when it first begins to thaw it is very wet—more like mud than earth; and it is impossible to dig it well and break up the lumps, and make it fine and smooth. Indeed you can hardly dig it at all. But when the water drains off a little, and the warm sun has shone upon it for a while, the earth gets dry and crumbly, and then it will work. So shall I. You'll find those three gardens dug

when you first get up some morning, I've no doubt."

"How interesting it is!" said Clover.

"But, Sam," said little Primrose, "please don't dig my garden when we're asleep, because I want to see you do it."

"Why, it's not much to see, is it?" said Lily.

"Just dig it up, that's all, isn't it?"

"Just dig it up, just right," said Sam; "and put on just what is wanted, and make it just smooth afterward."

"What do you put on, Sam?" said Clover.

"Measure of some kind. I must ask papa what kind this soil needs."

"Is it hard to dig it just right?" said Primrose.

"I hope it won't be, after the frost is out," said her brother. "I'll do my best to get it in nice order for your plants and seeds."

"We haven't got any plants," said Lily, "we shall have only seeds. Except mamma's rose-bush."

"Oh!" said Sam, who was turning over the Catalogue, "you've taken care of that, have you?"

"Taken care of it?" said Lily; "why we haven't got money to buy plants."

"Plants come from seeds."

"But, Sam," said Lily, "how can we sow our seeds till we get the ground to sow 'em in?"

"It does sound difficult," said Sam. "Are those lists made out?"

"Mine is," said Lily.

"Mine isn't," said Primrose.

"I can finish mine very soon," said Clover, "now I know where my garden's to be."

"Let's look over yours first, then, Lily, if that is ready," said Sam.

"Oh, I'd like to have you, very much," said Lily. "I guess you'll think it's beautiful. You know papa told us to choose; but then each of us had such different reasons for choosing that I don't believe we've got one thing alike. You see I took (generally, I mean) the flowers with easy names—I got so bothered with names half a yard long. And Prim wanted all the sweet things; and Clover," said Lily, with a laugh, "wanted all the awful things. Cef-fal flowers; it's such a funny idea!"

Sam looked comically down at his Catalogue.

"The three lists, then," he said, "may be divided into Sweet, Useful, and Easy-Useless."

"Well you may laugh," said Lily, "but you'll see what a grand list I've got, if it is easy-useless. I didn't want flowers that were too much trouble, Sam; and I'd rather have something that I can call snap-dragon at once, and not be always saying 'the tall, blue thing,' or 'the little pink thing,' because I can't remember its name."

"Very judicious and proper," said Sam, opening the Catalogue. "I conclude, then, that snap-dragon heads the Easy-Useless list."

"Yes, it does," said Lily; "this one down here; 'best and brightest varieties mixed.' That was the one Clover advised me to take."

"Useful advice at any rate," said Sam. "What comes next? *Anemone warwickii*?"

"No indeed," said Lily.

"This one, perhaps, then—*amblyopis setigera*."

"I should think people would be ashamed to give flowers such names," said Lily. "Little innocent things that can't help themselves. No, this is the next—*aster*: the penny-flo-ered perfection, mixed colors. Then comes *calendula*—that's a sort of marigold you see—and then comes. That looks so beautiful that I had to take it. And the 'mixed varieties' are only five cents."

"That sounds useful," said Sam. "How about this great cockscomb?"

"I don't like the looks of it much," said Lily. "I sha'n't take it. But here's a pretty thing, Sam—this little dwarf convolvulus—*convolvulus minor*. You see convolvulus major is morning-glory, but I've taken the minor. Ten cents—and all sorts of colors. And one must have some little things, I suppose. Then now come the pinks—just look at them! I've taken one, and Primrose another, and Clover another."

"You could not have made a better choice," said Sam.

"Then I've got this hollyhock," said Lily—"showy and double." "I hope you like that? And oh! Sam, what do you think about sun-dew-ers?—just see, 'perfectly double,' and 'from five to eight feet high.'"

"I never saw one so tall," said Sam, waiving the more difficult question of his thoughts.

"Well, I'll see," said Lily; "I couldn't quite make up my mind. But flax—I must have that—'brilliant crimson,' and flowers all summer. I didn't know flax was so beautiful."

"This is not the common kind," said Sam.

"I wanted some pansies, but I couldn't have every thing," said Lily, turning over the leaves rather fast, as if to hide from her sight all the unobtainable beauties; "and of course I couldn't give up those petunias. There—just look! But they are terribly expensive—twenty cents; and that just takes all the rest of my money! Now, Sam, what do you think? Isn't it a good list?"

"Very good," said Sam, "and not difficult."

"There's all sorts of peas and



"THE LITTLE QUEEN OF THE WOODS."—(FROM A PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN.)

beats over here," said Lily; "but I thought they would be common. And there's something else, beginning with a Z, that looks handsome; but the name's ugly. And one can't have every thing."
 "Sam, where did you learn so much about flowers?" said Mrs. May from her table.
 "At Tharabaska, mamma, while I was at school. Mr. Austin's place was close by, and I did a great deal of work and play too in his gardens."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1866.

MAKING TREASON ODIOS.

THE President has directed that RAPHAEL SEMMES, the late commander of the late *Arlowss*, shall not, while he remains unpardoned, hold or exercise the function of Probate Judge, to which office he had just been elected in Mobile. This is an indication of caution and prudence which will be commended by every good citizen.

When Mr. JOHNSON became President he made many speeches to many deputations, and the refrain of every speech was that treason must be made odious. No sentiment he ever uttered was more approved. It was not because he was understood to mean that there must be universal vengeance. No sensible man wished that there should be a general hanging and confiscation and outlawry. No one who knew history and human nature imagined that the peace which had been won could be secured by a vindictive policy. Treason was to be made odious by honoring patriotism. The Government was to favor those who had been faithful to it during the long, dark day of rebellion. Such a policy was founded in common sense. It was intelligible to the dullest mind. Why, then, has it been so often disregarded?

We are not of those who say or believe that the President wishes to put the Government into the hands of its enemies. It is sheer folly to insist that he is anxious to welcome red-handed rebels into Congress. A man is not proved a villain because his views appear to be short-sighted and perilous. Some of the honestest men in the world have done the most mischief, but for all that they were not bad men. That the President should wish to see the Union restored to its normal condition during his Administration is most natural and laudable; nor is it necessary to suspect the motives of such a desire. We disagree, indeed, with many of his views, and the temper in which he often discusses public affairs in his popular speeches is most lamentable. His disposition to make assent to his theories the test of patriotic fidelity is, of course, simply preposterous, and any systematic attempt upon his part, which we do not anticipate, but which is clamorously urged upon him, to proffrate the vast patronage of office for the promotion of his own purposes, however honestly those purposes may be sustained, we trust will be Constitutionally opposed to the utmost. But we believe he heartily deprecates the unpromising state of feeling in large portions of the late rebel section, and while he is inclined to attribute it to the delay of Congress to admit loyal representatives from that section, he probably entirely forgets how much of the unsatisfactory condition of the late insurgent States is due to departures from the policy of making treason odious.

When the Union men of those States who have suffered every kind of outrage, who have been fined, mobbed, imprisoned, and have seen their Union neighbors hunted and tortured and hung for their fidelity to the Government, see a man like General HUNTER, of Mississippi, a conspicuous, leading traitor hastily pardoned by the President that he may become Governor; when they see Mr. MONROE, of New Orleans, another chief traitor, pardoned that he may become Mayor; when they see members of the Cabinet deliberately annulling the law of the land in order to appoint late rebels to national offices, while the most noted and tried Union men in the insurgent States ask in vain for such recognition of their fidelity, how can such men help bitterly feeling the contemptuous scorn with which the triumphant rebels regard them? How can they help asking why they might not as well have been rebels? How can they help in conviction that the policy of the Executive's quodulation of rebels and not recognition of Union men, or avoid asking with intense indignation whether this is the way in which treason is to be made odious?

On the other hand, what is more natural than that the late rebels who, as the President solemnly declared last year, were to be made odious, seeing exactly what the Union men see, should denounce Congress precisely as they used to denounce "the North," should heap every insulting superlative upon the most loyal men in the country, should vociferously declare their "rights," and begin vehemently to expound the Constitution which for four years they have trampled under foot? What is more natural than that these men whose treason, the President taught us, was to make them odious, should persecute with savage ferocity the most unfortunate and defenseless of all Union men

in the South, the freedmen, attack their teachers and assassinate the officers of the Bureau, when they see that the Executive is plainly hostile to the Freedmen's Bureau, is reluctant to secure their civil rights, and sternly denounces as traitors their especial friends? What is more natural than that these men who were to be made odious should make it odious to have been a Union man, and as Mr. BORRIS says in Virginia, should "assume a superiority over the loyal men of this State, impudent, defiant, and determined to ostracize, decapitate, and put the brand of infamy upon loyal men, and by legislation to render treason commendable and loyalty a crime." What wonder that the late rebel Mayor of Mobile, at a banquet of rebels, tossed together ANDREW JOHNSON and JEFFERSON DAVIS, while JOHN MEXON BORRIS, whose fidelity to the Union will not be questioned, declares that he has abandoned President JOHNSON'S plan?

What is the explanation of this extraordinary state of affairs? A year ago, amidst the total ruin of the rebellion and exhaustion of the rebel section, and with the hearty sympathy and support of every loyal man in the land, Mr. JOHNSON became President, declaring, while all the people said Amen, that treason must be made odious. Now, when a year has passed, it is loyalty that is odious and dangerous in the disaffected section, and the vast body of loyal citizens gaze at the President in wonder. Is this situation to be explained by the delay of Congress to admit loyal representatives from unorganized States, or by the fact that the Executive has not succeeded in making treason odious in those States?

If from the moment he became President Mr. JOHNSON, while he reasonably pardoned and amnestied the late rebels, had strenuously supported in every way the constant Union men of the rebel States, if he had shown the most unflinching determination that every right of the freedmen should be respected, and had every where manifested the success of the Government by its official preference of those who had defended it and believed in it under terrible trials, then, whatever his differences with Congress upon questions of method might have been, his policy would have been as approved and resistless as that of Mr. LINCOLN. As it is, the Union men of the Southern States are either silenced as before and during the war, or else with Mr. BORRIS they mean to try for their rights independently of the President.

The sad and stringent testimony of Mr. BORRIS and of Ex-Governor HOLDEN of North Carolina, neither of them "Radicals," supported by the constant evidence of private letters and of the frankest statements of Southern Union men, that should the military force be withdrawn they could not continue to live at home—the incessant assaults upon the freedmen's schools and teachers—the testimony of General GRANT and of General SHERMAN that a military force must be retained for a long time yet in the late disaffected States—the ferocity of the late rebel press, and the undoubted fact, as Governor HOLDEN says, that "the true Unionists are dejected, cowed, proscribed, under the ban socially, pecuniarily, and politically," should certainly induce the President to consider whether there may not be some better explanation of the situation than the radicalism of Congress. A little radicalism is perhaps natural and even pardonable under the circumstances. And we have no doubt that if the Executive should unwaveringly insist upon making treason odious, not by hanging or imprisoning or confiscating, nor by treating every man who was in arms as if he were a murderer, but by that firm preference of tried fidelity which is perfectly intelligible and practicable, the morbid truculence of tone in the late rebel section would abate, the painful and prolonged rupture in the great Union party would begin to heal, and the prospect of a truly "restored Union" would become much more promising.

EQUALIZING REPRESENTATION.

At a late political meeting in Philadelphia Senator COWAN, of Pennsylvania, is reported to have declared that he was opposed to any amendment of the Constitution at this time. The importance of any opinion of Mr. COWAN'S is due entirely to the public impression that he speaks for the President. But that he does so upon this subject we can not believe. For can it be seriously supposed, even by Senator COWAN, that the loyal people of this country intend that the late rebel States shall have gained political power by their rebellion? Are the States which conspired against the Union not only to have ceased the countless sacrifices of life, the enormous debt of the country, and the universal derangement of all commercial and social relations, but also to have increased their weight in the National Government? Yet such will be the result if no amendment is made to the Constitution equalizing representation.

Mr. OWEN, in his admirable letter, shows that in the eleven States lately in insurrection the population is in the proportion of three-fifths white to two-fifths colored. If the three-fifths, to which belongs the dangerous element

in those States, exclude the two-fifths from voting, and the Constitution remains unchanged, every three white voters in those States will have as much political power in Congress and in all Presidential elections as every five white voters in the other States. Is it for this result that Shiloh was fought and the fiery battles of the Wilderness? Is it for this that SUMNER marched to the sea, that our brothers were tortured to idleness and death at Andersonville and Belle Isle, and that untold thousands of them are buried in unknown graves? Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS tells us that the opinions of those who led the rebellion are unchanged. Do we, then, propose to give them an unjust advantage in the political arena to which the debate is now adjourned? Senator COWAN says yes. We trust he may live long enough to hear the loyal country, the citizens who have been the soldiers and sailors, and their brethren and friends, answer the question.

The eleven late insurrectionary States are entitled under the present apportionment, reckoning the whole population white and colored as the basis, to fifty-eight representatives; under a purely white basis they would be entitled to forty-two. Even then they would have an unchanged representation in the Senate, and consequently in a Presidential election the white voters of those States would have an advantage over the white voters of the other States. This should be remedied by the election of President directly by the people.

The question is simple. Shall we, by leaving the Constitution unamended upon this point, say to the chief insurrectionary States that so long as their white population which supported the rebellion chooses to disfranchise the colored population which was loyal, every white voter shall have twice or twice and a third as much political power in the Government as the white voter of the States that did not rebel? This is the question which should be put to the country unembarrassed by any other proposition. This is the amendment suggested by the Committee of Congress, which we hope will be freed from the four years' disfranchisement of those who adhered to the rebellion and then offered to the Legislatures of the States. The result, we imagine, will teach Senator COWAN that a victorious people can be magnanimous without folly, and conciliatory without forgetting common sense and justice.

THE ENGLISH REFORM BILL.

THE next step in Mr. GLADSTONE'S Reform bill, it appears, is the redistribution of seats—or, as we call it, the reapportionment of representation. The disproportion between the representation and the population in different parts of the British islands has always been extraordinary. It has arisen from the ancient borough and county rights and privileges which it was the object of the "Municipal Reform" bill of the year 1835 to regulate. Parliament is composed of members elected by counties, by boroughs, by a certain number of cities, and by the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin. Upon certain towns and boroughs the right of voting was anciently conferred by the gracious will of the King; but in a town where there was a corporation it was that, and not the people, which was represented.

In 1790 the city of London had 500,000 inhabitants and four representatives; while the county of Cornwall, with a population of 175,000, had 44 representatives. In the same year 575 voters, scattered among 80 boroughs, sent 60 members to Parliament. The member for Taverton was chosen by 14 voters; the member for Tavistock by 10. The borough of Old Sarum is historical. Old Sarum is the synonym of a rotten borough. This was a deserted spot of half a dozen old houses and a dozen inhabitants, and was entitled to two representatives, who were generally nominated either by the steward or butler of the proprietor of the sea-shore stepped into a boat with three others, and the election took place at sea. But in the debates of 1831 the Lord Advocate mentioned a case where the constituency was composed, in addition to the sheriff and the registering officer, of one person—who met, called himself to order, took the chair, nominated himself, seconded the nomination, voted for himself, and declared himself unanimously elected.

In Middlesex, in 1844, it appeared that the voters were 1 in 115, in Lancashire 1 in 80, and in West Surrey 1 in 26. Tavistock, which in 1790 sent one member for 10 voters, now elects two members by 433 voters. Honiton has 283 electors and two members; Totnes 250 and two members; Thetford 217 and two members. Mr. ROBERT LOWE is one of the most active and forcible opponents of the GLADSTONE Reform bill. He represents Caithness, and is elected by 175 voters, a majority of whom, or 88 voters, would counterbalance the votes of 11,396 electors in the northern division of the West Riding of Yorkshire. Mr. LAWSON, Attorney-General for Ireland, represents a con-

stituency of 86 electors. His seat would be secured by 44 votes, and his vote is of course equal in the House to that of either of the members for Cork, whose constituency numbers 15,572.

These extraordinary inequalities are natural in a system of government of classes and not of the people; and they explain much of the condition of England. The perception of the inadequacy and injustice of the representation brought the country into plain view of civil war in 1831 and '2; but such is the political progress even in England, that the year 1867 will probably see a man who believes in universal intelligent suffrage Prime Minister.

NATIONAL BANK SCANDALS.

THE pending investigation of the affairs of the Merchants' National Bank at Washington reveals facts which, though scandalous enough to shock any outside observer, were not unexpected by those who have made themselves familiar with the working of the National Bank system. It not only appears that the heaviest deposits of public money in the Washington bank were made after its insolvency was established, but it further appears that a considerable portion of that very money was used in stock operations in Wall Street. In other words, stock speculators got control of the bank, used its money in Wall Street and lost it, and, to make good their losses, contrived to induce Government agents (it is needless to mention names) to give them more money to speculate still further. It is the old story of JACKSON or KATZBACH.

The scandal might pass over and be forgotten in the usual nine days were the Merchants' National Bank a solitary specimen of its kind. But it is only one of two or three score institutions which have been fattening on the public money. Over twenty-four millions of public money were, at the date of the last Treasury return, deposited for safe-keeping in National Banks. The amount must now be reduced to less than twenty-three millions and a half by the failure of the Merchants' Bank. All this money is left with the National Banks free of interest; though, simultaneously, the Treasury Department is paying 4 and 5 per cent. interest on \$130,000,000 of temporary deposits which it does not need. A smart financier can thus make money very easily. All that is requisite is to get his bank appointed a Government depository, which is readily done. A little further exertion secures him a deposit of half a million. If he does not choose to take trouble or to run risks, he takes the money to the Sub-Treasury in New York or Philadelphia, and lends it to Government at 4 per cent. Thus our obliging Secretary actually pays 4 per cent. interest for the use of his own money, and our smart National Bank makes \$20,000 a year without risk or labor. This may be very grand in theory, but in practice it strikes us as that financing of the order is not the way to restore a sound currency or to promote economy.

There are points of view in which the National Bank system commands approval. It is an improvement on the old State system, which involved such wide variations in the values of the currencies of different States, and opened the door for so many frauds. No one would now desire to abolish it, and go back to the old plan. In the main it is a success. But it can not be denied that the system, as at present administered, is susceptible of improvement. The public will not much longer pay taxes at the rate of \$16 50 per head for the purpose of enabling National Banks to realize 12 per cent. on their capital—as they do by drawing 6 per cent. on the bonds deposited with the Controller of the currency, and 5 more by using the currency issued to them on the deposit of said bonds. Sooner or later, Congress will tax the bonds deposited at a rate which will absorb the bulk of the interest they bear; and no sound objection will be urged against the measure. Nor is there any justification for the deposit of public moneys in National Banks when the Government has Sub-Treasuries and national depositories in which its moneys can be safely kept. Apart from the risk which such money runs—quite needlessly, there is something demoralizing in placing at the gratuitous disposal of speculative bankers large sums of money which may not be called for in months, and by the use of which, with good luck, fortunes may be realized.

It is notorious in Wall Street that the bulk of the "fancy stocks," which have been lately inflated in that meridian, are "carried" with money loaned by National Banks—in good part, doubtless, money really owned by the Government. The money of the Merchants' National Bank at Washington was lost, it is said, in Chicago and North Western, and one or two fancy coal stocks. It had previously been used to corner Michigan Southern—so 'tis said. Who can say how the other \$25,500,000 of Government money in the National Banks is being employed? Is this the money which is inflating Canton, and Quicksilver, and Mariposa, and Pittsburg, and Fort Wayne, and the other lively "fancies" of the street? Or is it em-

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played in carrying gold—with a view to put up the premium and depreciate the national currency? If Mr. McCULLOCH is willing to lend his own money to National Banks without interest, while at the same time he borrows money of the same banks at four per cent., there would be no inconsistency in his selling gold to keep down the premium, and at the same time furnishing buyers of gold with currency (free of interest) to carry the precious metal and so defeat his object.

History incessantly repeats itself. Thirty-two or three years ago Government deposited its money with State banks, which used it to foster speculation, and the result was the crash of 1837 and heavy losses of Government money. We seem to be treading in the old path. If Government continues to employ the National Banks as depositories of the public money, in disregard of the established Sub-Treasuries, the amount in the keeping of these institutions will soon swell from \$3,500,000 to double that amount. The Sub-Treasurers have no interest in increasing their deposits; the National Banks have every reason to desire their increase. And at Washington the latter appear to have more friends than the former. Mr. McCULLOCH is understood to have interfered with the War Department last week to prevent the summary withdrawal of paymasters' funds from the National Banks; and the Controller of the Currency has written a letter to say that in his opinion National Bank notes are quite as good as greenbacks. If Congress does not interfere, this sort of thing points very clearly to increased deposits in the National Banks, a vast speculation based on such deposits, and another 1837 within a year or two. It is for Congress and the tax-payers to say whether this risk shall be incurred.

THE LATE RIOT AT MEMPHIS.

A PRIVATE letter to us from Memphis, written just before the late riot by a careful and impartial observer who is the reverse of a "Radical," is an interesting revelation of the state of society in that city, and explains the late shameful scenes there. Our correspondent is speaking of the Freedmen's Bureau, and says:

"The Provost Marshal of the Bureau attends every morning at the station-houses to which cases in which the colored men are concerned. This is quite necessary, the civil authorities of the city being mostly Irish, and terribly vindictive to the negro. Two or three cases of their gross intolerance come under my notice. The Mayor is a full-blooded Irishman, and the only justice I saw are of the same nationality. Brutal insults and all kinds of mistreatments are common. In Memphis one of the ordinances is, that a stranger not a slaveholder can only sell through the agency of commissionaires appointed for that purpose. The police are constantly on the watch for infractions of this ordinance. Now upon the steamer Louisville, a boat I traveled on, there was a large number of boxes full of poultry going to New Orleans. A well-dressed man coming on board and addressing a colored porter, asked if they were for sale; he was told that the man who owned them was in at dinner. Without further words he carried off the porter to prison. When the man was released, and the captain inquired what had become of him, he sent another colored man to the station with a message that it was altogether a mistake. This man was likewise detained in Danversville. The clerk on the boat went next, but without satisfaction. So the captain went up, and was told that his man was to be held for trial for breaking a city ordinance. He asked that the court sit and decide the matter. This was at once refused. He next demanded to see the law. The Irish judge pulled out a dog's-eared old order-book, and pointing to a page, remarked, 'There, damn it, is a copy of the law.' The captain would not leave his room, and even offered his boat as security for his appearance, without avail. He then brought him of the Bureau, through which the man was released, the captain leaving fifty dollars with the officer as a bond to produce the man if wanted at a future time. The court was now in session; now was the informer rebuked for riding and saying 'he would be damned if he was going to lose his three dollars.' Under such laws about a hundred negroes are at present held."

It is not surprising that in such a city upon the slightest pretense the police force and the rabble should engage in a bloody hunt of this unhappy class of the population. We gave last week the details of the sad scenes of the first days of May. The animus of this terrible riot is evident. It was that hatred of the colored race which is made more malignant in the late Slave States by the fact of its unswerving loyalty during the war. That the drunken colored soldiers were quarrelsome and noisy and ruder as drunken white soldiers are under similar circumstances is undoubtedly true. But no conduct of white soldiers would have occasioned so prolonged and murderous a persecution. The Memphis *Dispatch*, which was a furious advocate of the rebellion, and is now of course an equally furious opponent of "the Radicals," gravely states that in this wanton massacre of negroes and burning of their houses "Radical ferocity was indulging a partial satisfaction." In precisely the same spirit when the foreign rabble of New York hung and shot and burned the inoffensive negroes in the summer of 1863, the *New York World*, and other papers in sympathy with the rebellion, spoke of the loathsome crimes of a mad mob as a movement of "the people."

Both these shameful riots spring from the inhuman prejudice against the colored population which is carefully fostered and inflamed by the Democratic party. We appeal to any intelligent man whether it is a fact that that population is generally or notoriously lawless or

criminal or malignant. We appeal to our history to declare whether for the last eighty years they have been more sinned or sinned against in this country. And we appeal to Yankee common-sense to decide whether a party whose sole policy is contemptuous injustice toward a seventh part of the population is not a party radically dangerous to the peace and welfare of the country.

General STONEMAN's letters upon the riots to the people of Memphis are manly and decided. They show that the peace will now be maintained if he has force sufficient. General FISK, of the Freedmen's Bureau, and a Committee of Congress are engaged in investigating the circumstances of the disturbance. Those who ask why this is done by Congress forget that Memphis is still under the National care.

A SIGN IN VIRGINIA.

THE Virginia Union Convention is one of the most cheerful signs of the times. It is an indication of the self-respect and confidence of the large number at the South, who although compelled to silence during the war still nourished the true faith. For a year they have been as silent as before, apparently waiting to see the salvation of the victory which their cause had won. But at last they begin to see that they must save themselves, and Mr. CHAMBERS, of Portsmouth, touched the mainspring of their final success when he said that "the true policy of the Union men in the South should be to 'avail themselves of the negro element.'" This is indeed obvious, when we consider that the colored population compose a solid body of the staunch Unionists. We confess, however, that we had not expected this inevitable and decisive position to be so soon taken, and the fact that it has been in proof of the earnestness of those who plant themselves upon it. We call it inevitable, because with the vast moral support given to impartial suffrage by the most intelligent class of citizens in the country, and its sure final triumph, it was impossible that, as political differences began to express themselves again in the rebel States, this immense resource of strength should be disregarded.

It is a significant fact that no political Convention has declared itself for impartial suffrage more plainly and forcibly than the late assemblage at Alexandria. It was in that city that the first advance of the United States was made against the external lines of the late rebellion, and it is there that the first blow of a Southern State is given to the vital spirit of the rebellion. When the platform of this Convention becomes the policy of the late rebel States the cornerstone of an enduring peace will be laid.

The Convention organized the Union Republican party of Virginia, and took measures for the appointment of State and county committees. The platform declares for impartial qualified suffrage as a requisite of a republican form of government, and as a means of harmonizing the policy of the President and of Congress. It holds that any considerable portion of the people which is denied a voice in the elections will be denied just protection for person and property; that no reconstruction is sure which does not provide against the assertion of the doctrine of secession; that treason should be made odious; that it is the evident intention of the late rebels to try to secure by votes what they could not obtain by bayonets; that intelligence is essential to a truly safe popular government, and that universal education should therefore be secured by a system of free schools; and, finally, the Convention appointed a committee to wait upon the President and Congress and solicit their sympathy and their approval of its action.

Here, then, is a movement to which the most cautious can not object. The most fanatical doctrine of State rights can not carp at the peaceful and lawful action of a body of unquestionably loyal citizens; and the most ardent believer in the right of the nation to secure the Union by any just political condition may well prefer to see that result attained by spontaneous local action. This Convention is but another illustration of the vital character of the question of equal suffrage. It will be agitated every where in the country until it triumphs, and until it does triumph we shall be subject to the gravest political excitements.

RELATION OF EXERCISE TO HEALTH.

THE necessity of exercise for the maintenance of health is a very hackneyed theme, and yet few really understand how it promotes health, and some even of those who have written about it would be puzzled in trying to furnish an explanation. With this want of clear ideas of the real nature of the subject, there are consequently many errors about which are practically injurious. Hence the necessity for looking at the matter more carefully than is commonly done.

What effects do exercise actually produce in the system? Its most palpable effect is increased activity in the circulation—the heart beats faster and stronger, pumping the blood more rapidly into the arteries; and the capillaries, the minute extreme vessels, are every where fuller of blood than usual, which is shown externally to the eye in the reddening

of the skin. The lungs are crowded with blood, and hence the breathing is rapid to provide sufficient air to aerate the surplus blood passing through. With the reddened face there is a reddened brain, for the strongly-pumping heart forces more blood than usual upward into this organ. And so of other organs.

What comes of all this? What should come from increasing the supply of building-material and from stimulated action? Good development, building after a full pattern, and strong building. It is not, observe, mere bulk that you get—that may come from mere relaxation, with a plentiful supply of material. The structure is firm as well as large.

You see this result in the muscles themselves. Look at the bulging muscles of iron strength in the arm of the blacksmith, in contrast with the muscles in the arm of a sedentary man. So also the sailor has the muscles of the arms more developed than those of the lower extremities, because he uses them so much more; while, on the contrary, the muscles of the lower limbs of the dancer and the athletic runner are extraordinarily developed.

But while the enlarging and strengthening effect of exercise is manifested most decidedly in the muscles, it is, as you have seen from what we have already said, by no means confined to them. There is not an organ of the body that is not affected. This is recognized generally in relation to the stomach, for it is commonly said that exercise increases the power of digestion. But it is equally true of the lungs. Let them be untrammelled by pressure, and the exercise that makes the blood come through their minute vessels, distending them fully, will enlarge and strengthen these organs. So, too, the brain can do its work better if the blood be every now and then vigorously pumped into it; so that the thinker in taking exercise is not merely resting his brain, and strengthening his system at large, but he is directly storing up power in the brain itself.

We have thus far spoken of growth or building; but after the full development is reached exercise is needed to keep up the good condition. If it be omitted there will be either shrinkage or bulk without vigor. We are accustomed to think of adults as being fully developed; but there are glaring facts which prove that many of them are far from it—either they have never been well developed, or if they have, there has been a decided loss from long inactivity of the requisite exercise. We refer to the measurements that show such large increase of bulk, especially in the capacity of the chest, after a course of gymnastic exercises.

But there is something beyond mere development in the results of exercise. The nervous power, or vital force, or whatever it may be called, has for one of its natural stimuli or excitants arterial blood, and therefore the better this and the more briskly it circulates the greater will be the general activity of the various organs.

Another thing still to be taken into the account. It is the effect on the skin. We do not refer here to the firmness that exercise gives to this organ in common with the other organs of the body, as seen in the contrast between the thick and elastic skin of the active and the thin and flabby skin of the sedentary. We especially refer to the important functions which this very extensive organ performs. One of these is excretion. In the insensible perspiration—the breathing of the skin, as we may call it—though so slightly done, there pass off constantly much of the refuse of the system. For the purpose of effecting this there is a vast system of tubes in the skin. Mr. E. Wilson, with the aid of a microscope, counted 8338 tubes in a square inch on the palm of the hand. By his estimate there are in the whole skin about 7,000,000 of these tubes, and the total amount of tubing is 48,500 yards, or 28 miles. Now, these tubes, like all other tubes, need an occasional washing out to remove obstructions, and this can only be done by the free, sensible perspiration produced by brisk exercise. Outside bathing will not alone accomplish this—it may remove obstructions from the outlets of the tubes, but can not clear the tubes themselves. This must be done by water forced through them from the inside—that is, by the flow of the perspiration. It need hardly be said that if these tubes are not kept clear, the refuse which should pass through them, retained in the system, will surely impair the health and produce positive disease.

You see from what we have said that gentle exercise alone can not answer the purposes alluded to. There must be mingled with it strong exertion—such as will make the heart pump the blood forcibly into all the organs, and will cause a good flow of the perspiration. The very graceful and proper walk of the formal processions so commonly seen issuing from boarding-schools does but little good. Scanty development and feebleness are the certain results of such shortcomings in the obedience of nature's laws.

The limits of exercise, and the relative values of its various forms and modes, will be considered hereafter.

"THE LITTLE QUEEN OF THE WOODS."

THE charming picture on our first page is reproduced from a painting by J. G. Brown, of this city. The painting is one of those pleasant works of art which have given Mr. Brown a well-deserved popularity. We have placed this engraving in immediate juxtaposition with Miss Wagoner's beautiful story of "The Three Little Spades," because there seemed to be a peculiar fitness in setting "The Little Queen of the Woods" in the midst of a chapter about flowers.

LITERARY.

THE first volume of LOEWEN's "Pictorial History of the Civil War," published by GEORGE W. CARLSON, is now ready. It is a large and handsome volume of 600 pages, copiously illustrated, and it tells with unflagging interest and fidelity the story of the re-

bellion from the meeting of the Charleston Convention in 1860 to the disastrous battle of Bull Run. It is written in a lucid and animated style, warmed with the most earnest, patriotic feeling. In the author's judgment the rebellion was a crime against the country, against liberty and civilization; but his fervid condemnation of the leaders in the dark conspiracy does not confuse his faculty as a faithful chronicler. Mr. LOEWEN's familiarity with the country and with our history acquired in the preparation of his "Pictorial History of the Revolution," and of the War of 1812, and his practiced skill as a writer and designer, have been of great value to him in compiling this history. He is now visiting every point of interest during the war; and when his journey is completed he will have traveled about twenty thousand miles for the purpose of his work, which will be completed in three volumes. The author's candor and sincerity, his careful and extensive research, and his untiring industry and patience give a peculiar charm to his *Chronicle of the War*.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

May 15: In the Senate, Mr. Sherman reported a bill to reduce the rate of interest on the national debt, and for funding the same. The joint resolution to prevent the introduction of slaves into the United States was then taken up, and, after receiving some amendments, was passed. A message was received from the President, respecting, without his signature, the bill for the admission of Colorado.

In the House, the Senate amendments to the Post-office Appropriation bill were concurred in.—The bill on the organization of the Territories was passed by a vote of 19 to 41. The sixth section prohibits the denial of suffrage to citizens because of race or color.

May 17: In the Senate, the Diplomatic Appropriation bill was passed.—The West Point Academy bill was then considered, and an amendment adopted prohibiting the appointment either to West Point or the Naval Academy of any persons who have served in the rebel army or navy. The bill was passed.

May 18: In the House, a resolution was adopted, without debate, declaring Mr. DeLoach entitled to his seat as Representative from the Thirtieth District of Ohio.

BURNING OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

On the night of May 11 a fire broke out in a restaurant connected with the Academy of Music, and that office was soon laid in ruins. The New York University Medical College was destroyed. The fire extended into Fifth Avenue street and across Third Avenue. The loss is estimated by millions of dollars.

NEWS ITEMS.

Ex-Governor John Lothrop, of Virginia, in a recent letter, states that he has taken no part in politics, and has not cast a political vote since 1861. He says that he is peacefully retired, and is contented to possess his own property. He says in conclusion: "The only service I can render is to give the country the benefit of my example, in showing a proper respect for the laws of the land, and a practical obedience thereto."

Captain Ap Cadeby Jones, who left the United States Navy for that of the rebels and commanded the *Ironclad Virginia*, has been appointed Chief of Ordnance of the Peruvian Navy.

The farmers in Upper Georgia and North Alabama are plowing up their cotton crops and planting corn instead. Not more than one-fourth of the crop can be counted on in those regions.

Mr. Ferry has been nominated United States Senator from Connecticut to take the place of Vice-President Foster.

The testimony taken by the Reconstruction Committee is in print. It makes a volume of 763 pages of document size.

On the 15th of July, 1865, the date on which the last expedition of colored troops was organized in there were in the service of the United States 120 regiments of infantry, 23 of heavy artillery, 10 companies of light artillery, and 7 regiments of cavalry—in all as follows:

Infantry.....	12,000
Heavy Artillery.....	15,000
Light Artillery.....	2,500
Cavalry.....	7,500
Total.....	37,000

FOREIGN NEWS.

The financial panic in England was increasing. Failures have occurred involving millions of pounds sterling. Among the houses closed is that of Sir George Fife. The Bank of England Charter Act has been passed, and interest has advanced to the rate of 12 per cent.

The news from Germany exhibits no improvement. Count Bismarck threatens Saxony with shorter measures unless she at once disarms. Saxony, on the other hand, insists her military preparations on the ground that she may be called upon by the Federal Diet to provide a contingent. It is stated that Prussia has lost no time in answering the Austrian note of the 26th ult., and that she insists upon regarding the movement of Austria in the direction of Italy as a menace. Just as an arrangement appeared to have been come to for the simultaneous demobilization of the armaments of Austria and Prussia the latter power objects to the Austrian preparations in Venetia and on the frontier against an attack from Italy.

The Italian Government also objects to the Austrian armaments, and doubts that Italy had incurred her armaments. Austria maintains that Italy is arming; but she promises not to take the offensive against Italy, and she will immediately restore her army in Venetia to a peace footing. The Italian Government has obtained the unanimous assent of the Chamber of Deputies for placing the army on a war footing, and for providing by royal decree aid by extraordinary measures the financial means necessary for the defense of the country.

Austria has an army of 485,700 men, Prussia 316,000 men. At the latest advice Prussia had ordered her entire army on the frontier, America had called out "every soldier." Italy was most energetic in her war preparations, Saxony had mobilized her army, Turkey was about to take the same step, and Russia was reported as moving a portion of her forces. An attempt had been made to assassinate Count Bismarck in Berlin.

On the 26 of May the Spanish fleet under Admiral Nunez, on its way to bombard the city of Callao, Peru, was badly beaten by the shore batteries in the harbor, the vessels shattered, and Nunez himself wounded. The *Vista de Madrid* and *Barcelona* were so badly damaged early in the fight that they were obliged to withdraw to San Lorenzo, and they were afterward followed by the *Amazons* and the rest of the fleet, more or less damaged. The fight lasted five hours. Fifty Peruvians are reported killed and one hundred and twenty wounded. Honor Galvez, the Secretary of War, was killed. The loss of the Spanish fleet is not known; but it is supposed to have been heavy.

The *Fortunate* passenger, now a tuble, who saved the life of the *Clear* in her ill-fated voyage, has most important possessions in Florida. His life will not be a profitable one, for in St. Petersburg also the public subscription in his behalf already exceeds \$275,000, and, further to fit him for his new post, the Emperor has appointed General Tschibum to express his education,

THE FIRE IN SALEM

We give on this page an illustration of the recent fire in Salem, in which Lynde block and building in its rear were destroyed. The fire broke out on the night of May 14, in a shed in the rear of the East India Marine Hall building. The locality was one extremely difficult to operate in, and the flames were much advanced when the steamers and engines were brought to bear upon them.

In a short time the stable and Gymnasium building were enveloped in flames, the fire creeping through the roof immediately, and defying the thorough drenching of water which fell upon the outside, but which was unable to penetrate to where it was most needed. The roof finally fell in with a crash.

The East India Marine Hall building was at one time in great danger, the eastern covering being on fire its entire length, and the flames penetrating the roof. A pipe was finally put into the building, which was thus saved from destruction. As it was, the building was considerably damaged by water, though the celebrated collection of curiosities was saved without much injury, though with considerable displacement.

The whole of Lynde block was soon in flames, commencing at the southern end. The to-



THE FIRE AT SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS—DESTRUCTION OF LYNDE BLOCK.—[SKETCHED BY J. W. TAYLOR.]

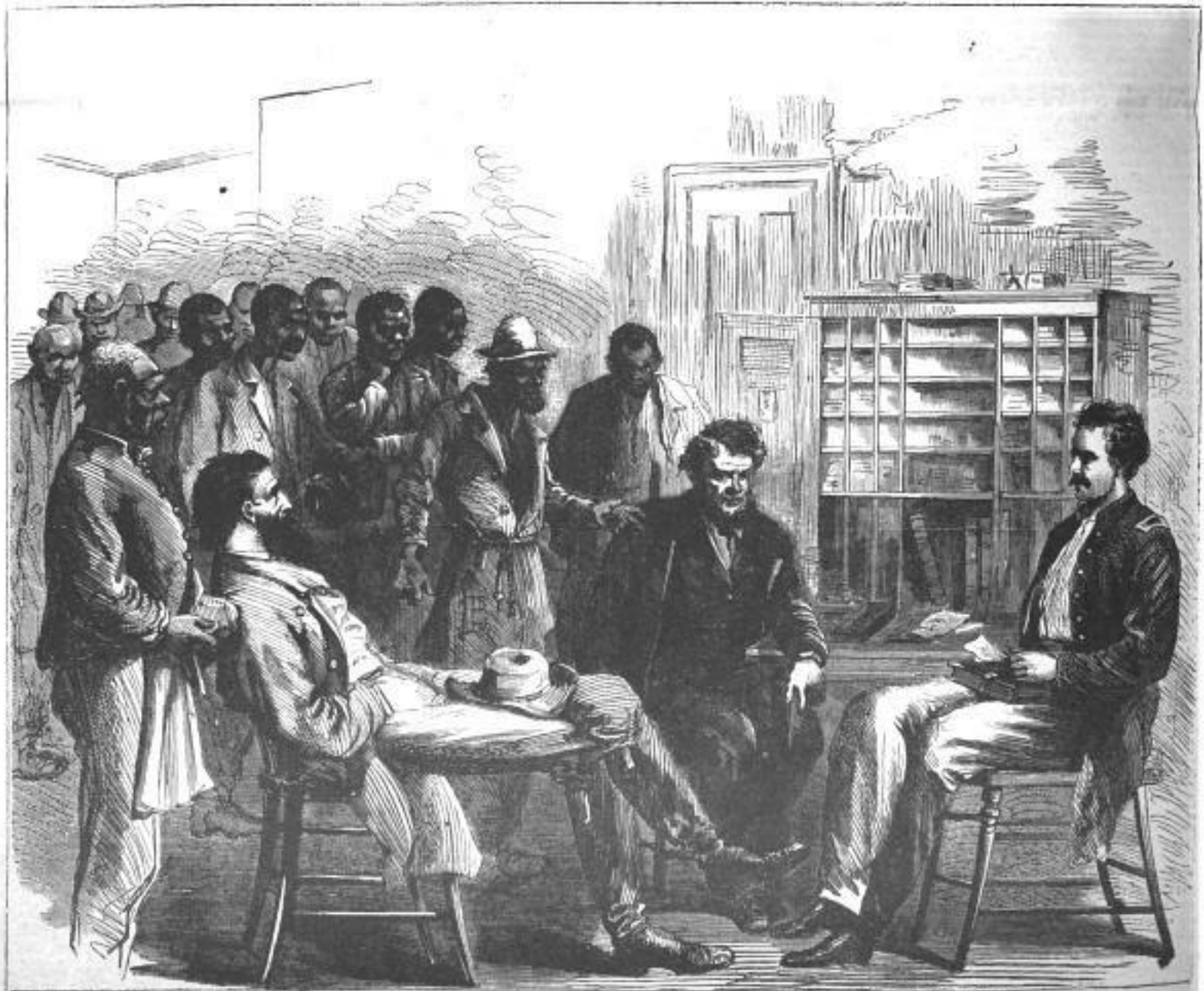
tal loss of property was not be less than from \$75,000 to \$100,000.—The wooden buildings were not of great value. The Lynde block and the brick block on Liberty Street were the most valuable of the buildings destroyed.

RECEPTION OF THE FENIAN CHIEF.

On the 15th of May Mr. JAMES STURTEVANT, the Fenian Chief, was honored by his brave brethren with a grand reception at Jones' Wood. There was a crushing turn-out, and notwithstanding that admission-tickets cost fifty cents ahead, there was an immense audience gathered together to hear what the old veteran from across the sea had to say for himself and—for them. About fifteen thousand Fenians are supposed to have been present:

"At half past one," says the Herald, "the carriage which had been sent down to the Metropolitan for the General Inspector appeared before the main gate to the wood, bearing its illustrious freight. The several bands which had been engaged there during the morning by the appearance of evil, moving hither and thither up 'Hall to the Chief' with commendable vigor. Mr. STURTEVANT was driven rapidly down the Hill to headquarters between long lines of shouting and cheering Fenians, male and female, young and old. With his hat often from his head and waving his pair of legs in the delightful attitude."

We have not space to give Mr. STURTEVANT'S ad-



OFFICE OF THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE,

[SEE PAGE 316.]

dress in full. He began with the history of his own connection with the Fenian cause:

"Toward the close of December, 1857," he said, "a young Irishman called at my residence in Dublin, bringing me letters from Colonel O'Mahony and from the late Colonel KILGALLAN, DOMERTY. He had also an oral communication to make himself; but all was to the effect that an organization had been established in America, of which Colonel DOMERTY was appointed the chief, and I was requested to commence an organization and to direct it in Ireland. . . . On my return to Ireland, after seven years' exile, the first thing I did was to travel through the country in every direction to derive a thorough knowledge of the people, and to see what could be done. I devoted a whole year to that, during which time I traveled three thousand miles on foot." He acknowledged that the Fenian movement was a conspiracy. He recessed the discouragements he had met in this country and at home, and alluded especially to the opposition of the clergy. "We have," he said, "invariably instilled upon our friends the duty of giving assistance and submitting in all devotion to their clergy in their spiritual character, but that in their temporal character they were deeply to look upon them as enemies. Without this training you never could have a force in Ireland upon whom you could rely." He earnestly urged upon his brethren the necessity of union in their efforts. He said the organization in Ireland toward the close of last year numbered two hundred thousand men, and of that force fifty thousand were thoroughly drilled, with a large proportion of men who had seen war and such powder on the battle-field—a large proportion of veterans, in short; fifty thousand were partly drilled men, and the other hundred thousand quite untrained. All that the Fenians wanted was war material and money.

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INSIDE

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XXI.

It came upon Somerville at last. Came the very week of the Sabbath upon which Brother Barker had exulted, with the angels in heaven, over the repulse of Banks on Red River. Came at the very time the Secession element of Somerville was glittering upon the very crest, the Union element glooming in the lowest trough of the ever-rolling sea. Came to Somerville as comes upon the pit of his stomach to a pugilist an unexpected blow when he has just warded off another from his eye. So occupied were we all in Somerville with the defeat of Banks that we had completely forgotten about ourselves. It was like that ball in Brussels of which Lord Byron has issued such extensive tickets; no marriage bell went merrier than did Somerville, when, like the roar of the coming Waterloo, dimming the sparkling eyes, paling the glowing cheeks at said ball, comes the rumor of an advance of the Federals upon the town.

How the rumor first reached the place who can tell? Rumor at times seems to be, indeed, the living goddess the Romans made it, and to move with lightning rapidity in and by itself without the intervention of any means whatever. It was exactly at nine o'clock Friday night that Dr. Warner threw Mrs. Warner into strong hysterics by the announcement that the Federals were coming. When that lady ventured to steal forth after a night spent in hiding her silver and the children of her negro woman, lest the mother should run away, her jewelry and other valuables, refreshing herself occasionally by abuse of alternately the Confederates and the Federals, her husband being most to blame of all, the first object she beheld was the Federal flag flying from the roof of the Court-house, near which Dr. Warner had his home.

We have the authority of Sir Walter Scott that the bugle blast of Roderick Dhu possessed the double power both of causing the instantaneous appearance and the as instantaneous disappearance of bodies of men. Whatever wizard blew the blast in this case, the appearing of the Federal force was not more sudden than was the disappearance of the main Secessionists of Somerville. For reasons which will appear in the sequel, we abstain from saying any thing more in reference to this raid than the actual fact of its having taken place just at that time in Somerville compels us to record. Closed stores, upon the walls of which the enemy have posted bills informing the citizens that, so long as they are themselves quiet, the invaders will scrupulously avoid molesting any other than Confederate property; deserted streets, every individual peeping from behind doors and through the slats of shutters with curiosity swallowing up all other feeling; the marching hither and thither of blood-coated cavalry; the sound of martial music—a dream come and gone before we know it.

That Friday night Mr. Arthur was in the very act of kneeling with Mrs. Sorel's household at family worship when an halloo makes it necessary for Bobby to go down to the front gate to quiet the dogs and find out what is wanted. He is gone so long that Mr. Arthur himself goes out. He meets Bobby returning, and only hears some one shout, "Tell them exactly what I told you!" as the one shouting gallops off in the darkness. Repeating his message on the way back, Bobby repeats it yet again when he gets into the house. A most remarkable message it is.

"Colonel Brooks says, 'Be prudent, don't commit yourselves!'"

"Colonel Brooks?" asks Mrs. Sorel—"Colonel Brooks, Brooks?"

"Nothing else?" asks Mr. Arthur, bewildered giving place to the sudden joy.

"As soon as I could get old Coff to stop barking I asked, 'Who's there?' says Bobby, soberly, but not without some vague sense of new importance. "One of the men—"

"There were two, then?" asks his mother.

"Yes, ma, on horseback, two—Dr. Peal and Mr. Brooks. Colonel Brooks says, 'Be prudent, don't commit yourselves!'"



THE FENIANS HAVE GONE.

dent, don't commit yourselves! That is exactly what Mr. Brooks said. 'Is that you, Bobby?' he asked, when I first got to the gate—'Is that you, Bobby?' so eagerly. Humph," adds Bobby, "I think I ought to know Mr. Brooks's voice. Didn't I used to see him every day? Wasn't he my Sunday-school teacher? Colonel Brooks says, 'Be prudent, don't commit yourselves!' And then they galloped off."

"But how do you know the other was Dr. Peal?" asked Mr. Arthur, while Mrs. Sorel sank again in her arm-chair, as if unable to stand.

"Oh, I knew that before I got to the gate. He was cursing old Coff, you know," adds Bobby. "Oh, I know Dr. Peal. I've heard him cursing and swearing ten thousand times. Colonel Brooks says, 'Be prudent, don't commit yourselves!'" Bobby repeats the words as he had before done quite other words, verses and the like, from Mr. Brooks's lips in the Sabbath-school.

"I really and sincerely think you had better go," says Mrs. Sorel, suddenly, to Mr. Arthur, after half an hour of wondering and questioning.

Mr. Arthur lifts his eyes in mute inquiry, though he sees at a glance that placid Mrs. Sorel has been reading his thoughts all the time.

"By the Federals you know I shall be respected," she says, rapidly but quietly; "if any of the Secessionists should endeavor to molest me, it would be none the better, all the worse, if you were here. Go, Mr. Arthur, go!"

"I can not think of leaving you. None but you and Bobby," begins that individual. "The negroes—"

"They would not harm their old mistress. No—Mrs. Sorel is safer without you," she adds, with a smile.

"I can not think of going. I will not leave you exposed," says Mr. Arthur, throwing on the table his hat, which he has, most unconsciously, got from the hall, and has had in his hand all this time. And he takes his seat, and draws Bobby to his accustomed place between his knees.

"Mr. Arthur," says Mrs. Sorel, very erect in her chair—as thoroughly from South Carolina at the moment as Mrs. Bowles ever was—"I am mistress in my own house—No, I don't mean that. I am old enough to be your mother. I will do to you as I would to Frank if he were here. I command you to go!"

Even as he gallops along through the darkness toward Somerville his conscience smites him; but he gallops on, leaving the casuality of the case to be settled when he has more time.

A busy time he finds it when he reaches town. He had met more than one vehicle on the road thither; he now hears the roll of wheels, the galloping of horses in every direction; slamming doors, running feet, sawing, hammering, glancing lights in the windows, lanterns in almost every stable. Few voices heard, but an exceedingly busy time.

Not until he has alighted at Mrs. Bowles's gate does he ask himself how he is to arrange matters with that lady—what he is to say. The front-door is open, a light streams from it, and, as he opens the gate to go in, the beams fall full upon the face of Brother Barker, of all men in the world. And very much excited indeed is Brother Barker.

"Ah! Brother Arthur," he says, in an agitated manner, seizing upon, and—from sheer force of general habit—shaking the hand of the other in the long, and altogether indescribable manner peculiar to Brother Barker after a warm meeting in church or arbor. It is the first time he has ever spoken to Brother Arthur for years now. Generally he has avoided him on the street, or, when compelled to pass him, it has been with a nod greatly colder than no recognition; the repulsion—moral, religious, intellectual, every way—the repulsion between these two men being really greater than that between any other two men in Somerville.

"Your horse, I believe, Brother Arthur?" pointing to the animal from which Mr. Arthur had just alighted with his left hand, while he retains his friend's hand, still shaking it, in his right.

It is Mr. Arthur's horse.

"Would you be so kind? Some unprincipled person has stolen my animal from the stable

within the last hour. The fact is—I presume you may know—it is believed the Federals—I would not wound your feelings for the world, Brother Arthur"—another shake of the hand—"but I have reason to think that I may be singled out"—greatly agitated.

"What can I do for you, Sir?" asks Mr. Arthur, to close the interview, endeavoring in vain to extricate his hand.

With many hurried words Brother Barker at last asks and obtains Mr. Arthur's horse, and rides off, and faster than its owner had come. The fact is, just before, Brother Barker and Bob Withers had been thrown together at Staples's hotel, in the universal jumble of the confusion and hurry.

"Oh, is this you, Mr. Barker? You here yet?" Mr. Withers has found time, in the rush, to stop and ask of that gentleman, with astonishment, even terror, depicted on his face. "Why, my dear Sir—by George! You here still? Don't you know they have sworn to hang you? You must have heard of it; it is you they are coming to Somerville after! Colonel Brooks commands the force. It was you, you know—don't you, by George!—who had his brother Paul hung. From your own steeps they'll hang you, man!" But here the two are separated in the confusion, and for several days after Brother Barker has disappeared, with multitudes of others, from the streets of Somerville.

Mr. Arthur finds himself in Mrs. Bowles's parlor, and in company with that lady and her daughter, before he has as all arranged what to say. He had not supposed Mrs. Bowles could be as cold and stately as she now bears herself, frail as a shadow, the silvered hair so smoothly arranged under the neat cap, the refined face as sorrowful yet as stern as Antigone. Mr. Arthur has a general idea, in the hurry of the moment, that so far from being in undress Mrs. Bowles has on her very best attire, dressed even with unusual care. With coldest politeness she barely endures Mr. Arthur. Alice sits with drooping eyes after the first salutations. No wonder he can not read her thoughts, she is far from knowing them herself.

"Will you pardon my intrusion?" he asks, without taking a seat. "I happen to be in Somerville to-night, and come to beg, if altogether convenient, that I may be permitted to sleep in the front office to-night."

"If you desire to sleep there, not being able to go out to Mrs. Sorel's," begins Mrs. Bowles, with coldest dignity, and as ungraciously as she can force herself to be.

"A gentleman has just borrowed and ridden off my horse," Mr. Arthur remarks, Hannibal like, his ships burned behind him, that having been not the least motive with him in permitting Brother Barker to take his horse—not without a mounting color in his face, and conscious of the appealing eyes of Alice upon him.

"We do not need your protection, Mr. Arthur, nor do we desire it—Alice, my servants, and myself," Mrs. Bowles proceeds to observe in her coldest and most measured manner. "Were there no one else, Rutledge Bowles being absent, Mr. Neely has kindly sent word that, as soon as he has secured his negroes and other property, he will endeavor to call. I think that the substance of his note, Alice, my dear?"

"Mrs. Sorel and myself thought—"

"I am aware that the enemy which has desolated other parts of our country is expected," continues Mrs. Bowles, still more measuredly. "Excuse my interrupting you, Sir. I am perfectly informed also of the outrages and atrocities to which we may and probably will be subjected by them. It is not impossible but they have heard of my son, Rutledge Bowles, and may seek to visit vengeance on Alice and myself on that account. Nor will the place of my known birth be a protection to me, nor my known horror of the flag they bear, nor my unpeppable aversion to their country—"

"Dear mother," begins Alice.

"Permit me, Alice. I admired your spirit in sending word, as you did, to Mr. Neely that we would not need his presence. Alice will tell you also that we do not need yours, Mr. Arthur. You will pardon me. Alice and myself are prepared to suffer whatever the fiercest foe may see fit to inflict—to lay down our poor lives, if need be, on the altar of our country. We are quite poor now. They will find but little to rob us of. My husband—Major Bowles's portrait I have already caused to be removed." Sure enough, their visitor, who had missed something, he could not tell what, from the room from the time he entered, glanced over the mantle, and saw only a blank space where lately the grand old Major used to sit enthroned.

"You must permit me to add, Sir," continues Mrs. Bowles, dignified as ever, but excited by her own words, "that of all the gentlemen in this community you are the last I would look to for protection. Passive as you have been, to use no harsher phrase, in this struggle for the lead of your own birth, withholding even your prayers for its success, associating exclusively with, and encouraging to your utmost, those in our midst who are traitors to their country, ripens upon its hearth—hush, Alice, you will permit me to speak in my own house—you, Sir, are the last man in the world to whom I would wish, above all, whom I would have Alice my daughter to look to for protection. Though he has been at one time even insolent, I would prefer my—the boy Charles, who was once my servant, as a protector. That you see here now, instead of at Mrs. Sorel's, is the result, I presume, of secret communication with the enemy. Besides"—all in a quiver from head to foot, her hand wandering about her brow.

"You must permit me, Madam," interrupts



THE HANDKERCHIEF AND THE FIST.

Mr. Arthur, quite conscious of Alice's eyes in mute entreaty, not without color in his cheeks, but never speaking in sick chamber or to dying friend in gentler tones, "to withdraw my request. I should not have intruded. I will do so no more. I trust you will one day do me more justice."

With a bow to the ladies in leaving, carefully avoiding Alice's face with his eyes, yet reading more meaning in them none the less than ever before in his life, the visitor is gone. And Alice, though she never looks out at the window during the rest of the night, is perfectly aware, amidst all the noise of wheels and hoofs and feet, that Mr. Arthur is keeping watch and ward about them.

"I have ever esteemed Mr. Arthur a gentleman; I have often wished Rowledge Bowles could have known him; but that he should have pursued the course he has pursued me. Mrs. Sorel, too, positively bewilders me. And I am told that Mr. Brooks is actually a Colonel in the Federal forces. It can be nothing," said Mrs. Bowles, with her hand to her head, "but insanity, raving insanity. Either they are deranged"—her hand wandering about her brow—"or I am," added she, with the use of the strongest metaphor in her knowledge. "As I have told you a thousand times, Alice, my dear, I wish you to have no further acquaintance with this Mr. Arthur. You have known him for years, but I wish you always to class him in your mind with Benedict Arnold—remember, dear."

But Alice is thinking, by some strange coincidence, of the night of the insurrection—how they three sat up together on the front porch all night waiting for what did not, like millions of other things expected in Somerville, take place at last.

And so the night wears away, neither mother nor daughter caring to lie down. Mrs. Bowles, poor lady! at one and the same instant blaming herself severely for having spoken so to Mr. Arthur, and regretting that she has not been even more bitter to him; wondering that persons like Mrs. Sorel and her late visitor—so good and calm and firm heretofore—so calm and firm and gentle now—wondering, wondering! And Alice, too, so silent and quiet.

And so she comes back with a start to the fact that the Federals are coming, and that she must meet them with the dignity and quiet scorn which behoves South Carolina when Yankees are in question.

And Alice? Conscious all along of Mr. Arthur keeping watch around the place; now glowing with her mother in heroic resolve; now mourning that it is such things as Secession and Slavery that we must be heroic about; imagining to herself one Great Republic rending these twin curses out of its bosom, and lifting itself free, strong, and People henceforth! But it is we, the South, who are being whipped, subjected. And so she wanders about in the same hazy, morbid, darksome theme, treading in thought now to the right, now to the left, as upon tufts of turf in a morass, upon the innumerable yess and noys of the master, but with firmer foot, in straighter course than before, not unconscious of broadening light ahead.

Had it actually been Colonel Brooks himself Mrs. Sorel would have been less surprised than she was when Brother Barker, not two hours after Mr. Arthur's leaving, presents himself before her, after most violent protestations on the part of old Cuff at the front gate and along the walk—even Cuff seeming trouble abroad tonight, and vigilant accordingly.

"Ah, Sister Sorel!"—and he has her hand in his before she can believe her eyes—"hope you are well? And the family too? And this is your little boy, Robby, I believe?" Retaining Mrs. Sorel's hand with his right, he takes Robby's with his left, and so establishes double rapport with the household.

"What a fine little fellow—sober as a judge! The truth is"—another shake of both the hands in his own—"I met Brother Arthur in town, and have returned his horse for him. Please have him put up; and it would be well to tell your servant—how are you, girl?—not to let the boy give him too much corn. Mr. Arthur rode him rather violently." Another shake of the hand for both, and releasing them. Then the visitor, placing his hat upon the table, takes a seat, and says: "From long experience, Sister Sorel, I have learned never to feed a horse when too warm. All are well, you say? Pleased to hear it. Excuse me a moment?—certainly."

For it is Mrs. Sorel's first thought to have Robby out of the room, and impress upon his youthful mind these two things: First, not to mention the strange message given him; nor to allude to it in any way.

"Why, mother, do you think I don't know?" says Robby, with as much indignation as is consistent with respect.

"Yes, mother," to the next injunction—to be polite to their new visitor, and to keep silence generally. "But the best way is for me to go to bed." Which, with a kiss to his mother, he forthwith does.

Immediately on her re-entering the room, her emotions, singularly like those of Mrs. Bowles with her visitor, Brother Barker informs her where he met and left Mr. Arthur—for whom, it seems, from words and tones of voice, the newcomer has an affection rather more than merely fraternal. And so, with briefest possible allusion to the expected raid, Mr. Barker requests and obtains a bed—Mr. Arthur's—for the night.

"In case any armed men should visit the house during the night"—he lingers behind with his candle to say to his hostess, who has hardly opened her lips—"I know you will not mention the fact of my being concealed here. As a minister of the Gospel, Sister Sorel, an humble preacher of peace, I desire to hold myself strictly aloof from all scenes of violence and strife.

My life is in your hands, my sister; but I am not a Sinner, I am pleased to say, nor are you a murderous Jaek."

Nor does the sudden guest, over "the dish of butter and milk," furnished him by his harmless Jaek next morning—the night having passed without event, save the uninterrupted barking of Cuff, assisted by all the other dogs on the place, at the perpetual passing of travelers—have any thing to say except to dwell upon the horrors of war in general, the absolute inconsistency of the same with Christianity. The eyes of Brother Barker, smitten as by long illness, to say nothing of salowness of visage, show how little sleep he has found that night in Mr. Arthur's bed. However, we were all of us wide awake that night in Somerville.

Bobby, with lips visibly sealed, places the Bible upon the table after breakfast is over, from force of invariable habit; the decent servants gather in as usual; Mrs. Sorel, with fewest words, requests their guest to take Mr. Arthur's place, and lead in worship.

"We will omit singing, if you please," says Brother Barker, after reading the first Scripture which comes up; "my voice might attract—ahem. Let us pray." And having prayed for every possible blessing upon that particular household, with general applications for delivery from war, Mr. Barker hastens through that exercise.

"If it is not too great a favor, Sister Sorel: if you will give your servants some charge to keep silence; if you will allow me to occupy Brother Arthur's room for the present—I observe it to be his by the books there—I will be obliged." And the guest disappears within that room, the curtains of which he has carefully put down, but appears again at the sound of a galloping along the road.

"Sister Sorel," he says, bending, with ashy face, over that silent lady as she sits at the table washing up the cups and saucers, "I have reason to know that my life is in great danger; even now the foe may be on my track. I am—an"—the galloping outside louder and louder—"not a soldier, I am"—white lips and trembling voice and sallowest of faces—"a poor, humble preacher of the blessed Gospel of peace. My life is in your hands, my blood will be upon your skirts."

"Mr. Barker, go to Mr. Arthur's room and remain there. Any thing an old woman may be able to do for you I will do. You have no cause of apprehension."

And in his room Brother Barker remains, trying to read, trying to pray, tacking the curtains so as to conceal himself from any one passing, listening, trembling, enduring such agonies of fear as waste him like a spell of sickness.

Mrs. Warner, peeping forth that morning, finds the Federals in quiet possession of Somerville. We can not be mathematically accurate, but Mrs. Warner has said, a very great number of times, that she only wished the entire Yankee nation had one neck that she might break it; one throat that she might cut it; one heart that she might drive this, holding up the knife wherewith she is carving at table as she speaks, into their heart to the hilt. Touchstone's complete destruction, in words of his foe, Dr. Slop's exhaustive curses upon the knots in the spring of his bag; Blomish anathema in full, so far as her knowledge of the language furnishes her with the words, her intellect with the thoughts, her imagination with the possibilities, her heart with the zeal, has Mrs. Warner long ago equaled in imprecation upon the Federals. No Mrs. Partington has ever swept away the Atlantic more vigorously, in anticipation, than has Mrs. Warner; yet now that it is actually over her threshold the mop falls her wearied hand. She has so exhausted herself before their arrival that she can scarce even feel any thing, except curiosity, now they have actually come. Probably this is the reason why she does not burn her house now, as she has so often said she would do. She has ample opportunity of shooting at them from her windows, she has almost sworn she would, yet she merely peeps at them instead.

Friday night they take possession. All Saturday and Sunday they are in possession. Not one male Secessionist visible. Union men quiet as mice. Guy Brooks need have sent no message to that effect.

The stores are all closed. Somerville has long ago learned to do that when even Confederate soldiers are in the neighborhood. Over and over again have squads, half-naked, two-thirds starved, four-fourths desperate, helped themselves from the stores in Somerville to exactly what they wanted, a good deal more than they could consume. It shocked us terribly at first, but Mr. Ellis and the rest of us have become used to it. Only three days before the raid of the Federals, Mr. Ellis was speaking of it to Colonel Ret Roberts in his store, on a visit to his family from his duties in Richmond.

"Three times, Sir," said Mr. Ellis to that distinguished Senator, "has my store been sacked by ruffian soldiers."

"And very probably will be a dozen times again," said the Colonel, very coolly indeed. If Colonel Ret Roberts was a splendid black-guard, a brilliant bully, an eloquent, unprincipled, thoroughly plain-spoken scoundrel before the schooling of the last few years, tell us, oh whichever of ye daughters of Jupiter and Minerva is the Muse of History, what Colonel Ret Roberts is now!

"And my taxes?" says Mr. Ellis; "look at it, Sir. I pay two and a half per cent. on my sales every three months; one per cent. more for soldiers' tax; five per cent. on all real estate; eight per cent. on all the wool, tobacco, cotton I had on hand in '63; ten per cent. on profits on sales. Let me see! Yes, I am taxed as a retail merchant, taxed over again as a wholesale merchant. And all this while my Corporation, County, State taxes are at least

one hundred per cent. heavier than they were before the war."

"Certainly. But you may rest sure the taxes now are nothing to what they will be next year," says Colonel Ret Roberts, as coolly as if stating a desirable fact, with a sort of pleasure even.

"But have you nothing encouraging to tell us?" asks Mr. Ellis, nervously. "Your opportunities at Richmond—"

"I know nothing but what you read in the papers," remarks the Senator, elaborately paring his finger-nails. "You have heard me from the stump, Sir. If you people at home will sustain the currency, the South will succeed. If you do not, it won't. You know as well as I whether they will sustain it. We are in this thing; all we can do is to—do what we can. Hold on, Lamson!" so that editor, who is passing, and the distinguished Senator is gone.

An exceeding, scarcely disguised, contempt Colonel Ret Roberts had for the people before Secession; his contempt now is so great that it is not at all disguised. He is elected for years to the Confederate Senate, entirely beyond the favor of the people. They stand so astounded by his cool insolence in public and private that he has left again for Richmond before they have time to recover themselves.

And Sabbath dawns upon Somerville still in Federal occupation, the quietness of death upon the population peeping from behind doors and shutters upon the Federal cavalry passing and re-passing. After full conference with friends, a Federal chaplain desecrating Brother Barker's pulpit, the only church beside his own in Somerville open that day, Mr. Arthur fills his own pulpit, his sermons being exactly the same they would have been had there been no raid. Quite a large congregation too, to Mr. Arthur's surprise; almost all ladies. Mr. Ferguson sings base, as grave and cold in manner as if war were confined to the Crimea and like distant regions. And the Federal officers and men, whom the ladies came to see, are there, quiet, orderly.

"Nothing remarkable at last, every thing exactly as usual," Mrs. Warner, at church for the first time in many months, remarks, as she and the Doctor walk home. And, beside a little abuse of the men who have tamely permitted the Yankees to come here, Mrs. Warner is strikingly silent to-day.

"If I knew Colonel Brooks was not coming to church I wouldn't have gone, I can tell you. Have you seen him yet, Dr. Warner? Mighty shy you Union people are of your Federal friends, and they of you! As if I don't know the reason why. You all had better be, I tell you; if all our men are gone—miserable cowards that they are—there's plenty of women left in Somerville to watch you. Did you notice that fat Mrs. Isaac Smith at church, she whose husband has gone over to the Yankees? I watched at her sitting there on a side-seat near the pulpit expressly to look at those Federal wretches, looking wisely at them—expected to see her husband among them, I suppose. As I live, there she is this moment going into that Jen Budd—even 'Ria could tell what she is for!"

It was true. Mrs. Isaac Smith had never made a visit since her husband fled. She has only a general irritation made her years before by poor, pale little Mrs. Budd, the gun-maker's wife; yet there she is this moment, in Sunday finery long laid aside, entering the door in question. Sharp Mrs. Warner sees it all at a glance. Jen Budd's little one-story house is right on the most public street in Somerville; its front porch is as good a place as any in the town to see all that can be seen of the Federal troops.

Besides, Jen Budd and Jen Budd's harmless little wife belong not only to the one side of the great question which rends Somerville asunder but also to the other. Secessionists say of Jen: "Oh! Jen Budd is a quiet sort of fellow, but he is all right at heart. He doesn't talk much, but he has said this, that, and the other exceedingly severe things about the Yankees, and especially about the Union people. And then Alfred Morgan, Mrs. Budd's brother, who left for the war years ago, we all know that he is a good Secessionist, in dangerous and efficient service for the Confederacy in the North. Jen doesn't say much about it, but he has shown letters from Alf to that effect. Oh, Jen is all right!"

"You can't change a man's nature," Union people say to each other of Jen Budd. "Of course it's his interest to keep well with the faithful; it's the only way to hold his detail to fix guns and stay out of the army. As to Alf Morgan, Jen can't help that. But we all know Jen. He's told me in confidence a thousand times a vast deal about the madness of Secession." There were disadvantages in Jen's course. Neither party were thoroughly cordial with him. Besides, for Jen is making money those weapon-using days, he can not refuse to give when called on to assist Union families suffering for the necessities of life in the absence of their husbands. Far more impossible to refuse his aid when called on, as he is about every other week, to contribute to some war purpose or other. He has to pay for his position, but he holds it and his tongue quietly, firmly.

"I took a lunch just before coming to church, ma'am; please excuse me. But you know my horse is out of the way, and I am dying to see the Federals. If you have no objection," Mrs. Isaac Smith says to little pale Mrs. Budd, who lives in her own house as closely as an snail, and keeps no servant, and who, a good deal astonished at the apparition of stout Mrs. Smith, whom she has not seen for so long, invites her from the parlor in to dinner.

It is all very well when, dinner over, Jen Budd smoking his pipe in one corner of the fireplace for the convenience of spicing, Mrs. Budd opposite him in her easy-chair, Mrs. Isaac Smith filling with her portly person the chaise be-

tween, the three fall into a quiet, confidential chat. At least Mrs. Isaac Smith, greatly freshened up by the blue shirt she has seen at church, talks, and the others listen.

First, she tells all she has seen and heard at church, for Mr. and Mrs. Budd haven't entered any church for years now; Jen Budd, a member of Brother Barker's church, too. Next, Mrs. Isaac Smith, by natural transition, speaks of Mr. Arthur; to all of which, Jen Budd, on one side, saying "Exactly" when Mrs. S. speaks to him; pale little Mrs. Budd, on the other side, says, when she is appealed to, "Just so, ma'am." By natural transition, too, Brother Barker is next on the carpet. Mrs. Isaac Smith warms warmer as she recounts some of that divine's violent remarks in and out of the pulpit. To this, also, Mr. Budd, when directly appealed to for his sentiments, says "Precisely," and Mrs. Budd, "Just as you say, ma'am." Next, Mrs. Isaac Smith asks in general terms after Mrs. Budd's absent brother. She has heard what a bitter Secessionist Alf Morgan is; how actively and tenaciously at work for the Confederacy he is at the North. So she asks after him as under a sort of protest. At the North somewhere, and well, when last heard from, is all Jen and his wife can inform her on that point.

Her entire being, day and night, flowing in one channel, her husband who is away, Mrs. S. tells for the ten thousandth time that Isaac would never have left if it wasn't they were forcing him into the army. Isaac has his faults—who of us has not? Isaac is a peaceful man—didn't want to fight on either side if he could help it. But Isaac could not fight for what he believed to be a wicked—rebellion. Mrs. S. rather hesitates before bringing out this last word, but Mrs. Budd only replies, "As you say, ma'am," while her husband merely puts another cloud of smoke, and adds, to the tearful eye of Mrs. Isaac directed to him, "Exactly so."

Like other large bodies broad Mrs. Smith does not easily get started; but once started, momentum being in proportion to weight, it is very hard for her to stop.

"Of course you have heard of how they murdered my brother John Jennings?" she asks of Mrs. Budd.

"Goodness gracious, what's that?" she adds in the same breath.

"That? What?" asks Jen, nervously, while poor Mrs. Budd is several degrees paler than before.

"Hah! must have been mistaken, of course; thought I heard somebody under the floor. But I am so nervous!" says Mrs. Smith.

"Thought you heard somebody under the floor!" and Mr. Budd exclaims this in staggeringly loud tones, as if addressed to some one at a distance, and resumes his pipe.

"Your brother, ma'am? there are so many murdered, you know, one can not remember exactly," says pale, little Mrs. Budd, eagerly, quickened a good deal by the overflowing warmth of her visitor by this time. Mr. Budd smokes with inquiring puffs. And so Mrs. Smith enters on the murder, describes it minutely, with the desiccated condition of the family left—all with such a natural eloquence that even solid Jen Budd is affected. So much so that when Mrs. Smith says at last, suddenly, "You know John Jennings well, Mr. Budd; you know I've only told you the truth; now what do you think of a cause which permits, even justifies such a thing as that?" Mr. Budd removes the pipe from his mouth and begins:

"So sure as there is a God in heaven, ma'am—" "Jen! My dear?" interrupts his wife from the other side with a cry, and holding up a warning hand.

And well it is for Mr. Budd. Though his wife does not know it, there is a tap upon the door, and in walks—of all persons in the world—Mrs. Smithers!

Mrs. Smithers! We write the word reluctantly, knowing how hopeless it is to portray her upon the page. Let us see what our recording that she was a very tall, a very long and red in the face, a very violent female in temper and language will do. Mrs. Smithers's brother we know, all six of them, as desperadoes who have long ago killed their men. Mrs. Smithers is said to be a good shot with rifle, double-barrel shot-gun, revolver. The way Mrs. Smithers is known, with her own boy hands, to cobble her siring negro women, has awakened even Mr. Warner's reprobation. Her nearest neighbor are exceeding respectful to, and shy of, Mrs. Smithers, not knowing what instant a clothes from their yard into her garden, or a quarrel between her children and theirs, may bring her down upon them with some deadly weapon, or more deadly tongue. As to her having barked, in a paroxysm of rage, that negro babe which would keep crawling in upon her recently-swept floor, down the hill back of the house, we respect all that story of course, knowing, as we all do, that negro testimony is so evidence.

But we knew we could convey so adequate idea of Mrs. Smithers, the postmaster's wife, when we began. Mr. Jen Budd had such an idea, however, and the instant she entered the room he uttered a "Whew!" none the less intense from being altogether internal. Publicly, meeting them on the street, had Mrs. Smithers refused and resented the salutation of more than one Union man of her previous acquaintance. The Union ladies, met by her casually in store and at funerals, she had not centered herself with refusing to speak to, but had looked at them in a way which had sent more than one of them from shopping and visiting home and to bed. Being of a fighting stock, Mrs. Smithers was true to the breed—even her brother, with many an oath, admitted that.

As Mrs. Smithers entered, offensively ignored the existence of Mrs. Isaac Smith, and took the hand and the seat which poor, pale little Mrs.

Budd offered her, Mr. Budd saluted her and withdrew, remembered in the hall the feeble state of his wife's health and returned; really could not risk it, when back in the parlor, and retired; feared, when half-way out of his front gate, that his wife might faint, perhaps die, and so returned again. He has an inspiration, he will effect a diversion.

"Bad news I hear this morning," he begins, after the usual salutations are over—Mrs. Isaac Smith will not, Mrs. Budd can not speak, nothing left for him. As the husband of his wife, the head of the household, the only chance is to keep the conversation in his own hand till one of the visitors shall depart—any subject on earth rather than of the Federals just arrived.

"What news is that, Mr. Budd?" asks Mrs. Smithers, reserving, "It's a lie," in the corner of her eyes and upon the tip of her tongue.

And having mentioned it simply that, being uppermost in his mind, it came first in the hurry of being compelled to say something instantly, Mr. Budd narrates the fact of the suicide of the District Judge of a Southern State. Nor had Mr. Ferguson been so interested in the occupation of Somerville as not, that very day, to have entered the same in his Scrap-book. Had he not foretold it?

"Drunk or crazy," is the verdict of Mrs. Smithers, relieved to know it is only that.

Jem Budd, tolling more rigorously for another topic than he ever does upon gun-lock or barrel, stumbles upon the case of the refugees. Tells how they are pouring into the region about Somerville; how poor they are, how sorry they all seem to be that they ever abandoned their old homes; thinks it a great shame people should receive them so coldly.

"Serve them right. Why didn't they stay where they were and fight the Yankees?" is Mrs. Smithers's opinion, who gives only half attention to her host, casting about in her mind how best and soonest to assault Mrs. Isaac Smith.

"Have you noticed, Mr. Budd," asks Mrs. Isaac Smith, advancing her skirmishers, "how all the papers agree about the swindling going on by Government officials? Every single paper! Charges made by judges, findings by grand juries and by little juries, every body knows it, universal corruption and swindling. From the highest to the lowest, all the officials at it, the papers say." Because the lady speaking has heard very often of the remarks made in reference to herself by the gigolos at her side—infinitely more than that, the very often expressed wish of Mrs. Smithers has come to her ears, to hang that red-headed painter, Smith, abolitionist and traitor, with her own hands. Nor does the least doubt linger in the mind of any of Mrs. Smithers's circle of friends but she would do just that thing if she had but the chance.

"I have noticed it, ma'am," says sorely-perplexed Mr. Budd, "but have thought"—with special reference to Mrs. Smithers—"our papers ought not to publish such things at this time."

"I suppose you notice, Mrs. Budd, how sick even the Yankees are, from their own papers, with that vile Lincoln? All we have to do is to keep whipping them till his term is out; they'll be only too glad to make peace with us then, if they don't have a revolution among themselves before that," says Mrs. Smithers.

Mr. and Mrs. Budd retaining their seats on opposite corners of the fire-place, the two visitors between them, Mrs. Isaac Smith being next to Mrs. Budd, Mrs. Smithers to Mr. Budd; Mrs. Smith having addressed her remarks in reference to the refugees across Mrs. Smithers to Mr. Budd, in contempt of that lady, Mrs. Smithers addresses, of course, her conversation across portly Mrs. Smith, and in utter ignorance of her existence, to Mrs. Budd. Conversation will become platted together in this way, even in ordinary times and under friendly auspices all around. Even then it is hard at times for the couples thus engaged to keep their throats of talk untangled. It is peculiarly difficult to-day in Jem Budd's parlor.

"As you say, ma'am," pale little Mrs. Budd replies, across Mrs. Smith to Mrs. Smithers.

"But isn't it strange, Mr. Budd, people won't take Confederate money? It's the most miserable trash, no better than brown paper!" says Mrs. Smith, across Mrs. Smithers.

"—and they actually force the miserable people to take their greenbacks at the point of the bayonet!" continues Mrs. Smithers to Mrs. Budd, heaving with indignation at Mr. Budd's bare "Precisely, ma'am," in reply to her interlocutor, disregarding the "So I've heard, ma'am," which she gets from here.

"—could hardly believe what I hear every day of how poor people are getting among us. A good many can't send their children to Sabbath-school, nor day-school either, for want of clothes. Can't even put their feet out of their own yard themselves. What a terrible condition we are—"

"—universal infidelity there now, ma'am," from Mrs. Smithers, draws Mr. Budd's "Tis, indeed!"

"—that, of course, is worse. Backsliding? Worse than that, Mr. Budd! Open gambling, drinking, swearing, stealing, and worse. The preachers themselves—"

"—can you wonder at it? Only wonder, ma'am, is they haven't left, all of them long ago, wretched traitors to their country! Anxious to leave! I'd help them in a shorter way than they ever—"

"—even to the last drop of our blood, ma'am, and if the war should last ten thousand—"

"—said it was kept up only by the women, and especially the Secession preachers at home. The army is sick enough of it, you may be sure. Why, Mr. Budd, I got a letter, I mean a person told me—"

"—for of all things in this world, ma'am, a traitor to one's own soil they were born on, and a she-traitor is a thing I do—"

"—always so, Mr. Budd. Yankee Secessionists are the craziest, just as Yankee masters and mistresses are the hardest upon their poor negroes."

The conversation becomes more tangled as it becomes more personal.

Mr. Budd has firm hold of the pipe between his teeth, long since gone out, and only repeats his "Precisely so, Exactly, ma'am," from mechanical habit. Poor, pale, little rabbit of a Mrs. Budd, with firm hold upon the arms of her easy-chair, fascinated by Mrs. Smithers's terrible eye, no more hears what that fiery visaged lady says than if she was deaf, only is conscious of a steady rattle of words, and gasps her affirmatives at regular intervals.

But the conversation becomes more closely welded together as it heats.

"Quarrel!"

"Beast Butler!"

"Wretched Hypocrite!"

"Despicable Gouge!"

"Who wouldn't get fat as a beef, ma'am, when one is rid of a drunken husband?"

"Six, Mr. Budd, six brothers, murderers!"

"Used to be dead drunk, ma'am."

"Has swindled with sugar speculations until—"

"Abolitionist, who ought to be."

"Actually whipped her, Mr. Budd, until the bones—"

Mr. Budd closes his teeth harder on his pipe-stem, Mrs. Budd clutches firmer hold of the arms of her chair, the catastrophe must be near—

A long clear bangle blast out of doors! Mr. Jem Budd sees his only hope.

"The Federal cavalry, ladies!" and hurries out of his front-door, in a manner washing with extended arms his angry visitors before him upon the front porch, leaving Mrs. Budd utterly exhausted in her easy-chair behind. And if the company had not made so much noise and been in so great haste in leaving the room they would have heard a distinct sound from beneath the floor upon which they were. It may have been a mouse or a bat. It did not sound like dog or dog. Perhaps a parrot had made his hole there, for it sounded exactly like the words "Good! Thank God!" What makes it stranger of all is, that Mrs. Budd, the instant she is alone, is on her knees on the floor, and, with white cheeks, says in low, sharp tones, "For God's sake, All, be quiet," her lips almost touching the carpet.

The Federal cavalry coming up the street at a slow walk, and so very many, apparently, rough, bearded, powerful-looking men, too; moving in much more of a military manner than such Confederate soldiers as we have seen. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Smithers stand, side by side, upon the elevated porch, both thrilling with deepest feeling, but of quite a different nature. Guy Brooks—arrest, and—risaged, more powerful in appearance than ever—rides slowly and at the head of the column. As he approaches, his eye catches that of Mrs. Isaac Smith. So far he has carefully avoided speaking to any of the Union people, for the best of reasons. There is something in her broad, earnest face, something so wistful in her eyes, that she forgets herself, and salutes her. Just a scarce-perceptible lifting of the forefinger of the gauntleted hand to the cap.

It is the drop too much. Bless you! Mrs. Isaac Smith has not been in the School of Prudence all these years since Isaac left, for nothing. She had resolved to be prudent before she left home; she had told Sarah Jennings over and over again, "Oh, I'll be careful, Sarah, you never fear." She had even made a special prayer, kneeling by her bed that morning, after she had put on her best bonnet and all, that she might be prudent. But perhaps her late engagement with Mrs. Smithers has "overbrought" her, as she afterward explains the matter. As Colonel Brooks touches his hat she rushes back into the parlor, matches from prostrate Mrs. Budd her handkerchief—she had left her own, to avoid the temptation, at home—and, standing beside Mrs. Smithers, waves it to the Federals, continuing waving it vehemently—the tears running copiously down her unconscious cheeks.

But if she waves her handkerchief at the Federals, Mrs. Smithers, advancing to the extreme edge of the porch, shakes her fist at them; a long arm has tall, red, hard-featured Mrs. Smithers, and a fat that has knocked many a negro child over, as well as her own, for that matter. Handkerchief and fist so egregiously flourished, side by side, send a peal of laughter down the columns—even Guy Brooks laughs outright.

But Mrs. Smith has bid farewell to her wits. "They've murdered Hol Robbins, Mr. Brooks! they've hung John Jennings! you know him, Mr. Brooks—old John Jennings, my own brother! For God's sake don't march away and leave us!" she cries, with the cry of anguish peculiar to a woman beside, say, a drowning child. Handkerchief hard at work.

"Tut-traitor! Tut-traitor! Tut-traitor!" screams Mrs. Smithers, with the yell of fury peculiar to a furious female in her fiercest fury, fist shaken almost to dislocation.

"May God bless you!" cries Mrs. Isaac Smith, her entire soul as well as body in each separate word.

"May the devil—!" But the rest of Mrs. Smithers's wish, though in the highest and shrillest of screams, is drowned in the cheer for Mrs.

Smith, which rings once again, again, down the columns, every man of whom by this time enters into the spirit of the thing.

It is full half an hour after both their lady visitors are gone that Jem and his wife can realize it all.

"That it should have taken place of all the houses in Somerville at my home!" said Jem Budd to himself over and over and over again; "and when I've worked so hard ever since the thing began to keep well with both sides. It is too bad!"

Mrs. Budd has long since gone to bed seriously ill.

"But I don't blame her a bit, not one bit either," adds Jem just as often, strictly to himself however, glancing around even then to be sure no one is by, though it is midnight, and Jem is in his own chamber. His reference is to Mrs. Isaac Smith.

He then falls upon his knees, although not, it would seem, for devotional purposes. With his lips to the floor he says,

"Had plenty of supper, Alf!"

"Plenty, Jem," from below. It must be a parrot.

"Good-night, old fellow! Fun, wasn't it?"

"Guess it was. Good-night!" from below again.

Remind me, Mr. Smithers, to take my Derringer with me whenever I go out," says Mrs. Smithers to her husband that night in conclusion. "If ever I meet that woman I'll spit in her round old moon of a face, as sure as my name is Araminty. If she says a word to that, I'll put a bullet just as deep into her old carcass as the Derringer can carry!"

"Needn't talk to me, Sarah Jennings, child. I didn't intend it when I went to church this morning. I couldn't help it. And, what is more, I don't care one single cent. Let them hang me if they want to, like they hung your pa. It's in a good cause, God knows. I'm tired of my life any way, Isaac gone so long. Humph, but only let her try it! But oh, won't we smile with these people when the old flag is here again for good! Not that I want their life; may the Lord forgive me, so!"

As to Mr. Ferguson, when, on Monday morning, he lays out the Scrap-book from his Sabbath rest in the iron safe, to the bulletin of the arrival of the Federals on the previous Friday night he has to add their leaving during Sunday night. It is a week or two before he can make an accurate statement of the number of negroes and Confederate stores they have taken away with them. One thing he knows, grim and silent during the whole raid as the Sphinx at midnight—no one can touch him for it; not a word, gesture, wink to found any thing upon.

But it seemed strange to Robby, riding a week after upon his pony past Staples's Hotel, to hear the way in which Dr. Pool, absent on pressing business from Somerville a fortnight now, curses the Federals, and Guy Brooks especially. Yet Robby only seals his sober face into still more sober silence, and rides about his errand, earnestly hoping he may not have to engage in another fight this time.

And so Somerville gets past their point in its history.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Among the many captives of the Belle goddess of Fashion it would be strange if she did not sometimes, by chance, light upon some quality, by which she commends herself to the hearts (either pocket) of husbands and fathers, even more than to her special votaries—the ladies. For the "looks of creature" has learned by dear experience that "The fashion doth wear out more apparel than the sun," Shakespeare has it; but they regard the latter word as a mere telegraph for "women." It will therefore undoubtedly be a prospective comfort to those much-abused pockets before mentioned, to know that it appears to be the sudden desire of the leaders of Fashion in Paris to adopt the greatest simplicity in all things appertaining to their toilet. Many numbers of aristocratic circles regret that they have spent such fabulous sums of money on the latest ornaments and dresses which were popular during the past winter, and with repugnance even the wise resolve to cast aside such costly trappings, and to dress elegantly without any large outlay. How long-tired this resolution may be, is uncertain; but it is said that a very striking change appears in the toilets of those ladies whose dress is certain to be a subject of comment whenever they appear in public. A certain princess, who, in Paris, goes by the name of the Charming Queen of Fashion, is now to be seen in the simplest toilet, such as a very plain untrimmed bodice or poplin jacket and skirt, the latter looped up over either a blue or marine silk petticoat. Whether those below the rank of princesses are permitted to adopt a like simple style is not stated. We may infer that it will be allowed from the fact that at the present season preference is given to white, either for house or ball dresses; and that those white dresses are to be trimmed with "elegant simplicity." Beyond this—we sympathize with the upward-looking, while truth compels us to be frank—there has come from across the waters no positive proof that the "simple style" has reached its height. On the contrary, we find it stated that walking-dresses are made of grey-colored silks, and are embellished with steel. These embellishments represent dogs and horses' heads, and upon certain silk (a favorite color just now) they are brilliant enough. Another toilet consists of a silver-grey gown royal dress, the side ornaments on the skirt being silver buttons of open silver work, and round the bottom a handsome silk fringe, with silver hanging buttons at the top of it, and a silver band at every joint of the petticoat. A very elegant robe is of white holed, dotted over with blue or pink flowers, trimmed all up the skirt with rows of shiny gimpes over colored ribbon put on in broad bands, and graduated in the length of the pieces. The corsets initiated with a band and ornaments of gimpes, forming festoons. A white tulle dress bonnet, made of straw-colored silk—the coat was varnished, and the vandykes slashed together again with straw with piping; a deep flounce of point d'Algerette was sewn all round the coat; a narrow bonnet of white tulle replaced the huckle round the shoulders. The head-dress was composed of flat gold braids, which curled on it.

It is also announced that the latest new Parisian bonnet is "to shape not unlike the barber's basin used in some of the remote parts; in other words, Ben Quinon's helmet, stuck squarely on the top of the wearer's head, like the cover of a flower-pot. It is fastened to the place by means of ribbons about as wide as your two hands, and that under the chin, forming a gigantic bow, rather larger than the leaf of a moderate-sized dining-table." There is also, by way of variety, the inverted-breakfast-table style, trimmed with every thing and any thing, and two strings to hold it on; the round-vegetable-table-cover style, either with or without the little round bottom at the top; the Sassy-work-basket style; the table-mat style—oval, and oblong, all trimmed and bedecked with glass, or straw, or jets, or birds, or feathers, or flowers; or all these put together.

Finally, it is reported that the fashionable women in Paris, not contented with wearing crowns of the springs of which are made of pure gold and silver, have now taken a fancy to boots with heels plated with the same precious metals.

New York ladies may be able to discover the "great simplicity" which throats Paris in some of the above fashions.

The managers of the "New York Young Men's Christian Association"—earnest and accomplished young men, whose time and money have been freely given for the benefit of those less fortunate—are now endeavoring to increase their means for the purpose of erecting a building which will enable them to offer special attention to the young men of this city. Their design includes a Lecture Room, Reading Room, Circulating and Reference Library, Conversation Room, a Gymnasium, and other means of recreation and advancement. Such a house could not fail to become a general place of resort. For its erection and endowment they ask the sum of \$250,000. There are thousands of young men in our midst, friends, and in the true sense of the word, honest, who are thrown upon their own resources for recreation and the employment of their leisure time. Money could not be better employed than in providing attractive rooms, where healthful recreation, books, newspapers, magazines, etc., might be freely enjoyed by that large class, who only need a little sympathy and friendly guidance to make such a resort more truly congenial to them than are the haunts of vice and dissipation.

The Woodland Cemetery referred to in the item we gave our readers a few weeks ago concerning Philip Fahy is in Cambridge, Washington County, New York. The removal of Fahy's remains to that cemetery was made by order of the Troy Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which recently held its session at Cambridge.

The third Choral Festival, which took place at Irving Hall on last Saturday afternoon, attracted a large and appreciative audience. A choir of one hundred male voices, among whom are sixty of the finest boy-sopranos in America, produced a charming effect. The programme, young voices seem to have something unusual in them. Handel's choros, "Thus roared about the stony throne," was enthusiastically received. "The Angel Trio," sung by three sopranos without accompaniment, as well as the aria, a solo, by Master Toole—both selections from Mrs. Deland's "Elijah"—were peculiarly beautiful. No solo was the solo by Master Grenville, from Handel's "Messiah." Many other selections were effectively rendered; and the descriptive lecture on Cathedral architecture added to the interest of the whole performance.

If such choral festivals could be frequently repeated, so that not only more musical amateurs could attend them, but the experienced and teachers of Sabbath and Ward Schools, and also the children who are under their training, it would give a desirable impulse to the musical taste of our city. Many valuable lessons thereby be gained which might be applied with great advantage in the cultivation of children's voices.

May is the farmer's hope-time—now he casts the seed into the fertilizing earth, with bright anticipation of the autumn harvest. He may sing with a glad heart the following lines, which, by-the-way, are not of very recent origin. For a Maine journal gives a description of a venerable relic of antiquity in the shape of an earthen pitcher or twenty-five years old. And amidst the various emblematic representations of farming implements which adorned it is this stanza:

"Let the wealthy and great
Roll in splendor and state;
I envy them not, I declare it,
I eat my own loaf,
My own chickens and hen;
I shear my own sheep and I wear it,
I have horses, I have beavers,
I have fruits, I have flowers,
The lark is my morning alarm,
So jolly boys, now,
Ham's God speed the plow,
Long life and success to the farmer!"

Mr. George Peabody's gifts to Danvers, Massachusetts, his native town, and to the city of Baltimore, amount to the sum of \$200,000, while his donations for the benefit of the poor of London swell up to the magnificent sum of £400,000 sterling. It is so small satisfaction that it is an American that England is indebted for the greatest boon ever given to the poor of London.

A new style of announcing marriages seems to be fashionable at the North, as may be inferred from the following quotation from a North Carolina paper:

"By Dr. J. A. Sherrill, at twilight on Wednesday evening, February 28, 1864, in Catawba County, North Carolina, at the house of the bride's widowed mother, Mrs. A. A. Glanville to Miss Lizette Milligan, after a short but most delicious courtship."

Somebody says, sentimentally perhaps—we leave the reader to judge—thus:

"The world buds every year,
But the heart's just one;
The blossom falls off once,
No new blossom comes again."

If the term "heart" be used proverbially in this case, this statement is not susceptible of proof. If used literally it may be true, since a poet of undoubted authority says of women:

"No second passion e'er can charm;
She loves, and loves forever."

But certain it is that either the first statement is not universally true, or else the "heart" of a Michigan farmer, who recently lost his wife, had never budded. It seems that the wife died early in the morning. The farmer did not fancy being left alone in the world, and immediately decided to marry again. Hitching up his team, he took to his arrear-act and goes to a neighboring village to buy garments for the dead. While there he married the girl, and returned to his home the same night with his second wife, so that, by actual count, he was not a widower twelve hours. The new wife appeared at the funeral the next day in deep black, and was one of the principal mourners over the body of the first wife.

The pastor of a fashionable church pathetically exclaims: "Two-thirds of the members of my church are honorary members. They don't come to prayer-meetings; they don't attend Sunday-school; they don't add to the life of the church; they are the passengers on the gospel ship; they hear no burdens; add no strength; their names are on the books; they are honorary members."

It was rather a curious compliment which Voltaire paid to Madame de Livry, when he said of her to a friend: "She was so beautiful that I rubbed my legs, this body and stood before her like a point of admiration."



BLISSVILLE, LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.—[SEE PAGE 346.]



"DROWNED OUT"—A SKETCH ON THE ARKANSAS.—[SEE PAGE 346.]



CHURCH AT GRAND LAKE, ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—[SEE PAGE 346.]



ARSENAL GROUNDS AT LITTLE ROCK—BAND OF THE NINETEENTH INFANTRY.—[SEE PAGE 346.]



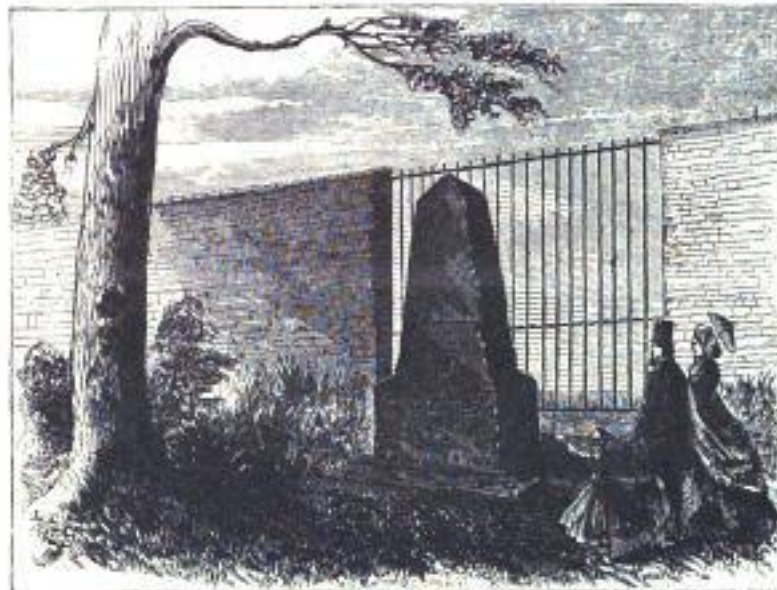
MONTICELLO, THE HOME OF JEFFERSON, NEAR CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

OUR ARTIST IN VIRGINIA.

MR. THEO. R. DAVIS, who accompanies General Speedman in his Southern tour, sends us three sketches, from which we have engraved the illustrations on this page.

Lynchburg is situated on the south bank of James River, 191 miles west of Richmond. It is built on the hill-side, and the view from the river is quite picturesque, and would be more so but for the crowding together of the houses. In 1733 this place was a little settlement containing only five houses. It is now the great tobacco city of the Union. It was incorporated in 1805. The city suffered comparatively little from the war. Labor is in great demand; the freedmen are industrious, and the feeling of the whites toward them is in general kindly and sensible. The city of Lynchburg was not occupied until after the capture of Richmond.

Monticello, the home of JEFFERSON, near Charlottesville, is located on the crest of a mountain, the view from which is so quietly beautiful that Jefferson called it the "Heavenly Mount." He made this retreat his resting-place after the fatigues of public life. The mansion is fast going to decay; portions of it are in an extremely dilapidated condition. The present occupant charges visitors twenty cents for admission to the premises. The people of Charlottesville certainly can not be held responsible for the ruinous aspect of the home of the "Father of Democracy;" "for," says our artist, "we have not during our journeyings seen a more respectable and industrious community."



JEFFERSON'S TOMB, NEAR CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

The slab of Jefferson's tomb is of granite, and is the second one which has been erected, relic-hunters having carried away the first monument chip by chip. They have made some progress in the destruction of the present one. The inclosure is as little cared for as the mansion. Judging from appearances, a few years more will make the ruin of both complete.

SOUTHERN PICTURES.

"There is a large class of white men in the South," says our artist, Mr. A. R. W., "who do not work if they can avoid it, and Memphis is well represented in this respect; it is this class that the colored men seem to imitate rather than the industrious. How they live is a mystery. Not a little stealing is done, I suppose, for I have seen white men lurking among the negro huts and purchasing cotton stolen in small quantities from the levee. In some way they manage to pay the rent of their lots, which is often exorbitant. For a piece of land not fifteen feet square as much as ten dollars a month is asked and paid, not in situations, be it remembered, where land is valuable for any present purpose. All do not pay in this proportion, however, and there are not wanting generous people who have procured land and cut it up in small parcels at a reasonable rent.

"The colored people do not care to go out on the plantations, since by draying and working on the levee for 40 cents an hour they can make out a living; and so long as they support themselves it is



GENERAL SPEEDMAN'S TOUR—THE CITY OF LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

supposed to be no one's business how much or how little they earn.

FREEDMEN'S SURRENDER, MEMPHIS.

"In this room, containing an army desk and some rickety chairs, and principally decorated with handbills conveying the information 'that intelligence, or later broken—1874 or 1876—entering the building, will be accommodated with 60 days' imprisonment,' contracts are signed between the colored men and planters hiring them, and the thousand and one appeals, differences, and complaints incident to the present relations of labor, heard and arbitrated, as far as my limited observation went, with strict justice and with no indication of that partial leaning toward the negro which I have heard the Bureau accused of. General BUNKER, who superintends the department, shows a spirit of fairness in his decisions, which unprejudiced people must admire, singularly in contrast to the injustice meted out sometimes by the civil courts of Memphis. The scene sketched represents a group of negroes and the contractor who had hired them discussing a breach of contract on the part of the latter, who had sold the plantation they were hired to till after they had done considerable work upon it, and had then proposed to turn them over to another plantation. The negroes demanded their pay, and the annulling of the contract, on the reasonable grounds that such an arrangement was not included in it, nor contemplated by them when it was signed. This being clear, the planter—I believe—at the recommendation of the Marshal, agreed to cancel the document. The cases which come before the Bureau are of very various kinds, and are often exceedingly trivial. Some of the negroes have applied to General BUNKER for permission to carry pistols for personal protection, but he could only tell them that it was unlawful and a privilege out of his power to give, but that while the practice of carrying weapons is universal among the whites they were as much entitled as any to their possession. While I was at the office a negro boy came in who had been hired through its agency by a man some twelve miles from the river, in Arkansas. This boy had made his escape, and was applying for protection. According to his statement he had used an oath—not in anger—to another laborer. For this the master had beaten him with a pistol and a heavy stick about the head, inflicting a severe wound, then tying him up had set the dogs upon him, his arm still showing abundant evidence of the sharpness of their teeth. To be sure there was no counter-statement, but the boy gave his testimony clearly and apparently with truthfulness. A planter was there to complain of one of his hands, whom he wanted punished for answering him back by 'What? instead of 'Sir?' At one office I saw a negro whose complaint was against another who was 'cutting him out' in a love-affair.

A characteristic case was being fought through by General BUNKER. JOHN HENSON is a mean specimen, who, among other slaves, owned before the war one FRANK HENSON, some nine miles from Memphis. JOHN HENSON'S estate was within the Union lines. JOHN H. personally found it healthy to rebel outside that limit, and made a compact with FRANK to work the plantation on shares. FRANK ran the farm and fed his master's family through the blockade for two or three years; and when JOHN HENSON got into quiet possession again of his place he repudiated FRANK'S claims, on the ground that a slave could be no party to a contract under the State laws of Tennessee. It was decided by the Freedmen's Bureau that FRANK'S claim was just. JOHN appealed to General FAX, who indorsed the decision, and again to General HOWARD, who ordered the decision to be enforced. To prevent this JOHN H. filed an injunction in the Supreme Court, which, I believe, decided against the Freedmen's Bureau. This is a test case of the powers of the Bureau, and it is not likely to give it up yet. The courts of Tennessee are sure to back up the white man against the slave in any case, but there are higher tribunals. The most enlightened men of the South are the officers of the army. As a rule, they are more liberal in their behavior to strangers, and certainly accept the situation with a better grace and more manly bearing than the vindictive non-combatants.

The negroes know this well, and the consequence is, that men like General FORTNER can get labor to work his lands while the citizen class of lazy, unimproved planters have to go without. I met a gentleman on the Arkansas who had owned 250 slaves, had served in the war, and now accepted the situation. Instead of sitting gloomily down with the idea that negroes were of no use as freemen, and the country necessarily gone to ruin, he determined to decide the question for himself. He told me that he was doing well; he had already on his place 75 men at work, and when I met him he had engaged 40 more, of a regiment mustered out at Durrall's Bluff; not, it must be added, without opposition from the officers of the regiment, some of whom tried to dissuade the man from contracting with him. This plantation was as comfortable a place as a negro intending to work could probably find. When their tasks were done the men could do as they pleased. There was a teacher for them, a good fiddler or two, and every prospect for a jolly Fourth of July, and I have no doubt that this gentleman will make money. Who knows but the negroes, although they may not be induced to work the long hours that were required before freedom, may, on the other hand, quicken their slow pace and do as much in shorter time? The old system was to blow the horn so early on the plantation that, in the cotton picking season, the hands would be all out, after cooking and eating breakfast, by the first appearance of light, ready in the rows to commence the work of picking while the dew was so heavy as to drench them from the laden branches almost at noon. The first picking would be so wet as to require exposure on the stagers till noon, about which time the sun's heat would dry the clothing of the pickers. This was not a healthy practice for the fall of the year. Dinner, ready cooked, would be brought out to the fields and hurried over. Work was continued as late as 8 o'clock, when the hands would

be dismissed for supper. This was a killing system, and required all the overseer's watchfulness; but the result was an immense profit to the planter.

Even with the present prospect of remuneration the inducements to plant cotton are great. Eighty hands, it is stated, can easily grow and pick 1000 bales of cotton. These are paid on an average 16 dollars a month and rations, which, at the present prices of cotton, would realize a handsome fortune in one year. Good cotton land will raise 1 bale to the acre, in some places 1½ bales. The introduction of improved agricultural machinery will, in great measure, make up for the loss of labor in the South, for the implements of farming in this section appear to have been modeled upon the primitive efforts of our forefather Adam.

DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.

"After the delay usual with steamboat men, in the category of whose virtues that of punctuality is unwritten, our boat at last got away from the levee at Memphis, and once more among wasted and deserted plantations we continued down the Mississippi. Hardly a plantation could be seen where there were any signs of life, and so on to the White River, which is a deep and narrow channel well adapted for steamboat purposes, as it scarcely varies in hundreds of miles and always has plenty of water. There was so much at this time that all the country adjacent was overflowed. No land being visible among the trees except at places, few and far between, where the everlasting forest of cypress, gum, and cotton-wood, with its undergrowth of cane, gave way to a bluff.

On the Mississippi are very few plantations in working order this year; the water in many places has overflowed, and the banks of the river are generally very desolate, and back from the river it is even worse; there are not so many deserted plantations and burned houses, but the back-water of the Mississippi has done much damage, and is very slow to quit the fields. On the Mississippi it is not expected that the crop will amount to much; in the interior of the State of Mississippi about one acre out of four is the amount in cultivation.

In Arkansas, judging from what I could see, something like half the lands are in cultivation. The negroes there appear to be getting along amicably with the planters. The Little Rock Dispatch says they are generally contented and industrious, while at the same time the employers show a disposition to pay good prices, and also to feed and treat them well. This is the sunny side of the picture, but away from the highways of travel in Arkansas it is not all roses and dew. Here is a story of another kind. Some short distance from Pine Bluff, on the Arkansas River, lived a planter whose negroes did not know that they were free, but, on the contrary, had been told and believed that the North was whipped, and slavery tighter than ever. A rumor, however, reached them, and they determined to run for it, not daring to tell their master that they were free. They were all domiciled in a new house the master had built, with no other entrance than through his own dwelling. This he locked securely at night, so that they were as good as prisoners. One night, however, they managed to get out, and to the number of 14, leaving some helpless ones behind, the late slaves started for the river, having previously dug up their master's money—the secret of whose hiding-place one of them knew—and appropriated \$150, putting the rest back. A boat came along and took them all on board for Memphis, charging them \$5 each for passage, but finding them verdant and in possession of more cash, made another charge of five dollars a head before they let them ashore. The woman who gave this narrative had \$100 of money, her father's saving, in Confederate currency, and she never believed the Yankees were victorious till the Memphis shopkeepers laughed at her money. The rest of the 14 that got away had hired out to a planter for \$7 a month and rations.

One curious thing about freedom is the manner in which it mixes up the matrimonial relations of these people. Some of them, owing to the little sales effected by their masters, find themselves with two or three wives and families, and several husbands sometimes claim one wife. Indeed, they are only just beginning to understand the real obligation of matrimony.

North Alabama appears to keep up its reputation as a degraded section. The people are poor and do not work, and the land is as poor as the people, being mostly worked-out soil. The intellectual condition of the whites and blacks in this country is about on a par; and very little improvement is likely to take place in the negro till the white race are educated to a higher development.

CHURCH AT GRAND LAKE.

"On a Sabbath morning our boat touched at the landing-place of Grand Lake, on the Mississippi. Here was the only church we had seen thus far. It was located away from any considerable town, and how the inhabitants can reach it at this stage of the water without boats is a problem. Near the church were many burnt chimneys, the remains of buildings destroyed in the war. Ruins of this sort were quite frequent all along the river.

MEMPHIS, ARKANSAS.

"On one side of the dilapidated capital in Little Rock is a collection of log-huts and shanties known by the euphonious name of Ellersville. As it is chiefly devoted to the colored population the name is significant. To this picturesque retreat in the very centre of the city numbers of the mustered-out colored soldiers betook themselves, their wives, families, or sweet-hearts having already secured habitations there, where they could cook out of doors and live inside in the highest style with the liberal allowance of room usually afforded by coffee.

ARMENIAN GROUNDS AT LITTLE ROCK.

"These grounds are described as having been very beautiful before the war. At present they show evidences of abuse, having been used as a camping-ground by the Confederate soldiers during their occupation of Little Rock. The band of the Nineteenth Regulars playing here of an evening

renders the grounds an attractive resort, and as the trees and flowers put on their summer dress they will become quite pretty once more. The arsenal itself is the prominent building, while beyond it, behind the summer house, is the house of the commandant."

On page 345 a description is given of Mr. TUNBROOK R. DAVIS'S sketches of Lynchburg, Manilla, and the tomb of JEFFERSON.

A HOPELESS CASE.

DOCTOR THATCHER paced the room anxiously. He was perturbed. He longed for the return of his adopted son; he scarcely knew why, but he also dreaded it. He took up a book; he could not read. Gradually, as he sat before the fire, he fell into a restless doze. The sound of a door opening and the door-chain rattling awoke him. He rose and took the lamp into the hall. There was his nephew; John Harkness, fevered, and evidently with drinking. His face was flushed, his hat was crushed, his coat torn.

"Why, Jack," said the Doctor, reproachfully, "you've tired yourself in your rounds, and then taken too much wine. You shouldn't let those farmers tempt you. I used to find it hard."

"There, that'll do," said Harkness, sullenly. "I've been with no farmer. I drink because I've lost at cards I tell you, and your cursed stinginess never leaves me a shilling to try my luck with. I'll be kept under no longer. I'm over head and ears in debt, and money I'll have. If Aunt Fanny won't stump up, you must. I'll get money somewhere, and I'll pay you out for keeping me without a penny. No, I won't go to bed—go to bed yourself. I want brandy. Give me brandy!"

Then, with a volley of oaths, Harkness threw himself on a sofa, and fell, in a few seconds, into a drunken sleep.

The old Doctor stood over him, half paralyzed with sorrow and surprise. Could the rumors then be true?

"No," he thought to himself; "no, I will not believe it. This is a mere youthful folly. The poor boy has been led away by some of those farmers, who think they show no hospitality unless they make their guest drunk. Poor boy, how sorry he will be to-morrow morning! I shall lock him in now, that the servant may not see him, and I will come myself and let him out, and then lecture him well. Poor boy!"

In the morning, when Dr. Thatcher unlocked the door of the room where Harkness had slept, he found the window open and the room empty. His old servant James informed him that Mr. John had come and ordered the gig at six o'clock, and started upon his rounds.

"Poor boy!" said the Doctor, "he was too ashamed to meet me. Haven't face me after the misconduct of last night. Gone out to work again, too, without his breakfast, dear boy! Won't dare to see his Aunt Fanny to-day, I'll be bound. Of course he meant nothing last night; perhaps I've been too close. I must call at the bank and draw a check for him. Ha! I was had enough at his age."

An hour or two later found the rough but worthy Doctor driving at a sober pace toward the bank.

"There goes Old Murder!" cried the pert chemist's assistant to an associate, who was talking to him at the door of the shop in the High Street.

"Yes. There goes old four miles an hour! Did you hear of young Harkness, and how he carried on last night at the billiard-room? Swore he'd been cheated, got noisy drunk, and fought three of the men there with the bat-end of a billiard cue. Oh, he's going the whole hog, he is! How he flashes his money, to be sure."

"Well, Thatcher," said the manager of the bank, as the Doctor alighted from his chaise, "what can we do for you?"

"I want this check, Miller, for one hundred and fifty pounds, cashed, and I want to look at my book."

"Certainly. Edward, get Dr. Thatcher's book from the parlor."

"I am going to the post-office, and will call in a minute or two. Pahaw! how cold it is. Seen my son to-day?"

"Drove by, Doctor, about half an hour ago, down Church Street."

"Always at work. That's the way. Early bird picks up the worm."

"Thought he looked ill, Sir. Works too hard."

"Yes, it is a dog of a life, ours. One gets old before one has leisure to enjoy what one has earned."

The manager smiled deprecatingly, as much as to say, "Rich people will have their joke."

The Doctor came to the post-office.

"Any letters, Mrs. Johnson?"

"Yes, Doctor. There's one for you."

"Hand it out."

The Doctor sat in the chaise and read it. It was from a hospital in London, a consumption hospital, to which he annually subscribed twenty pounds. The secretary wrote to tell him that two years' subscriptions were due.

"Staff about due!" growled the Doctor. "Sent Jack to pay it into their bank a month ago. He never forgets any thing."

"Here is your book," said the manager, handing the small parchment-covered book to the Doctor as he entered the bank, where a farmer was scooping up a salmon-colored bag of sovereigns.

"No, it is not entered," said the Doctor, in a startled way. "Did not my boy Jack pay in twenty pounds the end of last month for Drummson's? Surely? The last check he paid in. I've not sent since to you for any thing."

"Let me see the checks, Mr. Miller." The Doctor spoke quite calmly, but his voice trembled. "Will you allow me to sit down for a moment in your back parlor till this gentleman has gone? There has been some mistake about a subscription; a quiet minute or so will set it right."

"Certainly, Sir. Edward, show Dr. Thatcher in and give him a chair. There, Sir, are the checks. Edward, put on a bit of coal, the fire's low."

The Doctor, as the door closed behind the manager, looked closely at the checks, turned the signatures up and down; then he rested his head on his hands and burst into tears. The signatures were forgeries.

"I see it all," he murmured. "Oh, that unhappy boy! and this, I fear, is not the worst. O Abraham, my son, my son!"

"There's something up," said the clerk to the manager, as he took a hasty peep over the green curtain of the glass door. "Why, good gracious, Mr. Miller, the Doctor's faint!"

"Good-morning, Mr. Miller," said the Doctor, when he had recovered, and shaken his seat once more in the chaise; "there is no blunder, after all, I see where the mistake lay. I have taken all the checks up to yesterday. Continue the draft. Young man, be kind enough to turn the chaise. Thank you."

The Spartan boy kept the wolf hid till it gnawed into his heart. Dr. Thatcher had a secret whose teeth were sharper than even the wolf. In that half hour he had suffered the pangs of death itself.

He drove straight to his sister's, Mrs. Thatcher's, whose neat little cottage was about a quarter of a mile from the town, and near the old parish church. As the Doctor's chaise drove up, Miss Page ran out, looking very pale and anxious.

"Well, Letty, how's Aunt Fanny?"

"Very, very ill, dear uncle. No appetite, very weak, no sleep."

"That won't do; and has Jack been?"

"Yes, and orders the same medicine, only larger doses; but I'm sure—I'm sure it does not agree with her. Do give your advice, uncle."

"I promised Jack, only two days ago, never to interfere with his patients; but this once I will. Send some one, Letty, to take the mare round the stables."

Mrs. Thatcher, the Doctor's sister, was sitting up in bed, propped with pillows. Her handsome features were sharpened by illness, her cheeks were sunken, her eyes pale and anxious.

"Well, Fanny, and how is it with you?"

"Bad, bad, John; perpetual pain, nausea, no sleep, no appetite."

The Doctor's face changed, a ghastly pallor came upon his lips.

"Let me see the medicine, Letty."

Miss Page brought it. The Doctor looked at it eagerly, then tasted it. The next moment he had flung the bottle on the fire. A dew of nervous excitement broke out upon his forehead.

"Uncle?"

"Brother?"

"The medicine is much too powerful for you in this weak state. Jack is a clever fellow, but he does not know your constitution as I do. You must not, however, pain him by telling him you have not taken his stuff, so I will send you some tonic that resembles it in color, but less violent. This was too much for you. Jack was right—he was right, but he has not taken into account your age, Fanny."

"I could not take it yesterday, and Jack was very angry."

"You take the medicine I shall send you when I return directly it comes; take it every two hours till the sickness abates. Now, come, lie back, Fanny; you are very weak."

The pale worn face turned toward him and smiled on him, then the head sank back on the pillow, and the weary eyelids closed.

"I can not shake off this stupor, John. Good-by, and bless you, dear John!"

The Doctor signed to Letty to leave the room. When she had done so, and the door closed, he sat down by his sister's bedside, sorrow-stricken and thoughtful; in that silence, broken only by the tick of the watch at the bed head, and the deep breathing of the sleeper, he fell on his knees, and prayed for help and guidance from the Giver of all Good. Then he took out his repeater and waited till the minute-hand reached the half hour. It was three o'clock that had struck when Letty closed the door. Then he took his sister's hand and woke her.

"What, John, are you here still?" How good of you! I thought I was alone. I feel better now. It was that dreadful medicine that hurt me."

"Fanny," said the Doctor, with all a woman's tenderness, "when you made your will in the summer, you told me you left all your money to Jack on his marriage with Letty. Now, I want you to do me a kindness."

"I left it all to dear Jack; I told him so. What kindness can I show you, brother, a poor, dying old woman like myself?"

"Alter the will this evening, and leave me the money during my lifetime. It will be a check on Jack, if he grows extravagant or wild."

"Oh, he won't, dear boy! Yes, as you will, John. You have always some kind and good object in what you do."

"I will bring a lawyer and witness in half an hour. It might ruin even a well-intentioned lad, and make him idle. Later in life it will perhaps come better."

In the room below the Doctor found Letty, anxious and apprehensive of some evil, but she scarcely knew what.

"Oh, uncle, uncle!" she said, in tears, "nothing is not in danger, is she? Oh, do say she is not in danger!"

"By God's help, Letty, she will be out of danger in a few hours. It is well I came. Letty, you love me, and you love my son Jack?"

"I do! I do! you know how I do, dear uncle."

"If you love us both you will then do as I tell

you, and not deviate a single iota, for much depends on what I am now going to say. But first let your man George ride quick into town and get this prescription made up."

What the Doctor's instructions were meant not at present to be revealed.

THREE hours later the Doctor was in his surgery, examining a drawer of dangerous drugs that was generally kept locked. He had just closed it, and was musing with one elbow on his desk and his head on his hand, when there came a step behind him. He looked round; it was John.

"John," he said, and he said no more. But there was an infinite depth of reproachful sadness in that one word.

"Dear father," said his adopted son, "I deeply regret the events of last night. I was tempted to stay at a farmer's harvest-home, and I talked nonsense (did I not?) about debt and wanting money. It was all wandering. Forget it all—it meant nothing. It was foolish, wrong of me. I'm sorry for it."

"Let it be the last time, Jack," said the Doctor; "it is harder to come up hill one step than to go down twenty. Do not break my heart by becoming a bad man. By-the-by, have you sent Aunt Fanny the medicine, and how is she?"

"Oh, pulling through all right. She's as tough as nails."

"What prescription are you using?"

"This," said John Harkness holding up a bottle of simple tonic drops. "The old lady wants strength. Oh, she'll do if she can only get stronger."

The Doctor nodded, and said, "The tonic is right. At that moment the surgery door opened, and an old farmer presented himself.

"Why, Farmer Whitehead, how are you?"

"Alling, Doctor, thank ye, with the flinny. Uncommon bad, to be sure; and so is my missus."

"Ah, I thought Jack here had been attending you for months; you are down in our books. How is this, Jack?"

The young man's color rose. "It is a mistake of mine. I'm a regular duffer for memory; it was Robinson at Wood-est I meant. I'll put it all right."

"Just see to Farmer Whitehead then, now. Give him a diaphoretic and ipecacuanha to keep the pores open. I'll go and dress for dinner."

"Stepped in here," the Doctor muttered, as he shut the surgery door behind him. "I fed this serpent, and now he stings me; but still no use shall know his shame, for I may still, by God's help, save him from crime, and leave him time and opportunity for repentance. Heaven have mercy upon him! Yes, still—still I may save the boy I once loved so much."

Dinner was over. The Doctor had been cheerful, as usual, and had made no further reference to the unhappy events of the night before. John Harkness had grown listless and soiled as ever, seeing the Doctor garbled with so brief an apology.

"Jack," said the Doctor, warning to the conversation, "go and get a bottle of that thirty-two part; I feel to-day as if I wanted a specially good bottle."

John Harkness went, and returned in a few minutes with the bottle, carrying it carefully, with the chalk mark unspurred.

"That's right, Jack. Don't do like the country lads, who, when his master said, 'John, have you shaken that wine?' replied, 'No, sir; but I will, and then about it up like a draught. Ha, ha! I'll doant it; I like doing it.'

The Doctor rose to decant the wine, standing at the buffet to do it facing a mirror, and with his back to the table, where the young man had again silently seated himself. In the round shining surface of the mirror the room was repeated in sharp clear miniature. The bottle was still gurgling out its crimson stores into the broad silver wine-strainer, when the Doctor, casting his eyes upon the mirror, observed John draw swiftly from his breast-pocket a little fat black vial and pour a dozen drops of some thick fluid into the half-full glass which stood beside his uncle's plate.

He took no notice of what he had seen, nor did he look round, but merely said:

"John, I'm sorry to trouble you, but we shall want some brown sherry; there is hardly enough for to-day. Get it before we sit down to the real business of the evening."

The moment John Harkness left the room the Doctor, with the quickness of youth, slipped the wine, recognized the taste of tannin, threw open the door leading into the surgery, dashed the wine down a sink, then shut the door, and refilled the glass to exactly the same height.

"Here is the sherry, governor. Come, take your wine."

The Doctor tossed it off.

"I feel sleepy," he said—"strangely sleepy."

"Oh, it is the weather. Go into that green chair and have a ten minutes' nap."

The Doctor did so. In a moment or two he fell back, assuming with consummate skill all the external symptoms of deep sleep. A deep apoplectic snoring breathing convinced the Doctor's adopted that the landman had taken effect.

A moment that hardened man stood watching the sleeper's face; then, falling on his knees, he slipped from the old Doctor's finger his massive seal-key.

The instant he turned to run to a cabinet where the Doctor's case-book was kept, the old man's stern eyes opened upon him with the swiftest curiosity; but the old man did not move a limb nor a muscle, remaining fixed like a figure of stone.

"He's safe," said the coarse, rattling voice; "and now for the case-book, to fix it against him if any thing goes wrong."

As he said this the last man opened the case-book and made an entry. He then locked the book, replaced it in the cabinet, and slipped the key-ring once more on the Doctor's finger. Then he rose and rang the bell softly. The old servant came to the door.

"The governor's taken rather too much wine," he said, blowing out the candle; "awake him

about twelve and tell him I'm gone to bed. You say I'm out, if you dare; and mind and have the trap ready to-morrow at half-past nine. I'm to be at Mrs. Thatcher's."

When the door closed upon the hopeless profligate, the Doctor rose and wrung his hands. "Lost, lost!" he said; "but I will still hide his shame. He shall have time still to repent. I can not—can not forget how I once loved him."

Sternly the Doctor set himself to that task of self-devotion—stem as a soldier chosen for a forlorn hope. "To-morrow," he said, "I will confront him, and try if I can touch that hard heart."

When the servant came at twelve the Doctor pretended to awake. "Joe," he said, "get my chains ready to-morrow at a quarter to ten; mind, to the moment. Where's Mr. John?"

"Gone to bed, Sir. Good-night."

"He makes them all here like himself," said the old man, as he slammed his bedroom door.

"How is your missus?" said the young doctor, as, driving fast through Crossford the next morning, he suddenly espied Mrs. Thatcher's servant standing at the post-office window.

The old coachman shook his head.

"Very bad, Sir; sinking fast."

John Harkness made no reply, but lashed his horse and drove fiercely off in the direction of the sick woman's house.

"It all goes well," he said, half aloud. "I had half a mind to stop the thing yesterday when I saw her; but these fellows press so with their bills, and the governor's so crossed stringy. I really must press it on. It's no crime. What is it? Only sending an old woman two or three days sooner to the heaven she is always whining for. Yet she was fond of me, and it's rather a shame; but what can a fellow do that's so hedged?"

So reasoned this fallen man, steeped in the sophistries which sin uses as narcotics to stupefy its victims.

Arrived at the door he threw down the reins, tossed back the apron, and leaped out. He was excited and desperate with the frenzy he had already found time to take. All at once, as he passed his fingers in a vain way through his whiskers and shook his white great-coat into its natural folds, he glanced upward at the windows. To his surprise, but by no means violent regret, he saw that the blinds were all down.

"By the Lord Harry!" he muttered, "if the old cat hasn't already kicked the bucket! Vengeance, that'll do. Now then for regret, lamentation, and a white cambric handkerchief."

He pulled at the bell softly. In a moment or two the door was opened by a servant, whose eyes were red with crying. At the same instant Miss Paget stepped from a room opening into the hall. She had a handkerchief to her face.

"Oh, John, John," she sobbed; "my dear, dear aunt."

"Then she's really gone," said Harkness, with well-feigned regret. "Here, Letty, come into the back parlor and tell me about it. Why, I didn't think the old lady was going so soon."

"Not there, John, not there," said Letty, as she stood before the door.

"I'll go up and see her at once."

"No, no, John, you must not. Not yet."

"Why, what's all this fuss about, Letty?" said Harkness, angrily. "One would think no one had ever died before. Of course it's a bad job, and we're all very sorry; but what must be, must be. It is as bad as crying over spilt milk."

"Oh, John, you never spoke like this before! You never looked like this before. John, you do not really love me!" And she burst into a passionate and almost hysterical weeping.

"Nonsense, nonsense, Letty; you know I do. We can marry now, now she's left me her money. I've got rather into a mess lately about tin. It's that old woman who lies up stairs, and my stingy hard old governor, who kept us so long from marrying and being happy. We will marry in a month or two now, let who will say any. By George! if there isn't the bureau where she used to keep her papers. The will must be there. There is no harm in having a look at it. Where are the keys, Letty? Go and get them from her room. She's no use, I suppose, for them now? She kept them tight enough while she was alive. Come, hurry off, Letty; this is a turning-point with me."

Letty threw herself before the old bureau, the tears rolling from her eyes. "Oh, John, John," she said, "do not be so cruel and hard-hearted! What evil spirit of greed possesses you? You were not so once. I can not get the keys. Wait. Have you no love for the dead?"

"Stuff and nonsense. I want no whining sentiments. I thought you were a girl of more pluck and sense. Get away from that bureau. I'll soon prise it open. It's all mine now. Mind, I'm queer this morning. Things haven't gone smooth with me lately at all. Get away."

He pushed the weeping girl from the desk, and, thrusting in the blade of a large knife, wrenched open the front of the bureau. A will fell out. As he stooped to snatch it up the door opened, and the old Doctor stood before him. There were tears in his eyes as he noticed Letty from the room. She gave one long look back, and the door was locked behind her. There was a terrible stern gravity in the old man's pale face, and his mouth was clenched as if fixed with the pang of some mortal agony.

John Harkness stepped back and clutched hold of the shattered bureau, or he would have fallen.

"John," said the old man, "you have deceived me. I loved you, loved you Heaven only knows how tenderly. There was a time when I would have bled to death to save you an hour's pain. There was a time when I thought more of your smallest disappointment than I should have done for the loss of one of my own limbs. I fostered you; I took you from a bad father, and brought you up as my own son. I have been foolishly indulgent, and now, like Abraham, you have taught me bitterly my folly. You have forged—you have lied. Yes, don't dare to speak, Sir. You have

blacked and blacked your heart become as you gave yourself to self-indulgence and sin. Further and further you erred from the narrow path; faster and faster you drove down hill, till at last, forsaken by the good angels, and urged forward by the devil, the great temptation came, and you fell into cancer. Not a word, Sir; you see I know all. Old as I am, 'twas love for you made me subtle. I found out your forgery. I discovered your false entries of patients' names. I traced you out in all your follies and vices, and finally I saw you, when you thought me asleep, take the key-ring from my finger, and make those entries in a forged hand in my case-book, that night, but for God's infinite mercy, have led to my being now in prison as a murderer. You may start; but even a horrible cold-blooded crime did not appal you. It is fear, and not repentance, that even now makes you turn pale. The sin of Cain is upon you. Even now, sugar faces are looking up from the lowest shames of hell, waiting for your coming; while, from the nearest heaven, the pale and face of one who loved you as a mother, regards you with sorrow and with pity."

"Father, father!" cried the unhappy and conscience-stricken wretch, and held out his hands like one waiting for the death-blow from the executioner.

"Have mercy! Spare me! I did not kill her. She would have died, any how. I am young; give me time to repent!"

"John, I will not deceive you as you have deceived me. My sister still lives. I discovered your intended crime, and gave her antidotes. She may yet recover, if it seems good to the all-merciful Father; still you had murdered her but for me. Tell me not of repentance. Time will show that. I shall never hear in this world whether or not your repentance is true or false. Here is one hundred pounds. That will start you in another hemisphere for good or for evil. I wish, for the honor of our family, to conceal your shame, and the last spark of love that is left argues me to conceal your intended crime. Letty you will see no more. I, too, am dead to you forever. It is now one hour to the next train. Speed that time in preparing for your journey. At the nearest sea-port write to me, and I will forward all that belongs to you. Your debts shall be paid. I shall tell people that a sudden spirit of adventure made you leave me and start for Australia."

"But Letty—one word," groaned the discovered criminal. "I love her—one word. I forget her for a time in my cruel selfishness; but I love her now—marry—"

"Not one word. She is ignorant of your crime, but she knows that you are unworthy of her love. Mind, one struggle, one word of opposition, and I throw you into prison as a forger, and a man who had planned a murder. Go; when that door closes on you it is as if the earth of the grave had closed over my eyes. We shall meet no more. Go. Speak to no one; and remember, that the will you hold in your hand leaves not a single farthing to yourself. Go. We part forever. If you write, I burn the letters unopened. Go."

The young man stood for a moment as soldiers are sometimes said to do when a bullet has pierced their hearts. His face was the face of a corpse, but no tears came. The blood was frozen at its source. Then he stepped forward, kissed the old man on the forehead, and rushed from the house.

In five minutes afterward the door softly opened, and Letty entered. The Doctor took her hand. They knelt.

"Let us pray for him," he said, solemnly. "Letty, his fault you shall never know, but you must henceforward consider him as dead. Those who love me will never mention his name. Let us pray for him, my child, and may God's Spirit soften that hard and rebellious heart, for nothing else will. My hope and joy is gone. There is nothing left me now but to prepare myself humbly for death. Come, Letty, let us pray, for prayer avails much."

ONE July afternoon, thirteen years later, a handsome, curly, black-bearded man, in a fur cap and rough Australian coat, drove up to the door of the King's Arms, seated beside the older man even better and more bearded than himself. He alighted and ordered lunch; as he lunched he talked to the waiter about Crossford and old times. He had once known Crossford, he said.

"Has Travers not got this house now?"

"No, Sir; he died three years ago, and his widow became bankrupt."

"Where's Jones, the veterinary surgeon?"

"Dead, Sir—died in a fit four years ago."

"Is he Harris, the fat saddle, to the fore?"

"No, Sir—died last year of dropsy, and his son's dead too."

The stranger sighed and drank down a glass of ale at a gulp.

"Waiter, get me some brandy, hot." He hesitated for a moment, then he said, fiercely, "Is old Mrs. Thatcher still alive?"

"What! old Mrs. Thatcher at the lawn? Oh, she died seven years ago, and left all her money to her brother, the Doctor. There was an adopted son who would have had it, but he turned out a scamp."

"Oh, indeed! This is shocking bad brandy. And the old Doctor—is he still alive?"

"Oh, Lord, no, Sir. Dead six years since. Why, Sir, you seem to remember the people well?"

The stranger rested his head on his hand and thought for a moment; then he said:

"And Miss Paget, Mrs. Thatcher's niece—is she living—married, I suppose?"

"Living—yes, Sir. Look, Sir; why, there is her carriage standing at the bank-door opposite; wait, and you'll see her come out. She married a Lieutenant Price, of the Bombay army."

At that moment, as the stranger looked out of the window, a lady stepped into the carriage; three pretty children—two boys and a girl—leaped in, laughing, after her. It was Letty, still beautiful even as a matron, her face wearing the old sweet amiable expression. The skittish ponies rebelled, but darted off audaciously at a touch of their mistress's whip.

"What, in the dumps, old friend?" said the second stranger, going up to his friend, who still stood with his face fixed to the window. "Come, more liquor—I'll cheer this time; it's our last day in old England."

"Come old England and all that are in it!" said the other man, turning round fiercely. "Come, let's catch the 11.30 and get back to Liverpool. If I once get to the old tracks in Australia—once on the back of a buck-jumper and after the kangaroo, I'll never set foot again in the old country. Here's your money, waiter. Come, Murray, let's be off!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An Irish emigrant leaving the coast-guard at Fortmouth, asked a sailor, "What's that?" "Why, there's sunset," was the reply. "Sunset?" exclaimed the emigrant, "and does the sun go down in this country with such a bang as that?"

A LAUREATE DIVORCE.—A blind man's dog. Which of the inmates of the ark paid most attention to their toilet?—The fox and cock, for they took their breakfast and soup.

A CONTROVERSY.—(To be given at the close of a morning meal.) Why would a lady who stays at home all the year round be likely to prove herself a false relation to her nephews?—Because she is not a true-and. Good-morning.

CREATORS' BILLS.—A carpenter was employed by a farmer, and rendered the following invoice bill: "To hanging two barn-doors and nailing seven hours, three shillings and sixpence."

If a man seems kindly one he is said to be second asleep? Why should Lord Byron be presumed to have been a good-tempered young man?—Because he always kept his choker pulled down.

MARRIAGE FACTS.—At a naval court-martial, lately held, the following dialogue is said to have taken place between one of the witnesses and the court: "Are you a Protestant?" "No, Sir." "What are you, then?" "Captain of the firetop."

What is the best way to keep a gentleman's affection?—Not to return them.

Two captains agreed to share their prizes, and met weekly to give an account of their seven days' work and signalize their rank. On one occasion Captain A.—signaled Captain B.—"I have taken something." Quoth B. wrote up the booty. "What have you taken?" and all hearts stood on tip-toe of expectation. "Physic," was the pithy reply of Captain A.—

A CAPTAIN'S LUNA.—The writer of an autobiography is clearly justified in seeking the widest possible departure from the truth, for it is notoriously incorrect to write about one's self to make use of a little little bit.

Why are birds likely to feel depressed early on summer mornings?—Because their little bills are all over dirt.

A French Bishop in a sermon recently administered a philippic to circulating libraries: "Let us beware," said he, "while putting on their profane and expensive attire, how narrow are the gates of Paradise."

An old lady living in the country lately refused to let her niece dress with a young graduate of Oxford, because she heard that he was a "barometer of arts," whereby she understood him to be an artificial teacher.

Why are poultry the most profitable stock to keep?—Because for every grain they give a peck.

A fine coat may cover a fool, but never conceal one.

A doctor lately informed his friends, in a large company, that he had been eight days in the country. "Yes," said one of the party; "it has been convenient to the Times." "Ah!" said the doctor, crumpling his neck importantly; "pray, is what term?" "Well, as well as I can remember, in the following: 'There was last week seventy-seven deaths less than the week before!'"

BRUCE WANTS.—April showers. The question, how getting drunk over advances one's happiness? would seem to be put to rest by the Irishman who was courting when drunk, and was asked what pleasure he found in whiskey. "Oh, Biddy, it's a waste of time to see two of your wale party faces instead of one!"

Why is the tread-mill like a true convert?—Because its treading is the result of conviction.

Laureate travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes her.

SAWS BY OUR OWN SAWYER.

Nothing perfect. Some creek is found in every staff; And every grain must have its chaff; Without their weeds no garden plot; The sea itself has ugly spots.

Every beam must have its black; Every good doth smother a lack; Every skin some fiddle shows; Some feisty petal, every rose.

No horse that never stumbled (true); No fire so bright that no smoke grew; No berry without its fiddle notes; No beam of light without its notes.

The world itself is not quite round; A glass in every home is found; No tree without its withered notes; No joy without its shade of grief.

No clock that never erred a minute; No book without some error in it. Great Henry's self did sometimes nod; All bear the six-string.—"It's no use."

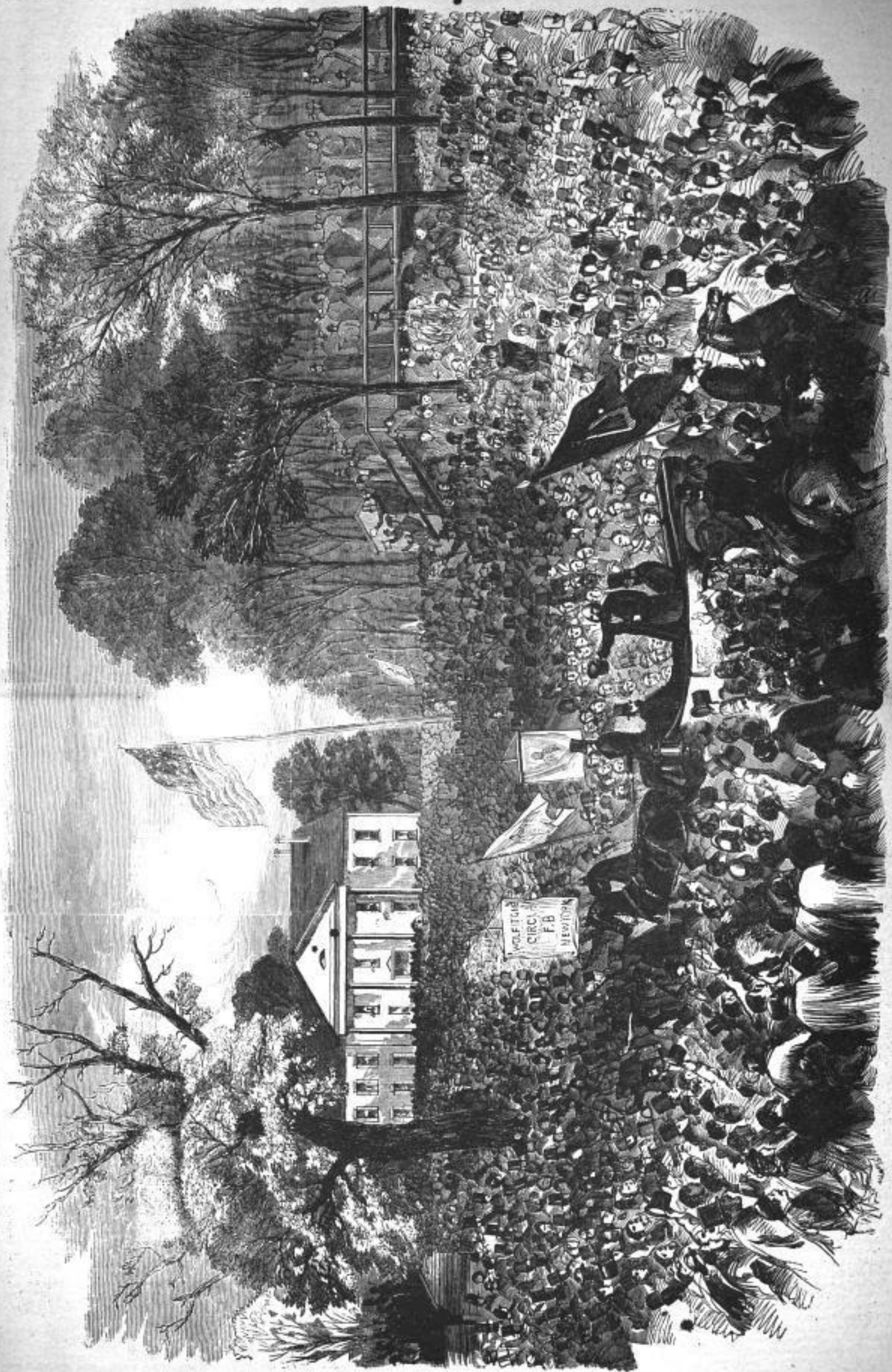
PRESENCE PLAIN.—"Sir," said an old Scotch woman to her minister, "I shan't be a part of your return yesterday." "Indeed! what was it?" "You said a pious and the figure of ornamentation, and I shan't know what it means." "Is that all? It's very plain. The figure of ornamentation is merely a picturesque mode of saying, 'Oh! ah! is that all?' and the good woman: 'What a pity! but I was not to understand that!'"

PRESENCE PLAIN.—"My dear Mrs. B., have you a lady prevent the odious habit of cooking in one's house?" asked Mrs. A. "The only way that I know," replied Mrs. B., "is to have nothing for breakfast, and wait it over for dinner and supper."

"Pa, can a person catch any thing if he don't run after it?" "Certainly not." "Well, then, how did you catch the cold you've got?"

Criticism shoppers, who never buy, are known in the trade as counter-traders.

A legal eagle calls his writings "criticism, strings to my," "a with if another hat."



GRAND RECEPTION OF JAMES STEPHENS, THE ENGLAN CHIEF, AT JONESH WOOD, APRIL 14, 1866.—[From PAGE 340.]

PARIS FASHIONS FOR MAY.

THE Parisian modistes have certainly produced a fair stock of novelties in the way of chapeaux for the present season, the most remarkable of which are the chapeaux Lamballe, Watteau, Bergère, Benetton, and Printanier. The favorite materials of which these are made are tulle and fancy straw; but sometimes they are formed entirely of clusters of flowers, such as clematis and lilies of the valley, or vine leaves of different shades of color, with here and there a few small green or purple grapes arranged closely together. In the front there is occasionally a band of colored ribbon on a rack of beads, the strings of the chapeau being, of course, of the same color. When the chapeau is of tulle this is frequently gathered, and the crown is encircled with a wreath of flowers, hyscilla, moss-roses, passion-flowers, heart's-eases, forget-me-nots, or lilies of the valley, the ends of which hang down on either side, or, joined together, fall over the breast. The strings are for the most part of white ribbon, with frequently a second pair of strings of tulle; but strings of mauve, pale blue, or green, or other light color ribbon harmonizing with the tints of the wreaths are also worn. The chapeaux of fancy straw are trimmed with similar wreaths to those just described, and occasionally have the ribbon of the strings passed over the crown. A favorite trimming for these chapeaux is a cluster of ears of wheat or barley on either side, with a chain Benetton of straw passementerie falling down in front. The strings in this case would be of straw-color ribbon with, perhaps, a second pair of strings of mauve, crape, or tulle of the same color. Most of the chapeaux have glass drops suspended round the brim; the more elegant tulle bonnets being ornamented in a similar manner with pearl beads.

For robes several novelties in the way of foulards have made their appearance; for instance, the foulard Patti, with a border formed of musical notes; the foulard plantain, ornamented with ears of wheat knotted together; the foulard pastel, with small bouquets of flowers on a pearl or rose, gray or white



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PARIS FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1866.—CHAPEAUX AND COIFFURES.



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THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS WARNER,
Author of "The Wide, Wide World."

CHAPTER IV.

"I'm afraid I may have to alter my list, Sam," said Clover; "I'm afraid miss is difficult. I wrote down just what I wanted at first without noticing how the seeds were to be planted; and now I see some of them must be 'under glass.'"

"Never mind," said her brother, "let's take the list first and the difficulties afterwards. It is a great point to know what you want."

"I know that pretty well," said Clover; "only it was hard to want little enough. Well then, Sam, first of all, you know, I must cover my fence; and papa said I might have just as much fence as I liked."

"Fence of libium," said Sam; "yes, that's right."

"So first of all I chose some vines," said Clover. "This beautiful byacinth bean, with dark purple flowers and varnished pods—it must be splendid, I think."

"Varnished pods?" said Lily—"where did you find that? I thought it was just a bean—and beans are so common."

"Well, maybe it is common," said Clover, "but I guess not; for Mr. Vick says it ought to be grown more than it is. And it will cover my fence grandly, for the shoots are sometimes twenty feet long. But then, Sam, I thought it would not do to have the fence all dark—so I chose next this pretty carsey-bird vine, with fringed yellow flowers."

"Very well chosen," said Sam. "Don't you want a blue vine too? here are blue Ipomoeas."

"I thought of that," said Clover, hesitating a little bit. And then softly tending down Sam's head to where little Primrose sat on the floor at his side, Clover silently pointed out to him in large, childish writing at the very head of Prim's list—"Ipomoea grandiflora asperba."

"So I thought I wouldn't," she said, with a smile; "a second one might hurt the superb effect, you know, Sam. And don't you think yellow and purple go well together?"

"Nothing could be better," said Sam, twining his arm round the girl's waist and drawing her close to his side. "And I see you have got the start of me, Clover, and have planted your hedge before I have even the ground dug up."

"Planted my hedge?" Clover repeated. Then, with a smile and a fash, "I think mamma was the planter, Sam."

"And may God give the increase!" said her brother, tenderly. "Now what comes next? The fence being covered, what shall we do with the ground?"

"I thought," said Clover, a little shyly, "that my vines would show better at intervals, you know—not to see quite the whole of them at once. So I chose these tall alphas and mar-tynias for flowers, and then to mix with them this pretty amaranthos—Joseph's Coat—with its three-colored

leaves. I think they'll do for a back-ground," said Clover, with the same shy look at her brother's face, which somehow or other confused her and brought a blush into her own. But he only said as before:

"Well chosen. What next?"

"Next, in front," said Clover, "I want a whole mass of flowers, the gayest I can get. There's stocks, and salpiglossis, and gaultheria, and celosia, and balsam, and anemone, and helichrysum. The helichrysum flowers are good all winter."

"A first-rate list," said Sam. "Don't you want some very low-growing flowers just in front, to slope it quite down to the grass?"

"Yes, I wanted some very much," said Clover, "but my money gave out. And then I thought the taller flowers would show best from the house, and so that I had better keep them. But I can change my list."

"No, no," said Sam; "you are to choose, you know. And the list is capital. Now, little one,"

he said, lifting up Primrose and placing her on his knee, "what sort of a collection of sweets have you got together?"

"Oh, it's so difficult!" said Prim, knitting her small brows and tugging the Catalogue leaves back and forth with perplexed fingers. "I wanted to get all the sweet things, but they are so many. And then Lily says some of 'em are so common. I'm afraid my garden won't look pretty unless I get some other things too; and I don't know what to leave out and what to put in."

"Your garden will look pretty, I'll answer for it," said Sam. "I never saw a collection of sweet things in my life that was not beautiful. What does Lily say is common?"

"Why, my sweet peas, for instance," said Primrose, studying her list.

"I'm glad if they are," said Sam, "but I never found it out. I think for every sweet pea you may find fifty fuchsias. Have them by all means."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said Prim, her face bright-

ening; "for he says they're so very sweet. And see, Sam, all colors. Then oh, Sam, I want this blue ipomoea!"

"Then have it," said Sam, smiling.

"But it costs twenty-five cents!"

"Well, you've got twenty-five cents to give for it."

"But I mean," said Primrose, "it leaves me so little money for any thing else."

"Yes," said Sam, "you must choose between one great beauty and four or five smaller ones."

"Is it a great beauty? Then I'll have it," said Primrose. "It don't signify if I haven't a great variety in my garden, I guess. But here's a beauty—a white primrose! That's what mamma likes."

Sam thought, as he looked down at the fair little face captured joyfully by his that mamma had excellent taste. Few prettier things to be found, to his fancy, than such a white primrose. But he only said, laughing,

"This one, Prim?"

Why, it has a name as long as you are—another acanthis alba."

"I know," said Primrose; "but it don't matter. I needn't say 'em all at once. Then here are my pansies, Sam; they're not sweet, but they're lovely."

"You extravagant little puss!" said Sam; "pansies cost fifteen cents!"

"Yes," said Primrose, sedately; "but I had to have 'em, you know. Then here is phytolacca—I don't know what it is, but it smells pretty, and it's sweet too. And here's datura. Oh, Sam, just look at this, with flowers seven to nine inches long, and sweet!"

"Must be a real horn of perfume instead of plenty," said Sam.

"Oh, but it's plenty too!" said Prim, "for it says 'very sweet.' Then here's alrochia and callitriche—that's not sweet, I suppose, but it sounds beautiful."

"That's a fine list," said Sam. "I'm not sure but it's the most troublesome one of the three; but as you are a patient, painstaking little body, you won't mind that."

"I like it," said Prim.

"But what's the particular trouble of Prim's list more than ours?" said Lily.

"There are more things that require transplanting, and ones that must be started in heat."

"What's 'starting in heat?'" said Lily.

"Being very warm, and therefore beginning to grow."

"Now, Sam, don't be a tease! What is it really?"

"That is true which I said," answered Sam; "only it is the seed's side of the question. Your part of the work is to furnish the warm circumstances that bring about such a good result."

"Putting them in the sun, do you mean?" said Lily, "in a warm part of the ground?"

"The sun has very little heat to spare just now, and the ground is as cold as ice—being, in fact, frozen."

"Well, we can wait till it melts—I mean thaws—and gets warm, then," said Lily.

"And then some of your flowers, which need a long time to grow, would begin to bloom by about the end of summer. You must give them artificial heat, and make them a climate."

"Well, this is the funniest work!" said Lily. "Why, Sam, there isn't any artificial heat but the fire or the



"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK."—FROM A PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GELLATLY & LACKY.]

even, and I shouldn't think taking would be useful."

"Sam," said little Primrose, looking very puzzled, while Clover silently knit her brows over the difficulty, "why don't you tell us what you mean at once?"

"Because I want you all to think and find out," said Sam. "You must not be ignorant little gardeners; I want you to learn."

"And so do I want to learn," said Clover, "but how can we?"

"Now, here"—said Sam, taking up the three lists in one hand and the Catalogue in the other—"here I find, first, the Useful list—containing, we will say, two hardy annuals, eight half hardy, and two which are sometimes at least called tender. The Easy list contains six hardy annuals, two half hardy, one tender; while the Sweet list has four hardy and four half hardy."

"But what does half hardy mean?" said Lily; "and how can seeds be tender?"

"That is just what I want you to find out. Study your lists, and study Mr. Vick's Catalogue, and make up your own minds how the different seeds should be treated. Then you can tell me what sort of artificial heat you want, and I'll try if I can provide it."

"What delightful work!" said Clover. "Sam, you're very good!"

"Well, wouldn't it be wiser to choose seeds that don't cost so much trouble?" said Lily.

"Every one must judge for himself," said Sam, with a smile at his mother as he rose to go. "I shouldn't write the order for the seeds till to-night, so you can all make what changes you please. Study Mr. Vick."

And away went Sam, leaving the three children in a pleasant state of uncertainty, excitement, and business. Lily took up the Catalogue and lounged down on the window-seat, turning the ending leaves back and forth; Clover gave one loving look at her list, and then, folding it neatly together, laid it in her work basket, and took out her day's task of sewing; and little Primrose, bringing up a good fact-cushion to her mother's feet, sat down and rested her face on her small hand, and fell at once into a deep brown study.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1866.

THE SITUATION.

IT is strange that those who defend against all corners and at every hazard what is called the President's policy do not see that they weaken their case instead of strengthening it by claiming that it is expressly constitutional. To the contrary, the difference between its advocates and those who are unwilling to accept it is purely one of expediency. For what is the President's theory? It is simply that the condition of the country at the close of active hostilities compelled him to adopt certain measures for the resumption by the States of their local governments and of their relations in the Union, which they have accepted and are required. But there is not a word of express warrant for these measures in the Constitution. They were what in his judgment the public safety required. They were limited, indeed, by a certain theory of the perpetuity of a State in the Union, but that theory made the measures themselves mere usurpation. If the States were never out of the Union—to use an expression which has become a cant—what right had the President of the United States to appoint a provisional Governor? The reply can be only that the public safety required it. But if he had the right to take so radical a step as that, he had the same right to do whatever else he considered the public safety to require. His action upon the subject has exactly the same authority that his predecessor's emancipation proclamation had, and that authority is ample, and founded in the first necessity of society and government.

If now the advocates of the general policy which he favors, and which is in many respects admirable, rested their argument upon its expediency merely as opposed to the expediency of some other policy which is founded upon a different estimate of the requirements of the public safety, there would be much less acrimony in the discussion. This is what we mean by saying that the difference in the Union party is one of method rather than of principle. The President says that the late rebel States, having consented to the conditions which he thought the public safety demanded, are entitled to resume their national relations. Those of the Union party who differ from him insist that some other conditions are essential. It is simply ridiculous to retort that his conditions are the only ones which the Constitution authorizes, for the letter of the Constitution authorizes none at all. It is a question of expediency. The President thinks that he has gone far enough. There are those who think that we ought to go farther.

Mr. SWANWICK is certainly right in saying that prolonged reflection brings us all nearer to a common conclusion. Active hostilities ended so suddenly that opinions upon the questions which immediately became imperative were vague and uncertain. Doubtless golden opportunities were lost, but once gone they could not be recovered, and regret was folly. The ship of state must be trimmed to the breeze of to-day, not of yesterday nor of to-morrow. Pol-

itics is the art of expediency. Statesmanship must strive for all of the best that is possible under a fair estimate of the circumstances. Don't jump until you come to the river, said Mr. LINCOLN, and don't try to swap horses in the stream. The first duty of every man is certainly, as Dr. CHANNING says, to ask not what is expedient but what is right. But his second duty is not less clear and imperative. It is to ask in what way in the present situation he may best secure the right. Mr. BACOUR, in England, believes in "manhood suffrage," but he supports with all his power the new Reform bill which only enfranchises some 400,000 more of the population. Can Mr. BACOUR be fairly accused of betraying the rest of the people?

Those of us who believe as we do that the national faith is pledged to the maintenance of the equal civil rights of the freedmen, who hold that justice is the best policy, and that the interest of the Union and the prosperity of every part of it require the earliest practicable establishment of impartial suffrage as the surest security of equal rights, may honestly differ as to the wisest method of reaching that result. To charge any man with infidelity to the end because he prefers other means than ours is the very stupidity of folly. Mr. JOHNSON is not proved false because Mr. VALLANDIGHAM praises him, as Mr. LINCOLN was still true although Mr. PIERCE denounced him.

The prospects of a reasonable understanding among Union men seem to us fairer now than they have been for a long time. If, as now seems probable, Congress shall ask only for a constitutional amendment equalizing representation, basing it upon voters, the President can hardly oppose it, for it is his own frequent proposition. We have no doubt that Congress, as the immediate representatives of all faithful citizens who fought and won in the war, would gladly abolish all political distinction founded upon complexion. But it is plain that this result will be sought not directly but indirectly by proportionately reducing the political power of the States that maintain such distinctions. Here, again, the President has often plainly declared his sympathy with the enfranchisement of colored citizens by the States. Unless he mistakes his own opinions there is really no substantial difference upon this point between the policy he favors and that which Congress is likely to adopt.

We have all so much the habit of fighting that it is hard to unlearn it, and we draw our weapons upon each other. The President reaches his conclusions by other processes than many of us pursue. Congress, elected in the midst of a civil war, represents the exalted sentiment of a nation struggling for life. But it has won. Its life is secure and its whole system purified. The very ferocity and tenacity of the struggle are the measures of the prostration of the vanquished. They do not love us, and will not. They do not profess reverence; it is idle to ask it. All we can do is to secure the future not by conscriptions, confiscations, disfranchisements, executions, the utter futility of which history witnesses and human nature explains—not by any methods or vengeance, but by those equitable, political guarantees which the truly conservative common-sense of the country and of mankind will approve.

THE PROBABLE WAR IN EUROPE.

It is more than half a century since there was a general war in Europe. The last one ended in the overthrow of the great NAPOLEON and the treaty of Vienna in 1815. That treaty was Tory and reactionary. England, which was the sole truly constitutional government in Europe, was chiefly represented at the Congress by Lord CASTLERAGH, a Tory of the old school, and the distribution of Europe was made in the interest of the Kings, and not of the people. "That the people are the property of certain royal families," said FRANCIS HORSER, "was to be established as a maxim in the system of Europe."

Time brings its revenges. One of the cardinal points of the settlement of 1815 was that the BONAPARTES should be forever ineligible to the French throne. In 1831 the great NAPOLEON died at St. Helena. In 1832 his son, the Duke de Reichstadt, died at Vienna. In 1866 his nephew, LOUIS NAPOLEON, is Emperor of France, with the consent of the European sovereigns, who, by acknowledging his title as NAPOLEON III., do really recognize the Duke of Reichstadt as NAPOLEON II., and, by implication, his father as NAPOLEON I.; and LOUIS NAPOLEON holds in his hand the redistribution of power in Europe.

Prussia, under the government of a despotic King and a daring Minister, has been for some time plainly intending war with Austria, upon pretense of some Schleswig-Holstein difficulty, but really with the hope of becoming the dominant power of Central Europe. Austria, composed of several nationalities, and for that reason essentially the weakest of the great powers, alarmed and trembling, looks for the support of the smaller German states, which are important only as members of a confederation which the triumph of Prussia would destroy. But Italy, biasing with patriotic enthusiasm

and sustained by a vast army, sees that the hour has come for reclaiming Venice, and is all in motion. The British Government, hitherto denouncing the impending war as causeless, proclaims its neutrality. But as half the supplies of food for England come from the Continent, which would force her to look to America for them, with which she has some unsettled accounts, it is not plain that she could avoid a part in the struggle.

As for France, if LOUIS NAPOLEON could fulfill his traditional policy and push her border to the Rhine, he would incalculably aggrandize his dynasty and identify it with the glory of France. That result is impossible so long as the settlement of 1815 continues. But the war inevitably demolishes that settlement, and makes the bank of the Rhine attainable by France. Abstractly, therefore, he must favor the war; but it was unnecessary for him to speak except upon extraordinary occasion, and that was furnished in a late debate of the French Chambers.

On the 3d of May one of the French Ministers, M. ROUBINE, said that the Government preferred not to discuss the question of the war. But some days afterward M. THIRIAS, the poet of the old Napoleonic epopees, the pet of the bourgeoisie, or the Parisian shop-keepers, and the Conservative leader of the Opposition, replied in a speech which caused such sensation that the sitting of the Chamber was suspended for an hour. In this speech THIRIAS asserted that the balance of power in Europe required that Germany and Italy should be composed of separate and feeble states. He said that this intention was proclaimed at the peace of Westphalia in 1648, and that it was confirmed in the next century by FRANCISCK TER GERAT, and again in this century by the Congress of Vienna. But the policy of Prussia was inimical to this intention. It would found a great empire in Central Europe which would threaten France. France must therefore courageously protest against the action of Prussia, and must say plainly to Italy that, if she attacked the state quo by seizing Venice and were defeated, France would not lift a finger to save her from Austrian vengeance. This speech M. THIRIAS called a last effort in favor of peace, of the good of his country, and the honor of his Government.

LOUIS NAPOLEON is not a fool. He heard the leader of the Conservative opposition to his Government declare that the true policy of France is the maintenance of the settlement of 1815, which excludes him from the throne upon which he sits. His Majesty, therefore, rolled smoothly with the Empress to the quiet old city of Auxerre upon the Yonne, ninety miles southwest of Paris; and when the Mayor laid the keys at his feet and told the Empress (Mademoiselle MONTIJO) that her son's ancient and loyal Auxerre would be forever at his service, LOUIS NAPOLEON said, "Thank you, your worship. You country people are the true France, and you hate as I do the treaty of Vienna." Paris swore terribly the next day; but Europe had heard from the lips of NAPOLEON's nephew that a war directed against the settlement which dethroned and humiliated his uncle, and which he, the nephew, could guide to success, was a war with a treaty that he detested.

In any view the European settlement of 1815 is doomed. Peace seems possible only upon condition of negotiations which would annul it, and war can not leave the situation as it finds it. Peace, however, is almost impossible when vast armies in neighboring territories have been accumulated, when a war loan has been made, and when conviction, passion, and apparent interest urge the combatants forward. The European war, which seems inevitable, is the hand of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE proudly tearing the treaty of Vienna and flinging it away.

OPINION NOT TREASON.

SENATOR DOOLITTLE is reported to have said in a late public speech, that "the union of the States under the Constitution is the cornerstone of the American Government, and he who denies it, let him come from the South, East, West, or North, is a traitor." Now that the Constitution is the bond of union is an undeniable proposition. It is as unquestionable as that respiration is the condition of human life. It was scarcely worth while for Senator DOOLITTLE to make a journey to Philadelphia for the sole purpose of saying that twice two are four. But when he proceeds to declare that any other opinion is treason, he commits a foolish error, or the Constitution to which he exhorts obedience expressly defines treason to consist in levying war against the United States.

An opinion can not be treason. It may be false. It may be dangerous. It may lead to treason as the doctrine of State sovereignty did. In a time of actual war its expression may be an efficient aid to the enemy, and therefore the expression may be properly repressed. But to denounce any abstract political opinion as treason is to commit the unpardonable sin of Rome against the human mind, and strike at the liberty of thought. The Southern school of politics in this country has always held and pro-

claimed the theory of State sovereignty, and it has always been plain that if reduced to practice that theory would lead to civil war. But that opinion was not treason until it fired at the Star of the West. If it were, Senator HAVES was as guilty as QUANTRELL. It seems to us that a Senator of the United States should be able to make so cardinal a distinction. We pay Mr. DOOLITTLE the compliment of believing that he does not consider Mr. FORTSON equally guilty with LOUIS WINDFALL and JAMES M. MASON.

It is very necessary that this distinction should be observed during the great debate in which we are now engaged. The question of reorganization is to be settled by argument, not by rhetorical vituperation. When Mr. STEVENS says that the late rebels deserve hell, or when Mr. COWAN informs us that they behave like saints, nothing is gained except a conviction that neither of those gentlemen are likely to give any valuable counsel in the emergency. So when Mr. DOOLITTLE declares by plain implication that those who do not agree with him are traitors, he also certifies his inability to treat the question as it should be treated. An argument which is adequately answered by saying "You're another," is not a very powerful argument.

THE LAST LESSON OF THE ACADEMY.

DURING the last sixty-eight years there have been forty-four theatres destroyed by fire in the United States. This is at the rate of one for about every eighteen months; but it is an agreeable fact that the loss of life has been very small. The most melancholy incident was the burning of the theatre in Richmond, Virginia, on the night of the 25th of December, 1811. It was crowded, and more than seventy persons perished, among them the Governor of the State. What horrors we were spared by the breaking out of the late fire at the Academy of Music at 12 o'clock at night instead of 10 we shall happily never know. But it was impossible to stand by the ruins on the morning after the fire and not shudder at the appalling peril to which the audiences in that building have been exposed.

It is shameful and incredible that any building liable to be crowded with human beings should be such a trap as the Academy evidently was, and as most theatres and public halls in this country are. There are many places in all our cities and towns who never enter any place of public assembly because of their knowledge of the foolish risk. There are large halls in upper stories used for concerts, for lectures, and lectures, which will contain from a thousand to two thousand people, which are constantly packed with crowds, and from which, in case of alarm, the only egress is two or three doors and a staircase or two. The lives of those persons are at the mercy not only of a real peril but of a mere panic. When that peril is plainly revealed the easy public confidence is disturbed and often destroyed. Thus in Providence there was a large and handsome hall in a third story directly over a business warehouse, full of varnish and the most inflammable material. One night after the hall had been crowded at a lecture the building took fire and was consumed like tinder. There was good Yankee sense enough in the city not to run that dismal risk forever, and a spacious hall was built upon the ground-floor open upon three sides to the street, and so arranged with windows and doors as to be emptied in five minutes. That hall, of course, is very popular.

But the structure of buildings should be regulated by law. The law does not permit a flimsy, palpably insecure wall to be erected, and it should require just as imperatively that every building designed for the assembly of crowds should be practically fire-proof. As the spectator looked in at the ruins of the Academy there was nothing to be seen but the four brick walls, and a heap of bricks, mortar, and rubbish upon the ground, with a few charred timbers. We do not forget that a theatre is mainly vacant space; that it is only a floor and a series of galleries; but for that very reason the audience is more exposed. The smoke and flame are every where at once. It is because the scenery and the stage appointments must be of such timber that the more care should be used in the other parts of the building.

It would be ridiculous if it were not mournful to see the ease and colority with which fire consumes "fire-proof" stores: and other buildings in the city of New York. A brick wall and an iron shutter apparently satisfy as a security against fire, when every floor and beam is of wood, and a passage for the free course of the flames is left all through the building. Some weeks since an article appeared in these columns suggesting a little more sense in building; but the matter should be regulated by law before some ghastly accident convicts us of criminal folly.

Means here, if the Academy is to be rebuilt as is announced, we trust that the reporter will not merely expatiate upon the multifarious and taste of the enterprising committee of superintendence, but will closely observe the structure

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and carefully inform the public whether the floors are all wood laid upon wood, and whether elaborate masses of wooden filigree are every where accumulated; whether the exit from the upper and most dangerous gallery is by a narrow door or two; and whether, in a word, the theatre is a tinder-box, which, in case of fire when full of people, would be sure to repeat, upon a fearful scale, the Richmond tragedy of 1811.

THE UNIVERSITY MEDICAL COLLEGE.

We speak elsewhere of the lesson of the late disastrous fire. But it laid its wasting hand not only upon our opportunities of amusement but of instruction, and it is in this way that its consequences are most serious and deplorable.

In the University Medical College, which was next to the Academy of Music, were stored the complete chemical apparatus of Dr. J. W. DRAFER, and the many exquisite and costly instruments with which for many years he has conducted his experiments. It was impossible to save them, and such a loss is incalculable to any one but a patient and exact scholar.

Dr. MOTT'S MUSEUM also, a collection of illustrations of his surgical operations for more than half a century; the Museum of the old Lyceum of Natural History; the medical and surgical collections of Drs. BARFORD, POSEY, VAN BURKE, and FAIRB, all are gone. The duty, as we believe it will be the pride of New York, is to replace these collections. The country as well as the city is impoverished by the late fire; but it is not according to the Yankee genius to suffer it to remain so.

FINANCIERING EXTRAORDINARY.

About three weeks ago gold, which had been for some weeks steady at 125 @ 127, jumped up to 130. The Secretary of the Treasury held at the time over \$75,000,000 of gold—much more than he needed for the payment of interest of the public debt. He determined to sell a portion of this surplus; and accordingly, for some days, fed the market with two to three millions daily, at the rate of 130 1/2 per cent. Speculators and foreign bankers, studying the state of affairs in Europe, were confident that gold would rise, and bought all the Secretary was willing to sell.

A sharply-defined contest thus arose. On the one hand, the Secretary, with \$50,000,000 of gold on hand (allowing for \$15,000,000 sold), was determined that gold should not rise above 130. On the other hand, the public, persuaded that gold could not be kept down by any Secretary in the world, in the face of the war prospect in Europe and the high prices of all commodities here, were as resolute buyers as he was a resolute seller. Newspaper organs of the Secretary denounced the "Gold-room speculators," and declared that the Government would sell every dollar it held rather than let gold go up. Other organs of public opinion were less clear as to the result, and trusted that Mr. McCulloch would have better luck than befell his predecessor, Mr. Chase, in his contest with the Gold-room.

Matters were in this position, when, on Monday, May 21, at 4.15 P.M., the news of the panic in London was flashed over the wires from Halifax. Any child could tell what such news portended. Every broker, and every speculator, and almost every merchant in the city rushed to the Gold-room. The Government broker—Mr. PERRY M. MYERS—was there, peddling out the Government gold at 130 1/2. Neither the unusual throng nor the astounding character of the news disturbed his calm complacency. He had his orders, and he would obey them. It had been pretty generally expected that on the receipt of the news the Government would either withdraw from the market for a time, or at least advance its rate. Nothing of the kind was done. In reply to inquiries, Mr. Myers said he would sell at the old price, and to any amounts desired. A tumult broke out even more tempestuous than the wild scenes which were so often witnessed in the Gold-room during the war. Mr. Myers was besieged, hustled, crushed, almost throttled by eager buyers of gold. So fierce and furious was the demand that in twenty minutes he sold, at 130 1/2 and 1/4, some fifteen millions of gold—representing a sum of nearly \$20,000,000 of currency. As he left the room a few minutes after five the excited buyers bid up the price to 131 1/2.

The question now was—which had won the fight, the Secretary or the speculators? It was clear that, after selling to all nearly \$30,000,000 of gold, the Treasury had lost the control of the market. Its reserve was now reduced so low that it could not afford to sell any further amount large enough to frighten dealers. In a word, it had done what its friends had threatened it would do—poured out upon the heads

of the speculators its gold by the ten and fifteen millions in a day, and the market had taken it, and the premium had advanced. Thus far, then, clearly Mr. McCulloch, like Mr. Chase, had been beaten.

But the question remained—how were the \$15,000,000 in gold sold by Mr. Myers on Monday afternoon to be paid for? Mr. Myers had the right to deliver every dollar of this gold on Tuesday, and to demand greenbacks in payment. This was what Mr. McCulloch's friends said he would do. Had this been done, so severe a money pressure would have ensued that gold would inevitably have fallen back below 130, probably to 125, and the Treasury might at that figure have taken back some of the coin so recklessly sold on Monday afternoon at 130 1/2 @ 1/4. The banks were in the wildest trepidation. A renewal of the panic of April 1864 was expected. Gold speculators themselves trembled at the position in which they had got, and began to regret that they had undertaken to fight the Treasury. They entered the Gold-room on Tuesday morning feeling any thing but exultant.

But there seems to be a fatality in the operations of our Treasury Department. On Tuesday morning, before the appearance of the Government broker, gold sold at 131 1/2. When he showed himself the premium fell to 131 1/4. At that price he offered fifty thousand. It was taken, and in a few minutes he had sold a million. Then his courage or the courage of his principals failed, and he fled discomfited from the room. The premium instantly leaped to 134 1/2; and the parties who had to pay for gold, reassured by this indication of infirmity of purpose on the part of the Government, began to hope that the Treasury would not exert its right of insisting on payment that day.

The event justified their hopes. Not much over one-third of the gold sold on Monday was delivered on Tuesday; another portion of the amount was delivered on Wednesday, and the balance not till Thursday. The reason generally assigned was that the Sub-Treasurer had not certificates enough to deliver all at once. For the sake of out-of-town readers we may explain that gold is invariably delivered in the shape of gold certificates of deposit signed by the Sub-Treasurer, and of the denomination of \$5000 or less. Gold, in bags or bulk, was long ago declared to be not a good delivery in consequence of the frequent disputes arising about "short counts," and the dangers involved in the transmission of bags from office to office. To deliver \$15,000,000 of gold 3000 certificates would be required; and it was said that the Sub-Treasurer had not so many on hand, and had not time to sign new ones in season for Tuesday's deliveries. This was lucky for the Bulls in gold, and unlucky for the Secretary. By distributing the deliveries over three days the money pressure proved much less severe than it would have been had the deliveries been all made on Tuesday, and the Secretary's victorious antagonists were enabled to hold the gold they had bought of him @ 130 1/2.

But this matter of delay was not the only favor granted by the Secretary to the parties who had defeated him in the Gold-room. Let them should experience undue difficulty in paying for their gold, the Sub-Treasurer was authorized to receive as money debt-certificates not yet due, compound interest notes at their face value with interest, and deposit certificates without notice. Of the two latter classes he did receive about \$7,300,000; of debt certificates, perhaps \$4,000,000. In other words, the Secretary not only sold to speculators fifteen millions of gold at 5 or 10 per cent. below the price which they would have had to pay for it had he not been bent on keeping down the premium to 130, but he actually furnished them with the means of paying for half their purchases by discounting his own paper before maturity. They naturally took advantage of such extreme complaisance, and on Thursday the premium rose to 141 1/4, at which price not a few of the lucky buyers realized their profits—having netted some \$3,000,000 at the cost of the Government in an operation of a fortnight.

It used to be a maxim among the gamblers who thronged Wall Street and Exchange Place in Mr. Chase's time to "copper" him, whatever he did or said. When he tried to contract the currency the gamblers knew it was going to be expanded—when he tried to put gold down, they bought; when he predicted an advance in public stocks, they sold them. And, as a general rule, they were right. He meant well and honestly, but he could no more control events or contravene the laws of trade than King Canute's courtiers could check the flow of the tide. Every time he interfered with the natural working of economical laws the effort recoiled against himself. When Mr. McCulloch became Secretary better things were expected of his practical experience as a banker. But, thus far, he seems to be following pretty closely in the wake of his predecessor. He told us, at Fort Wayne and in his Treasury Report, that the currency was going to be contracted, instead of which it has been growing steadily more abundant, so that money has been cheaper this year in Wall Street than ever

before, and prices are so high that we have nothing whatever to export to Europe. He undertook, with a surplus at his command much larger than the average reserve in the Bank of England, to keep gold below 130; it is nearer 140. His friends assured us that the speculators who had beaten him in the Gold-room would never be able to pay for their gold; he furnished them the money. Here is financiering with a vengeance!

THE COPPERHEAD AS A SIREN.

If snakes could sing a Copperhead might be a very Loredal. But Fate has forbidden them the faculty of music. They can not escape themselves, nor conceal their true character from human eyes.

Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, who denoted the policy of the Democratic party at the last Presidential election, by preparing the famous disgrace and surrender platform of the Chicago Convention, has just opened his arms broadly to embrace the President at the Convention of his party in the State which spewed out Mr. VALLANDIGHAM by a hundred thousand majority three or four years ago. During the war Mr. V. was a bland apostle of peace, but now that peace has descended he sounds the alarm; he talks valiantly of "thrusting them [Congress] from the Capitol," and of using "the power of the purse and sword." To use those powers to save the country from armed rebels seeking to perpetrate human slavery shocked the gospel-ekness of Saint VALLANDIGHAM; but to apply them to thrusting out the representatives of the people legislating for the security of equal rights—that joyfully commends itself to his Democracy and Christian forbearance.

The President of course understands the offered embrace of Mr. V. A kiss was long ago the sign of betrayal. When ANDREW JOHNSON falls into the open arms of CLAYTON VALLANDIGHAM, faithful citizens of the United States may well shudder. But while he retains as his advisers those whom Mr. LINCOLN called to befriend him and the country the Copperhead charms in vain.

At the same Convention Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON also made a speech "praising the courage and statesmanship of Mr. JOHNSON." But Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON, who extolled and justified the rebels during the war, and who was nominated at Chicago as the distinctive candidate of the surrender party, has also no mercy for Congress. He denounced the "malignant counsils of the radical Central Directory, whose feet were upon the throat of the Constitution even now, and who intended to throttle it." He is of opinion that the "radical majority of Congress hate the Government and desire its overthrow." The same majority he also defines as "blind and bigoted Jacobins."

Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON was not always of this zealous turn. When it was not a question of loyal representatives legislating, but of armed rebels striking at the heart of the nation, Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON had no hard words for them. They were not malignant. They had no feet upon the throat of the Constitution. They were lambs who had no intention of throttling. They did not hate the Government, nor desire its overthrow. They were not blind and bigoted Jacobins! Oh no! When in January, 1864, a resolution was introduced in Congress branding the rebellion which had already flooded the land with blood to destroy the Government as "desperate, wicked, and bloody," Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON voted against it. Three years before when the conspirators were whetting their swords, butler would not have rested in the blood-mouth of Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON when he spoke of them. He acknowledged the right of Secession. He begged Congress, if the rebelling States could not be conciliated, to let them depart in peace. He had no rhetoric about "malignant counsils," and throttling the Constitution, and hating and overthrowing the Government. He did not roar and scold, and stand with his fist clenched and foot raised to help them go. No, no! far from it! He sighed, the tender PENDLETON! he sobbed, he wept. It was the very ecstasy of manly grief. "If they must leave the family mansion," he wheeled and stammered, "I would bid them farewell so tenderly that they would forever be touched by the recollection of it."

Is it strange that General JOHN A. LOGAN said: "I would as soon vote for JEFF DAVIS as PENDLETON?"

Does Mr. PENDLETON suppose that the loyal people of this country have forgotten these things? Does he suppose that they have forgotten how he deserted the country in its hour of extremest peril? Does he suppose that they do not know that he was as radical a disunionist as JEFFERSON DAVIS? Does he not know that his opinion and advice upon the Constitution and the reorganization of the Union have exactly the weight that Mr. ROBERT TOOMBS or Mr. LOUIS WISFALL's would have? And if his party could not carry Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON while the event of the war was still uncertain, do they suppose they can win a race with him on one shoulder and VALLANDIGHAM

on the other, now that the Union they despised is safe and the Government they spat upon is triumphant?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

May 21: In the House, the Bankrupt Bill was passed, 65 to 30.

May 22: In the Senate, the Report of the Committee of Fifteen was brought up, Mr. Howard opening the debate. In the House, an amendment to the Income-tax law, extending the amount exempted from \$2000 to \$2500.

May 24: In the House, the Senate's amendments to the Home-Jail resolution to prevent the introduction of chains into the parts of the United States were discussed in, and the joint resolution is passed by both Houses.

May 25: In the House, Mr. Schuch reported back a substitute for the Bounty Bill, and immediately moved the previous question. The bill was passed by a vote of 123 to 5. It fixes the payment of bounty where the soldier is dead, and there is no widow or minor child, and also where the soldier is alive. It gives to each soldier, widow, and orphan eight and one-third dollars for each month of service, or \$100 a year, (including bounties already received for service.

VIEW OF THE SCHEDULE.

On the evening of May 25, Secretary Stewart, of Auburn, made a speech in which he discussed his views of our present political situation. The Secretary first alluded to the sudden conversion of Democratic leaders upon the accession of President Johnson.

This was unusual, he said, by the loyal expression of the Southern people, who accepted "the conditions of partial amnesty and limitations in re-entrance privileges which were proclaimed by the Administration, all at once renounced the principles, promises, and policy of secession and disunion, in order to re-entrance the Union, and with their votes, and brought forward with alacrity the resolution of their long-cherished institution of slavery, and cheerfully threw them, to be burned upon the Altar of Union which they had so nearly destroyed. The unexpected change in the attitude of political adherents was an obstacle entirely unlooked for, and it was not until after a long and arduous struggle, and after negotiations among loyal and tried Union men.

"There was doubt," said Mr. Stewart, "on the part of many in the Union party whether this conversion was real, how could Unionists and rebels be converted to the support of a Government of Union administration? This was the question every where put by the zealous leaders of the Union party. 'Was it at that moment that I conceived that question by asking where, who? How could Democrats and rebels be converted? Is it not their conversion that you contended for, and that you now desire? I expressed the opinion that the condition of peace with the new responsibility must be understood in good faith accepted. I advised prompt and complete reconciliation, with the reservation of one of the constitutional symmetries of the Union. Regarding the sanguinary question that the rebels and their Democrats' adherents were only changing their political strategy with tortuous purposes, I argued that, with few and unimportant exceptions, they were now to be received and accepted as fellow-citizens and freemen. I urged that this would be fully done if only the rebel friends of the Administration, remaining united and harmonious, and their remaining their justly-acquired prestige, should themselves promptly and magnanimously secure to the nation the enjoyment of a justly-desired peace and independence, equal and properly."

The Secretary then spoke of the rapid progress of peace and reconciliation. He said that "between the Federal Government and those restored and reorganized State Governments there exists now a more complete and practical harmony than has ever before prevailed between the Union and so many of its members since it was first established."

Mr. Stewart then alluded to the conflict between the President and Congress. He said that there was no serious difference between them. "What the nation needs," he reconciliator, and just now it needs nothing more. It needs, moreover, a very little of this. It needs a reconciliation between the Senators of the United States who are now sitting and those Senators who, being loyal and qualified for membership of the Senate, have been elected, or may hereafter be elected by the people of the several States which were lately involved in the rebellion. It needs a reconciliation of the same kind between the members of the House of Representatives who are now sitting and loyal members already elected or to be elected by the people in the same before-mentioned States. It needs just this Congressional reconciliation, and nothing more."

"A failure of our reconciliation for an indefinite period would not be anything less than a political disintegration of the nation in the rebellion. It would be disunion and revolution; it would be Mexican or French anarchy."

In regard to the Civil Rights Bill, Mr. Stewart said: "There is no weakness at all in our political system if the personal or civil rights of each member of the State, white or black, free-born or emancipated, native-born or naturalized, are not more secure under the administration of State government than they could be under the administration of the nation government. Harmony is essential to union; but harmony is impossible in the civil sense if every State is not left free from constitutional interruptions in its civil rights by the Federal Government. The Civil Rights Bill inflicts on the late seceding States, now after slavery has ceased to exist, the very aggression which, through the Fugitive Slave Law, the slave States committed upon the free States."

The day after this speech was made by Secretary Stewart there was in Washington a movement of the President and his cabinet, and in nearly every case their political views were entirely fresh.

Secretary Waller was brief: "You are one and all," he said, "for the Union, I suppose, and for the re-establishment of the rights of the States. These are my views."

Secretary Stanton spoke at length. He had at first been in favor, he said, that negro suffrage ought to be demanded of the South, but he had concluded that it was impracticable. He had advised the President to approve the President's Reconstruction Bill. He expressed no disapprobation of the Civil Rights Bill, neither did he consider it; but he seemed to think there was much to recommend the military rule in the South might result in legislation unfavorable to Northern sentiment to the South. He was opposed to the disfranchisement clause of the amendment proposed by the Reconstruction Committee.

Secretary McCulloch's speech was a complete and hearty endorsement of President Johnson's policy in every particular. He concluded that: "I have desired and hoped for the continuation of this great Union party, with which I have ever been identified (where); but if its leaders are no longer so united as they were, the preservation of the Union, I am greatly apprehensive that it can only be secured, I trust, follow citizens, that this will not be the case; that it will descend to hostility, and its attempt to continue alienation between the two sections of the country, and that it will embrace these principles, which look to harmony, to restoration, and to peace. If it should do this, it will still continue to be the great and most honorable glory of the country, and never break with loyalty, its glory. If it does not, in days to come, it will be the epitaph that will be written it will be: 'It knew how to prosecute the war with vigor, but it lacked the wisdom to avail itself of the benefits of victory.'"

Secretary Denison framed that if the differences between the President and Congress were not adjusted, the Union party would suffer dissolution. The election was better than at the beginning of the session. There was no longer any talk of holding the Southern States as conquered provinces. "The work of re-entrance," he said, "will be every one's authorized by the Constitution. I will not doubt that this conversion will be made, and the results of the war by which it is now being prosecuted will be secured and perpetuated. The best of peace and concord between the people of all sections of our country."



OSSEIP IVANOFF KOMMISSAROFF KOSTROMSKOI, THE ENNOBLED PEASANT WHO SAVED THE CAESAR'S LIFE.

OSSEIP IVANOFF
KOMMISSAROFF KOSTROMSKOI.

As the enthusiasm about the newly-made nobleman who was the means of saving the Czar's life continues in St. Petersburg, we give his portrait, and a few particulars of the man who is for the time being the idol and subject of conversation of all Russia.

OSSEIP (JOSEPH) IVANOFF KOMMISSAROFF, a young man of twenty-five, was born in the village of Molevino, province of Kostroma. The village belongs to Baron Kotzeb, to whom Kommissaroff stands in the relation of a liberated serf. Having been lately allowed to go to St. Petersburg and work in a hatter's shop, he soon rose in his calling, became freeman, and married a peasant girl. The 16th April being his birthday, he went to say his prayers in the chapel near the house of Peter von Guzar. Going to the river-side, close to the Marble Palace, he perceived that the bridge

was removed and the passage temporarily interrupted. Retracing his steps, he then made his way to the Summer Garden, at the gate of which a crowd was assembling round an Imperial equipage. Knowing the carriage to be the Emperor's and longing for the happiness of beholding his Majesty, he joined the crowd waiting for the monarch's arrival. Presently there was a stir in the crowd, and he saw the Czar in an overcoat. His Majesty approached the carriage, and was putting on his cloak, when a young man, who had been standing behind Kommissaroff, tried to push him aside. This individual had repeatedly attempted to penetrate through the surrounding crowd and get nearer the carriage; but Kommissaroff, wishing to see the Emperor, would not suffer him to squeeze through and plant himself before him. At the moment when the Emperor was putting on his cloak the individual, pushing Kommissaroff forcibly aside, made his way to the front ranks of the multitude. Kommissaroff followed him closely. Hardly had the assassin got

near the Emperor when, drawing a pistol from underneath his overcoat, he leveled it at the Emperor. Kommissaroff, who had noticed the movement, instantly caught him by the arm, and, diverting the pistol from its aim, caused it to discharge in the air.

The family name of the Czar's deliverer has been changed into that of Kommissaroff Kostromskoi, in memory of the province which has twice furnished saviors to the Imperial house in moments of danger. He finds himself suddenly enriched and enabled by the favor of the grateful Czar, and he is the object of a romantic and passionate enthusiasm on the part of the loyal population of the Russian capital. Whenever he shows his face in the streets he is pounced upon and kissed by *mosjiks*; his deer in the Kirpitsnoi Pereulok, where temporary apartments have been taken for him by the Crown until his new house shall be ready, and where he is waited on by servants in the Imperial livery, is besieged day and night by an eager crowd, all anxious to catch a glimpse of the savior of the

Czar's life; he has been enrolled honorary member of all the clubs at St. Petersburg and Moscow, his health is drunk at all entertainments, many of which are held solely for the purpose of doing him honor; his photograph and that of his wife meet the eye in every window and are hawked about at every inn step. Besides the original grants of money and estates from the Imperial purse and the public subscriptions opened for him in all the great towns, golden swords, estates in land, given by private individuals, precious images, and every imaginable kind of present continue to pour in upon the illustrious latter's apartments. His patent of hereditary nobility has been made out, and the share from the Emperor ALEXANDER on the subject has already appeared in the public journals. The most astounding feature in the whole business is the fact that General TOMASSOFF, the talented defender of Sebastopol, has been selected, as a kind of tutor, to look after, advise, and generally educate the bewildered young man.



COUNT BISMARCK, PRIME MINISTER OF PRUSSIA.
(See Page 265.)



AUXERRE, ON THE BANKS OF THE YONNE, FRANCE—WHERE LOUIS NAPOLEON MADE HIS FAMOUS SPEECH OF THE 6th OF MAY.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XXII.

It really must not be indulged in, this tendency to loiter along the way—a tendency caused by birth and long residence under Southern skies. We must quicken our pace over these pages to keep up with events falling in rapid succession.

There is the march of the Federals upon Atlanta. The *Somerville Star* has kept all of us in *Somerville* fully aware of every thing relating to that. It is a thrilling narrative as told us from *Star* to *Star*. Let us think. We give up *Chattanooga*, a place of no use to the Federals, and the abandonment of which is a positive advantage to the Confederate cause in every way—there is a motive in it. That motive we all understand and exult in when we have the *Star* and all the bells in town triumphant over the total defeat of *Rosecrans* soon after, and the re-occupation of *Chattanooga*, capturing therein stores and munitions of war enough to supply the whole South for two years.

Captain *Simmons*, standing in *Jem Bodd's* shop, is full, as *Jem*, in paper cap, dirty face, leathern apron, files and tinkers away at his gun-making and mending, of it. During two hours he discusses with *Jem* the splendid strategy of *General Bragg*, and its complete success; to all of which *Jem* says, at intervals, "As you say, Captain." "Exactly so, Sir." "Just what I say." "Precisely." "Yes, Sir; of that we may be sure."

Yet when, not a week after, *Dr. Warner*, in attendance upon poor, pale little *Mrs. Bodd*, upon whom he is always in attendance for that matter, says to *Jem*, sitting in the room, by the fire-side for the convenience of spitting as he smokes: "And so it turns out that the Federals were not driven out of *Chattanooga*, *Mr. Bodd*. Having read the accounts of the way in which they had fortified themselves there, I really did not for a moment suppose that other report was true, did you?" *Jem* spits and replies, "Certainly not," and waves in his habitual affirmatives to all that *Dr. Warner* has to say.

"Eighteen months!" the *Doctor* ejaculates a moment after. "People at the North wouldn't believe it. And the way you have managed to keep it close, too! I have feared a hundred times—"

"See, *Doctor*," breaks in *Jem*, taking his pipe



THE DOCTOR HAS GOOD NEWS.

from his mouth in order to lower his tone, "All couldn't get shot of conscription any other way. You know how we hammered at it for ever so long before we could fix it up. The cellar was *Mrs. Bodd's* notion; we laughed at it, *Alf* and I, at first. Then we all thought, when *Alf* first hid there, the war would 'a been over long ago. He's there, and there's nothing else to do but stay there that I can see;" and *Jem* resumes his pipe.

"Why, he's making a fortune in shoes, man, if your wife does get the credit of it. But what preposterous letters he writes! *Dr. Glanis* was giving me all the contents of that last one from *New York*," says *Dr. Warner*, with glee. "I could hardly keep it in."

"Oh, that's *Alf's* fun; only recreation he has, *Doctor*," pleads *Mrs. Bodd*, whose whole existence is invested in *Alf* and *Jem*. "But you can't tell how comfortable he is down there. Often comes up after night. *Alf's* got as fair as a girl there out of the sun. But oh! if the war would only end! I am so tired, tired! And *Mrs. Isaac Smith* came so near finding *Alf* out that day. It would kill me if they was to get *Alf*," adds poor little *Mrs. Bodd*. "And he won't go with the Federals now he has a chance. Says he wants to see it out here in *Somerville*; as if he sees any thing?"

"You see, *Mr. Bodd*," says *Dr. Warner* at



MISREGINATION ARGUMENT.

last, perfectly grave as he rises to leave, "we Secessionists are pursuing a masterly policy. You will not forget to give *Mrs. Bodd* the powders; those last bells were a little too much for her."

"And you really, really do think—" says pale little *Mrs. Bodd*, smiling through the borders of her preposterously beruffled night-cap. With clergymen, sea-captains, and physicians women are always confidential.

"I really, really do, ma'am," replies *Dr. Warner*, with unctuous energy. "Just wait a little. Yes, a masterly policy. We are retreating toward *Atlanta* only to draw the Federals deeper into the country, away from their base, their gun-boats, and all that. Oh, don't let any fear of that keep you sick; we are bound to whip them. Your husband will tell you the same." And *Jem Bodd*, with a responsive grin upon his usually sedate countenance, says, "Exactly what I say, *Lucy*. Oh, we'll whip 'em, we'll whip 'em!"

Only there is more smiling all around than the conversation, apart from its peculiar tone, would warrant—a degree of cordiality, too, among the parties.

"And *Alice Bowles* is actually teaching school?" asks *Mrs. Bodd* as *Dr. Warner* is drawing on his gloves.

"Hard at it, ma'am. You mustn't think badly of her when I tell you, with her absurd raising, it was death almost to her to do it. She always was a noble girl. They are very much pleased, you know we all are now, but very much pained indeed. The discipline she is enduring is the very thing for her, be the making of her," says the physician.

"I always thought so much of *Alice*," says weak little *Mrs. Bodd*, "because she is so pretty and strong. She often comes to see me. She knows all about *Alf*. How she laughed when I told her! Ah me! *Doctor*, I never was very strong; but once, years ago, *Jem* there, at least he said so—"

"Thought you were very pretty, ma'am," interrupts the *Doctor*, "and was perfectly right, ma'am. Only wait until you get your health again, *Mrs. Bodd*—until our glorious independence is secured, you know!"

"Just what I tell *Lucy*," adds her husband, with a smile. *Mrs. Bodd* is not the only pretty girl whose beauty gives place to ill health within a very few years after marriage in southern climes—fair, frail creatures, whose day is like that of the butterfly in more respects than one.

"I tease *Alice* about *Tim Lamm* and *Mr. Noely* and all her other beaux," says *Mrs. Bodd*, whom *Dr. Warner's* visit has greatly enraptured, "but I never dare mention *Mr. Arthur* to her."

"Such a traitor, you know," adds *Dr. Warner*. "Pity, pity!"

"Exactly so!" says *Jem Bodd*, reflecting the *Doctor's* smile.

"Not much worse than *Jem* here, I'm afraid," puts in *Mrs. Bodd*, with the same light upon her face. "He never says a word to me, *Jem* don't—not to a soul since this thing began; but I'm afraid *Jem's* a bad, bad man!"

"Exactly as I say!" adds *Jem*, following the *Doctor* to the door with a candle and a grin.

And there is many another among the men still left in *Somerville*, though none so sedate and non-committal as he. Very often have *Dr. Warner*, old *Mr. Adams*, and the like been favored with a wink and an aside smile which said as plain as words, "A good joke, ain't it?" by individuals in the very heat of jubilation amidst a crowd over foreign intervention, glorious victory, iron-plated Confederate fleet, Northern sickness of the war, and all the rest. The number of these equivocal individuals in *Somerville* is great, is increasing, their feigningness becoming more undignified every day.

And so the times roll on. We are not without news in these days in *Somerville*. Sure enough, the Federals are being drawn slowly

but steadily away from *Chattanooga*. With unprecedented folly they persist in walking blindly, ready into the fatal trap. We whip them at *Dalton*, we rout them with terrible slaughter at *Marietta*, yet they still have enough left to follow our army, fallen back to entice them still further in. Such a series of Confederate victories we have never yet enjoyed. Full details by the column; little items, like grains of pepper, in all the corners of every paper. "The destruction of *Sherman's* army is more complete than had been supposed." "We have totally destroyed *Sherman's* line of communication with *Chattanooga*." "It is now well known that at *Kennesaw Mountain Johnston* will spring his trap, the enemy being drawn sufficiently into it."

Then follows the brilliant victory achieved by *Hood*, now in command, over *Sherman* at *Atlanta*; of this we have the official accounts and the—bells.

It is just following this that *Mr. Arthur*, riding in to the Post-office very early one morning, goes direct from the office to *Mr. Ferguson's* room. So early, in fact, that he finds that gentleman still in bed. As to *Mr. Arthur*, he is wide awake, very ruddy and fresh.

"If you please, let me have the key of your safe," he says, in high spirits, to his friend.

"Key of my safe?" And the Scotchman, drawing on his trousers, hands that implement to his friend, taking it from under his pillow, watching grimly the futile efforts of *Mr. Arthur* to unlock the safe, or even to find the keyhole when he has the key.

"I wanted to make an entry in your Scrap-book," he explains at last, with boyish eagerness.

"An entry?" And *Mr. Ferguson*, holding up his trousers with his left hand, has opened the safe in a moment.

"Atlanta has fallen!" His visitor can keep



THE TEST OF CONFEDERATE MONEY.

it back no longer; beginning with enthusiasm, his voice faltering as he says it, though. "Oh, Mr. Ferguson, Atlanta has fallen at last!"

Not a syllable from Mr. Ferguson, not a smile. If possible, more grim than ever. Yet, by a singular coincidence, he remembers, doubtless merely from the fact being open before him, that he is indebted, which he is not, to Mr. Arthur, and pays him two dollars on account upon the spot. And Mr. Ferguson spends the whole of that day upon the streets—no particular business at all. For there is this peculiarity of the Union men—that while you never see them abroad, so far as they can help it, when the news is good, as it generally is in Somerville hitherto, for the Confederacy; so sure as it is bad, which will happen in spite of the Star occasionally, out they all swarm from their retreats, meeting with each other, clasping warm hands and shaking doleful heads, with smiling faces, over the tidings at every turn and corner. Secessionists not unaware of it either.

The very next time Mr. Arthur rides in to the Post-office he is hailed before he can get there from the yard of Dr. Warner's house. Whenever he conveniently comes Mr. Arthur rather avoided that residence. He imagined black eyes watching him through the windows, and, from mere sight of him, a terrible tongue set agog. More than once have "Ris and Bab, long since withdrawn from the Sunday-school, hailed him in opprobrious terms in passing, saluting him on one or two instances with their political sentiments in the shape of pebbles. Until he is safely past the house he is not sure but Mrs. W. may herself rush out and scourge him with her tongue. For he often hears of the frequent and various ways in which she has expressed her ardent desire that he should be disposed of. Truth is, he has a mortal terror of the lady in question.

So that when he is hailed this morning, as he rides by on his way to the Post-office, he nervously starts until he sees it is Dr. Warner. The Doctor, while shaving at the glass in his room, has spied his friend passing, and now comes out in his shirt-sleeves and the soap upon his forehead, good-humored face to say, "Don't be in such a hurry—hold on." And, leaning over the fence, Dr. Warner does not wait for an answer as to the health of Mrs. Sorel before he says, glancing behind him at the house and in a lowered tone of voice,

"Have you heard the news?"

"No. Some glorious Confederate victory? Where was it?" deeming it best to show the Doctor and himself thereby that he expects and is prepared for the strongest news of that nature.

"Mobile has fallen!" pressing still closer to the fence, and speaking in a still lower tone.

"Are you certain?" Ah, what relief and satisfaction! You at the North supposed you derived pleasure from news of Federal success—you know nothing about it!

"Oh yes; that is, Farragut has captured the forts which defended it. Of course the city lies at his mercy. We will hear by the next mail of his occupying the place." Which they didn't, nor for long days after.

"All well?" asks his friend, for they both feel that they are standing in point-blank range of a battery, and do not care to protract the conversation.

"Yes; and, by-the-by, I will send out a barrel of sugar to Mrs. Sorel's this morning. I have been owing you"—which here, too, is not the case—"a long time. Well, good-by. Haven't got time to come in, I suppose? I'll see you on the streets in the course of the day." And, sure enough, all the Union people are abroad to-day again, swearing forth in this last burst of sunshine like bees, with scarcely subdued buzz, too, the weather is getting so pleasant!

"Thought I didn't see you!" is Mrs. Warner's sarcastic remark as the Doctor resumes his shaving, which the Doctor did not think, however. "I'll bet a thousand dollars, when I come to hear it, there's had news for the South. Running out this cold morning like a great big boy in your shirt-sleeves and half shaved to talk to a man that never enters your house. There's some bad news—you needn't tell me! I saw you laughing when you told him; and I as good as heard him say, 'Thank God, I'm glad of it!' Humph, I know you by this time!"

Which was the solemn fact; but the Doctor, with his head fallen into its old droop, shaves on, making the soap upon his mouth the base excuse for not saying any thing in reply. But, at last, Mrs. W. has not half so much to say as of old, nor half the bitterness in saying that which she used to exhibit.

There is, in fact, this peculiarity about all Secessionists in Somerville—it is only as they are excited that they are confident; the instant they cool they become doubtful. As a large audience gathered to hear Colonel Bet Roberts or Captain Simmons, for the Captain, with a firm hold upon the dock in Brother Barker's church—"Admission, one silver dollar for the benefit of the soldiers"—makes orations, Brother Barker opening with prayer, these days, we are enthusiastic, and positively certain of the success of the Confederacy. It is when we break up, go home, and are off to ourselves individually, that we, in the ideas if not dialect of Bob Withers, "Are not so certain of it at last. At least, for one, by George! I ain't!"

Of one thing we are, thank Heaven! perfectly certain as the days glide by. We do not pretend to understand what Sherman and Hood are about marching thither and thither. Davis has told us at Macon that Sherman's capture of Atlanta is to be to him a Moscow defeat at last. Leaving out of consideration the conflagration of Moscow and the Russian winter, trifling discrepancies in the historic parallel, we only wait to hear of the total destruction of Sherman in fulfillment of this official prophecy. After the first sickening sensation upon hearing of the fall

of Atlanta we recuperate, confidently counting upon Sherman's great disaster as only a question of time, for Davis has said it.

Of another thing we are even more certain—the defeat of Lincoln at the approaching election. For months the Somerville Star has been filled with articles from Northern papers, themselves so replete with denunciation of Lincoln, so confident of his speedy fall, that we only wonder the North, in its intense and evidently unanimous hatred of Lincoln, is willing to wait until election day to hurl him headlong from his place. We know the despot will endeavor to bring the bayonet to bear upon the polls; there may be a few votes cast for him by office-holders; but there will be one universal fight at every election precinct in the North. We would prefer McClellan should be elected on some accounts, yet count a good deal upon neither candidate being elected, but the whole mockery of a government there being utterly broken up, exploded, totally wrecked by the convulsions sure to shake the land upon election day.

Lamun has articles, a series of them, to prove it. Captain Simmons made a description of these approaching convulsions a thrilling point in his orations, the earthquake in Lisbon being the tremendous illustration thereof, himself tottering in the stand as he speaks, in a manner exceedingly emblematic. Yet as the day approaches there is a slackening of public certainty somehow.

"I have hoped McClellan might be elected," Dr. Warner has said to Mr. Arthur in the security of Mr. Ferguson's room.

"You have!" exclaims that gentleman, with as much surprise as pain.

"Why, yes," says Dr. Warner, rubbing the phrenological organ, whatever it is, immediately behind the ear with his forefinger. "I see no end to the war otherwise. The Democratic party might conciliate in some way, compromise, arrange the thing," continues the fat, slovenly, thoroughly excellent physician, in a vague, general, undecided manner. "Don't you?" he asks, doubtfully.

"I!" asks Mr. Arthur, with indignation. "No, Sir! May Heaven forbid! There is only one plain road: to carry the war steadily, unflinchingly on till the purpose for which it began is accomplished. The election of McClellan I would look upon as the election of vacillation, weakness, the success of the Confederacy, anarchy, ruin! I am really amazed that you, Doctor, could look at it in any other way. Don't you regard it in that light, Mr. Ferguson?"

"Of course!" growls the Scotchman, in accents scarcely polite to Dr. Warner, considered as being at the moment his guest. "Not a sensible Union man North or South thinks otherwise."

And yet when we hear in Somerville that Lincoln is actually elected, no man sees more clearly by that time than Dr. Warner that the Union men have greater cause to rejoice in this than in any other victory achieved by the nation. Yes, that victory was the Waterloo of the whole war.

"If you can use it, or if you know any person—any person not a Secessionist, you know—who can use it, send out a wagon, send half a dozen wagons," old Mr. Adams says the very day we hear in town of the re-election of Lincoln, to Mr. Arthur, whom he meets, as he might and did meet every other Union man of Somerville, upon the streets. "I've plenty of rye and oats left; you or any body, any body you can recommend, is more than welcome!"

Very remarkable. Thin, and sharp, and cold as a razor is old Mr. Adams. A tough time of it Sam Peters, even Brother Barker himself had of it before the war is getting a cent for any object out of old Mr. Adams, strenuous commiserator of that church as he was. All Brother Barker's commiseration well knew and bewailed Brother Adams's stinginess. It was as well, as proverbially, known to be Brother Adams's sin which did most easily beset him, as was lying known to be Brother Peters's weakness. Only the latter, in times of religious revival, openly confessed, and, in terms so highly colored as to show the old vice ran in the very blood, bewailed his sin, whereas Brother Adams did nothing of the kind. We all knew Brother Barker meant him in all his many bits at the penurious and close-fisted in and out of pulpit—all of us except the individual aimed at himself. Or if he knew it he only gripped his bivalves more closely together, and took it upon his crustaceous sides, like so much mere water.

But all that was before Secession. If any Secessionist obtained, otherwise than by physical force, a horse, or a bundle of fodder, or a sack of oats, or a grain of corn, or an ounce of pork from old Brother Adams, that fact is not upon record. To Union people, on the other hand, he no more thought of withholding any thing he possessed than he thought of going to hear Brother Barker or any other Secessionist preach. Long and thin, sharp, cold, and hard as he was, sour and close, old Mr. Adams had hidden among his bones, like gold among the streets, a pure, strong love of country: the vein once struck was inexhaustible. How can we tell how much it cost his friends to elect Mr. Lincoln there at the North? Millions in the way of bribes, the Star said. It certainly cost old Mr. Adams, when over, in pork and corn and potatoes, hundreds, to say the least.

But we have no time in Somerville to reason about the results of Lincoln's re-election, the Star exulting in it as the certain means—as hundreds of events have been before—of at last making the South a unit, and thoroughly arousing the people. Ah, how many, many theories were manufactured at the South during the war, each perfectly symmetrical and beautiful! Babbles? Yes, but then we could blow them as fast as they burst, you know. Yet we have no time to discuss that question in our intense curiosity in reference to Sherman just now.

"Yes, he has cut loose from Atlanta," Captain Simmons demonstrates the matter, newspaper in hand, to Dr. Ginnis and Mr. Ellis collected in Jem Budd's shop out of the rain—"cut loose from Atlanta in sheer despair of getting out of Georgia by the way he came; Hood, you see, having got behind him. He is making—you see what the paper says—frantic efforts to escape by way of the Atlantic coast, his only hope left, sheer desperation."

"Oh, Lee from Richmond!" begins Dr. Ginnis, eagerly.

"And the militia of South Carolina!" adds Mr. Ellis, still more eagerly.

"Of course will close in upon him. I have no more doubt of the capture of his entire command than I have of my existence. Davis's idea of his retreat to Tennessee being cut off was good, as every thing from his consummate statesmanship is; but," continues Captain Simmons, "Sherman's case was worse than Davis supposed. Why, gentlemen, look at it, not one man, not a single gun he has but we are bound to get. It is a certainty."

"A special Providence," says good Mr. Ellis. "I love to trace the hand of Heaven in our cause."

"That's just what I say," puts in Jem Budd, as he hammers away at a gun-barrel clutched in his vice upon his work-table. "Exactly what I say." Consequently while we are rejoiced thereby still it is only what we expected when we soon read in all the papers of the capture of Sherman. And, to make this good news complete, the same dates give tidings of Hood's capture of Nashville.

"What I always said," Jem Budd remarks to Tim Lamun, dropped into the shop to see, in a languid way, if his revolver has all the silver mountings he has ordered for it; and who, cigar in mouth, legs hanging listlessly down as he sits on Jem's work-bench, gives him all the details of these two glorious events as they have been coming in for two weeks now.

"Seems to me," Jem Budd ventures at last, punching and hammering away, none the less, at his work, "that Brother Barker isn't as chirky as he used to be." He only says this to say something.

"—old woman!" vituperates Tim, with prompt profanity. For Brother Barker does not occupy the position in Somerville he used to; he has in some imperceptible, incomprehensible manner dwindled and shriveled. Very few, indeed, at church these Sabbaths. Sabbath-school long since suspended.

Even grim Mr. Ferguson almost pities them, his respected fellow-citizens of the Secession persuasion, when the truth comes upon them at last! Comes upon them so suddenly, and with double blow! And herewith a fact, not altogether new but interesting in human nature, is evolved. As thus:

"Any thing new in the paper this morning?" Dr. Warner asks, the very day after Tim Lamun's conversation with Mr. Budd, of Dr. Ginnis, with whom he has professional relations.

"Why, n-n-no. Some rumors, I believe; I have not had time to look carefully over the paper yet. By-the-by, Doctor, what do you think now of that negro's wound? Not lockjaw supervening, do you think?"

"Have you the paper there, Captain Simmons? Any thing in it?" Dr. Warner—easy, good-natured Dr. Warner—frayed as to the edges of shirt bosom and collar, gone as to half-a-dozen buttons or so on vest, neckerchief and hair disheveled and scattered abroad as by gusty winds; yet we all like him in Somerville, as unanimous in opinion about him as we are in sentiment in reference to his wife; being on good terms with—except his wife—every person in town, the Doctor asks the question in an indifferent way of the Captain.

"Nothing of special interest, Doctor; nothing at all," replies the Captain, folding up the paper as he speaks and putting it in his pocket, oblivious, in a dignified manner, of the Doctor's hand extended for it. "The solemn truth is," continues the Captain, seriously, steadying himself, so to speak, by fastening his oracular and admonitory eyes upon those of his questioner, "there is no truth in the world just now. Falsehood? From my infancy have I loathed it. Lying? Next to a Yankee, my soul abhors it. Sainted parents instilled the story of Ananias and Sapphira into my earliest being. Sir," continues the Captain, "it is painful to say it, but men of my standing," holding on to the Doctor under pretense of laying a Mentor's hand upon his shoulder, "should not hesitate to utter at this awful crisis their religious convictions. You may repeat it, Sir, as from Captain Simmons, Lamun is a Yankee, and Lamun is a liar. Never had I the least faith in him or his paper. No, Sir, I was not falling. When I require your assistance to enable me to maintain an upright position I will say so. Nothing new, Sir, in the paper, save foolish rumors—nothing at all."

"Nothing new, I'm told," Dr. Warner remarks to Mr. Ferguson, into whose room he next enters. "I was up all night with one of Colonel Wright's hands who has given himself an ugly cut, or got one some way."

"Nothing at all," replies, concisely, the Scotchman, who is busy with scissors and paste at his collection, "except that Sherman is in possession of Savannah with trifling loss, and Hood's army has been utterly routed below Nashville!"

"Bless my soul! and it must be true!" exclaims the electrified Doctor, his face ablaze with satisfaction.

"I beg you will let me pay you that little amount, Doctor," Mr. Ferguson says in conclusion of their conversation, a very animated conversation.

"Not one cent, Sir; not one cent. I will be positively offended if you ever mention it again."

and both offer and refusal are in strict coherence with the news; and the Doctor leaves him a tapper and a wiser man.

"I tell you just what it is, gentlemen! Why not say it if a fellow thinks it, by George! You all know I'm not a bad Southern man, but we are whipped, gentlemen, whipped, by George! and well whipped." It is Bob Withers makes the remark that same day in the presence of Captain Simmons and Mr. Ellis, in the store of the latter.

"Only a few days ago, in Jem Budd's shop, I think it was, I said I was afraid about Sherman. You see I didn't see where the troops were to come from to stop him. Besides," adds Captain Simmons, "Georgia is rotten—you would my words, rotten, gentlemen. That about Hood I don't see into. I can't believe it, and I won't. Sometimes we say of news 'It's too good to be true,' and this"—with heavy swearing—"is too bad to be true!"

"For me," says Mr. Ellis, too nervous about the news to notice with reproach, as he ordinarily would, the profanity, "I endeavor to trace the hand of a just God in all events. It can't be we are to be subjugated, can not be; it would be unjust, unjust, grossest injustice in—I mean the Almighty will not permit it, should not, will not!" very much excited indeed.

"But look at it, gentlemen," reasons Bob Withers; "we've got our last men in the field, ain't we? You both know as well as I, not a soul goes to the front if he can help it; neither of you gentlemen has the least idea of going, and you don't catch me going, by George! Details for this, details for that, nothing but details. Then, it wouldn't do to talk this way about things before Union people, but we know how the soldiers are deserting, shoot them as fast as you please; but they will desert, sick of the war, want to get back to their sweet-hearts and wives. Lincoln elected for another four years, being whipped in all the fights, what's the use? they say. And it's more than carding officers dare to do, arresting them around here. Six enrolling officers shot down lately in my own knowledge by returned soldiers."

"Mr. Withers," begins Mr. Ellis, excitedly.

"People won't touch the paper-money except enough to pay taxes. Improvement is scaring people, by George! A little too fast; they shoot them down, by George! I know one man won't take office as impressing officer!" Bob Withers continues.

"Mr. Withers, you really ought not," good little Mr. Ellis begins again, emphatically. Only more emphatically than he Mr. Withers proceeds:

"You hear it on every side, openly, 'I do this to keep out of the army,' 'do that to keep out of the army.' You may now them down by whole ranks at a time for desertion, it does so good, not a bit. Then, look at the country people—returned soldiers, I suppose—breaking open people's houses by night, demanding of old men, even of women and children, their money, or blow their brains out, let alone taking every thing they can lay their hands on in open day. Then—"

"But what is the alternative, man?" Captain Simmons breaks in upon Mr. Withers, with energy enough to drown and overwhelm him. "Submission. Submission to wretched Abolitionists. Abolitionists! gentlemen, people who make the negro our equal, actually associate with them. There is, gentlemen," adds Captain Simmons, with an air, "a new sin at the North, miscegenation," tucking a thumb in the arm-hole of his vest on each side as he speaks, "they call it, the abominable intermarriage."

"How any man can suppose a holy God will—"

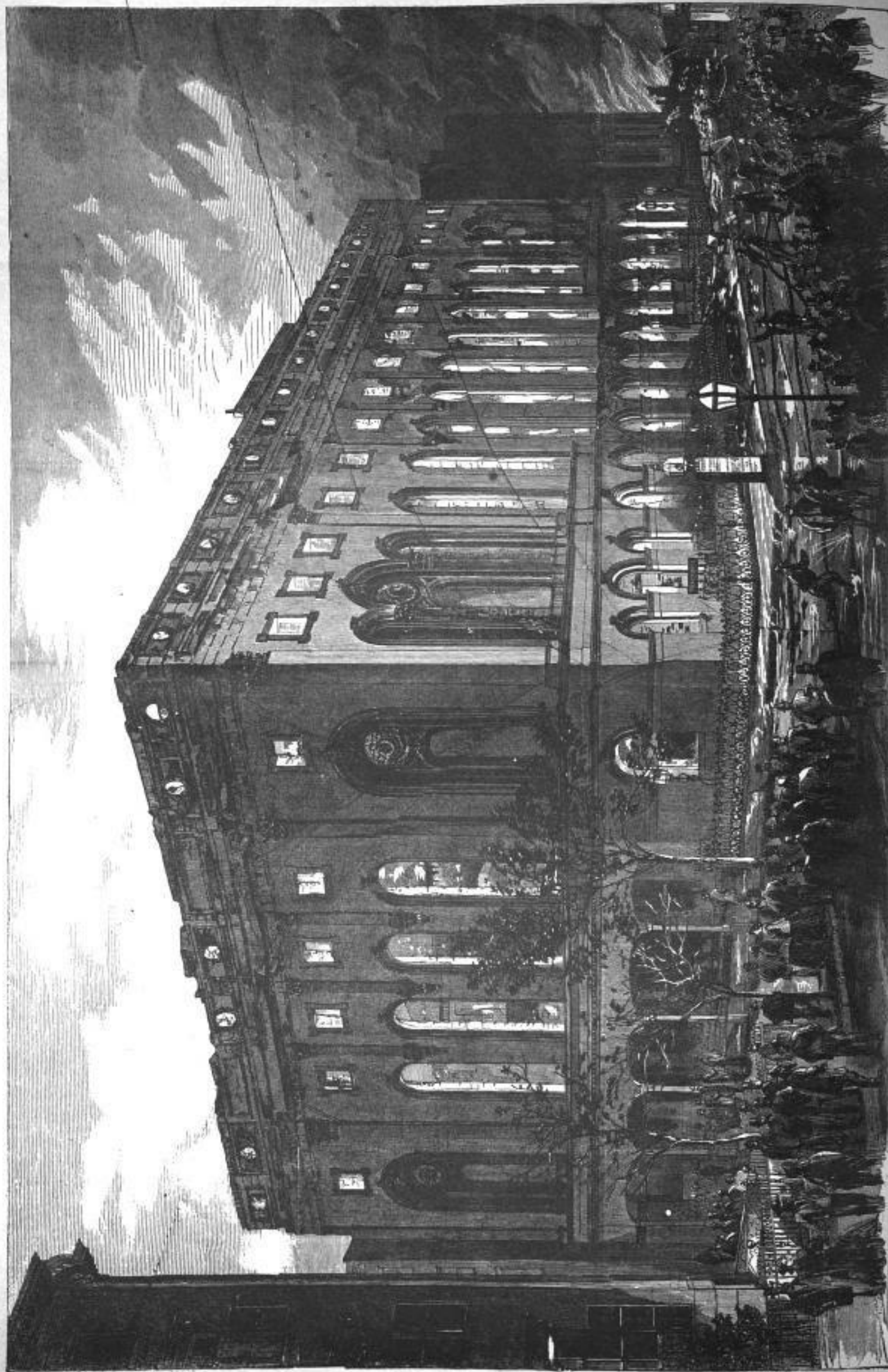
vainly attempts Mr. Ellis to put in.

"Oh, shut up, Simmons!" interrupts Bob Withers, with violence in honest face and voice, triumphant over both. "Who do I see riding to water late of an evening, with a little milk-and-molasses chap on the pommel of his saddle before him? Oh, by George! Simmons, be consistent, man. Tuesday? No, it was Wednesday last—never mind what day it was. Simmons here will tell you who it was I saw drinking out a-fishing in his boggy with a yellow woman—and she ain't even pretty, Simmons—dressed up as nice as you please, and that same little half-white chap—fine child, Simmons, as I ever saw—in her lap. And it's been so for years—we all know that here in Somerville—does you actual credit in some respects, you. And you know whether or no you did send that oldest yellow boy of years to Oberlin before the war began. But you ain't the only one, Simmons—only you are more steady to one, Simmons—steady, by George! to one."

"I consider your licentious remarks, Sir, as personal," says Captain Simmons, reddening and swelling like a turkey-cock.

"Don't intend any offense," Bob Withers replies on; "but I appeal to Dr. Peal, dropped in just in time. No, I won't; Dr. Peal is one of the sinners, like Simmons and myself. But here's Mr. Ellis—regular church-member and all that, now, Mr. Ellis. Look here! if a man will live, it's all a matter of taste; my taste ain't that way myself; but if a man will live for you—that way ain't the only one, Simmons—with a negro woman, raise up a family—no ladies present, I believe—this is the point, Mr. Ellis—is it worse to do that illicitly, illegally, or legally? As to this whole Secession, it's always been only the grandest sort of a spree—a tremendous spree, by George! Smash up in the end, see if there ain't."

"I consider, Sir, your whole strain of conversation as unworthy a Southern man," exclaims Mr. Ellis gets room to say at last. "Your sentiments are dangerous, Sir, dangerous for not to utter in this community, Sir. They will not be tolerated, Sir, not for an instant. Sir—"



BURNING OF THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC ON THE NIGHT OF MAY 8, 1866.—Engraved by Bookwood & Co., New York.—[See Page 360.]



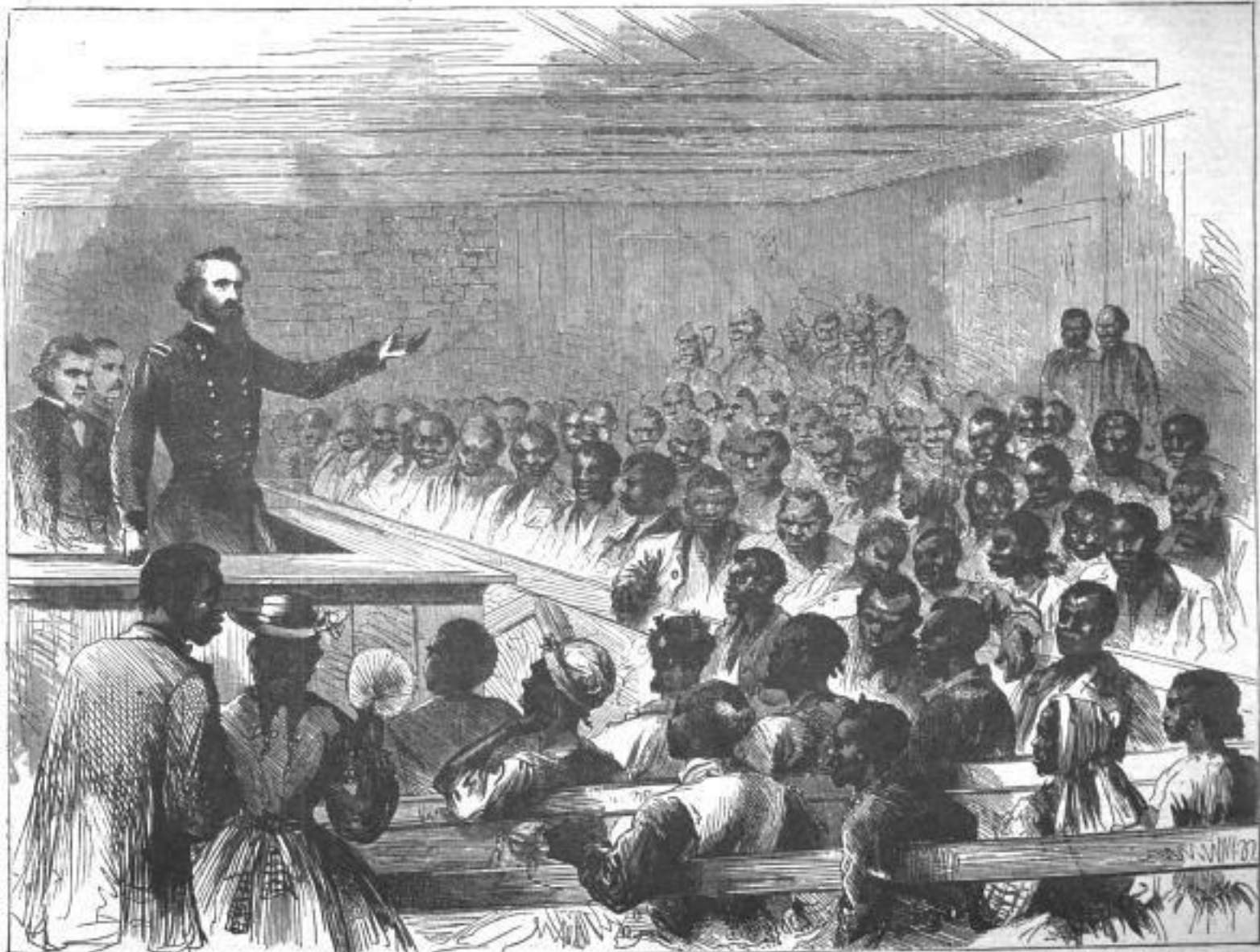
TRENT RIVER SETTLEMENT, OPPOSITE NEWBERN, NORTH CAROLINA.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE H. DAVIS.]



SCHOOL-HOUSE AND CHAPEL AT TRENT RIVER SETTLEMENT.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. H. DAVIS.]



NEGRO HUTS AT TRENT RIVER SETTLEMENT.



GENERALS STEEDMAN AND FULLERTON CONFERRING WITH THE FREEDMEN IN THEIR CHURCH AT TRENT RIVER SETTLEMENT.—SKETCHED BY T. H. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 360.]

THE OLD CRADLE.

And this was your Cradle? why, surely, my Jenny,
Such slender dimensions go somewhat to show
You were a delightfully small Pica-e-crazy
Some thirteen or twenty short summers ago.
Your baby-days faded in a much-troubled channel;
I see you as then in your infant strife,
A tight little bundle of wailing and fussing,
Perplexed with that newly-found friend called LIFE.
To him as an infantine frailty is scandal;
Let by-gones be by-gones—and somebody knows
It was like such a baby in dance and in frolic,
Your cheeks were so rosy—so rosy your toes.
Ay, here is your Cradle, and Hope, a bright spirit,
With Lure now in watching beside it, I know,
They guard the small nest you yourself did inhabit
Some thirteen or twenty short summers ago.
It is Hope glides the future—Love welcomes it smiling;
That wags this old world, therefore stay not to ask—
"My future life, is my future beguiling?"
If smothered, still it pleases—then raise not the mask.
Is life a poor roll some would gladly be doing?
He is riding post-haste who their wrongs will adjust;
For at most 'tis a footstep from cradle to coffin—
From a spoonful of pap to a mouthful of dust.
Thus smile as your future is smiling, my Jenny!
Though blossoms of promise are lost in the rose,
I still see the face of my small Pica-e-crazy
Unchanged, for these cheeks see as blooming as those.
Ay, here is your Cradle! smother, smother to my liking,
Though thirteen or twenty long winters have sped;
But, hark! as I'm talking there's a "click" striking,
It is time Jenny's baby should be in its bed.

BETSEY'S BONNET.

"WELL, Uncle Abel, now you are off for home,
I suppose trading all done, crops all bargained
for, eh?" and John Dare lifted his hat and pushed
back his thick hair as he stood on the hotel steps
talking to a plain country farmer in a suit of home-
spun gray.
"Wa'al, no, not quite yet, John. I want to get
Betsey a bonnet; a real nice one; just as good a
one as a Yorker might want. 'Cause Betsey's
worked awful hard this spring. Times are good
too. So I guess we'll see if my Betsey ain't look
as good as any body. S'pose you don't want to go
along with me, do you?"
"Let me see—four o'clock—yes, I'll go, Uncle
Abel. I'll look at the pretty girls, though; you
won't mind that. Come on."
So they walked off up the street, the fashionable
attire of the young lawyer contrasting strongly
with the antiquated cut of the farmer's garments,
which at home were wont to lie in solemn state in
the spare room all the week, only to be worn on
Sunday with becoming carelessness. There was lit-
tle fairness in the face—a trifle too fair for manly
beauty, with its bloods mottled and setting of
those brown curls—to the bronzed and beardless
one, with the few locks, sparse and gray, beneath
the well-brushed hat; but the clear blue eye was
the same in both, and like those that were closed
fresher under the sod by the apple-orchard on Un-
cle Abel's farm, where his dead sister was laid when
John was a tiny child. It troubled John not a whit
to be seen with the plain countryman. In spite of
his perfumed hair and well-gloved hand his heart
was true and lead to the good friend of his boyhood,
and the inquiring glances of his companions gave
him no annoyance whatever.
They reached Madame Brunette's at last, and
John leaped in the doorway and straightway en-
gaged in the laudable employment of finding out
the prettiest face among the girls in attendance.
Josie Mollett, radiant with an... and I think
a little artificial bloom, came forward... my most
bewitching glances to wait upon the old farmer. She
brought so attractive a person with him; and, fancy-
ing that she would show her superior ability by
so doing, made up her mind to quiz Uncle Abel un-
mercifully. Poor old man! He never was so mis-
erable in his life. In Hoptown he would have had
no trouble whatever. Miss Crabtree, in her plain
dress and cap with lavender ribbons, would have
told him at once what to get, and her little gray
eyes would not have confused him in the least.
But here was a fine lady with a great circumfer-
ence of black silk trailing out along the carpet, a
waist no bigger than a wasp, a head on which the
hair seemed struggling in crimps and curls to get
away from stifling bands strapped tightly around
it, and a pair of great black eyes looking straight
at him. While the damsel held up one style after
another, or tied them on competently, Uncle Abel
looked at John imploringly, but derived no help
from him.
"Now, young woman, show me some of your
best bonnets—real good ones. None of your old-
fashioned poor things for my wife."
Having said this Uncle Abel felt that he had
stated the case clearly and should have no farther
trouble.
Miss Josie called ahead and returned with a white
chip gipsey, trimmed with blue, a stirred green satin
with a red rose on it, and a gray straw trimmed with
scarlet poppies.
"Now this will be just what you want,
sure; only twenty-five dollars too—so cheap and so
becoming."
Uncle Abel confessed afterward that he felt quite
confounded at the great price, but did not mean to
let that Franchised girl know it, so he only said,
"O, that's the style, eh? It ain't a bit like Bet-
sey's old one though."
"O, no, Sir, the fashion has changed entirely.
Now this gipsey is just the newest thing out, and
your wife would set the fashion in the town, I don't
doubt."
She looked up at John Dare meekly, but could
not interpret the look in his eyes; so, taking it for
granted that it was an expression of admiration, she
purred the same strain:
"Just fresh from Paris; I am sure your wife
would like that. Shall I try it on for you?"
"Wa'al yes, I can tell better how it looks then.
How it looks just like a dish."

"There—it goes on in this way!" and Josie pitch-
ed the little thing over her rosy face, tied the strings
in a big bow knot, and swept down the length of
the room. "Don't you like it?"
"Wa'al, it's kind o' purty; but it's awful queer,
ain't it, John?"
John thus appealed to could only answer that he
"knew nothing in the world about women's bon-
nets;" and took up his reverie, whatever it was, just
where it was broken off. But looking slyly in the
long mirror opposite he saw Josie making signs to
another girl, and he soon found that they were
amusing themselves vastly at the perplexity of
their customer. He saw, too, that a pale, quiet
girl, with smooth brown hair looked up from her
work indignantly, and he rather saw than heard
her say, "For shame!" and grow crimson as she
spoke.
His own face flushed a little as he became aware
that Uncle Abel was being made the butt of their
jokes—good Uncle Abel, who was looking so ad-
miringly at the fabrics incomprehensible to him,
his old heart only full of the thought how he should
make his present worthy of the patient soul for
whom it was intended.
Then John was greatly perplexed; for as he said
truly, he knew nothing about all that mysterious
and bewildering arrangement of dress that he saw
every day.
Still he knew that Aunt Betsey's spare locks,
thickly sprinkled with gray, were not dressed in
modern style, and he could not for the life of him
see whereabouts on that dear old head any of those
gipsies or fancions would rest. He remembered
that long ago Aunt Betsey was wont to twist her
hair with the same energy that distinguished all
her movements, and that this operation resulted in
a hard knob at the back of her head, like a door-
handle, which certainly would not harmonize with
these capless head-dresses.
Just as his brow was overcast with this thought
the pale girl came toward Uncle Abel, her cheek
flushing as she did so in defiance of the other girls,
holding in her hand a plain Loughborough bonnet,
trimmed quietly with violet ribbon.
She wore a mourning dress, and the plain bonnet
at her throat he'd a look of gray hair.
"I think that this might suit you, Sir," she said.
"If your wife don't dress her hair in these fashions
these bonnets would not do at all. This is rich and
plain, and covers the back of the head and neck."
"Wa'al now, tell me, for I have got so bothered
with these things that I don't know one from 't'other.
I want to get a nice bonnet for Betsey, and I mean
to. Now just tell me if you would like your moth-
er to wear one like this?"
"O, I beg your pardon, ma'am. I didn't see;
and he touched the sleeve of her black dress. "I—
I—am so sorry!"
The young girl brushed off a tear quickly as
she said: "I have no mother now; but if you'll
trust me, Sir, I think this will suit."
She had stood hitherto just out of the range of
John Dare's vision, and had not seen him at all.
Something in the sound of her voice attracted him,
perhaps, and when Uncle Abel called:
"Here, John Dare!" he stepped hastily enough
toward them. The girl thrust the bonnet in Uncle
Abel's hand, and would have been out of sight if
her dress had not caught on one of the branching
stands and held her fast.
"Any!" and John Dare, with a hot flush on his
face, caught her hand and so detained her. "Amy
Egbert, have I found you at last?"
The girl's face grew white and red by turns, and
the words she spoke came so low and broken that
only John could catch their meaning.
Uncle Abel pushed his spectacles up on his fore-
head, and, still holding the hat in his hand, looked
open-mouthed from one to the other.
"I guess you must have known this young
woman afore, didn't you?" he said; but John was
too busy with eager questions, and Amy was trem-
bling and flushing as she tried to speak calmly,
and so his question was unanswered. Pretty Josie
was dividing her attention between a new customer
and the strange scene beside her, and between anger
and mortification she looked in no need of help from
rouge as she tossed her head and muttered various
uncourteous remarks in regard to "that Amy Eg-
bert and her bean."
Uncle Abel held the hat a while longer quite pa-
tiently, but at last despairing of the interview being
ended, so he coughed and then he said:
"I'll take this bonnet. Twenty dollars is a good
deal, but Betsey's worth it, ain't she, John?"
John need not have started so, or said "Very,"
which wasn't a sensible answer at all; but Uncle
Abel laughed a little at himself, and said, softly:
"O, boys will be boys!" He was obliged to tell
Miss Egbert the direction over twice too, and felt
quite uneasy lest it should not arrive at his hotel in
time.
Outside the door John turned to leave his uncle,
and looked as shy as a girl as he said, "It's all
right, Uncle Abel. You've found a new bonnet,
and I've found a—a—an old friend!"
Uncle Abel held his hand fast, and looked a mo-
ment, without speaking, in John's face, in a wistful
way; then said, looking in the young man's eyes,
"See's a motherless girl, John!"
"Uncle Abel!" and John turned angrily away,
or would have done so if the detaining hand had
not held him with a grasp which sixty years had
not weakened. "Look here, my boy, I meant no
offense. None of my blood turn villains," he said,
proudly; "but you see she's young and pert and
fervent, and, maybe, if you see too much of her
she might get to thirvin' more of you than would
be good for her, and if you ain't in earnest I guess
'twould br... her heart. Shake hands with your
old uncle, my boy. I meant no harm; but I prom-
ised Liza when she was on her dyin' bed that I
would alias try to give you good advice, and the
last words 'most that she spoke, says she, 'Abel,
watch over my boy.'"
" My dear, kind uncle, I thank you—indeed I do
—for all your kindness; but I could not bear to
think that you should misjudge me. I know Amy

long ago, when her parents were both living, and
she had all that wealth could give her. I loved
her then in a quiet way, but I was too poor to tell
her so. Then came reverses and death, and in her
poverty and pride the girl hid herself from me reso-
lutely until now. She tried to earn her bread by
her accomplishments but failed, and gladly took
this means to do so. Now, if I can win her for
my wife, I shall bring Mrs. John Dare to see you
some fine day this summer—may I, Uncle Abel?"
So they parted, and the passers-by little dreamed
of all that hand-grasp spoke.
"Wa'al, wa'al, if things don't turn out queer!"
soliloquized Uncle Abel, homeward-bound, with a
hardbox safely placed on the seat before him. "To
think how near I come to gettin' one of them gips-
ies for Betsey. Why, she would have laughed a
week about it. And then to think that painted pic-
ture of a girl was making game of me all the while.
And then the other one, with her gentle way, tak-
ing the trouble to tell a stupid old fellow like me
what was the right thing to buy. I guess she would
make our John a nice wife; and after Betsey and
me has passed away there'll be a nice bit of prop-
erty comin' to John, and that'll help him on."
How pleased Aunt Betsey was to be sure, when
the old man gave her the new bonnet! How "fair
and young" she looked in the fresh ribbons and soft
blond around her face! And how she laughed at
the idea of wearing "one of them dish-covers on
her head!"
Just when the country was in its June glory
John Dare brought his bride to the farm-house
where he had spent so many childish hours, and he
led her to all the old familiar spots, from the well
in the brook to the grave by the orchard. But as
long as straw and ribbon may endure to keep them
both in mind how John Dare found his wife, they
tell the story of the time when Uncle Abel bought
Betsey's bonnet.
A DASH INTO YORKSHIRE.
If any body with ordinary powers of observation
and description will go any where and relate what
he sees and hears faithfully, he can scarcely fail to
interest those who listen to him. It is when peo-
ple write all out of their own heads that they are
dull and incomprehensible. Human nature is al-
ways interesting to human nature. I feel con-
fident, therefore, that I shall not bore the intelligent
reader by relating faithfully what I saw, heard,
and observed in my scamper through the county of
York. If you put yourself in my place, which, be-
ing an imaginative reader, you will have no diffi-
culty in doing, you will feel quite a new sensa-
tion to be walking into a strange town with a little
carpet-bag in your hand, but with no purpose in
your mind, seeking adventures, and trusting to the
chance of accidents.
I can not tell how I came to entertain the notion
that Leeds was rather an elegant sort of a town for
a seat of commerce, but I approached Leeds with
that impression. Perhaps it was owing to some-
thing that I had read in a geography-book at school,
aided by a general idea that a seat of the woolen
trade would naturally be so. But the first glimpse
I had of a forest of tall chimneys lifting their heads
above a canopy of black smoke, was so strangely
out of harmony with my ideal that I began to think
I had got into the wrong carriage and been carried
to Manchester. But no, it was Leeds. They didn't
expect me, evidently; for there was no fly waiting
to convey me in triumph through the town. Three
frys were in attendance truly, but they were en-
gaged beforehand; but there were none for chance
travelers. I felt it to be entirely my own fault. I
ought to have given the good people notice. I can
not remember ever before this occasion emerging
from a railway station with a carpet-bag in my
hand without being surrounded by a mob of boys
competing for the honor and profit of carrying my
luggage. But here not a boy appeared. Not a
single soul was on the look-out for any chance what-
ever. Good sign, I thought. All employed in the
wool-trade. Plenty of work, good wages, no idle
people. So I trudged along with my carpet-bag
until it began to rain water, soot, powdered bricks,
and grit, when I turned into the first hotel I came
to. I went straight to the smoking-room to calm
my feelings with a cigar. The room was full of
smokers. They were mostly enormously big men,
with large, long heads and high cheek-bones, and
they all wore brown leggings and had whips. They
were smoking long pipes—of a length to match
themselves—in silence when I went in; but presen-
tly they began to talk. What is the matter with
me? Have I relapsed? Has my comprehension
left me? I do not understand a single word they
say. Ah, I see now; it is the dialect. Having
had long experience of it on the stage I couldn't
have believed that real Yorkshiremen would speak
it so ill. I listened very attentively, but I could
make nothing of the conversation. If they had
only mentioned the word "yell," or said "dem it,"
I might have felt that I was in Yorkshire; but they
never said any thing so intelligible, and I didn't
feel that I was in Yorkshire. I spoke to my next
neighbor in real Yorkshire, which I learned from
a celebrated comedian, and the ignorant yokel did not
understand a word I said. I observed too, with
disappointment, that their hair was not flaxen, and
didn't curl; and that not a man in the room slapped
his walrus. One man had so far outraged his
country and the well-known habits of his people as
to come out without a waistcoat. And without a
flaxen wig that curls all over his head, and a waist-
coat to slap when he says "dem it," how can a man
be a Yorkshireman?
I went in search of new adventures, and wander-
ing about for some time among high, gaunt red-
brick woolen warehouses—unrelieved by a single
bright shop or cheerful dwelling—I met with an ad-
venture. I was getting very depressed, and think-
ing of going back to London by the very next train,
when I heard somebody cry "Hoy!" I turned
round and saw a stout, sturdy, ruddy-faced gentle-
man standing at a green gate about twenty yards
off. We cried "Hoy!" again, and so... that the

signal was recorded for me I went toward him.
He seized me by the hand, shook it heartily, and
said he was glad to see me.
" How was I?"
I said I was quite well. How was he?
" First-rate."
" And how were all friends in London?"
I ventured to say that all friends in London were
in a satisfactory condition.
" And now come in," he said; "dinner will be
ready in a few minutes."
Now, the reader can believe me or not, just as he
likes; but I can honestly assure him that I had
never seen this gentleman before in my life; but
in looking at him, and listening to his voice during
the above brief colloquy I came to have a notion
that I had known him for a long time, that he had
been expecting me, and that I should find every
thing prepared for my reception. Nothing occurred
to dispel that notion, but every thing to confirm it.
My host introduced me to his wife. She shook
hands with me, and said she was glad to see me.
Would I take a glass of wine after my long journey?
If I wished to change my clothes, I would find my
room—right-hand door on the first landing. The
cloth was already laid, and it was laid for three.
" We expected you at two," the lady said; "but
as you did not come, I put the dinner back."
" It was very kind of you, I'm sure," I said.
" Oh, not at all," she protested. " Would I take
my pudding before my meat or after? Yorkshire
fashion was to take it before the meat."
I said I would take it Yorkshire fashion, for I
loved the Yorkshire fashions.
" Had I seen Polson lately?" my host asked.
" Yes, I had seen him last week."
" Still at the old shop, I suppose?"
" Yes," I said, " he was still at the old shop."
" And what was he doing. Still at the old game?"
" Yes," I said, " still at the old game."
And so the dinner passed pleasantly away. When
we were sitting over our wine, my host said: "I have
invited a few friends to meet you this evening. All
people that you know. Marsh and his wife, Deacon
and his wife, Partridge and his wife. Old Cockle is
coming, too—you remember old Cockle, of course?"
I said that it was very kind of him, that I should
be very glad to meet so many persons that I knew,
and that I particularly remembered old Cockle. I
firmly believed at the moment that I did know all
these people, and when they came I recognized them
all on the instant. Looking round the table, at the
" tea fight" (which was a pleasant Yorkshire meal
of tea, coffee, fish, roast fowl, and buttered steak),
every face that I saw was familiar to me, so was
every voice I heard. Stuttering my eyes I knew
them all by their speech. I heard old Cockle inci-
dentally mention that he had never been in Leeds.
Until this day I had never been in Leeds. Yet I
knew old Cockle, and old Cockle knew me. This
is not a story that begins with an indelible and
ends with that most unsatisfactory definite
vice, "a wild and troubled dream." It is a simple
fact that I am relating. For two days I found my-
self in a strange town, which I had never visited
before, in the midst of familiar faces and old
friends, who entertained me hospitably, and paid
me every attention. First, one old friend and then
another old friend conducted me over the town to
view the lions of Leeds. They are not good, and
they are not imposing. They are a good deal like
sacking-dresses. It is a dingy soot-brown town,
swept by the work-house order of architects and
light-colored bricks. It struck me all strange that a town
which produces such fine soft glossy cloth should be
itself so rusty and threadbare. The town-hall is a
magnificent building, perhaps the handsomest town-
hall in the kingdom; but it is too far for the town.
It stands like an exquisite marble statue in the midst
of a builder's lumber-yard. Briggate, the principal
commercial street, is a sort of two-story Totten-
ham-court-road. The woolen mills give you the
wild idea of houses suffering from jaundice. All
the goods sold in the shops seem to be soft goods.
I wanted a penknife, and searched three streets in
vain for a cutler's. I entered at last a shop that
had a slight look of hardware, and when I asked
for a penknife they tried to put me off with a wool-
en comforter. In the end the shop-boy was sent
out to procure the article I wanted, and he was so
long absent that I think he must have gone to Shef-
field for it.
I was much struck with the paucity of public
houses—good phrases that "paucity of public
houses"—in Leeds. I congratulated my guide on the
pleasant fact as being a testimony to the temperate
habits of the people. I regret to say that he
could not accept my congratulations. He let me
into a secret. The public houses in Leeds are neces-
sarily situated up courts. There is no sign of them in
the main streets; but if you go up the courts there
you find them. And every street was pierced with
these sly little courts, like rabbit-holes in a sand-
bank.
The young ladies in Leeds are all in the fashion;
but they overdo the thing a little. Their dresses
are nearly as big as their heads, so that they ap-
pear when in the streets to have two heads, one
with a hat and one without.
I found at a public office an old friend—when I
had never seen before in my life—who had made ar-
rangements to conduct me over a woolen mill. One
proprietor refused to admit me, having a strong sus-
picion that it was my design to take the pattern of
his new machinery. Another made me welcome
and showed me every thing. The history of a yard
of doeklin would fill a volume, so I can not even at-
tempt to summarize it. From the sheep's back to
the final rolling of it up in a bale it goes through
a score of elaborate processes, and changes its ap-
pearance every time. It is always going into a
machine, or a tub, or a boiler, and coming out—
like a comic entertainer—in a new form. It is torn
to pieces by the "devil," and spun and twisted,
and treated, and boiled, and dyed, and pummeled,
and shaved, and hot pressed, and I don't know
what all. The adventures of a pair of distress-
shilling trousers would beat the exploits of the
seven-league boots all to nothing.

A word as to shoddy. I thought it was a term of reproach, a thing to be ashamed of, a sly dodge of the dealer. But Leeds is not ashamed of shoddy, it talks about it openly, uses it openly. What is shoddy?

I was not quite clear on this point before I went to Leeds, but I know all about it now, and will give others the benefit of my newly-acquired useful knowledge. Shoddy is old wool made as good as new. Every manufacturer keeps a devil, a ravenous beast with a fearful set of iron teeth, and an insatiable appetite for old coats and old trousers, old any thing that is made of wool. Toss him an old garment and he will tear it to pieces in no time. The spun and woven threads are converted into wool again, and are worked up into new threads to be woven once more into a piece of cloth. Cloth so made—with a mixture of new wool—looks very well and wears very well. I defy you to tell which is shoddy cloth and which is not. We all wear shoddy without knowing it. For light wear shoddy cloth will serve every purpose; but it will not stand strain and exertion. You must not venture to practice gymnastics in a pair of shoddy trousers. Here is the weakness of shoddy—the shortness of the staple. You know now—if you did not know before—why the old clothman is so eager and anxious to buy any garment, however ragged, which is composed entirely of wool. The old suit goes to the mill and comes back to you in a new shape. Your trousers to-day may be your waistcoat to-morrow. Such is the economy of modern trade.

The cloth-hall at Leeds is a huge shed, a quarter of a mile long; the area of which is divided into streets of stalls, at which, on market-days, the manufacturers exhibit specimens of their goods. It is a curious place, well worth seeing. Let me impart to the reader a secret I picked up here. How to tell if there is cotton in a piece of cloth. Take a small piece and tear it both ways, against the warp and against the weft. The wool in tearing makes a dull soft sound; the cotton tends with a crackling noise. Do this when your tailor swears "it is all wool," and see how foolish he will look when he hears the rattle of the cotton threads. The price of broadcloth ranges from a shilling a yard to twenty shillings! At wholesale prices you can get cloth enough to make a suit for five shillings.

Having seen Leeds at work, I was curious to see it at play. With this purpose I made the round of its night amusements. I went to a theatre. It was poorly attended, as it deserved to be; for though the house was large and capable of being made bright and attractive, it was in an inconceivably dirty state, and the performance on the stage was dreary in the last degree. When will provincial managers be brought to understand that people do not go to the theatre as a duty, but to be made cheerful and to be amused? Why should any one come away from any where to sit in this dingy den, and be witness to a performance which, in point of art and skill, is below the mark of the basket who executes a clog dance on the calladap in the street?

I visited a music-hall. It had evidently been a flour-dish factory, or something of that kind; but, with bright lights and a lively band of musicians, it was infinitely more cheerful than the theatre. This Leeds music-hall has its peculiarities. The people are admitted to the body of the building gratis, paying for their entertainment in the price of the beer they drink. The charge for admission to the galleries is sixpence, and there is a sort of pew at the end of the hall set apart for mothers with children in arms. The entertainment was of the usual character. Awkward young ladies in dicky evening costumes, showing a lanky length of red arm, came on with pieces of music—of which they could not read a note—and sang sentimental ballads in shrill notes, which set your teeth on edge. Then the all-pervading irrepressible comic man, with the bristles hat and the long-tailed coat, treated us to Slap-bang and Kafkasian and Undoodle-day, and always when he failed to make an effect, knocked his hat over his eyes, and by that triumphant stroke of humor invariably brought down the house. It was not exactly an elevating entertainment; but it admitted of great variety, and the audience seemed amused. It was at least a lively place, and well ordered of its kind, which the theatre was not.

In the course of three hours I pretty well exhausted the night's entertainments of Leeds. They included an organ performance at the town-hall, a concert, and a reading at the Mechanics' Institution.

They are a musical people in Leeds. From almost every court leading to the public houses tuneful voices reached the street, and in some of the houses fiddles were going. In the bar of a little beer-shop, which I was curious enough to visit, I found a handsome piano jammed up against the beer engine, and a man playing it for the delectation of half a dozen yokels, who were drinking their beer at the counter. It was a mean, shabby little beer shop; but the piano was in a fine rosewood case, and the performer played remarkably well. There was nothing to pay for the music. I had half a pint and a grand fantasia for twopenny. Nay, more; a gentleman at the bar did a little double-stuff for the entertainment of the customers generally. It seemed to me that the piano was a pleasant mitigation of the mere drinking and getting drunk purposes of the ordinary public-house bar; and I have observed that where music, singing, dancing, and other amusements are dispensed with liquor, they have the effect of keeping people sober.

My kind host offered, if I would stay over to Wakefield with him, to show me a curiosity; the said curiosity being the whole of the original manuscript of the Pickwick Papers, which, I was assured, is in the possession of a printer there. I was informed, too, that a Yorkshire schoolmaster advertised himself as the proprietor of the real original Dutchess' Hall, which is now conducted on principles of the most boundless liberality. My new old friend in Leeds—whose hearty hospitality and kindness I shall never forget—promised me to stay a day or two longer; but as I was cured of my vanity, I was anxious—selfish person that I am—to

get back to town. I took Hall in my way, though it was a good deal out of my way, and took a glance at the lions there. I had shared in the impression, which, I believe, is the popular one, that Hull was in the last degree a dull, smoky, dreary town. I had heard it associated with another place whose name begins with H and ends with two Y's. But I found that Hull had been much belied and shamefully traduced. The Humber, if it were not normally of the color of pea-soup, is as fine a river as any in the kingdom. As to the town, I prefer it to Leeds. The bricks are of a better color, the streets are busy and bustling, and the surrounding country is really charming. Hull has a statue, a marvelous statue. It is situated in the market-street, in the midst of cyster-stalls and fish-barrow, and it represents William III. on horseback; William and the horse being both gilt all over. The golden man and horse have a curious effect of gracing among the trucks and booths. And here, for the first time in Yorkshire, I was gratified by hearing somebody say "don't." I asked a native why Hull had erected a statue to William III.; and he said he was "don't if he knew." I believe William did Hull the honor of landing on his shores, when he was obliging enough to come over from Holland to govern England. It was there that first he showed his blackplack face.

Hull is maritime, and has docks, and ships, and sailors, and is all the more lively in consequence. It has two theatres, a circus, and several music-halls. One of the theatres (the Royal) is an example of what may be done, even in the provinces, by enterprise and liberal management. It is a handsome, rosy building, elegantly decorated and luxuriously furnished, and the places are dressed and mounted in first-rate style. The result is, that the better classes go to the stalls and boxes, and that the local shareholders find their account in a well-filled treasury. Hull, too, has a pretty park, with pleasant walks, and flower-beds, and ornamental waters; and the roads leading to the country are studded with bright little villas, where you may hold house comfortably and elegantly for thirty pounds a year. So never believe any one who says that there is only the difference of a letter between Hull and the infernal regions.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Amuse this season of the year, when "lovely June" is entering summer in a great "hoo and cry" is raised about "going into the country." What does it matter though June is often one of the most charming months of all the twelve in the city? Or what does it avail though one has a comfortable, dry house here, and country boarding-places are crowded and ridiculously expensive? It is fashionable to go into the country; and people must bestir themselves and secure some spot where the sun-fairly may enjoy the delirium of being "out of town" during the "season." This is frequently all they do enjoy. Long Branch, Newport, Saratoga, and the superlatively resorts are, in the "season," overcrowded, even if it were possible for every particular whose household long for country air to trust himself within the distance of a hundred miles from the city. So some more quiet retreat is often sought in the suburbs of New York, on the banks of the Hudson, or even away in Vermont or New Hampshire. But, alas! not infrequently they soon believe that the merchant was about right, who said to his young wife when she begged him to take her into the country for the season:

"My dear, it is quite impossible at present; but I'll tell you what we will do, and we shall never know the difference."

"What is that?" asked the wife, eagerly.

"We will turn off the gas and the Croton and move our bed up into the attic!"

Though it is worse than folly to abandon comfortable houses for more fashionable ones, nevertheless the real, genuine country is a grand thing for every body to enjoy whenever they can moderately. Especially for the children; it would be better for them, physically, to be in the country all the time. The freedom of outdoor life is blood, bone, and muscle to them. If half of our pale city boys should take their school-books to a dark den, and spend an entire year in "roughing it" on a good farm, the world would be the gainer, yea, keener, in young men of mental strength and vigor.

For every one change, to a certain extent, is beneficial, and the feelings of the city naturally seek it in the country. And that is just as it should be. The thing that is bad is the peals which annually sweep people on the approach of the summer season to the city—any where, say where—provided it bear the magic name of country, though wanting the reality. Our magnificent Central Park opens to those who reside in town numerous sources of enjoyment, with plenty of fresh air and delightful scenery, which one may tolerate in without any fear of a bill being presented to him on leaving—unless, by chance, he passes by the Astor!

The recent discussion between the Allopathic and Homoeopathic physicians in regard to the treatment of the cholera brought to mind a recipe we saw long ago, which may be useful to our readers. We give it from memory:

Homoeopathic Recipe.—Take a spring chicken, and let it be rather skinned. Dress it nicely, and keep it in the sun. Let the chicken fall on a bottle of water, and hold four hours. When it is done, take one table-spoonful and mix in a quart of pure spring water. (Filtered Croton will answer very well.) Ten drops of this mixture, taken in half a wine-glass of warm water, at intervals of three hours, will be found very nourishing. If the patient is particularly thirsty, the services of a nurse can soon be dispensed with.

By way of contrast, we are reminded of a good lady of the Allopathic persuasion, whose minister came to console with her after the death of her child.

"My friend," he began, "I am sorry to hear that you have lost your baby."

"Yes, sir," replied the mother, "we did every thing to save it, but in vain. We had five doctors, and they gave it castor oil, and rhubarb, and opium; and when that didn't do any good, they gave it ipecacuanha and calomel; and then they put a mustard paste on the stomach and chest, and a blister on the neck and side, and applied leeches to the head. But it was of no use; the poor little thing died after all!"

Suffering when leads to crime—far more frequently even to our very noble than those whose imagines who never know what it is to want for bread. Not long since a very respectably-dressed young man was brought before the Court of Special Sessions on the accusation of stealing a book from the Astor Library. The prisoner pleaded guilty; and stated—and there was every reason to believe what he said to be true—that he had received a liberal education, and had come to the city to look for a situation; he had spent all his money; had been two days without food, and had walked the streets for two nights. In the morn-

ing he thought he would steal a book, eat it, and get something to eat, but he mistook the temptation. He looked over the morning papers, went out again in quest of a situation, and found one as clerk in a grocery store, but he was not to commence work until the next day. This, he said, was a long time for a man to wait who had walked the streets two days and two nights; and as he concluded his story he burst into tears, and said, "The gnawing of my heart made me steal." Ministers were taken by the judge to ascertain if these statements were true. And it is to be hoped that before this time the young man has been put in the way of earning an honest living.

An Eastern paper gives the following suggestions to regard to the cholera:

"Don't get it on the brain, and, in this end, avoid reading the daily papers. Endeavor, if possible, to keep a clean conscience and two or three clean shirts. Rise with the lark, but avoid larks in the evening. Be above-ground in all your dealings, and above-board in all your feelings. Love your neighbors as yourself, but don't have too many of them in the same house with you."

Country newspapers, by-the-way, seem to be under the impression that the Atlantic cholera has broken out in spots all over New York city, and that the entire population is in imminent danger. Some of these above-mentioned journals printed one of the little boys who came rattling into the house just at dusk, one evening, exclaiming, "Oh, mamma, there are a hundred cholera out in our yard!" "A cholera case! Oh, no, my dear," returned mamma. "Well, I am sure there are as many as fifty." "Oh no, you are very much mistaken." "Well, my way," persisted the boy, impatiently, "there is our cat and another out!"

The health of New York city is reported to be unusually good—the month of May was unusually cool—and the city is unusually clean.

The New York Observer says:

"When you write for a newspaper write all your words in full as you wish them printed. This has been said a thousand times, but not one man in ten observes the rule. All our best writers do observe it. In this paper we print an article in which the writer abbreviated the word 'government' into 'govt,' and the printers made it 'govt,' as they are the power of the government was changed into 'the power of the gov't.' But the letter 't' and cross the letter 't' and try to spell correctly. If you can not comply with these rules after you have written your article put it in the fire."

We would add in these directions; write legibly, and on one side only of the paper. If you do not write a plain hand employ an amanuensis. Nothing is more vexatious to an editor than to strain his eyes and puncture his brain in deciphering hieroglyphics. No manuscripts which in written illegibly stands much chance of being regarded favorably. An editor feels obliged to reject it before he has read the first half page.

Colored starch, says a London paper, is the latest and greatest novelty of the season. It is made in pink, buff, the new mauve, and a delicate green, and blue will soon be produced. Any article starched with the new preparation is completely white, but as it washes out, the garment that was pink to-day may be green to-morrow, and buff afterwards. It is intended especially for those bright but brazenly-colored articles that are costly, wash out, and perplex their owners. If the pattern has been marked, they only need the mauve starch; if green, green starch; and they can be restored one even and pretty shade, thus becoming not only wearable again, but very stylish. White starch-makers or hat-makers may also be colored in the same way, and infinite variety afforded.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

HAIR ON TAYLOR.—One day during the late Anniversary Week a witty friend of ours, passing beneath the shadow of the well-known ecclesiastical structure that grows the neighborhood of Broadway and Tenth Street, was accosted by a grim-looking country peddler, evidently of the order of those who frequent the distance to Wall Street. "Wall Street?" inquired our friend, looking the questioner in the face, and immediately comprehending the allusion; "just as far, Sir, as Trinity Church, is from Grace." The effect on the stranger, who appeared to take the answer in a spiritual sense, can better be imagined than described.

The individual who tried to clear his conscience with an egg in New York, and to make his spirit with peace. If he fails in this it is his duty to abstain to blow out his candle with a believe, and slink calmly into the arms of a young lady.

A FINE TRANSLATION.—Victor Hugo, in his new book, "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," mentions a Scotch instrument of torture called "le bappin." What a dreadful name to give it, to be sure! Imagine a Scotch gentleman sitting in his library and playing on his bagpipes. Perhaps some foreign writer can't say much in think of fear by a mention of "le bappy dandy."

A DARK CONJUNCTION.—"See, why am I here in the most insignificant little bit of the world?" "Because they don't obey thy."

Question.—Can you tell me why a hypocrite sits in his best dress, than you or I, on how many has a party, and goes?

Answer.—The eye of death can best counterfeits (point her feet), and so I suppose can best count her toes.

"The post-office is our village," writes a Vermont body, "was kept in the bar-room of the tavern, a great resort for loungers. An old chap, more remarkable for his coarseness and indelicacy than his good nature, was sitting there one day with a lot of boom-companions, when the Methodist preacher, a new-comer, entered, and asked for his letter. Ned belpen asked, bluntly: 'Are you the Methodist parson? just come here to preach?' 'I am,' pleasantly replied the minister. 'Well,' said belpen, 'will you tell me how old the devil is?' 'Ezra,' replied the preacher, 'rejoiced his preacher, and left the room amidst the roars of the company.'"

A CONJUGAL CONUNDRUM.

Which is of greater value, my wife says. The bride or bride-groom? Must the truth be said: Ah! it is most. The bride is given away; The bridegroom's often regularly sold.

Two men died at an angle at the same time, and killed Mrs. An Irishman observed: "They might have saved their powder and shot, for the fall would have killed him."

Mr. Belpen.—A lady writes to ask whether her husband, who is by profession a coffee, is justified in sitting up all night in the exercise of his vocation. He can, at all events, get in a proverbially philosophical plan—that it is never too late to mend.

Send an old paper to his country the other day: "If one swallow makes a summer, what a tropical region would your stomach be, old fellow?"

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.—Jollyboy, who has been rather knocked out of time by the usual gaiety and conviviality, has been entirely cured by a course of step-lane-propaganda.

"To be, what did the Democrats do when they crossed the Red Sea?" "I don't know, but I guess they dried themselves."

"ANOTHER WAY."

When lovely women, Lump of Folly, Would show the world her wretched looks: Would treat herself as child her folly, And waste each man of sense away. The crowd would laugh at her, and say: To prevent a wick from every eye, Degraded a spouse, disgust a lover, And spoil a respectable to-day.

"Will you have some company?" asked a gentleman of Aunt Prudence, a dinner-table. "Dear me, no!" she replied, with a shudder; "I'm fond of you in their place, but I should as soon think of eating dog soup!" The gentleman did not urge her.

DOMESTIC FLORA.—A FRAGMENT.

"I am a married lady of thirty—oh! Every evening I see in their beds A 'broken down' of early hours. Every morning my slippers greet The pained paces of twenty-year feet. Thirteen little hours are always in a fever, Thirteen little hours are filled with bread and butter, Thirteen little hours are busy all day long, Thirteen little hours, with doing something wrong. Till I fall on my face, With an empty, ah! And when my poor husband comes home from his work, Tired and hungry, and down as a Turk. What do you think is the picture he sees? A legion of babies, all in a row— Johnny is crying, And Lucy is fighting, And wretched mamma, with her hair all a flying; Henry and angry William bounding hills high; Charles in the parlor reading current Jeff; Edward strutting round in paper Sunday suit; Harry at the glass, with a wave at his breast; Robert gets his finger—'no! when your finger strikes the door, Misses their asking with a fury-grown roar; Baby at the coal-bod hovers in beard, Throwing in his spite to the infernal fire. Alas! my head and master, being rather weak of nerve, he begins to see his position in the evening paper—'Oh, and then the frightened little ones all fly to me for comfort, And so the dreary hours 'old a grand' I believe—oh! I'll give you my news, but you feel me a myth; Yours, very respectfully, Mrs. John Smith.

"Now, papa, tell me what is happening?" "It is," replied papa, "when mamma pretends to be very kind of me, and puts no buttons on my shirt till I'm out of a dozen times."

There is a man in Pennsylvania who is so fearful of matrimony that he will do anything to keep a wife's death to the end of her race in order that he may divorce her from other ladies. Even then, he occasionally makes a mistake.

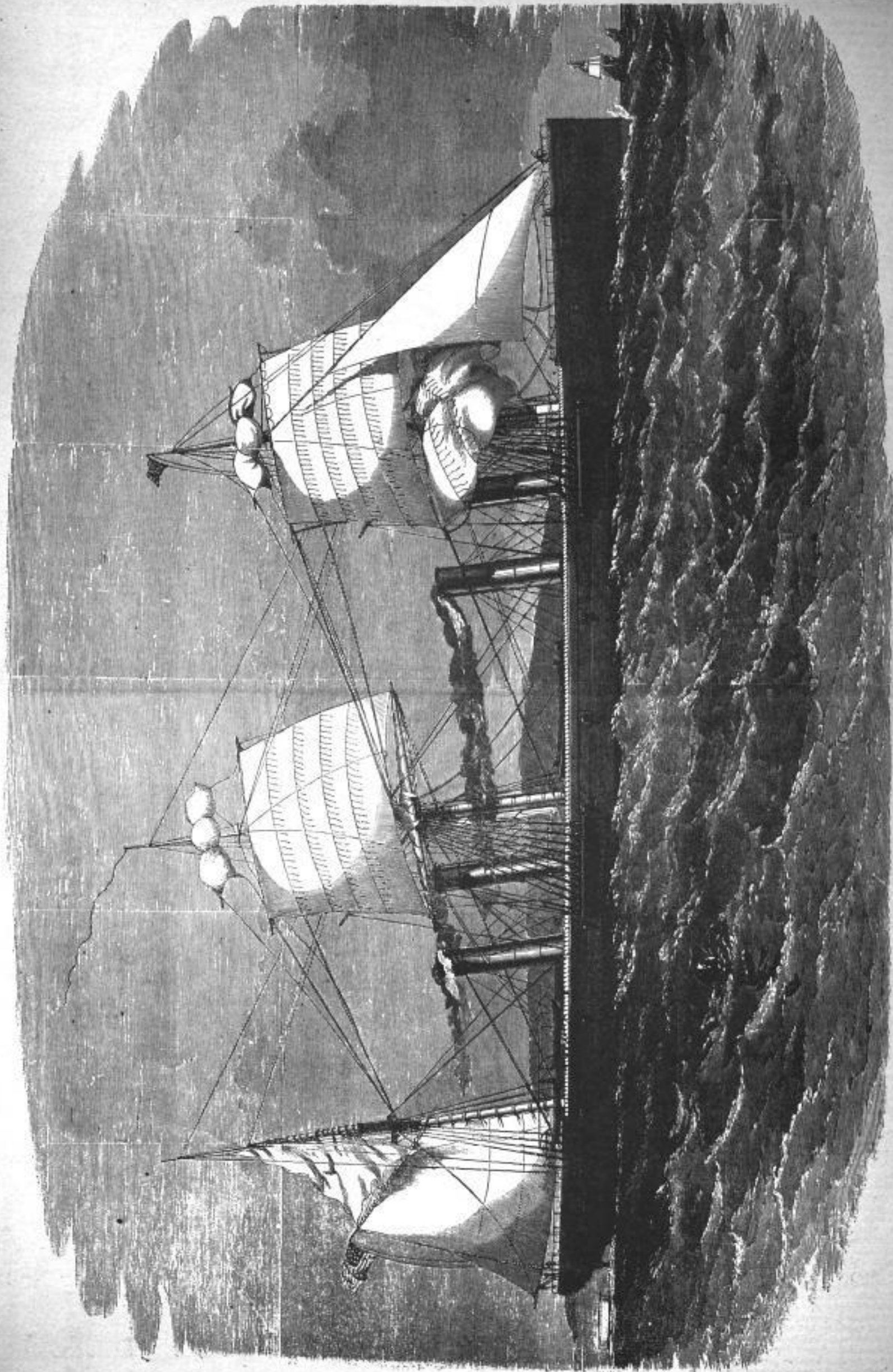
A recent criminal trial at New Orleans had a rather novel catastrophe; the prisoner was acquitted, and his own and the counsel for the prosecution conspired to jail for contempt of court.

The Way we see HARRY.—The best way to be happy is not to want any thing until you have got it, and then be sorry of it. Fiddling and wish, are good things to have, as one has not too much of them.

The Irish people ride so much in case that Ireland might be called the carriage.



VERY LIKELY. "YES, JERKINS, I HAD BETTER WEAR MY VEIL. GIBSON IS NOT THE PLACE TO DISTRACT THE ATTENTION OF YOURS MARY!"



THE UNITED STATES STEAM SLOOP OF WAR "WAMPANOAG."—[See Page 363.]



GOVERNOR THOMAS SWANN, OF MARYLAND.

GOVERNOR SWANN OF MARYLAND.

THOMAS SWANN, the present Governor of the State of Maryland, was born in the city of Alexandria in the State of Virginia. His father, THOMAS SWANN, was a lawyer of ability and distinction, and during the Presidency of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS held the office of United States Attorney for the District of Columbia. His son, Governor THOMAS SWANN, the subject of this sketch, was educated at the University of Virginia, and commenced the study of the law in the office of his father in Washington. He, however, never pursued the practice of his profession, and having married a lady from Maryland, came to the city of Baltimore, where he has since resided. A gentleman of fortune and liberal education, firm and decided in his convictions, and of great promptness and energy of character, he became interested in all works of public improvement then being projected, which might in any way tend to promote the prosperity of his adopted city and State. A man of boldness and determination was required to undertake the completion of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and Mr. SWANN'S election as President, in 1848, was hailed with satisfaction by the public authorities, as well as by those of his fellow-citizens who were familiar with his character and the previous services he had rendered to the Company. At once turning all his energies to the accomplishment of the work he had undertaken, and

boldly contending with these difficulties that had at one time appeared as formidable, he had the satisfaction of seeing fulfilled the prediction he had made as early as 1851, of the completion of the entire road on the 1st of January, 1863. On the final completion of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Mr. SWANN resigned his position as President and became the President of the North Western Virginia Railroad, whose work diverging from the Baltimore and Ohio Road in the mountains, extended itself to the Ohio River at the mouth of the Little Kanawha, some ninety miles west of the city of Wheeling. This road also was opened for travel under his auspices, and he only retired from its management in 1867 to become Mayor of the city of Baltimore, to which office he had been elected by a large majority of his fellow-citizens.

In this position, to which he was twice chosen, Mr. SWANN did much for the advancement and prosperity of Baltimore. He proposed, and was able to carry by his paramount influence with the Councils of that city, a change from a volunteer Fire Department with all its irregularities to a paid Fire Department with all its promptness, order, and efficiency. He introduced into the city the new system of police and fire-alarm telegraph, which adds so much to the safety of persons and property, and which has since been generally adopted in all cities throughout the Union. When Mr. SWANN came into office the jail, which had been of sufficient size



COLONEL WILLIAM B. THOMAS, COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF PHILADELPHIA.

COLONEL W. B. THOMAS,

COLLECTOR OF THE PORT OF PHILADELPHIA.

when the population did not exceed some fifty thousand inhabitants, had long been found totally inadequate to the requirements of a city of nearly two hundred thousand people. When he left office a noble edifice of great size and striking architecture had taken its place. The water-works by which Baltimore is supplied, at an elevation of 217 feet above tide, with pure water by natural flow, was another of the works for which that city is indebted to his administration.

The last public official act of Mr. SWANN'S Mayoralty was the inauguration of the Park on the 15th October, 1860. Soon afterward the Southern States seceded and the war for the preservation of the Union began. Mr. SWANN took a firm stand on the side of the Federal Government, and advocated at all times and under all circumstances the strict maintenance of the authority of the United States. When the plan of the National Banks was developed Mr. SWANN was made President of the first bank established in the city of Baltimore. And when the Constitution abolishing slavery forever in Maryland was established in 1864, he was chosen by the people to fill the highest office in their gift, that of Governor of the State.

Notwithstanding that Mr. SWANN is still in the prime of manhood, with enlarged and liberal views, few men will be found who have identified their names with undertakings of more practical and lasting benefit to his State and people.

— COLONEL WILLIAM B. THOMAS was born in Upper Merion township, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, May 25, 1811. In 1842 he became a citizen of Philadelphia, where he was among the first to apply steam-power to the manufacture of flour. His business largely increased, till he now owns one of the largest manufactories in the world, using upward of 1,500,000 bushels of grain annually. Mr. THOMAS soon took an active part in all great business movements. He was one of the founders of the Corn Exchange Association, and was its first President. He is also a leading member of the Board of Trade. In early life he was a Democrat, but left that party many years ago because of his anti-slavery principles. In 1852 he voted for JOHN P. HALL, and in 1860 for the nomination of LINCOLN at Chicago. His career since the rebellion began entitles him to a place in that noble column of men whose names are written on the glorious pages of the war.

— Mr. THOMAS was in Washington when the Capital was cut off from the North by the rebellion in Baltimore. He volunteered for the defense of the city, and, masked on shoulder, paced the streets during the memorable April of 1861. Those were the days when loyal men scarcely knew when to trust. At midnight the President sent for Mr.



REMAINS ON A BATTLE-FIELD.

THOMAS and offered him the Collectorship of the Port of Philadelphia. He accepted, but that he was never an office-seeker his main course afterward has proved.

In 1822, after McClellan and Pope were defeated, Mr. Thomas grew weary of merely civil duties, and in August he formed the employe of the Custom-house into two military companies, and equipped them from his private means. In September he answered the call of Governor CENTER for troops by marching his companies to Harrisburg. Here he was given the command of a regiment, and sent at once into Maryland, where he remained till the danger was over.

In June, 1863, when Lee invaded Maryland, Colonel Thomas at once marched his regiment, then twelve hundred strong, to Harrisburg, and was ordered to guard the Northern Central Railroad, of vital importance to the movements of the Army of the Potomac. His regiment was afterward engaged with the enemy at Wrightsville and at York, and Colonel THOMAS, in command of all the forces at the latter place, prevented the rebels from crossing the river. He then joined MINOR, to aid in the pursuit of LEE. In July, 1864, Colonel THOMAS organized a new regiment, the Hundred and ninety-second Pennsylvania Volunteers, one of the largest ever mustered in Philadelphia. He placed himself and his command at the disposal of the Government, and was ordered to garrison Fort M'Henry, at Baltimore, then to Johnson's Island, and next to guard the large military stores at Gallipolis, Ohio, then threatened by the rebels. He remained at this important post till November. Thus Colonel THOMAS, from 1822 to 1864, was engaged in four campaigns, in each of which he displayed many of the highest qualities of a soldier.

This military record would be honorable to any soldier; it is doubly so as that of a man holding a responsible civil position under the National Government. His duties as Collector of the Port would have excused Colonel THOMAS from any active part in the war, but he refused to throw off any responsibility by pleading another. His administration of the Custom-house at Philadelphia has given entire satisfaction to business men as well as to the Government, and there is no citizen of Philadelphia in whom a deeper trust is more worthily reposed by the community.

BURNING OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

On the night of May 21 a disastrous conflagration occurred in this city, resulting in the destruction of the greater portion of the block between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets, and between Irving Place and Third Avenue. The Academy of Music was held in ruins; the New York University Medical College, including the valuable museum collected by the late Dr. V. LEITCH MOTT, shared the same fate, and the fire extending across the avenue burned down the St. James Lutheran Church.

The scene presented at the height of the conflagration was grand and imposing. The huge pile of buildings comprising the Academy were thrown into strong relief by the seething body of flames rising within, and the reflection of the fire was thrown over the entire city, gilding every prominent spire in sight, and throwing every street into the glare of noonday. Two firemen who had at an early period of the fire entered the Academy failed to make their escape in time, and perished in the flames. The loss from this fire is estimated at over a million of dollars. We hope that our principal and most valuable edifices hereafter constructed will be fire-proof buildings.

THE NEW NAVAL SLOOP "WAMPANOAG."

On the 25th of September, 1864, the first frigate of this beautiful vessel was raised at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, and on the 15th of December of that year she was launched. Her dimensions are: length over all, 354 feet; extreme breadth, 48 feet; depth of hold, 23 feet 6 inches; tonnage (old), 3300 tons.

Being built for high speed she is very sharp at the ends, carrying a graceful curve from stem to stern, and having the appearance of a yacht more than that of a vessel of war. In strength she can not be surpassed. She is diagonally strapped, fore and aft, with iron straps 4 1/2 inches wide by 1/2 of an inch thick, upon the outside of the timbers, in two sets, one set crossing the other at an angle of 45°, and both riveted to a head-strap 5 inches wide by 1/2 of an inch thick. They are also riveted together where they cross each other, in an opening between the timbers. The vessel has also composition straps at the ends to take any strain she may be subject to there.

On each side of the four boiler-batches there are two "A" truss-frames of yellow pine, built to relieve the ship as much as possible of the great weight below, and also to help support the decks at those points.

The ship's frame is of seasoned live-oak; the keel is of white oak in one depth; and the main keelson is composed of live-oak plank in five courses, each caulked to the other. On each side of the main keelson run the sister keelsons, also of live-oak. Outside of these keelsons are six more for the boilers and engines to rest on, three on each side, running as far forward and aft as the shape of the vessel will allow.

The space occupied by the boilers and engines is 164 feet in length. They were designed by Mr. LEITCH MOTT, Chief Engineer of the Bureau of Steam Engineering. The boilers, of which there are eight large, besides four superheaters, are MARINE. The fire-rooms are 26,000 square feet, and the grate-surface is 1175 square feet. There are four smoke-stacks—two 7 feet 8 inches in diameter, one 6 feet 6 inches, and one 6 feet 3 inches; all 16 feet high.

The engines consist of two horizontal direct action, with cylinders 100 inches in diameter and 48

inches stroke. The number of revolutions is 45 per minute. The diameter of the cylinders is 48 inches, and the diameter of the piston is 48 inches. The engines and boilers were built at the Novelty Iron Works, New York. The coal-bunkers contain 350 tons of coal below the berth-deck, and 150 tons on the berth-deck, making 500 tons in all.

The armament of this vessel can be, if desired, twenty 9-inch guns.

The rig will be bark, and she can spread 25,000 square feet of canvas. The ward-room and stowage are on the berth-deck aft, and occupy a length of about 80 feet, and in workmanship and design the accommodations are equal to any thing of the kind ever before put into a man-of-war. On the upper or gun-deck, under the poop-deck aft, are two cabins, one for the captain of the ship and the other for the admiral. This poop-deck extends to the main-mast, and is 6 feet in the clear under the beams. The fore-cabin extends to the foremast, and will accommodate near 100 men; the rest of the crew, about 300, will be accommodated on the berth-deck.

In building this vessel no pains were spared to make her all that could be desired; and all concerned in her construction deserve all the credit due for the workmanlike manner in which each department has carried out the plans of her constructor.

GENERAL STEEDMAN'S TOUR.

OUR artist, Mr. DAVIS, gives the following description of illustrations on page 261:

TRENT RIVER SETTLEMENT.

"The Inspection Tour of General STEEDMAN and FULLERTON has certainly had one good result, the removal from authority of a person named FRENCH, who first came among the freedmen as a chaplain to a colored regiment, and won, by different acts of kindness, the confidence of single-minded people, that are ever ready to believe that a man from the North is sure to be their friend.

"While at Newbern General STEEDMAN and FULLERTON were called upon by a delegation of 'old slaves,' and from these men we heard the story of their troubles, feeling convinced that they spoke only the truth. The day following the Generals visited the Trent River Settlement, and met the freedmen in their simple log-chapel. Here, from different colored men, we learned the story of their difficulties.

"With regard to the Freedmen's Bureau in North Carolina, there is no doubt but that the Bureau has accomplished a vast amount of good, and is in some districts of advantage; but, in others, the management of affairs has been so bad as to occasion trouble, not only with the citizens but with the freedmen. At Salisbury all classes join in testifying to the capable and satisfactory manner in which Colonel C. A. COLLEY has conducted affairs.

At Raleigh, Goldsborough, and Newbern the case is different. The freedmen see that the Bureau agents are looking out for their welfare only so far as their pockets are benefited by so doing. If the citizens can be believed—and they seem honestly disposed—they would willingly take the charge of the freedmen, and give him his rights in the courts (so laws of the State give him those as yet). The freedmen express a strong desire to have the Bureau left for their protection. 'It has been their place of refuge in the past—why not in the future?' They are afraid that the 'white people will not be kind to them if the Bureau is taken away.'

"That the freedmen can be left at present without some protection of the kind I do not believe; but that a change might be made for the better, both for the freedmen, people, and Government, is certain. At present large numbers of able-bodied men do no other labor than draw their rations from the Government, and will continue the same heavy labor until some way is devised for their removal to some position where their labor can be made available."

COUNT BISMARCK.

COUNT BISMARCK SCHONHAUSEN first became prominent in German politics when, after passing through the usual gradations of the diplomatic service, he was in 1851 dispatched as Prussian representative to the Diet at Frankfurt. He had then for four years served as representative of Brandenburg in the Lower House of the Prussian Parliament, in which position he had exercised a considerable influence, and attracted to himself the attention of FREDERICK WILLIAM IV.

In 1859 BISMARCK was appointed ambassador to St. Petersburg, where he remained until 1862, and won for himself the esteem and confidence of the Czar, who conferred upon him the order of Saint-Alexander-Newski. In May, 1862, he was sent as Prussian minister to Paris, and on the 1st of June was received in public audience at the Tuilleries. In consequence of the conflicts occasioned in the Prussian Parliament by the budget of the army, he was made in September, 1862, Prime Minister, with the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. The situation in which he was placed was one of weighty responsibility. He was unable to triumph over the resistance opposed by the Chamber of Deputies to the military organization, because the latter tended to weaken the militia for the profit of the army. In this spirit the Deputies adopted by a very strong majority propositions which the Government had declared impracticable. The House of Lords sided with BISMARCK. The Deputies declared the vote of the Upper House illegal, and the session was closed by the King. The latter had given BISMARCK as assuming the leading position in Government the grand cross of the Legion of Honor.

BISMARCK brought on the Danish war, and won Austria to his support. He now boldly claims for Prussia the most material advantages derived from that war in Schleswig-Holstein. It is impossible now for Austria to avoid war with Prussia, except by a withdrawal from the Danubius.

OF LOTS NAPOLEON'S speech at ANKARA we speak upon the editorial page.

ARMADALE. A NOVEL. By Wilkie Collins. Author of "No Name," "Woman in White," "Queen of Hearts," "Antonina," &c.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, Have Just Published: ARMADALE. A NOVEL. By Wilkie Collins.

Author of "No Name," "Woman in White," "Queen of Hearts," "Antonina," &c. With Numerous Illustrations. 8vo. Cloth, \$3 00; Paper, \$1 00.

ESTD HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above Work by Mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

TO FURNITURE DEALERS AND HOTEL KEEPERS.



TUCKER'S PATENT SPRING BEDS.

There are some truths hidden from the eyes of the ignorant, and though they may pertain to the low vital interests of the human race, they are by no means unimportant. Among these are those of a bed, to fulfill the purpose for which it is desired, (used by consumers); it should, for easy transportation, be made compact; and, lastly, the common sense demands that it should be both DURABLE and ECONOMICAL. All of these essential requirements centre in the spring beds invented by Hiram Tucker, and it is confidently affirmed that nothing has yet been devised for man's comfort which is at all comparable to it. A single night's repose on one of these will cure the most inveterate doctor of his sleepless. For sale wholesale by TUCKER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 145, 127, and 129 Court Street, Boston, and 29 John Street, New York.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 921 BROADWAY (at Nicholas Street). Photographic Materials, Stereoscopic Goods, WAR PAPERS, SCENERY, GROUPS, &c. Photograph Albums, great assortment, Cartes de Visite of noted Persons, &c. &c. French English, and American Novelties.

PORTABLE PRINTING OFFICES.

For Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to print neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously. Circulars and five Sheets of Type, Case, &c., 10 cts. ANNES COMPANY, 36 Ann Street, New York, and 25 Lincoln Street, Boston.

5000 Agents Wanted. \$5 per day and expenses. Issued stamp for circular to E. H. & Co., Springfield, Mass.

New and Choice Piano Music.

AFLOAT ON THE TIDE. M. Keller. 20 cts. BE KIND TO DARLING RUBY. Nell, D. F. Donke. 20 cts. KISS ME WHILE I'M DREAMING. W. W. Woodruff. 20 cts. I LOVE THE LITTLE RIBBLING STREAM. G. G. G. 20 cts. DEAR FATHER, DRINK NO MORE. A. Sherman. 20 cts. One or more of these beautiful songs will be sent postpaid on receipt of price. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

\$150 A MONTH! New Business for Agents. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Maine.

\$1500 PER YEAR paid by SHAW & CLARK. Hallowell, Maine, or Chicago, Illinois.

CATARH. - Newton's New Remedy FOR CATARH removes at once noise in the head, pain in the temples, offensive discharges, and extinguishes the disease as in its final head forward. Price \$1 00 a bottle. Send a stamp for a pamphlet to GERRIT NORTON, 11 Ann St.

The American Patent WATCH SAFE.

THE AMERICAN WATCH SAFE COMPANY is now prepared to furnish the new, useful, and elegant PATENT WATCH SAFE to the public.

This WATCH SAFE will be found to afford the most perfect security from pickpockets.

It can be adjusted to any garment. Having been modeled on the lines adopted by the celebrated AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY, selections can be made to fit any watch.

For sale at wholesale by all the leading Fancy Goods Houses, and at retail by all Jewelers, Tailors, Fancy Stores, &c. &c.

C. V. DEVEREUX & CO., General Agents, 428 Broadway, New York.

THE KEY TO COMFORTABLE, CLEAN, AND QUIET SLEEP.

BROWN'S METALLIC WEATHER BANDS outside DUST, NOISE, and ODOR. STOP THE BATTING OF BARBERS, and all warms good for FIVE YEARS. Price \$1 00 a pair. 104 Broadway, New York, over the Manhattan Savings-Bank.

Local Agents wanted every where. Send for circular.

100 Photographs of Union Generals sent postpaid for 25 cts.; 50 Photographs of Rebel Officers for 25 cts.; 100 Photographs of Famous Battles for 25 cts.; 100 Acorns for 25 cts. Address C. RYMOUTH, Hallowell, N. Y.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP.

COMPOSED OF IODIDE POTASSIUM, WITH THE COMPOUND CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT OF VALUABLE MEDICINAL ROOTS AND HERBS.

PREPARED BY WILLIAM H. GREGG, M.D., Graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, formerly Assistant Physician in the Blackwell's Island Hospital, late Medical Inspector of the New York State Voluntary Depot, under Governor Edwin D. Morgan.

Constitution Life Syrup HAS PRODUCED A REVOLUTION IN MEDICINE.

What may seem almost incredible is that many diseases hitherto considered hopelessly incurable are frequently cured in a few days or weeks; and we cheerfully invite the investigations of the liberal-minded and scientific to those which have no parallel at the present day. During the past five years we have conducted with obstinacy, and overcome by position, as heretofore as was ever encountered by any reformer.

RAPIDITY OF CURE.

Please say, "Your cures are too quick," while others doubt their permanency, and think that disease can only be cured by the "slow, resuscitative process of Nature."

This is our reply: In health the body, like a well-oiled wheel, is in a state of equilibrium. But when, from any cause, there is one side of the scale, we have the disease of disease. What is requisite is to restore the normal balance of the scale.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP.

Is a positive and specific remedy for all diseases originating from an IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, and for all (secondary) Diseases transmitted from Father to Child.

PARALYSIS.

It is an universally admitted fact that CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP is the only effective means of restoration in the various forms of Paralysis, that we need not reiterate that it is emphatically the Great Life-giving Power.

DYSPEPSIA.

INDIGESTION, WEAKNESS OF STOMACH, FLATULENCE, LIVER COMPLAINT, WANT OF APPETITE, AND HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, BELCHING.

DIARRHOEA.

DIARRHOEA, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, GRAVEL, CALCULI, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, MIGRAINE, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, GRAVEL, CALCULI, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, MIGRAINE, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, GRAVEL, CALCULI, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, MIGRAINE.

RHEUMATISM.

DIARRHOEA, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, GRAVEL, CALCULI, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, MIGRAINE, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, GRAVEL, CALCULI, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, MIGRAINE.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP.

Purges the system radically from all the evil effects of Malaria, removing the lead from the blood, and curing the Weak Points and Rheumatic Pains which the use of Quinine is sure to produce. It banishes Spasmodic Cough, and secures the Teeth as firmly as ever.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP.

Eradicates, root and branch, all Eruptive Diseases of the Skin, &c.

ULCERS, PIMPLES, SLEETINGS.

And all other difficulties of this kind, which so much disfigure the outward appearance of both males and females, often making them a disgusting object to themselves and their friends.

For all Forms of Ulcerative Diseases.

Either of the Nose, Throat, Tongue, Spine, Forehead, or Face, no remedy has ever proved so rapid.

Both Parties upon the female form depending upon a diseased action of the Liver, are very unpleasant to the young wife and mother. A few bottles of CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP will correct the action, and remove the deposit, which is directly under the skin.

Diseases of the Liver, girl's rise to Langour, Distress, Indigestion, Weak Stomach, or an advanced or chronic condition of that organ, accompanied with burning or other unpleasant symptoms, will be relieved by the use of

Constitution Life Syrup.

As a General Blood-Purifying Agent, the LIFE SYRUP stands unrivaled by any preparation in the world.

THE RICH AND POOR.

Are liable to the same disease. Nature and Science have made the CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP for the benefit of all.

PURE BLOOD.

Produces healthy men and women; and if the constitution is neglected in youth, disease and early death is the result. Do not delay when the means are so near at hand, and within the reach of all.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP IS THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND, AND THE RICH MAN'S BLESSING.

Buy it, Take it, and be Cured. WILLIAM H. GREGG, M.D., Sole Proprietor, NEW YORK.

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EFFECT OF THE EXCISE LAW IN NEW YORK CITY.

"Guess'm all right—hic—for Sunday—hic. No need o' my—hic—goin' to New Jersey—hic. 'Ave a nice time t' ham w' th' old—hic—coman 'nd the babbies."

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POLLAK & SON Wholesale Manufacturers, 69 Broadway, New York, N. Y., wholesale and retail at reduced rates.

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MUSICAL BOXES. Prices from one to thirty dollars. Sent by mail on receipt of the price, and charges for the freight.

MERCHANTS, BANKERS. And others should send to all parts of the United States by HARRISON'S EXPRESS, 60 Broadway.

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TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT. FOR PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS. Before-springs, Magic Lanterns, and Dissolving Views, with pictures from all parts, and of every interesting subject.



Meeks' Cabinet Furniture Warehouse. Removed to the new White Marble Building, No. 450 Broadway, between Fourth and Great Jones Streets.

POSTPONEMENT. THE UNITED STATES PRIZE CONCERT, To have been given at CROSBY'S OPERA-HOUSE on MONDAY, MAY 28th, 1866, will be postponed until MONDAY, JULY 9th, 1866, on which occasion HALF A MILLION DOLLARS IN PRIZES will be presented to Ticket-Holders, including ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS IN GREENBACKS.

THE POSTPONEMENT is an unavoidable necessity, not so much in consequence of the number of tickets yet sold as the positive necessity there is for a proper registration of those already disposed of, which has been delayed in consequence of the negligence and carelessness of a portion of our Agents in making their proper returns.

Table with 2 columns: Ticket quantity and price. Includes rows for 5, 10, 20, 50, and 100 tickets to one address.

In every case send the name and post-office address of each separate subscriber. Money, by draft, post-office order, express, or in registered letters, may be sent at our risk.

WIGGINS, BRADFORD & CO., 123 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

The proprietors will donate to the Lincoln and Douglas Movement Fund \$5000; also there will be \$2000 reserved from the person drawing the \$25,000 prize, for the same purpose.

Referees.—Hon. Major Dan. Mason, Ex-M.C., of Ind.; Hon. Ira J. Laysack, of Kansas; Hon. William Leffingwell, Lyons, Iowa; Hon. Joseph Koss, of Chicago; Hon. G. Graves Smith, of Miss.; Jacob Forsyth, Agt. M. & T. T., Chicago, Ill.; M. Krosberg & Co., Importers of watches, Chicago.

Proposals for inserting this advertisement are requested.

WATCHES, California Diamond Jewelry, and Chains at wholesale, suitable for Dealers and Speculators. Price-List sent by mail on application to LIONEL JACOBS, 177 Broadway, New York.

CEDAR GAMPHOR. In the best and cheapest MORTAR-GRINDERS. All druggists sell it nowadays. HARRIS & CHAPMAN, FARMERS, Boston.

Steinway & Sons' GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT PIANO-FORTES



Have taken 25 First Prizes, gold and silver medals, at the Principal Fairs held in this country within the last ten years, and in addition thereto they were awarded a First Prize Medal at the Great International Exhibition in London, 1852.

That the great superiority of these instruments is now generally conceded is abundantly proved by the fact that Messrs. Steinway's "Acoustic, Impassioned, and perfect of construction" have been copied by the great majority of the manufacturers of both horizontal and upright pianos.

STEINWAY & SONS' PIANOS are the only American instruments exported to Europe in large numbers, and used in European concert-halls.

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TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

FOR PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS. Before-springs, Magic Lanterns, and Dissolving Views, with pictures from all parts, and of every interesting subject.

SOMETHING NEW.

A SET OF ROCK-CRYSTAL JEWELRY, comprising BRACELET, PIN AND EAR-RINGS, \$1 00. A FULL SET DITTO, comprising BRACELET, PIN, EAR-RINGS, NECKLACE, AND BRACELETS \$5.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE. Magnifying small objects 500 times. Magnifies even anywhere for 50 CENTS, on Terms see \$1 00.

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PESTACHINE. It is the best comb for the hair, also an excellent dressing. Invented by Dr. BOOT, manufactured by JOHN SKINNER & CO., Springfield, Mass.; and sold by DENNIS BARNES & CO., New York.



MAGIC RUFFLE COMPANY. To be found on each box and each piece of GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLE. All other goods of whatever name not having this mark, are worthless imitations.

PRINTING PRESS FOR SALE. One Taylor Double Cylinder, Five Columns, Table Distribution, Had 25x52. Price \$2500.

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If you want the best-fitting, strongest, and most agreeable Paper Collar ever offered to the Public, don't fail to purchase the

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THE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA
JUN 13 1866

THE REISSUE OF
HARPER'S WEEKLY
A
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. X.—No. 494.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. \$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



His long life-march is ended,
His battles fought and won;
With solemn voices blended,
Of drum and bell and gun,
Lay him down
Whose renown
Is an unsetting sun.

The measured tramp of battle
Beats in his pulse no more;
He hears no more the rattle,
No heeds no more the roar,
Fixed within
By the din
On bloody fields of yore.

In him through years unslumbering
The early conflicts lay,
His great, still spirit keeping
The fight of Chippeway;
Lundy's Lane
Through his grain
Struck deeper than the bay.

And D'Ulton's towers within him,
And Cerro Gordo's height,
Like giants watched to win him
From life's small, creeping blight;
High and calm
In their psalm
He kept the way of right.

And Aztec halls repeating
His firm victorious tread,
Found in his spirit meeting
Fit for their mighty dead,
Weaker men
Ne'er again
Their influence round him shed.

In time when others faltered
Before the storm that blow,
His mighty soul unaltered
By error's specious view,
Stooped in vain,
With no strain
Stood up unmoved and true.

And he, in mercy loving,
Through weariness of years
Was kept unto the proving
Of hopes that knew not fears;
Gently then—
First of men—
He passed, and left us tears.

His long life-march is ended,
His battles fought and won;
With solemn voices blended,
Of drum and bell and gun,
Lay him down
Whose renown
Is an unsetting sun.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1866.

THE DUTY OF UNION.

DURING the last few months there have been enthusiastic meetings and passionate speeches in support of condemnation of Congress or the President. It has been confidently asserted that the difference would be referred to the people at the autumn elections, and they would authoritatively decide between the contestants. All this has seemed to us premature, for the reason that the points of dissent were not finally established. All that is clear is, that the President holds certain theories of the situation and Congress apparently others. But what Congress intended to propose under its theories was undecided, while nothing was more evident than that the President's logic was amazingly defective—and, to use a plain phrase, that his bark was worse than his bite.

A political canvass before an election must be conducted upon certain proposed measures, and not upon theories. A bank or no bank; a tariff or no tariff; the toleration or prohibition of slavery in a Territory; it is upon such intelligible measures that every body can comprehend that the great popular debates upon the stump are held and the popular decisions are made at the polls. Now the important question is, what are the differences in proposed measures between the President and Congress upon which the country is to be asked to decide?

That both honestly wish the restoration of the Union can not be doubted. That both have a theory as to the principle which should regulate that restoration is obvious. But until we know precisely what Congress proposes how can an issue be made for an election? The decision of the Senate caucus and the debate in the Senate foreshadow, indeed, the ground which Congress probably means to occupy. But is it so clear that the President will refuse to stand with them? Suppose that Congress proposes to disqualify certain rebel leaders for certain offices until two-thirds of each House remove the disqualification, and substantially to equalize representation by basing it upon voters, is it probable that the President, who has so constantly insisted upon making treason odious, and has suggested the very same amendment, will take the unnecessary responsibility of opposing so mild and generous a settlement? In making these propositions Congress will have yielded much to the desire of harmony with the Executive. Is the Executive to yield nothing?

It is true that the President may refuse all accommodation. He may insist that he has required all that is needed, all that is constitutional. He may declare that he will stand or fall without moving an inch from his present position. He has indeed virtually said as much. But he said it under other circumstances. He said it when it seemed as if Congress intended to occupy a position of uncompromising hostility. He said it before the mature decision of Congress had been declared. If after that declaration—after the wise, just, and moderate proposition which it would seem that Congress is prepared to make—the President should insist that the representatives of the loyal people are to have no voice in the settlement of the victory which those people have won, then the issue will indeed be made, and the final appeal taken to the country.

But surely all those who believe as we do, that the division of the Union party, and the consequent surrender of the Government of this country to a party controlled by the counsels of such leaders as ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, GEORGE H. PENDLETON, VALLANDIGHAM, and HORATIO SKYMOOR, would be incalculably disastrous to the cause of true liberty and civilization, will not passionately insist that such division, with all its consequences, is inevitable. Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS, we observe, fortreadily desires that result. He prays that the Union party may be defeated. But its defeat is the resumption of power by ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS and his friends. Why does not Mr. PHILLIPS put it in the other way, and say that he fervently hopes for the success of those gentlemen? Mr. PHILLIPS did what he could to defeat Mr. LINCOLN in 1864 by chilling the public confidence in him. He declared LINCOLN recreant to liberty. He hopes now to chill confidence in the party that elected Mr. LINCOLN by a similar declaration. It must be remembered, however, that Mr. PHILLIPS's position is not partisan. He is a critic of all parties, and asks nothing of any. But all men who, like JOHN BRAYNE in England, believe that great political and social results are to be attained through party organizations, will, like him, while they declare equal rights to be the ultimate aim of their efforts, yet cordially work with any great party which shows the practical power to advance nearer to that bourse.

It is to secure the gains already made; to forestall the completion of the work of restoration to the bonds which defeated rebellion,

that it is the imperative duty of the President, of Congress, and of all loyal men, to maintain the ascendancy of the Union party until its work is accomplished. Congress has evidently yielded much to this great result; and it remains for the President to decide whether the restoration of the Union which should be accomplished by an alliance of the late rebel leaders, of the Copperhead leaders, and of such individual recruits as Senator COWAN, would not be a reactionary reconstruction, sure to plunge us into further trouble. It would not be President JOHNSON and Senator COWAN who would control that alliance, but Mr. STEPHENS, Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, and Mr. PENDLETON. Whoever takes the responsibility of putting this Government into such hands will have a serious account to settle with the loyal American people.

THE MARTYR OF FORT MONROE.

THE strenuous effort of those who had no word of horror for the capture and massacre of Union soldiers at Andersonville and Belle-Isle to represent JEFFERSON DAVIS as the victim of cruelty at Fort Monroe have occasioned the publication of his bill of fare for a week, which has been widely published. There are thousands of honest people all over the land, who work hard for their living, who would be very glad of half as good fare as the Martyr of Fort Monroe daily enjoys. For those of our readers who may not have seen the list we quote a specimen:

WEDNESDAY.—Breakfast.—Rice and eggs, wheat and corn-bread, butter, sugar, coffee, milk. Dinner.—Mutton-chops, stewed oysters, potatoes, onions, apples, bread, butter, coffee.

THURSDAY.—Breakfast.—Beef-steak, two boiled eggs, wheat or corn-bread, butter, sugar, milk, coffee. Dinner.—Veal-cornets, poached oysters, potatoes, onions, bread, coffee, butter.

FRIDAY.—Breakfast.—Stewed oysters, mackerel, or fresh fish, wheat and corn-bread, coffee, sugar, milk, and butter. Dinner.—Pork-steak, poached eggs, potatoes, onions, bread, butter, coffee.

SATURDAY.—Breakfast.—Kittion-chops, two boiled eggs, bread, butter, milk, sugar, coffee. Dinner.—Stewed oysters, potatoes, onions, bread, butter, coffee.

This probably compares favorably with the daily bill of fare at Andersonville; but since there will undoubtedly be a persistent attempt to excite sympathy and even admiration for JEFFERSON DAVIS as a political prisoner suffering for an honest difference of opinion, it is as well to understand clearly precisely what his position is.

The odium that hangs around his name, and which will forever deepen, does not arise from the fact that he held abstractly the theory of State sovereignty and the constitutionally reserved right of secession; but that he and his fellow-conspirators chose to assert that doctrine at the cost of countless innocent lives and of the welfare of the country, not to remedy injustice or oppression for which there was no legal redress, but to perpetuate the foulest system of tyranny under the sun. Had DAVIS and his confederates appealed to God and mankind for the rectitude of their intention as revealed in the purpose of the war which they invoked—had they armed against the National Government in the name of vital State rights which that Government had denied—had they risen against an arbitrary power which was grinding them and their families, and trampling upon sacred, natural, and constitutional rights for which it refused a remedy—then, indeed, the last terrible appeal to blood, which only hopeless oppression authorizes, would have been justified, and their cause, however unfortunate, would have commanded the admiration and sympathy of the world.

It is idle to say that, holding secession to be a constitutional right, they might assert it at any time, and for any purpose which pleased them. When war is the cost of the practical assertion of any right it can be justified only by the fact of vital grievance for which there is no other redress, or by the purpose for which it is intended to exercise that right. That was the justification of our great revolution of 1776. But what is JEFFERSON DAVIS as the official representative of the rebellion of 1861? He is a man who deliberately plunged his country into the most fearful war, and flooded it with blood that he might whip women and sell children at his pleasure. His pretense was State sovereignty, his purpose was human slavery. That was the object for which he and the other leaders "fired the Southern heart." For this they directed the war. For this they starved brave men at Andersonville and Belle-Isle, tortured them into idiocy, and shot them like dogs. For this were Southern Union men seized at night, and before the eyes of their despairing wives and agonised children hung and shot and drowned. For this they drove thousands and thousands of conscripts to die upon the field of battle. For this JEFFERSON DAVIS's garments reek with innocent blood, and his name is a stench.

Here is a pretty martyr, with his ham and eggs and poached oysters! Here is a Christian hero; and General MILLS must be removed if he does not bow low enough! Here is a model American, who must be magnified into a Spielberg victim and sufferer of the Bastille if his muffins are not toasted, and his beef-steak is

overdone! Our readers will bear us witness that we have not advocated vengeance, that we think the trial of DAVIS for treason a mistake, and that we are ready to take, with fair precautions, all the necessary and inevitable risks of the situation. But the mandarin sentimentality that would drape with the dignity of a martyr for political opinion a man who for such a purpose waged such a war we believe will disastrously recoil upon those who foster it. We have no wish to revive dead feuds or to use harsh words, but we can conceive no greater misfortune to the manhood of American youth than that they should be taught to regard JEFFERSON DAVIS as a guiltless and unfortunate patriot.

THE PAUSE IN EUROPE.

IT is natural that the great powers of Europe should pause upon the very edge of war and reflect if there be no alternative. It is so long since there was a general war upon the Continent, and every war has such inevitable horrors and so doubtful a conclusion, that it is not strange there is reluctance to strike the first blow. Once struck, there would be no recoil. Once begun, war could end only in a reconstruction of the map, and an enormous debt, weighing upon every belligerent with crushing force.

Yet we do not see that war can be easily avoided. If the considerations were merely dynastical, they could be settled in a Congress. But they are national, and involve the most absorbing passions. Italy will go into no Congress which does not accept the cession of Venice to the Italians as a preliminary. Yet Austria can not consent to relinquish Venice without fatally impairing her prestige as a great power. Prussia can not consent without some equivalent that France shall stretch her line to the Rhine; yet where is the equivalent that can be offered? The call of a Congress is wise, if only to show that no accommodation is practicable. Italy is inflamed already; GARIBOLDI has been summoned to the head of the volunteers. A large loan has been taken. The people believe their cause to be sacred. It has the sympathy of the world. The eager Italians believe the long looked-for hour is already striking. How can they pause? If the ministry order GARIBOLDI back to Capraia they must be ready to face an insurrection. Austria must therefore, as it seems to us, surrender the Italian portion of her empire or there must be war.

And if it comes and desolates Europe, let us learn its lesson. It is simply this, that any settlement of great political convulsions which is reactionary will very soon revenge itself upon those who make it by plunging them into deeper trouble. The English revolution of 1649 ended in the death of CROMWELL by the return of CHARLES II. and the old STUART régime. It was a reactionary settlement, and it ended eighteen years later by the menace of a vast war, which was avoided by the peaceful and "glorious" revolution of 1688 and a settlement which was not reactionary. The revolution of 1787 in France was finally composed by the settlement of 1815 which was reactionary. It was made in the interest of certain families, and not of the nations nor of the people of Europe. Consequently there have been discontents and dangers and overthrows until now, after fifty years, the settlement is to be changed either by a Congress, which is improbable, or by the sword.

In this country we are doing for the Union what the settlement of 1815 did for Europe. Let us take care that it be not reactionary like that, but in the direction of the war itself, like the glorious settlement of England in 1688.

WALL STREET SQUABBLES.

A FALL in Erie stock from 95 in January last to 57 last week has led to much angry comment in newspapers which sympathize with holders of stock. Some journals have fiercely denounced Mr. DANIEL DREW, the leading director of the concern, and have tried to make him responsible for the decline.

Now we have no desire to figure as Mr. DREW's apologist. He is old enough and able enough to take care of himself. But in a matter of this kind a little common sense is not out of the way.

It is on record that the earnings of the Erie Railway have fallen off half a million in the first four months of 1866; that the concern owes, exclusive of bonded debt, nearly four millions of dollars which it can not pay; and that no dividends can be paid for some years to come. Under these circumstances, for which no director of the concern is responsible, a decline in the stock would seem fully warranted. If any body is to be taken so task on the subject, why not assail Mr. BONNET H. BERDELL, the President, instead of this or that director?

But it is said that Mr. DREW is a speculator in the stock, and has made money on the decline. This may or may not be the case. We pretend to no information on the subject. Mr. DREW is well known as a large, bold, and generally successful operator in Wall Street. We

presume he declines this to no one. As such he operates in all stocks, including the stock of the Erie Railway, of which he is a director. When he thinks it is going up he buys for the rise; when he thinks it is going down he sells for the fall. Whether he sold for the fall when the stock was 80 @ 90 no one but he and his broker know. If he did not do so, he neglected his business as a speculator. For it was clear to every one, three or four months ago, that a heavy fall in Erie was sooner or later inevitable. But to hold him responsible for that fall, simply because it is supposed that he foresaw it and acted upon his prescience, is on a par with holding an astronomer responsible for the occurrence of an eclipse.

The abuse of Mr. DREW emanates from cliques which have bought large quantities of stock for the rise, and are disgusted that the public do not step in to take them off their hands. The famous clique which bought up all the Prairie du Chien, and own it still, have lately bought all the floating New York Central at 93 @ 95, and are waiting for somebody to buy it of them at an advance. They are said to have lodged \$2,500,000 with some bankers as margin on the operation, and so long as money remains easy they can go on buying stock and holding it indefinitely. Another clique has bought up all the Cleveland and Pittsburg, and are holding that, waiting, like MACAWHURK, for something to turn up which shall relieve them of their burden. Another clique have bought up all the Canton; another all the Boston Water-power; another all the Fort Wayne. All these cliques argue that the prevailing ease of money, which Mr. McCULLOCH has created, must sooner or later generate speculation in stocks, and lead the public to take their property off their hands at an advance. Thus far they have met with but poor success. With a brief exceptional period, money has ruled at 4 @ 5 per cent. for 40 days, but no general speculation has been developed in Wall Street. Commission brokers are doing little or nothing. The fall in Erie naturally confirmed the unwillingness of the outside public to buy stocks, and hence the abuse of Mr. DREW in newspapers which are devoted to the interests of the overloaded cliques.

Speculation may yet break out. The brokers all desire it from natural motives, and the public may yet possibly be lured into the arena. But the signs of the times are not favorable. Mr. McCULLOCH may play fast and loose, as he has done hitherto. But the people at large want a return to specie payments, and they will have it sooner or later. So long as that is impending speculations for the rise will be dangerous. The Opposition party will presently put a hard-money plank in their platform, and unless the Administration meet the move with a corresponding pledge, and evince some willingness to carry it out, it will be defeated at the elections. Smart as Wall Street is, and keenly as the old heads of that moribund scan the signs of the times, it is plain to the sun at noonday that until the paper dollar be worth a dollar in gold the tendency of prices, with periodical and spasmodic exceptions, must be downward, and speculators who operate for the rise must sooner or later be overwhelmed in ruin.

A CORRESPONDENT ANSWERED.

A WALL Street correspondent, referring to an article of last week entitled "Financing Extraordinary," asks several questions.

1. Is it a fact, as stated in that article, that somebody made three millions out of the Government on the sales of gold?

Answer.—Mr. PETER M. MYERS, Government broker, sold \$32,000,000, or thereabouts, of Government gold at 130½ @ 130¼. All last week the price ranged at 126¼ @ 124½. Therefore the buyers of Government gold realized the difference between 130½ and say 124½, which on \$32,000,000, is about \$1,500,000 in currency.

2. Who bought the Government gold and realized this profit?

Answer.—Nobody can answer this question. The gold was bought chiefly in large lots, many of them a million each, by leading gold-dealers, who may have acted for customers, or may have bought for themselves. Nothing but an inspection of the books of the parties to whom the Government gold was delivered could determine the names of the real buyers.

3. Was it possible for any Government agent, knowing the purpose of the Department, and rightly construing the import of the news from Europe, to buy gold from Mr. MYERS so as to be sure of a profit?

Answer.—Mr. MYERS had his orders to sell at 130 clear of commission. He, and any persons to whom he may have imparted the secret of his orders, must have known perfectly well that as soon as he stopped selling the news of the London panic would drive gold up 5 @ 10 per cent. Buying gold from MYERS was therefore a sure operation, especially if he had sold ten or twelve millions. There is no evidence to show that any Government agent did take advantage of MYERS's orders, and speculate in gold. But there must have been

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eral Government agents besides Myers who had an opportunity on that Monday afternoon of making a fortune at the expense of the Government.

4. Is Myers still the Government broker? and how came he to be selected for the post? Answer.—Mr. MYERS is still, so far as we know, the Government broker. His selection for the post is understood to have arisen from his being the brother-in-law of Secretary McCULLOCH.

THE PAID FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The question of a paid Fire Department in a large city no more admits of serious discussion than that of a paid police. There is no more efficient body of firemen in the world than the Fagin peopled, and although great fires are infrequent there, because the houses are not built as with us so as to insure destruction if they take fire, yet the management is admirably prompt, skillful, and decisive. The treatment of fires in our inflammable cities is serious work. To be properly done there must be a body of men ready to move and act at any moment. These men must be of independent circumstances or they must be well paid. To leave the labor to chance volunteers is to create a dangerous class in the community, as was fully established by the investigation which preceded the passage of the Paid Department Bill. There may be among them daring and skillful men, as the experience of fires in New York proves; but it is idle to suppose that they would be less daring or less skillful if their services were properly appreciated and rewarded. The laborer is worthy of his hire.

For our distant friends we may state that the opposition to the paid system proceeds from that interest in the city of New York to which we owe our enormous taxation and utter misgovernment. It is that interest of wholly venal and corrupt politicians which has made the name of the city a by-word still reproach, and which keeps it politically in alliance with all that is mean and un-American. It is a conclusive argument for the paid system that this interest bitterly denounced it, as it denounced the Police Commission and the Board of Health. If a man is known by his friends, great public measures are tested by their enemies. When FERNANDO WOOD was ready to oppose by force the introduction of the Police Board there was not an intelligent citizen who did not know that the Board was absolutely essential to the protection of the city. And when the "shysters" and "bunkers" of every degree are in full cry against the Paid Fire Department, its necessity and value are fully established.

THE FENIAN RAID.

THAT Ireland has real wrongs, and that the rule of that island by England has been generally fierce and stupid, can not be denied. But there is of late years a manifest disposition to reason and reform, and in so complicated a difficulty there can be no hope except in the greatest good sense upon both sides. The total forgetfulness of this fact has occasioned the recent wild and criminal efforts at Irish rebellion, so that it is the folly of the revolutionary leaders which is responsible for the constant delays and despairs of the English friends of Ireland.

While the Fenian movement was confined to Jones's Wood and the "Moffat Mansion" it was merely amusing, except for its mad waste of the hard-earned money of simple men and women. But when a rabble cross the border, and without artillery or supplies or trains begin to make war by murdering honest people who turn out to defend their homes, the affair ceases to be contemptible and becomes criminal, and the worst fate that should befall such offenders would excite little pity. Mr. O'MAHONEY is very probably a sincere enthusiast, as fit to lead a revolution as a blind man to command a seventy-four. Mr. STRANAHAN, there is no reason to doubt, is much of the same character; but many of the other managers are designing men who have fortunately disgusted many of their followers.

It is a poetic justice that Canada, which was a nest of the most malignant rebels during the late war in this country, and which smiled placidly at their forays and plots against the lives and properties of loyal American citizens, has been invaded by one of the very rebels whose confederates she so gladly harbored. The O'NEILL who figures in the late affray at the mouth of the Niagara River was a companion and friend of WIRE at Andersonville. He raised a body of Irishmen among the prisoners he was starving, to fight against this country. Canada cheered him on; Canada was polite to O'NEILL's comrades, CLEMENT CLAY and JACOB THOMPSON; O'NEILL was bravely fighting for "his country." Points of view differ, and Canada can now comprehend exactly how her conduct seemed to loyal American citizens.

The conduct of our Government in the whole affair has been prompt and honorable. There has been no simulated neutrality. General GRANT, passing by chance through Buffalo, is-

seed the necessary orders. The directions from Washington were decisive, and were not delayed because of any untimely colic of the legal advisers of the Government, as in the case of the British counselor, whose stomach-ache allowed the *Alabama* to escape.

We hope that those honest people who are anxious to redress the wrongs of Ireland will now see that the road to that redress does not lie through the blood of innocent men in Canada. They have given their money, and have received in return a foolish blunder and a monstrous crime. Men of the O'NEILL kind are leaders who would infallibly bring the noblest cause to shame and ruin.

HEAT-FOOD AND BUILDING-FOOD.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly: "In your issue of May 19 I find an article on 'Heat-Food and Building-Food,' to which I wish to take exception.

"The author asserts it as a fact that fat and oily food is necessary to a proper nourishment of the body, and that those who abstain from it are apt to have a flabby and bloated skin. FRANKLIN, an eminent authority, says: 'Flesh off or fat is more difficult of digestion, and more obnoxious to the stomach, than any other alimentary principle.' Is it possible for it to be 'very difficult of digestion' and so 'obnoxious,' and at the same time necessary to health? Rather does not the experience of medical men (as well as our own business) teach us that that only is really difficult which we resist? Comparatively few are fond of fat meat. We are speaking now of persons in good health, not of those who, in these days of greasy and unwholesome food, are debilitated and debased.

Dr. BACON, in his celebrated experiments on St. Marks, found the gastric juice very slow in its operation on fat, and that it felt generally retarded the process of digestion. It is well known to be the cause of boils, pimples, and blotches on the skin.

"It is also stated that 'laboring men require more nitrogenous food than those who lead an inactive life, for there is in them more rapid necessary, and therefore more need of material for it. For this reason men that live almost wholly on such articles as potatoes or rice or plantains, which have comparatively little of the nitrogenous element in them, can not do or endure as much as those who have a proper mixture of meat and vegetables in their diet. So, also, a horse that is not worked will be in good condition living on hay and potatoes, but if he is worked he will soon feel unless grain be made a part of his food.' I am unable to perceive what the last sentence has to do with eating meat. I rather think it is an argument against it. A member of Congress can be cited to prove that hard-working men can subsist on vegetable alone with advantage. The concentration of the Tyrol may be named; and if the writer of 'Heat-Food,' etc., wishes to consult statistics, he will find not only that vegetables are noted for longevity, but that they are able to endure much greater hardships and fatigue than flesh-meat.

Laboring men, who suffer more of the wear and tear of life than those of sedentary occupations, require more 'protein' or 'building,' and therefore more nutriment. Wheat and rice are among the most nutritious substances known, yet wheat contains but a little over two per cent. of nitrogen, and rice less than one. The poor Irish, who relied almost entirely on milk, potatoes, and perhaps a few other vegetables, are a hardy and long-lived race.

The animal we eat are, as a general thing, herbivorous. Those which live exclusively on vegetables, and whose flesh is formed of the proteaceous elements of those vegetables, are most relished and sought for among civilized nations. It follows, therefore, that we actually eat indirectly on plants. Why, then, do we eat those plants in a pure and primitive state, and do no anything of the degrading influence of roasting the poor beast by whose help we obtain much of our food, and thus serve us as an immense amount of hard labor, besides adding to our comfort and wealth in furnishing skins for clothing and covering? Is it because of the disease and troubles arising from eating of flesh meat, the purity of which is always more or less impure by the state of the animal? Respectfully, VEGETARIAN."

The points brought out by "Vegetarian" are easily disposed of.

As to the digestion of fatty or oily substances, it has been discovered that this is not really done in the stomach. They are merely intimately mingled there with the other contents by the churning movements of the organ, and pass on into the small intestine. Here by the action of the pancreatic juice, the change is produced in them which fits them to be absorbed by the lacteals, and to be poured into the blood; in other words, here they are digested. Speaking of digestion, then, as a process which is not limited to the stomach, we are, in opposition to what is quoted from FRANKLIN and BACON, that fat is not difficult of digestion. The stomach, indeed, can not digest it; and the gastric juice, instead of being "very slow in its operation on fat," as BACON says, does not operate upon it at all, but the pancreatic juice does the work, and does it easily.

"Vegetarian" objects to enjoining the use of fat meat upon those who dislike it; that what is not relished is not easily digestible. It is indeed true that the relishing of food promotes its digestion; and yet one can generally learn to eat fat meat, even though the aversion to it be very decided. But if not, a due amount of butter may be eaten to make up for the deficiency. That a considerable proportion of oily food is necessary in some form is a settled fact. A wide observation teaches it. The instincts of men as to food show it. Nature demonstrates it in the matter that it furnishes in milk, that beautiful combination containing all the requisite elements of food. It is an error to say that fat "is well known to be the cause of boils, pimples, and blotches on the skin." An undue use of them may, it is true, sometimes produce these effects, but they come quite as often from other causes.

"Vegetarian," in thinking that what was said of the horse is an argument against eating meat, fails to perceive the point of the statement. The truth to be illustrated was that work, making war and labor, called for a larger amount of building or nitrogenous food than was needed in the idle. And so we give to the working horse grain, which, being more nitrogenous than hay and potatoes, is to him what the nitrogenous meat is to man.

As to the statistics referred to as favoring vegetarianism, we do not believe that if fairly examined they will justify the conclusions claimed for them.

We think that when good results have been ascertained to come from what is reputed to be a vegetable diet, it will be found that it was not strictly vegetable. One of the statements of "Vegetarian" shows a looseness on this very point. "The poor Irish," he says, "who subsist almost entirely on milk, potatoes, and perhaps a few other vegetables, are a hardy and long-lived race." Is milk a vegetable article of diet? A similar mistake was once committed by a student, who, on going into the country, gave up meat, and on his return was quite loath in praise of vegetarianism, because he had gained so much flesh and strength. On inquiry it was found that milk had been the animal basis of his vegetable diet. The Irishman living almost exclusively on potatoes, or the Chinaman on rice, inevitably becomes pot-bellied and slender-limbed; but let him have in addition milk or any other articles furnishing a due proportion of both nitrogenous and oily food, and his abdomen will lessen and his limbs enlarge to their normal volume.

"Vegetarian" thinks that as the flesh we eat comes mostly from herbivorous animals, we had better eat the vegetables from which their flesh is formed rather than eat the flesh itself. The same reasoning would properly lead us to stop further, and prompt us to go to the source of the nutrition of the vegetables; or, in other words, to what they eat by their roots to make them grow, so that we should be dirt eaters instead of vegetable eaters. "Vegetarian" does not seem to recognize the order of nature in regard to nutrition. All nutriment comes at first from the mineral world, and plants are the means of transfer from minerals to animals. They gather up material from mineral substances, and put it into such forms as make it fit nutriment for animals. There are some animals that live on this vegetable food alone, and are called herbivorous; while others live on the vegetable-eating animals, and thus get their nutrition one remove farther from mother earth, and are called carnivorous. Others still eat both animal and vegetable food, and are termed omnivorous. All animals but man are governed wholly by instinct in this matter. He is left to reason it out as well as he can, looking to the promptings of instinct, the adaptations of the digestive organs as compared with those of other animals, and the results of observation and experience. These all point to a mixed animal and vegetable diet, and not to that of the vegetarian.

HOME FOR SOLDIERS' ORPHANS AND WIDOWS.

Governor FLETCHER, of Missouri, and Dr. RICHARDSON, the State Surgeon-General, most warmly commenced the project of the Home for Soldiers' Widows and Orphans, at St. Joseph, in that State. Missouri suffered severely and peculiarly during the war, and the natural sympathy of other Union States has been expressed in many valuable and useful contributions. There is still room for more, and we are very confident that such a charity commends itself without special eulogy. Mr. GILES, one of the trustees, is now in the city, at the Lafayette House, and will receive any contributions or give any information.

LITERARY.

"Armedale" is the title of WELKIN COLLINS'S new novel, just published by the HARRIS. The characteristics of the author are as pronounced and familiar as those of any living writer. He gives us always an elaborate and original plot, worked out by persons whose characters are analyzed with a delicacy of detail entirely unsurpassed. They reveal themselves wholly to the reader, who watches every motive and act as the student of physiology follows with intense interest the play of every part of the wonderful human frame. Or he puts a microscope under our eyes through which we watch with eager curiosity the exact structure of animalcules which are interesting solely from the distinctness with which they are revealed. This patient and persistent detail makes every one of COLLINS'S novels seem like a course of lectures. His books have the reality of exciting criminal trials, and there is perhaps no novelist who so plays with and prolongs the curiosity he excites. The despatch he delineates, as in the character of Miss Gwilt in "Armedale," is startling, but he vindicates its probability, and the reader emerges from the long and dark suspense of the story upon the cheerful conclusion as the traveler, after a stormy and exciting voyage at sea, sees the placid green shores of the sunny harbor awaiting him.

"The New York Social Science Review" is a quarterly journal of Sociology, Political Economy, and Statistics, edited by SCARUS BRUCE and J. K. H. WILCOX. It is a work of faith and enthusiasm, proposing, "without personal or partisan feelings, to examine by the light of science the political and social evolutions of the day." It will also reprint all important State documents of the current quarter. The last number contains a valuable International Almanac, and the "Review" will doubtless be a convenient and serviceable reference, as well as a stout advocate of scientific social progress.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

May 10: In the Senate, the reconstruction resolutions were then taken up. The third clause, disfranchising the rebels till the year 1875, was withdrawn and by a unanimous vote.—The Railroad Bill was passed, 39 to 23. This Bill provides that any railroad may carry all passengers, troops, mail, Government supplies, etc., from one State to another, providing that this act shall not affect any stipulation made between the Government and any railroad company now existing.

In the House, the new Freedmen's Bureau Bill was passed, 66 to 23.

passed, and that a joint committee of seven Senators and nine Representatives be appointed to represent Congress at the funeral of the late Lieutenant-General. The resolution was adopted.—The Reconstruction resolutions were taken up, the pending question being a substitute for Section 3, already stricken out. It does not restrict outrages, but shuts off all those from holding a civil or military office, either under the United States or any State, who have borne their arms in rebellion, or who aided the rebels, in being guilty of insurrection or in aiding the rebellion. Mr. DODDIE opposed the section. It was adopted by a vote of 39 to 18.

In the House, the Senate's amendments to the House Bill to facilitate commercial, postal, and military communication among the several States were taken from the member's table and considered. The bill has, therefore, passed both Houses.—The House resumed the consideration of the bill to promote the construction of a line of railroad from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, to Cleveland, Ohio. The bill was passed by a vote of 77 to 41.—The concurrent resolution providing for an adjournment until Monday, and for a adjournment of Congress to attend the obsequies of General Grant, was agreed to unanimously.—The bill authorizing the construction of a railway between Washington and the North-west was passed—yeas 29, nays 27.

CHOLERA IN QUARANTINE.

On the 26th of May the British steamer *Onion*, from Liverpool, G. H. Palmer commanding, arrived at this port. She had on board the passenger ship, *Onion*, from Liverpool. She had on board several ill persons, some of them very low. The number of passengers was 214. The next day the *Onion*, from Liverpool, arrived with 100 passengers, of whom 25 had died of cholera on the passage, 25 were on board sick.

The Board of Health, unable to obtain a lodgment for a hospital on Long Island or Staten Island, are anxious to make use of the west shore of Jersey Island for this purpose.

Under date of June 5, Dr. Bland, Deputy Health Officer, reported that 26 new cases of cholera had been received from the steamer *Onion* on board the hospital ship in the Lower Bay, and 13 deaths had occurred.

The Deputy Health Officer reports that "something must be done soon, or the mortality among the passengers of the *Onion* will amount to that of any vessel ever in this port." "The hospital," he adds, "is now much overcrowded. Every available space on the ship is occupied with dead and dying." The Quarantine officer on the *Onion* writes: "The old *Onion* is as full as she can be of the worst cases of cholera I ever saw in my life."

There are now seven hundred persons crowded together on these ships in our harbor, and the Health Officer states that some of them have very naturally complained by force to break out from their boarding lodges, and that a mutiny is likely to occur at any time. Dr. Bland has publicly stated to the Board of Health that if another ship with diseased passengers arrives he has not a place in which to put a patient!

THE FENIANS INVADE CANADA.

On the 1st of June a few hundred Fenians, of the Fenian persuasion, crossed the border into Canada and captured Fort Erie—which is about as much of a fort as Fort Lee—a small village, located on the Niagara River, opposite Black Rock, three miles distant from Buffalo. A battle was fought at Ridgeway on the 2d. The Fenians found it impossible to hold their ground in Canada, and retreated to the United States border, where a large portion of them were captured by the United States troops guarding the river. Among those captured, it is said, are Colonel O'NEILL—the leader of the invading force—with his staff.

NEWS ITEMS.

Colonel Jacques, of Illinois, having been tried on the indictment found against him in Kentucky for rape, has been triumphantly acquitted. None of the witnesses mentioned on his behalf were examined, but the case was decided on the testimony of the prosecution without a word of argument from the counsel for the defendant. The *Indianapolis Journal* says:

"The wretches who undertook to swear Colonel Jacques into the penitentiary succeeded in convincing the jury that they were a grand pack of liars, and so completely demolished themselves that no testimony was needed on behalf of the accused. He was prepared to prove, by some of the best men in Illinois, that he was in that State at times when some of the witnesses testified to his presence in Kentucky, and his participation in the alleged crime; and by others that he was in this city on a certain day in which it was sworn by a prosecuting witness he was in Kentucky; but the proof was unnecessary.

The weekly report of Dr. Eliza Harris, Registrar of Vital Statistics, shows a total of 593 deaths in the city during the week ending on Saturday, the 26th inst. This number is less than on any previous week.

General Steadman and Fairbanks, who have been investigating the management of the Freedmen's Bureau in Georgia, will report favorably on Tillson's administration of affairs.

The returns of the West Virginia elections indicate a majority ranging from eight to twelve thousand for the amendment to the State Constitution. The last of the amendment is as follows: "No person who, since the 1st day of June, 1861, has given or shall give voluntary aid or assistance to the rebellion against the United States, shall be a citizen of this State, or be allowed to vote at any election held therein, unless he has volunteered into the military or naval service of the United States, and has been or shall be honorably discharged therefrom."

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR ON THE PLATE.

In March, after a delay of nearly ten months, active operations were again commenced. The allied fleet, composed of about thirty vessels, including four iron-clads, left its moorings at Corrientes, and proceeding up the river, anchored in two divisions opposite the Territory of the *Republique Paraguaray*. The allied army, consisting of about 30,000 men of all arms, also advanced toward the western bank of the River Parana.

In an engagement with the fort at Itapira, a Brazilian iron-clad, about the last of March, received a serious injury, and 24 men were put hors de combat a serious injury.

On the 19th of April the first battle was fought between Brazilian and Paraguayan soldiers. The Imperial force alone having taken possession of a small island in front of Itapira, and about half way across the river, the Paraguayans attempted to dislodge them, and being rebuffed a force of about 300 men in 20 canoes, paddled steadily across the channel and landed a little before dawn close to a battery of nine rifled guns recently erected by the Brazilians; the pickets, however, saw them in time, and having given the alarm, the garrison, consisting of nearly the same number of men as the enemy, were quickly formed in line of battle, and as the Paraguayans drew into the Brazilians poured a murderous volley into their ranks and following it up by a battery charge, drove them to the beach, killing over 200 of them, taking 64 prisoners, 20 canoes, and 120 muskets. The Brazilian loss is reported as 43 killed and 128 wounded.

On April 27 another battle took place. The allied army, 18,000 strong, had invaded Paraguay. The Paraguayans attacked them with considerable bravery and great intensity, as usual, but only brought 5000 men to the field, who were completely routed, losing two pieces of artillery, one flag, a great number of muskets, and about 400 men killed and wounded. The Brazilian loss was 40 killed and 200 wounded. Itapira was then abandoned by the Paraguayans.

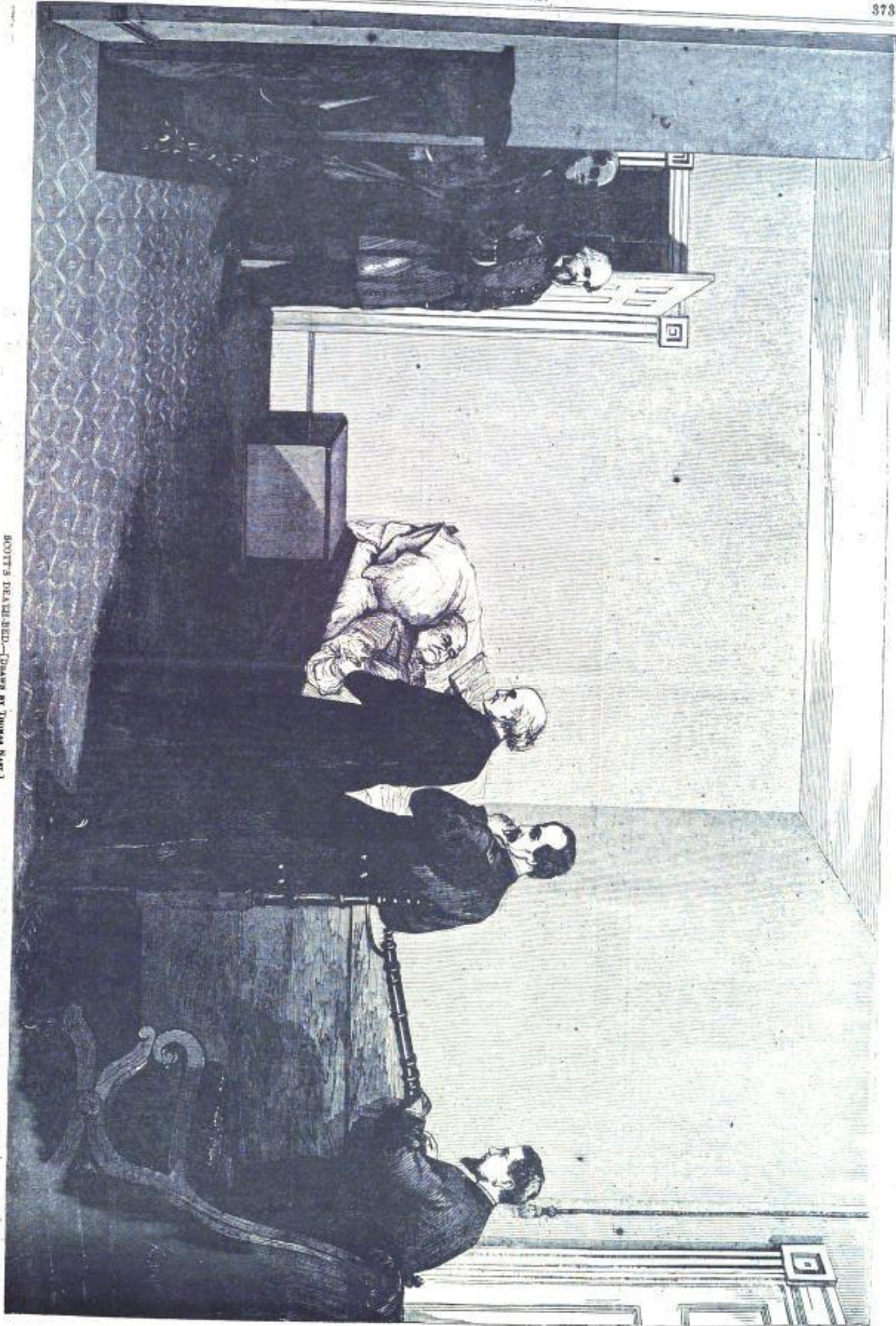
THE GERMAN QUARREL.

At the latest advice the German question was still unsettled, nor was any thing definite known concerning the proposed Congress. Meanwhile, peace demonstrations on a large scale were taking place in Prussia, and serious disturbances were reported, occasioned by calling out the reserves. In Italy the war spirit was enthusiastic and general. Volunteers were flocking by thousands to take their part in the war for the liberation of Venice.

Notwithstanding rumors current, the *Springer Post* says the marriage of Princess Helena, with Prince Christian will take place on the 25th of July.



WINFIELD SCOTT.



SCOTT'S DEAD-BED.—[DRAWN BY THOMAS HART.]

ODE BY A BROOKLYNITE.

She came like a beautiful vision
To brighten the night of my care,
Her dress was arranged with precision,
In ringlets descended her hair.
In a stage on its way to the ferry
We met, as is usual, by chance;
'Neath the spell of her glances my very
Soul sank into amorous trance.
Alas! how by rude fate are banished
Illusions we'd willingly nurse!
I started—my vision had vanished,
And so had my watch and my purse.

IN DISGUISE.

"What's the matter with your head, Cato?"
"Berry obligin' for massa to ask. Burnt um, sah, totin a kettle o' cruller fat for Dinah, but Miss Mira put some salve on it, done it a heap o' good. Eber's so berry kind to ebery body, is Miss Mira."
"Yes, kind to ebery one but me. I thought that as I rode through the gate Cato held wide open, and, dismounting, bang him the reins; kind to the servants in the kitchen; the dog who came limping to the door; to buggar and wandering tramp; to guest, and kin, and stranger; to ebery body and ebery thing but me—to where she should have been kindest of all; for I loved her, loved her as men love who only love once in their lives. Even then my heart was beating furiously to feel myself so near her. My step quickened, I bang the door wide open and strode in. I heard my aunt cry, 'It's Paul!' I heard my uncle utter the same words pleasantly, and a furious, tumultuous larking and leaping told me that Nep had awakened from his nap upon the rug to greet his master. In a moment more the red light of the open fire had flashed upon me, and I grasped two plump old hands.
"Really we were anxious about you!" cried my aunt. "We expected you yesterday. How is your mother, and why didn't Nina come with you?"
"Then, before I could answer, my uncle said, 'Just in time for dinner, my boy. Let's talk it over at the table. Why, Mira, any one would fancy you did not see your cousin.'
"I'm sure he's large enough," said Mira, counting her stitches as she sat at crocheting work. "How are you, Paul? I told them you'd come back again, like a bad penny."

I nodded carelessly, and stooped to pat the fawning dog, begging mutely for a caress. Poor comfort it was, yet, after all, some little, to know that Mira never guessed how much I cared for her. I was as careless in my manner to her as she was to me. I imitated her as thoroughly as good-breeding would allow in one of my sex, and said again and again, "At least, I can take the secret to my grave with me. The girl shall not triumph, as she would, in my pain."
I had whistled Nep out of the room, and followed my old uncle to the dining-parlor. I suppose no one could have guessed that I was any thing but happy as I chatted of my journey and gave Nina's excuses for absence. "She is to be bridesmaid for a friend," said I; "and there are dresses to be made, and I know not what to do, before the day arrives."
"Who is the bride?" asked my aunt.
"Lilla Newcome."
"And you the bridesmaid, eh?" chirruped Mira.
"I?"
"Why, we heard you adored Lilla."
"I've always admired her."
"And she has jilted you?"
"Not so bad as that."
"Let me sympathize with you."
"Not at all; there are other pretty Misses in the world."
I said that because Mira was as dark as any Cato.

"A blonde? Hear him, aunt. Had I yellow hair and blue eyes I'd have the grace to admire brunettes."
"We can't help our fancies," said I, who absolutely disliked light coloring.
"Of course not; now, if you were not fair."
"Well?"
"I'll tell you how I admire dark men."
"Don't stop for that. I shouldn't care."
Her black eyes danced. "You'll see my idea of perfection to-night," said she. "Captain Earnly."
"I have seen the gentleman."
"By-the-way, I promised to play something for him to-night," said Mira, "and if I don't practice I shan't be able to remember it. Excuse me, will you, good folks?" and away she tripped, leaving us in the midst of dessert.
Captain Earnly did call that evening, and she played for him, and sang with him. He told her stories of his prowess as a soldier, and she was wondrously interested. He mentioned his wounds, and she pitied him with voice and eyes. I thought him an affected coxcomb. She evidently considered him a hero of the first water.
I sat on the porch without the window, smoking and chatting with my uncle. Once or twice I thought of the Spartan boy's fox gnawing and tearing at his bottom. So my love tore me, and so I hid it—better to die of it than have it seen.
She was not my cousin by blood, that dark-eyed Mira—only my uncle's adopted child. No tie of relationship stood between us, for though cousins we had I scarcely think they ever loved very truly. She was the very realization of my dream of girlish beauty. She was ebery thing I had ever hoped to see; and when coming back from that long journey, in which I had well-nigh "put a girl's record about the world," I found her altered from a romping child to what she was. I knew my fate was sealed; and for a little while she had been so kind to me that I had been made a fool of.
It was very different now. She had banded up Cato's black hand. She sighed over the black-haired Captain's striped scratches. Yet six months before I had been wounded nearly unto death by an

accident, and her first greeting on my convalescence was, "You careless wretch, the only wonder is you didn't manage to cut your arm quite off, and make a fright of yourself for life! I've no patience with people who can't look where they are going. You'll break your back yet, and end your days in a wheel chair."

"Let me keep the use of my feet at least, so long as I am to dwell within reach of your voice," said I; and we passed for a couple of unobtrusive jesters.
Sometimes, in my character of cousin, I used to act as Mira's escort. Odd enough it was to see how tired she grew of me. How any stranger seemed better company than I. And some day, when she had been wooed and won, perhaps by the Captain biding over her at the piano, I should shake hands and utter some careless congratulation, and she would nod adieu to me, and we should part forever. Strange enough, all of it, when I remembered how I actually felt toward her.

The Captain was going. He had looked at his duty watch. "Shocking to think how late it was—How lightly falls the foot of Time that only treads on flowers!" and, with a quotation and a bow and a glance at Mira, the room was empty of him. It was a relief to me.

Mira had resumed herself at the piano. I snatched in and sat near her. "Will you sing something for me?" I asked. "This sweet old thing for instance?" and I tossed "Love No" upon the piano.
"Sweet old things are tiresome, and I am tired," said Mira; and if she could have read my soul she could not have blushed more deeply. Perhaps she was thinking of the Captain.

"If you could only hear Nina's friend, Miss Deane, sing that," said I, affecting to yawn.
"Another blonde?"
"A lovely one."

"Ah!" and laughing she arose, and going out upon the porch gathered two or three rose-buds. Not because she wanted them, I think, but merely in a idle mood. As she passed me afterward one dropped from her bosom at my feet. I left it lying there, but came back with slippered feet an hour after to find it, and kiss it, and sleep with it against my heart. A silly, romantic thing for a man of thirty to do. Yet I did it nevertheless.

So ended my first evening at Oakdell. I had hoped for nothing else, yet always I felt a new pang. I wondered why I came there so often, as I looked at the summer sun rising over the distant hills next morning, and vowed, as I had vowed before, never to come again.

My uncle was busy with rod and line as I entered, and we were to pass a long, bright day beside the trout streams. At four Cato was to drive the ladies down, and we were to go home together in the carriage. Despite my resolution I found myself anxious for their coming as the day wore on, and when, with the sound of wheels, my uncle cried, "That's Mira's laugh!" my heart beat at the sound of the musical ripple, and I forgot the rod I held entirely. I can see it yet, the mountain stream spanned by a rustic bridge beyond the tiny waterfall, amber and green where it caught the sunlight. About us mighty trees, making a nook dark and solemn as a Druid temple, and on the other side of the bridge a white road, winding ribbon-like away, up which the carriage came, whirled toward us by two ebony horses.

They had brought some one with them. A young farmer, beardless and gruff of voice. Certainly not my superior in any way. Yet how attentive Mira was to him! How pleasantly she listened to his account of his last fishing-excursion! When he called across to me:
"Had 'y luck?"
She answered for me.
"Of course not, cousin Paul never catches any thing or shoots any thing. Basket and game-bag are both inevitably empty."
"How, how! Now that ain't true, is it?" roared the farmer.
"I shan't contradict a lady," said I.
"We'd I would if she said that to me," said the gentleman. "She couldn't though; I always see lack. Haw, haw!"

I flushed scarlet. Certainly it is no crime to fall in catching a fish or shooting a bird; but no man likes to have his failings in these particulars remarked upon by a girl, who evidently despises him for them, in the hearing of a roaring lust who prides himself upon his skill, and that day my basket was empty indeed.
I hung my rod away in a few moments and wandered into the woods. Mira's laugh followed me for a long while. Now and then the coarse howl, haw! of her companion. Even to such a brute she was complaisant. I ground my teeth and kicked innocent pebbles mercilessly, and was muttering savagely to myself when a jovial "Hallo, Paul!" fell upon my ear, and before me stood Ben Hillgrove. Black-eyed, merry, water-loving Ben, who seemed to be always in a boat, just going to step into a boat, or just stepped out of a boat, when he was not on board his yacht.

"I've been looking for you, Paul!" he cried. "Some of my college friends, the best fellows you ever met, are going out in the *Natty Hillgrove* to-morrow; you must come with us. You shan't say no, as you always do. I'll not listen to it."
"I intend to say yes, and thank you," said I, quickly; and Ben tossed up his cap. I could have tossed mine also in my joy at being so readily provided with an excuse to run away from Mira, laughing at me with her beehive secret.

"We go on board to-night at nine, and have supper in the cabin," said Ben. "You'll be there?"
"Yes," I said.
"Good-by until that time, then," said Ben. "You know where she lies? I thought so. Don't fail," and he was off like a shot.

They were waiting for me when I returned to the river-side. Miss Mira and her escort chose to taze me about my long delay. It was all of a piece with the rest. I stung her back a retort that sounded merry enough, and climbed to a seat beside Cato. It was a pleasure to take the reins from his hands

and drive the horses home at their full speed. The heading race did me good. Once there I hastily repeated Ben's invitation. "But you are not going?" said my aunt. "You've but just come to us."
"I can not refuse Ben this time," I said; "indeed I can not, aunt."

"Why should you, my boy?" asked my uncle.
"Why indeed, mamma?" said Mira. "Imagine the luxury of living a week in an atmosphere of smoke and whisky, afar from civilized society!"
"Pretty high parties some o' them yachting crew," said the farmer. "Every one to his taste, though."

"No," say I. "I leave you to keep each other company," I answered, and left Mira and her Orson together.
At nine I was as merry as the rest in Ben Hillgrove's pretty cabin over a supper that would not have disgraced Delmonico's.

At dawn the yacht was on her way, as graceful and fair a thing as sailed the waters.
Had we too much smoke and whisky aboard? Were Ben and his crew not after all the sailors they thought themselves? I can hardly answer. I was conscious with suppressed emotion, ready for any wild excitement. The rest were reckless, merry, high-living young fellows all of them. I only remember this positively. We had three days of calm, bright weather, then a storm began to gather; we went on deck to watch it, we admired the sky and sea, and rejoiced in the excitement of the tempest. We were at supper when it was at its worst that night. Later, every man save Ben and the sailors was in his berth.

I slept soundly. I was awakened by some one shaking me by the shoulder.
"Who's that?" I cried.
"I, Ben. The *Jeany* is sinking, Paul! Can you swim?"

"Yes."
"So can every one on board. There's a chance for us. God grant no harm may come to you! It would seem my fault. I induced you to come."

The merry fellow was serious as a deacon now. I grasped his hand and went on deck; strange, startled faces that I hardly recognized looked pale in the flickering lantern light. One, a young fellow of twenty, stood close to me.

"I don't fear death, I hope," he said, turning to me. "I'm no more a coward than most men; but there's a girl at New Haven who'll take it hard, I'm afraid, if this is the last of me—and no boat can live in such a sea. I'd like to see her once again;" and his voice choked into a husky whisper and he turned away.

It gave me no comfort to know that Mira would not grieve for me.
We took to the boat in a blinding, howling tempest. Half an hour after the yacht went down. I remember nothing else.

"He's a comin' to."
"Lord be praised. I thought he was gone!"
"Be ye better, Mister?"

I opened my eyes. I was lying upon the sea-board in the light of dawning day. Some roughly-clad, weather-beaten people were beside me. One held a flask of liquor to my mouth. I remembered all in an instant, and feebly gasped, "Where are the rest?"

"Your mates?" asked a man.
"Yes—my friends."
"Don't tell him," whispered a woman, and I knew the worst. An hour later I saw the three who had been tossed on shore with me lying decently cared for in a fisherman's shanty. Ben, with his black eyes closed forever. The youth who had spoken of his sweet-heart, and a young Virginian who had seemed the merriest of all. I am not ashamed to say I wept as I bent over them. Those about me, used as they were to the perils of the sea, seemed to feel grieved and heart-stricken.

"They're all so young, you see," sobbed an old woman—"mother's boys, no doubt, every one of them!"

And now, as I grew stronger, I felt it my duty to hasten back to Oakdell, bearing the sad news. A train passed through the village at noon, and I availed myself of it. The moon was rising when it stopped at the familiar station, and I started on foot for my uncle's home, wondering, if some survivors had not already brought the news, how I could break it to Ben's old mother.

The house was unusually dark as I approached; no light in the parlor, none in the library. The gloom which wrapped it told me that the news had come. As I opened the gate softly I heard Cato's voice.
"Yes, Dinah, it's true 'nuff. De gentleman knows de odor heat went down. We shan't neither see Massa Paul until we goes to Glory."
Then black Dinah sobbed.
"Missus takes it berry hard, don't she?" asked Cato.

"Gone to bed—won't eat nor nuffin'," said Dinah. "She loved Massa Paul like her own son. Oh, dis is a dreadful world, Cato!"

"Can't hab no kids, Dinah," said Cato, piously. "Oh get out wid growin'!" said Dinah. "Tears you can't hab nuffin'. I wonders folks was born jes for trouble."

I stole past the kitchen window and into the house. All dark and silent on the lower floor. Only at the end of the hall, in a little room called mine, I saw the glimmer of a lamp. I went toward it. I pushed the door further ajar and looked in.

In the middle of the room, upon the floor, sat Mira. Nep stood beside her, and her face was hidden in his shaggy coat. Both arms were about his neck, and she was talking to him. I listened.

"Oh, Nep!" she sobbed. "It can't be true, can it? The blue eyes shot, and the fair hair all wet and dank at the bottom of the sea? The voice dumb, and that great heart still? It's a dream, Nep! He'll come back yet! It is a wicked lie, Nep!"

The dog gave a sort of low moan. I retreated still. "Oh no!" I heard her say. "It's folly to hope. You are happier than I, Nep. He loved

you and he cared nothing for me. He patted you on the head when you parted. He left you with a sneer. He didn't know I loved him as well as you, Nep, though not so humbly. Oh, Paul! Paul! can you be dead? You, my life, my love, my darling!"

She sprang to her feet, wringing her hands. I pushed the door wider. The creaking of the hinges startled her; she turned and screamed,
"Oh, Paul! Paul!"

Then the red blood rushed to her face, and her voice rang out,
"You? I thought it a ghost. So you are not drowned! Reserved for another fate which shall be nameless. I hope you are content, now you've nearly frightened mamma to death. Go and repeat yourself at once, Sir?"

Go? Nay, no place for me but at her feet. I knelt there humbly. I caught her hand, I kissed it. Her dark face grew proud and cold.
"You shall not pretend to hate me any longer," I said. "It is useless, Mira; I've been beside the door too long."

"And heard a little play acted for your benefit," she answered. "I heard you coming, and— Yes, Sir, I did—don't insult me by doubting that—"

She broke down and burst into tears. She struggled passionately, but I held her tight. Humbled by her humiliation, I told her all. My love, my longing, my pain at her coldness. The anguish the belief that she cared nothing for me had given me so long. And at last the struggle ceased, the head dropped low upon my shoulder, and I held Mira to my heart, and kissed her fondly, for she was mine, and I here until death parted us.

Then she left me to break the news of my safe return to the old people.

Those who had been saved had told of the fate of the other boat, and there was no need of my telling the truth to Ben's mother. I had only to tell her where his body lay. Three were sad days for me despite my own happiness. But they passed, and were half-forgotten, as other woes may be so quickly, before, her bridesmaid duties being over, Nina came to us from the city. She saw Mira and myself walking hand in hand and smiled. An hour after, when the girls had been shut up together in their room, she came to me.

"I'm so glad, Paul!" she said.
"Thank you, darling."
"It is meet for Mira's sake. I know she loved you, Paul."

"Did she tell you so?"
"No; she told I saw it."
"And never spoke to me?"

"Paul, one woman's secret should be holy to another, and I never guessed you loved her."
And so that girl of sixteen had read the heart of the other girl a fortnight while it was a blank to me; and the two had kept the secret that was my very life from me, not guessing mine.

And seeing each other daily we had yet only looked upon masked faces, and, taking lives for life and pride for scorn, had worked ourselves mad with grief, and we might have joyed for these days, and months, and years.

I thought of that when I next took Mira's hand in mine. I thought of it when I stood with her at the altar. I think of it often now, though I have called her wife so many years that, looking out upon the lawn, I see a younger Mira walking with her lover in the twilight—a Mira who calls my Mrs "mother."

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER V.

As yet so bright morning hour crept on, and for a while nobody spoke. Mrs. May sat still and silently, a glance only at the children now and then telling where her thoughts were at work; and Clever, too, broke off her thread and passed it through the eye of her needle, and wrought a bar overhand seam with noiseless, patient industry. As for Lily she had quitted the subject of seeds and gardens, with the difficult questions of hard, half-hard, and tender; and now gave all her attention to a fringe of long icicles that hung glittering in the sun from the top of the low window. The new world was very bright that morning—clear, cold, and yet with a certain mingling of the softness of spring with the splendor of winter that was very charming. Chick-a-dees whistled about among the leafless branches in utter glee and good-humor; hopeful song-sparrows turned up their long snooded voices; and the gray cat on the fence watched them both, her teeth chattering with eager desire instead of the cold. Mat, the rough Skye terrier, was out for an airing, and sat in very contemplative mood on the gravel-walk—perhaps musing what had become of the snow.

All this while little Princess sat still, with her head against her mother's knee, and her eyes fixed on one particular half page of the Catalogue. At last, with a long breath, she looked up.
"Mamma, if you'd just tell me about the seeds things, and the half-hardy things, and all that, I could understand it in a minute. But it puzzles me so!"

"You're to study the Catalogue, Priss," said Lily. "Mamma, only do just look at these things!"

"I've been studying the Catalogue," said Princess; "and it says, 'Hardy annuals are those that may be sown very early in the spring in the open ground.' I think I understand that. And another flower the first season, and these other things—annuals—don't; I understand that too. But why won't the half-hardy ones endure frost?"

"Pussy goes and sleeps all night in the barn," said Mrs. May; "could you keep warm there?"
"No indeed, mamma."
"And suppose your aunt Kate should put her cuntry out to roost with the chickens?"

"Why, I think it would freeze to death before morning," said Primrose.

"Yes, for it is tender; but the chickens are hardy. And Puss is hardy, and so is Mat. Look at him—a few minutes ago he lay here by the fire, and now he sits out there in the cold wind without even a sign of great-coat or mittens."

"Mat in mittens!" said Prim, with a laugh.

"But I think he has a great-coat—dear old Mat!" said Lily; "only it's more shaggy than any man's coat."

"It is just the same that he wore here by the fire," said Mrs. May. "But he is hardy—he can bear the cold."

"And you're half-hardy, and must be wrapped up," said Lily.

"Yes, and just so it is with plants. Some are perfectly hardy, and the frost can do them no harm."

"Those are the great strong plants, I suppose," said Lily—"the trees and bushes."

"Not always," said her mother. "Some trees will die in our Northern winter, while the little daffodil pushes its soft leaves right up through the frozen ground, in the midst of snow and ice and bitter winds. It is something in the nature of each plant, something derived from its native soil and air that makes it hardy, or half-hardy, or tender."

"What do you mean by its native soil, mamma?" said Clover, laying down her work.

"Are plants of different nations too, like people?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. May; "and with strong national differences. Geraniums, for instance—the green-house pelargoniums, which we call geraniums—with their glowing colors and rich leaves, are native Africans; they grow in tropical heat, where long creeping vines make ladders up and down the cliffs for the wild monkeys."

"Geraniums and monkeys?" said Lily; "oh, splendid!"

"Mamma," cried little Primrose, "how lovely it must be!"

"Not very—the monkey part of it," said her mother, smiling. "For indeed they are many of them not true monkeys but large baboons—very ugly and very mischievous."

"How large, mamma?" said Lily, who had a great weakness for every thing like a monkey.

"Some as large as a mastiff, and much stronger—of a dark brown color, with black heads and feet, a violet-bird face, and gray whiskers."

"What objects!" said Lily, laughing.

"And the geraniums, mamma?" said Clover.

"They just help to set off the strangeness and ugliness of the monkeys. In the mountains about the Cape of Good Hope, among the heights and passes, the cliffs are covered with wild creepers; the long trailing stems and runners making a complete net-work. Not a net-work of bare stems, but all hung with rich foliage and brilliant flowers; and scattered here and there among them is a wilderness of geraniums and other superb tropical plants."

"What a nice time the baboons must have!" said little Primrose, giving a sigh to the geraniums.

"A very nice time! You can see them in troops of four or five hundred, sitting on the rocks, or climbing up and down the perpendicular cliffs by means of these 'monkey ladders' like so many boys in a wild school of gymnastics."

"And they're all 'tender,' I suppose," said Clover—"the geraniums and the monkeys and their leaders and all."

"All tender—not one could bear our winter climate; while, on the other hand, we and our violets and snow-drops could as little endure the fierce heat of South Africa."

"Then plants and animals are tender or hardy just according to the heat of the land they belong to," said Clover.

"Very much so. The coconut-tree and the palm will not grow here in the open air, nor our apple and cherries in South Africa or New Zealand. The parrots never come to our northern States, even in summer, while the little snow-bird wings its way to the very shores of the Arctic Sea and there builds its nest."

"How beautiful it is, mamma!" said Clover.

"Hardy, half-hardy, and tender—the words have such a new meaning to me now. The birds that stay here all winter are hardy, and so are the squirrels, and the oaks, though they lose their leaves; and the roots of the grass, deep down in the ground. But my hyacinth blossoms will not bear a bit of cold, nor most of my other plants."

"Clover talks as if they were all growing already," said Lily, with a laugh. "But, after all, it's very interesting, of course, but I don't see what it has to do with our gardens, nor why Sam made such a fuss about our learning it."

"Oh, don't you?" said Clover, her eyes sparkling with pleasure and interest. "Why, Lily, we've got to make a climate for these tender things; it won't do to plant 'em right out in the cold ground."

"Make a climate!" said Lily, rather scornfully. "I should like to know how!"

"So should I, very much," said Clover; "but I suppose Sam can tell us."

"Well, I don't see the use of much fuss with our gardens, after all," said Lily. "I want just pleasure out of mine; and if I've got to learn first what the climate is, and then make it, for every thing, I might as well be at a geography lesson."

"Oh!" Clover exclaimed, but suddenly checked herself and went on with her sewing.

"I don't want to begin with it, say way," said Lily. "I'd rather take the fun first and the study afterward."

And silence came again, while the two needles made quick passes to and fro, and Lily watched her lace-fringe, now melting drop by drop.

"Mamma," said little Primrose, "how would you begin?"

"Begin what?"

"Our gardens, mamma."

"I suppose I should begin—as I do every thing—with asking God's help," said Mrs. May.

"Mamma, would you?" said Lily, from the window, while Clover again dropped her work. "About such little things?"

"Are they too small to need His help? I know no such things."

"But would he like to have children ask him about their gardens?" said Primrose, wistfully.

"About any thing, dear, in which they wish for His blessing. Who can make the seeds grow? who can bring forth the flowers in their beauty?"

"And you were thinking of us, too, mamma, were you not?" said Clover, softly. "About our seedling help?"

"Yes," said her mother, "for with every pleasure or sorrow, every success and every disappointment, some little opportunity for good, little temptations to evil; we may please God, or we may disappoint him. And even alone in our own little gardens of sweet flowers we have need to pray: 'Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.'"

Mrs. May rose up and left the room, leaving the children to their thoughts.

"Temptations!" Lily repeated. "Well, I suppose I shall know 'em when they come, though I don't see where they're to come from. But I must look over my list again, to see if I want to make any changes. Let's have the Catalogue, Prim."

And the lists were made out that very evening, with some alterations, and sealed up ready for the post.

"You see I had to change some things, Sam," Lily explained; "for every time Jack sees me he calls out 'Snap-dragon! best and brightest varieties, mixed!' just as if he was a waiter on a steamboat. And I'm sick of the very name."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Tax lawyers of to-day seem not unlike those who scribbled in the time of "rare Ben Jonson." For in one of his dramas he alludes to the "men of that large profession," as those

"Who could speak
To every cause, and change some contracts,
Till they were hoarse again, yet all be less."

Reasoning from analogy, we have no doubt that if a case were brought into court depending upon the important question "Is black white?" it would be clearly proved so to be by some skillful advocate, if not in Whately's most approved style of

"Black is a color;
White is a color; therefore,
Black is white?"

the point would be established in some other equally laud manner.

The other day the captain of a certain vessel was arrested on the charge of having violated the new law for the prevention of cruelty to animals. The complainant stated that the captain had brought a cargo of turtles from Florida, and that the turtles were confined in a very cruel manner, "having holes bored through their feet and made run through to secure them." It was, however, earnestly reported "that the prisoner's counsel would move for a discharge of his client on the ground that turtles are not animals." Quite a brilliant idea is that! It would not be difficult to prove that statement from Worcester, who says that an animal is a "living, sensitive creature," etc. Now who is the man who, in a pre-emptory state, has been a turtle, and can upon oath affirm that a turtle is "sensitive?" It is perfectly plain that the thing can't be proved! Oh, perhaps, a more consistent argument might be, & in Whately:

Some animals are vegetables;
Turtles are not vegetables; therefore,
Turtles are not animals.

Recently, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will soon have their hands full of business. People are beginning to realize that many things have hitherto been allowed altogether contrary to the law of humanity. Commemorative coins in from various quarters, indicating that the public mind is waking up upon this subject. One unfilial the horrible tortures that animals—helpless victims to the cruel science—receive at the hands of surgeons. Another protests against the cruelty of some individuals who "made a horse trot twenty miles in 30 minutes and 30 seconds." Another still, pleads for the dogs who are ill-treated while being trained to perform tricks; and states a case of retrospective justice, which, however, occurred not in America but in Switzerland. It appears that a man brutally beat a little dog which would not obey his order, and while doing so, one of his large dogs sprang forward, seized him by the throat, and bit him so severely that he died on the following day.

In due time we shall reap the benefit of all the efforts now being made, and soon and sure to be paid less frequently than they have been hitherto.

Many who had looked forward to a summer at Saratoga will deeply regret the loss of Congress Hall. There are indications that the fire was the work of an incendiary. Can not some of these wretched criminals, who are spreading destruction abroad, be brought to justice? There is little doubt but that the destruction of the Academy of Music has made somebody guilty of arson in the first degree.

A friend sends us the following "bit."

"Not long since, while in the country, I met a lady who had recently visited New York, and was especially interested in the Central Park. After dining for some time upon the various subjects of interest within the Park, she inquired:

"Do you know what Miller is buried there?"

"Unwilling to hurt the good woman's feelings, and yet puzzled how to reply, I hesitated; but was relieved by her saying:

"The name was S. C. Miller, and I thought perhaps he might be a relative of the Millers in this vicinity."

"The best of Miller had attracted her attention, but she read the name after a fashion of her own."

A somewhat similar mistake was made by a lady, who after examining the statue of the "White Captive," and scrutinizing the article's name—"Palmer, S. C."—which was engraved in one corner, remarked:

"So Palmer is a Southerner?"

"Oh no," said a friend, "he is from Albany."

"But don't you see his name, Palmer, S. C., South Carolina?"

The following occurs a moral with it:

"A married officer, on arriving at the Carrage, whether he had been ordered to join his regiment, wrote to his wife that he had 'formed a connection with a very agreeable man, and intended to spend the summer very pleasantly.' Unfortunately, and greatly to the surprise and mortification of his good lady, he inadvertently dotted the letter e in the word *man*."

The moral is, send your dots in writing. Some other things should be watched at the same time also, as is indicated by this "bit"—which we slip from a city newspaper:

"If the gentleman who keeps a shop in Cedar Street with a red head, will return the umbrella he borrowed from a lady with an ivory handle, he will hear of something to his advantage."

Lastly, it is not unwise to cross one's "F's" in writing, one mistake may occur, as in the case of the merchant

who wrote to his agent, who was cruising around the coast of Africa, to send him two monkeys. Now the merchant was somewhat deficient in orthography, so he spelled two, "two" and so he omitted to cross his "f's," the agent, with some surprise, read the order, "two monkeys." At length one of the merchant's vessels came into port—the deck, masts, and rigging all alive with grinning faces. The puzzled merchant read the agent's letter with a still more puzzled brain:

"Dear Sir,—I have of March 29 received. I send fifty monkeys. Have found it very difficult to procure so large a number. Will endeavor to fill out the balance of your order, and forward by next ship."

Yours truly,
JOHN BARRA."

Celebrated people, especially poets, often suffer strange passions as the price of their popularity. In the "Life Letters" of Mrs. Edgeworth the epistle of the immortal "request" that came to her, and gives some quotations from a record that she attempted to keep for a while. The following are a sample:

"A famous lyric for a scholar when he should die, he being now well and pushing on well."

"The owner of a canary-bird, which had accidentally been starved to death, whose some elegant verses."

"To purchase a manuscript volume of three hundred pages, the author having always had a distaste to the business of publication, finding that it brings on a 'pain in the back of the neck.'"

"To prepare the manuscript of a colored preacher, of whose character and abilities I was ignorant."

"Desired to assist a servant-man, not very well able to read, in getting his Sunday-school lessons, and to 'write out all the answers for him, clear through the book, to save his time.'"

"A motto for the loss of a second wife, fortified by the argument that I had composed one at the death of the first."

A Portland (Maine) paper says that a patent has been secured by a gentleman in that vicinity which will make a complete revolution in applying buttons to garments. By this invention buttons can be attached to any part of wearing apparel without the use of thread. The invention consists solely in making the button with a spiral wire to be inserted into the cloth like a cork-screw, and they pressed down flat so as to form a ring to hold the button in place.

A sad story was whispered in Paris not long ago. M. Miller, a Danish poet, who had lived for the last fifteen years in Paris, died suddenly at Rome. He was poor; he had raised his eye reading by the gas-lights of the cafe, and writing in his chamber by candle-light, and was ordered to Normandy in Rome as a lunatic, and sent to a mad-house, where he died in two or three days. It is believed here, as much from loss of liberty as from any thing else.

In regard to summer fashions there is no lack of styles novel and tasteful. For the benefit of those who are preparing for the country, we would say that toilets intended for country and sea-side wear, in fact all those which are made short, are covered with embroidery, or else they are ornamented with handsome braid. Very few dress-makers now make a separate petticoat with these costumes; they rather add round the lower half of the skirt a band, which sometimes a petticoat. The skirt is cut out round the edge either in wavy lines, scallops, or tucks, and these are ornamented with Mexican embroidery, crossed in either gold-colored or scotch silk. On the band of what forms the petticoat, and above the hem, there are two rows of black ribbon-velvet, and between these there is a single row of Mexican embroidery, to correspond with the skirt.

The narrow waistlines beside are found to be so effective that they are used in great profusion as trimmings. They harmonize particularly well with white, black, and blue. They are much admired for ornamenting black silk dresses which are worn over long silk petticoats. The braid is arranged in graceful designs on the bodice, sleeves, and decorative jacket, which accompany the black silk skirt. These braid are also seen in straight lines down every part of the Garibaldi bodice or business blouse. Another popular and rather original manner of using them is to trim the costume's straps which are now used for looping up silk skirts. These are, of course, neither so elegant nor so tasteful as the bands of Algerian and Oriental embroidery, any which are used for the same purpose; but then, on the other hand, they are not nearly so costly.

PEUBRIA AND AUSTRIA.

Peubria was a rebel,
Austria was a thief;
Peubria and Austria
Made a Danish deal.

Peubria said to Austria,
"Leave the swag alone."
Austria said to Peubria,
"When you drop your bones."

Peubria said to Austria,
"You don't mean to go?"
Austria said to Peubria,
"Out of Hottentot! No."

Peubria said to Austria,
"Wherefore do you arm?"
Austria said to Peubria,
"Of you in alarm."

Peubria said to Austria,
"I don't mean to fight."
Austria said to Peubria,
"My intention quite."

Peubria said to Austria,
"Drop your warlike game."
Austria said to Peubria,
"When you do the same."

Peubria said to Austria,
"What's the end to be?"
Austria said to Peubria,
"Kill me, and you'll see."

Peubria said to Austria,
"Come, this long war's do."
Austria said to Peubria,
"Sir, the same to you."

Peubria said to Austria,
"I'll the deed try."
Austria said to Peubria,
"Thank you, so will I."

A JOKE THAT ISN'T SO GOOD.—What is the difference between the Hebrew idea of a slave and the modern notion of a wash-hand stand?—The former is stated to be "a bawler of wood and drawer of water," while the latter is "a drawer of wood and cover of water."

CULINARY MAXIMS.

To secure light bread—put your flour into the hands of a grocer, and it will be sure to rise.
Ice-cream should be baked in a quick oven.
Domestic "broils" should be avoided.
Don't eat soup with a fork.
Peewees should come to the table with their jackets off—being an exception to the general rule of etiquette.

A ducky who was sent to jail for marrying two wives successively by saying that when he had one she fought him, but when he had two they fought each other.

A fellow out West being asked whether the fellow he was drinking was a good article, replied: "Well, I don't know; I guess so. There is only one queer thing about it: whenever I wipe my mouth I burn a hole in my shirt."

Marked should learn temperance from the moon—the fuller she gets the shorter her horse becomes.

A wag having married a girl named Church, says he has experienced more happiness since he joined the Church than he ever did before.

"You are a colossus; I'll commit you," said an official judge to a noisy person in court. "You have no right to commit a nuisance," said the offender.

Time is said to be money. Certainly; set a few us in paying their debts!

A storkman lately addressed his female auditors as follows: "Be not proud that the blessed Lord paid you sex the distinguished compliment of appearing first to a female after the resurrection, for it was only done that the good things might spread all the sooner."

A pin has as much head as a good many authors, and a great deal more point.

Many a weak-faceted youth has been disgraced and made hollow by the fiery tongue within it.

A wicked editor says that at a church some people clasp their hands so slowly in prayer that they are unable to get them open when the contribution box comes around.

BURIAL OF SCOTT.

BREVET LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT was on the 1st instant interred in the West Point Cemetery, on the banks of the Hudson. It had been the General's intention to spend the summer at Cozzetta's Hotel, according to his custom. The very day he died preparations were being made for his removal to this house, which had been his home for many years. He died, however, at Rock's Hotel, and here his body lay in state until the funeral, which took place in the Post Chapel.

In the morning the body was taken to the chapel, across the West Point parade, without any other retinue than the guard of honor and a dozen soldiers. The chapel within and without was deeply draped in black. The coffin, which was elevated upon a platform, was of mahogany. It had on either side three silver handles, a rim of silver borders on the covers, and was lined with satin; a silver plate over the breast was circled with a laurel wreath, while the stars of his country's flag were wrapped about the body of the chieftain. The people were then admitted to see the body. Among those who entered for this purpose were several old soldiers who had fought under Scott's years and years ago, and who were moved to tears. This was the single touching picture connected with a funeral otherwise cold and formal.

The funeral services in the chapel, which were those usual in Episcopal burial, were held at noon. There were present at the ceremony our most prominent military characters, Lieutenant-General GRANT, General MEADE, HOWARD, SCOTT, THOMAS, Vice-Admiral FARRAGUT, Captain WOODRUF, and others. A Congressional delegation was present, among whom were Vice-President FORTY, and Speaker COLFAX, FARRAGUT, PALMER, and REBOODEN, of the Navy, and Generals COLLIER, TOWNSEND, SAMPSON, VAN VLIET, DELA-FIELD, and MASON, of the army, officiated as pall-bearers. On the completion of the exercises in the chapel the procession moved to the cemetery under the direction of General MEADE. Commencing at sunrise, minute-guns were fired from Battery Knox until after the interment had taken place. On other pages of our paper will be found an extended sketch of Lieutenant-General Scott's career, with illustrations of his campaigns and of his funeral.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.



An excited father called in great haste on Dr. Abernethy and exclaimed, in an excited manner: "Doctor! Doctor! my boy has swallowed a mouse!" "Then go home," quietly replied the Doctor, "and tell him to swallow a cat!"

MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS.

What sort of a figure does Mary cut when she has left the room?—A poly-gone.

How can you describe the coverage of a road which has ten curves and breaks up!—By a wrack-ledge.

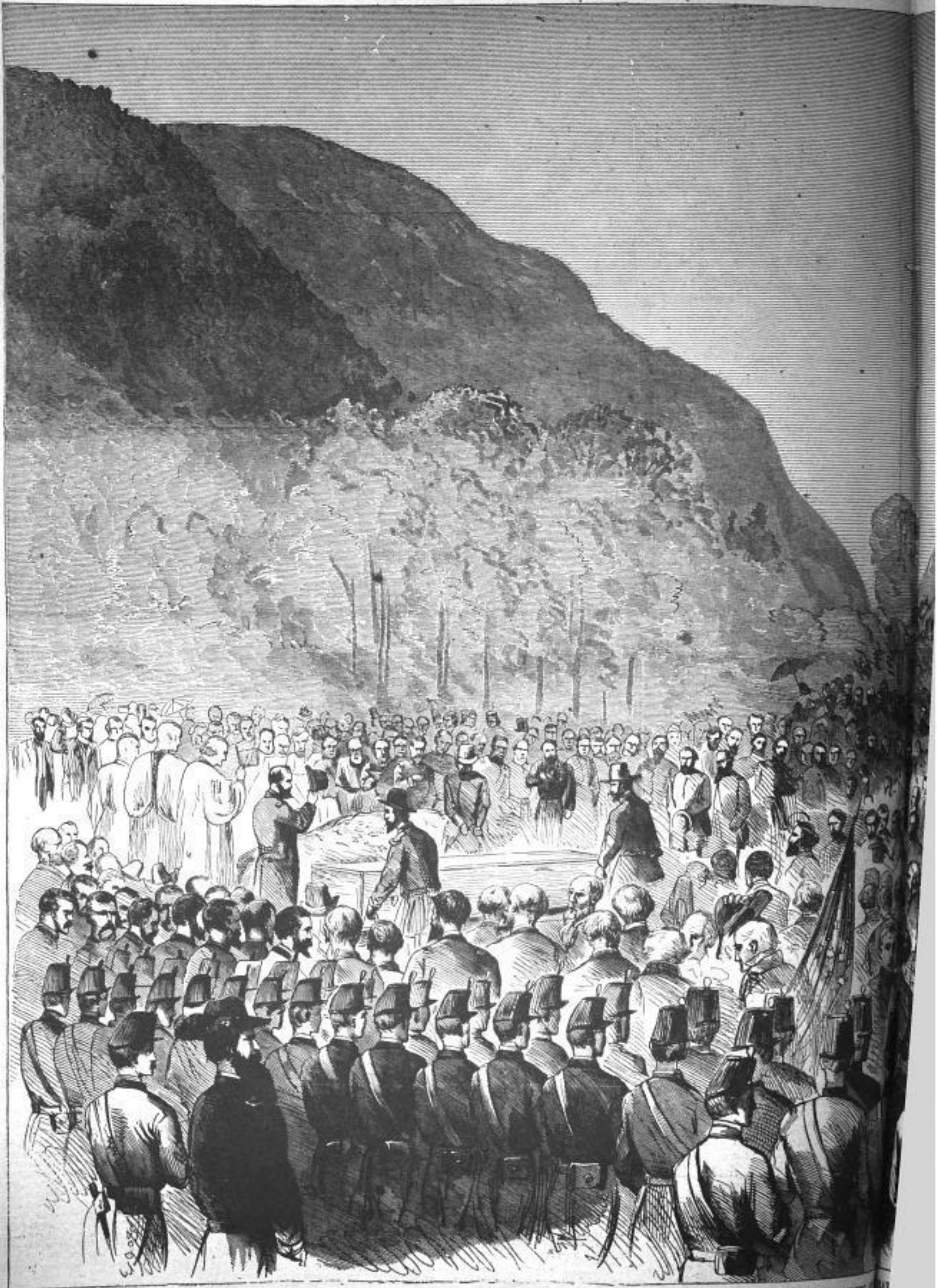
Why should a four-decker, plied for only a couple of weeks on each side, be built with six angles?—Because it's a deck-a-gid.

What is higher and broader when the head is off?—A pillow.

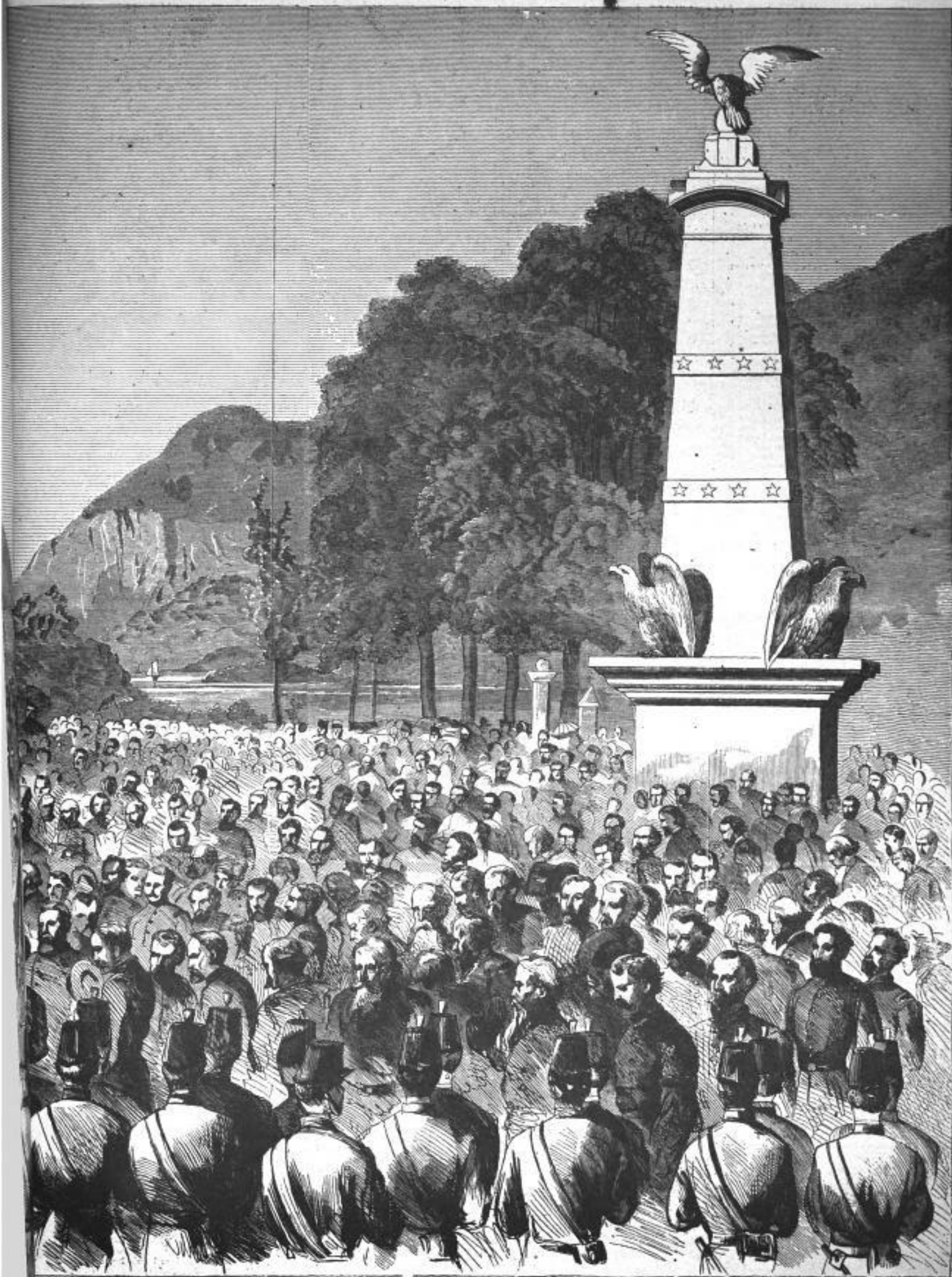
A PARADOX.

As William drew his Susan best
He whispered to his bride:
"Though queer it sounds, I love, my dear,
To live by Suez's side."

It seems to me I have seen your physiognomy somewhere before, but I can not imagine where. "Very likely; I have been the keeper of a prison for the last twenty years."



BURIAL OF SCOTT—SERVICES



E, IN WEST POINT CEMETERY.

"SHALL WE MEET THEM ALL THERE?"

As we raise up our eyes to you azure expanse,
Where the great ocean of light sheds its beams and its
heat,
Or, dimmed by the fast-fleeting clouds which subside
The returning of what we so cheerfully greet;
A "myriad" of "seas" to lead us aloft,
And our spirit, withdrawn, flies upward to where
With deep, smiling thoughts, hearts mournful and soft,
We anxiously ask, "Shall we meet them all there?"

To my Father reveal for the care which he gave
To my earlier days when my thoughts were so wild;
When I took little note of the future to care
The fast-gliming hours which were spent as a child.
With a deep, anxious look from his oft-shining eye,
He would tell me, "Dear boy, you will soon be a man.
I shall soon leave you here—I also must die,
Pray think of my words, and so learn while you can."

To my Mother beloved—can I add to that name?
Beloved—its scars tell all I feel in my heart!
Could I see her once more—she still be the same
As in childhood I knew her—then with her depart!
Ah! that dear mother's face is still fresh in my sight,
Though her spirit is veiled from my weak, mortal eye;
And I feel that the beams of your heavenly light
Are a pathway which leads me to her in the skies.

To my Sister, long since laid in peace by her side;
And oh as my thoughts wander back to that hour,
I remember her then—both the joy and the pride
Of our home, of our parents—a fresh-budding flower.
Still a child, without knowing the wiles of this life,
She was taken away to the far Spirit-land,
Where innocents reign, free from sinning or strife,
To be one of the pure in that heavenly band.

To my Brother, the eldest—the hopes of our home,
Given up to his plow, with a proud, noble heart;
We bade him farewell when his comrades all came,
And the sound of the drum bade our sorrows depart.
But he has far away on the side of the hill,
Where they heavily hid his remains from their feet;
Though so dear to me now is the grave which they fill,
Still I wish they were here, where our own they grew.

To a beautiful world—withstanding the grief
Which commingles so much in the joys of this life;
And it tells us that these are but passing and brief,
While the pleasures to come know no sorrow nor strife.
There's another, beyond us, around us, above,
Where Death never enters—there's nothing to fear;
Where that "mystical" will o'er blind us in love,
And we anxiously ask—"Shall we meet them all there?"
CANTONMENT, February 17, 1866. J. P. R.

HOME FROM THE SEA.

In the second quarter of the eighteenth century
Jotham Beverly resided on Nantucket Island, with-
in a stone's-throw of the present village of Siascon-
set, and barely a mile from the ruined light-house
on Beverly beach. At that time the inhabitants
of the island were very few—numbering only a few
hundred, and they were even more rude and hardy
than they are at the present time. At the date of
the commencement of my story the Indians, it is
true, had deserted their ancient fishing-wa-
tion; but the markets for their white successors
were far away, the sperm-trade was yet in its in-
fancy—or, at least, in its early youth—the sterile
soil gave response to the impertinence of the hu-
bandman only after long and patient toil; and, in
fact, the inhabitants of Nantucket—all pursuing
the fisheries for a livelihood—were the roughest
and most primitive of Puritans.

But comparative good fortune always seemed to
attend Jotham Beverly. He was a tall, raw-boned,
sandy-haired, grasping Scotchman, good-hearted
withal, and apparently with as much early Yankee
go-aheadness in his little finger as was contained
in all of the heads of the little colony put together.
Jotham's family consisted of three—his wife Mar-
garet, his daughter Jean, and himself.

When Jotham was about forty years of age, and
had lived on the island for a number of years, he
conceived the project, the completion of which was
the great ambition of his after-life. This project
was the building of a light-house. The whale-fish-
eries of Nantucket already had become somewhat
important. Upward of fifty whale-ships were owned
by the islanders, and the principal port had become
a rendezvous for vessels in the same trade from
many sea-ports of the coast. Of course, the peril-
ous nature of Nantucket shoals—to this day so care-
fully avoided and so frequently the cause of wreck—
were even more to be dreaded in that early day, when
the science of navigation was comparatively crude.

Jotham had always been a man of action. When
his project was thoroughly conceived he was rest-
less until he started the work. Obtaining some
legislative recognition and a little—very little—pe-
cuniary assistance from the colonial government, he
slowly procured the necessary tools and appliances,
employed a band of laborers—many of the latter be-
ing negro slaves and Indian squaws from the main
land, and, with little delay, instituted his favorite
scheme.

Jotham's daughter Jean was acknowledged by
all to be the sweetest and the fairest girl in all
Nantucket. Certainly not one of the young fisher-
men ever saw little Jean trip up the hills to look
out for her father's incoming sails, or scatter
through the cabin garden-patch, while her mother
sat spinning in the sunlight by the door, with a
certain longing, and a certain furtive visioning of
a happy home, with a bright wife to make it cheerful
within.

Jean had many lovers too. Strange to say, the
most favored appeared to be a great, hulking, awk-
ward young fellow whose name was Andrew Graef,
whose mother loved the unenviable suspicion of being
a witch, and whose fishing-craft usually met with
the very worst of bad luck. Jean was an uncon-
scionable little flirt. Like most pretty girls, she
was fully conscious of her beauty, and, like very
many of them, the admiration of her charms made
her insensibly vain.

But awkward, hulking Andy Graef seemed to
have found the secret to her esteem, while his
handsome compeer were compelled to be satisfied
with her scorn. True, she even abused Andrew's
folly. Her lover at one time risked his neck to

pluck for her a well-deserved from the face of a pre-
cipitous crag, and then had the little willing torn
to pieces and thrown into his face for his pains. At
another time, Miss Jean lost her amber necklace in
the Devil's Griddle—a dangerous eddy that whirled
between two of the inner reefs—and Andy, recur-
ring the keel-pike, and narrowly escaping drowning
at the same time, was rewarded by a heartless laugh
and a stinging box on the ear, because one of the
miserable beads had become disengaged and ir-
retrievably lost.

But in spite of these and a hundred similar in-
stances of ingratitude, hulking Andy followed his
sweet-heart like a great bearly animal, happy enough
if a little smile would reward him for days of indif-
ference. It was, perhaps, this blind and utter de-
votion upon his part that mostly won upon the girl.
There was more besides, however. For she was not
so vain as not to know and admire the honesty and
goodness of her unsmooth lover's nature; and his utter
contempt for death, when his services were enlisted
in her behalf, was also a qualification which she
must needs respect.

And so the monotony of that humble island life
abbed on in peaceful contentment, while Jotham
Beverly, with his workmen and workwomen, and
his derricks and mortars, went on with the rearing
of his light-house. It arose but slowly. When the
ice and frosts of the severer autumns put an end to
the work for that season only about twenty feet of
the rude but staunch tower were complete. Never-
theless old Jotham was pretty well satisfied. From
the small front lattice of his cabin he could see the
round, dark structure stand high up on the bar, with
the wintry sea frothing and leaping madly, but vain-
ly, at its rocky feet. All through the long winter
he would sit at that lattice, looking over the inner
light, smoking his pipe thoughtfully, and examin-
ing the tower with a critical and loving eye.

When spring returned old Beverly had his la-
bors at work again as early as the weather would
permit, and slowly, little by little, foot by foot the
round, rough tower began to grow into the air.

About this time there came to Nantucket from
Boston a young sea-farer who was known by the
name of Seagrave. He commanded a strange craft,
Seldom before had such a vessel floated in the rocky
harbor of Nantucket. Unlike the clumsy whalers
which frequented those waters, the *Raven*, as this
vessel was called, was a model of symmetry and
beauty. She was a three-masted schooner, rakish-
ly built, and very low in the water, with her hull
painted black, and a huge object, concealed by tar-
paulins, on the after-deck, which might have been
a gun, or something else. The crew of the stran-
ger were also very different from the greasy whalers
and coarse fishermen who hailed from the island.
They were better-dressed, sprightlier sailors, and
were also nearly all distinguished by wearing weap-
ons in their belts. Seagrave himself was a great
improvement on the average of the Nantucket skip-
per. He showed considerable refinement; his
voice was sweet and gentle, and his language well
chosen. He was also young, brave, and handsome;
there was something almost princely about him in
the eyes of those simple fishermen; and in the eyes
of giddy Jean Beverly he was every thing that her
fancy had conceived of all that was noble and ro-
mantic.

The strangers were evidently starting upon a
long voyage, and their ostensible object in stopping
at Nantucket was to make some additions to their
stock of water. But they lingered much longer
than was necessary for this simple purpose; the
gentlemanly skipper was frequently on shore, and
there were sly hints that he found a much pleasur-
er attraction there than the clear fountains of the
island.

But old Beverly could not bring himself to like
Seagrave. He could not be blind to the fact that
his daughter Jean was apparently fascinated, though
the stranger skipper seemed to always treat her with
merely commonplace politeness. Poor Andy Graef
now saw himself completely deserted by Jean, and
he also, and very naturally, eyed the stranger with
black mistrust. Then, as it soon transpired that
the *Raven* was nothing less than a slaver, this fact
increased the old man's distrust, and indeed brought
the rakish schooner's crew into general disrepute
among the islanders, with a majority of whom the
slave-trade, though then so commonly pursued, was
held in great abhorrence.

There was, however, that about Seagrave which
could scarcely be related by a simple man like old
Jotham. His manner and address were of that
world-wide, cosmopolitan order which simple and
lowly people can only combat with the utmost dif-
ficulty. And even before Beverly was, precisely
aware of any intimacy existing between the stranger
and his own household, Seagrave had become a
frequent visitor at the Beverly cabin, and a frequent
partaker of its fragrant hospitalities. There was some-
thing about this man that was strangely engaging
to every one. Though still young his features bore
the impress of a long, wild life by sea and shore,
and the expression of his dark eyes was frequently
of a hard, pitiless cast, which was something re-
markable in one so young. Yet his voice was soft
and musical as that of a woman. His deportment
was modesty that which is the result of instinctive
refinement, and his language very seldom merged
into the careless idiom of the sea-farer.

But upon no one did the spell of the stranger fall
so strongly as upon pretty Jean Beverly. She be-
held and listened to him with silent admiration.
Here at last was the hero of her dreams before her—
not in the coarse garb and with the ungainly gait
of her father's lovers, but in all the romance of adven-
ture and ocean chivalry, and draped in the addition-
al attraction of a mysterious past, which must have
been spent among scenes even wilder and more ro-
mantic than his stories hinted of.

Poor Andy would still at times steal in upon the
Beverlys in the evenings, and be permitted to watch
the effect of Seagrave on Miss Jean, as the con-
spicuouser would recount the adventures of the past,
the great deeds yet to be done, the gold and glory
to be won on remote seas, and the fascinations of a
lover's life. It called him to the quick to perceive

the extent of the influence exercised by Seagrave
over Jean; for he perhaps saw more of it than her
own parents.

One tempestuous night they were all sitting cozily
about the fire-side of Beverly's cottage. The hoarse
cries of the breakers on the near beach were plainly
heard in the cabin, though the fire blazed cheerfully
—for the spring was still chilly with bleak winds—
and all parties (except Andy) were in a pleasant
mood of mind, just after finishing one of Dame Mar-
garet's hearty suppers.

Jotham had been on the reef all day, and was
now smoking his pipe in a contented frame; Sea-
grave had just finished a humorous sketch of tropi-
cal naval, and was merrily engaged in cutting from
an old newspaper grotesque figures, with a pair of
shears, for Jean's special entertainment; Margaret
was spinning; and Andy was glumly toasting his
knees at the fire, without vouchsafing a word, but
keeping his ears inordinately distended.

The self-satisfaction of old Beverly at last broke
the brief silence which had fallen upon the party,
though he rather addressed the raging elements
without than any one in the company.

"Yes, ye may howl and beat and slash your-
selves against the rocks of said Nantucket, but ye'll
ne'er disturb the basements of said Beverly's tower.
Wait till she's full-grown, my roarin' hearties—wait
till her bonny lamp makes daylight through the
tempest and the night, and the merry sailors will
laugh at your terrors!"

Having delivered himself of this exalting apo-
trophe, Jotham settled himself down again, with
two or three self-satisfied whiffs at his pipe, and a
slow, benignant glance upon the company, as though
to convey in its full force the prospective benevo-
lence which the Beverly light-house was to convey
upon the world.

"You will indeed send gladness to many a gal-
lant heart, Squire Beverly, when you have per-
fected your noble project," said Seagrave, who al-
ways called the old man "Squire," and made a rule
of continually cherishing his vanity.

"Father," said Jean, very thoughtfully, "sup-
pose I should be spirited away over the sea, would
you still work at your light-house?"

She said this so earnestly that every one was sur-
prised.

"'Sdeath, bairn! who in the dell's name would
spirit you away over the brine?"

"I didn't say any one would, you silly, darling
old man," she replied, merrily; "but suppose they
would. Suppose the Good People would, for in-
stance?"

"Or the Bad People," grumbled Andy Graef, in
a scarcely audible tone.

"Well, child," responded the old fisherman, gayly
falling in with the merry mood of his daughter,
"rest assured that, whatever happens, the work o'
the light-house will go on, whatever betides. And
even if you should be carried over the sea this very
night, I pray that the first gleam o' the new signal
will light ye home once more!"

"Amen!" said Andy Graef, in a sepulchral tone;
while the rest, including Seagrave, laughed quite
heartily at the old man's apt reply.

But before that reply was quite concluded the
door was suddenly opened, and in walked Andy's
mother, the Widow Graef, who, in spite of her po-
verty and her reputation as a witch, was always sure
of a welcome at the broad hearth of the light-house
builder. She was an old, withered, and exceedingly
miserable-looking woman, and her tattered plaid
cloak was now dripping from the tempest. Andy
cast a deprecating, apologetic glance around, as he
almost always did when his mother appeared, for
her temper was a bad one, and she seldom spoke
well of any one.

But Widow Graef was not to be appeased. She
had caught the last portion of Jotham's speech, and
now answered it, standing, as she spoke, in the cen-
tre of the room, and assuming a prophetic attitude.

"There may be more meaning in your words
than you ken at the present time, Jotham Beverly,"
said she, with a shrewd and knowing look from
her twinkling gray eyes. "I was bred in the same
parish as yourself, Jotham, an' mind my words, when
your silly child is spirited away, her return will be
signaled by the first glint of your light-house—and
return she will not till then. They tell ye I'm a
witch," she continued, with an evil and lowering
look at Seagrave, and indicating him by a motion
of her skinny finger; "well, take a witch's advice,
an' beware o' that man! He has the dell in his eye,
an' there's little guid to the house that fosters him!"
Seagrave only laughed.

"Tush, tush, granny!" said Jotham; "ye're
never quiet with speaking ill o' your neighbors!"

"Beware o' him, I say! an' keep your eye on
your chickens, or the hawk will swoop and grip
his prey!" cried Granny Graef, with passionate
emphasis. "An' mark my words, when your un-
canny bairn is spirited away, the first glint o' your
light-house, an' that alone, will signal her home
from the Sea!"

"Come home, Andy!" she cried, fiercely, at the
same time seizing her son by the arm. "Wad ye
wait here to see your white dove kissing the talons
that's thirrens' for its blood? Come home, darling,
and let the foolish bird go flying to her fate!"

With this she pulled hulking Andy, always sub-
missive in her grasp, out of the room, and together
they vanished in the storm. The only one of the
remaining company who was in nowise disturbed by
the language of the old woman was Seagrave. She
reminded him of a number of humorous anecdotes,
the recital of which, in his inimitable way, soon re-
stored every one to their accustomed good-humor,
and the old lady and her prophecies were soon for-
gotten.

As the night was drawing on late, Seagrave, en-
veloped in his rough great-coat, took his departure
for his vessel—making light of the five miles over
the soft, sandy road, and steadfastly refusing to stay
all night.

On the next morning (still stormy, for it was the
equinox) the good fishermen of the port of Nan-
tucket missed the rakish form of the slaver-crew
from their harbor, and at the same time Jotham

Beverly missed the form of his giddy daughter Jean.
Jean Beverly had indeed been spirited away over
the sea by Seagrave the evening.

Nearly two years had passed away, and the
coveted scheme of Jotham Beverly was almost com-
pleted. It was early spring, and Jotham, sitting at
the seaward-looking lattice of his cabin, glumly
smoking his pipe, could see his round, rough tower
rising symmetrically and to the height of over one
hundred feet above the reef, the summit almost
ready for the reception of the monstrous lantern,
which, through the aid of the colonial government,
he had been already able to secure from the old
country.

At last the huge lantern was securely mounted,
and, at the close of a bright but blistering May day,
old Jotham, accompanied by Andy Graef, mounted
the winding stairway of the tower to attend to the
arranging of the great wicks in the crystal dome.
Line lights and calcium signals were then unknown.
Huge flares, drawing their inspiration from white
blubber, alone served to light the tempest-tossed
over treacherous rock and deathful sand.

The first illumination of Beverly Light-house was
an event among the good people of Nantucket as
important as the first illumination of a great city by
gas. The fishermen assembled on the beach from
all portions of the island, accompanied by their
wives and children—many of the families bringing
their evening meals with them, so as not to starve,
on any account, the unprecedented spectacle.

The sun was setting in a heap of thunder-clouds
as Jotham and Andy moved fitfully among the rows
of wicks, trimming them carefully, and old Beverly
especially eying every thing with almost fatiguing
love and tenderness.

He passed at one of the sides of the glass cupola
and looked down upon the rude spectators, huddling
together far below on the sands.

"Yes, yes," he soliloquized, with moody satis-
faction in his tones, "ye can come now and view
my triumph, when ye snatched lang sn' at my
work. But it's a' the way o' greatness."

"Maister Jotham! Maister Jotham!" cried hulk-
ing Andy, excitedly, interrupting the man of the
light-house; "there's a white scud in the sea! an'
there's another, and another! Ye mean carry
up your flares if ye wad piece a tempest, for there's
a big an' brewing."

Jotham turned his eyes to the direction indicated,
and his experienced eye soon apprised him that the
warning had not been given too soon. The south
and east were heaped with wind and thunder; far
away the sea could be seen leaping and flaking
like a boiling caldron, and the rain was descending
in sheer torrents. It was one of those swift spring
squalls so prevalent on the coast, and especially
perilous to vessels so unfortunate as to be caught
in them.

"It is comin' fast, Maister!" cried Andy.

"Yes," replied Jotham, "an' there's a ship in
the throat o' the wharfwind, or I'm a lubber! It's
black as night already. Give me the torch, Andy.
Quick! We're just in time to save her from the
rocks."

An inky darkness had pervaded the atmosphere
within a few moments' space. But at the applica-
tion of the torch the wicks burned beautifully,
shooting up thick, clear, yellow flames, and fling-
ing a flood of radiance far over the tempest-fretted
rocks, and far over the deep sea beyond. A flash
of pardonable pride reddened the face of Jotham
Beverly as he heard the hoarse cheers of the fisher-
men rising from the strand beneath. They had
also been apprised of the approach of the ill-fated
vessel on the dangerous shoals, and the sudden
gleam of brilliancy from the cupola of the tower
was an omen the beauty of which, under the cir-
cumstances, even their rude natures could compre-
hend and appreciate. Every thing appeared to fe-
ver the light-house builder on that eventful night.
The approaching ship, the sudden blackening of
the skies, the very elements themselves appeared
to lend strong dramatic effects to this hour of his
triumph, and the entire effect was strong and im-
pressive in the extreme to all the islanders. The
heat of the blazing jets soon rendered the interior
of the lantern intolerably hot to the occupants, so
that they were both glad to beat a retreat to the
chamber immediately below. Here they stood
looking out to sea through the open loop-holes,
while the reflection of the strong light from the
glistening waves rendered their countenances con-
spicuous to all up-gazers from the beach beneath.

But all eyes were now turned toward the ap-
proaching vessel, which was frequently revealed by
flashes of lightning, and which was also, by the
time, within the outer edge of the lantern's scope.
The rain descended in perfect sheets, the reverb-
eration of the thunder was almost a continuous peal,
the sky was black as ink, save when scented by the
lightning gleams; and the sea, as far as could be
seen, was a wilderness of gigantic waves, while the
long and clamorous roar of the breakers on the east-
er reefs was plainly audible through the hills of the
thunder.

As the unfortunate vessel drove into the full
stream of the signal all eyes watched her with
breathless intension. Her top-masts had been
completely wrenched away by the violence of the
whirling storm, and her sails were in tatters. It
appeared that she was irretrievably doomed. But
she was bravely manned, and her crew were not
going to despair without a fight for life. Her rig-
ging was black with men endeavoring to restore the
shattered sails, and there were still evidences of
order and discipline on her littered decks. But
pretty soon a monster billow was seen to sweep her
from stem to stern, and when she emerged she was
evidently unmanageable, while comparatively few
of the men were visible where before they had been
actively at work.

"It's all up with her; but she is a brave craft!"
said Jotham Beverly, between his clenched teeth.
"Maister Jotham!" cried hulking Andy Graef,
with even more excitement than he had yet shown,
"what cut o' a craft is that?"

"Three-masted schooner, low in the hull, sharp-prowed, and like one of a Government cutter," replied the other, eyeing the doomed craft with the practiced eye of an old skipper. "Yes, and there goes her death-shriek!" he added, hoarsely, as a flash leaped from the stern of the wreck, immediately followed by the boom of a signal-gun.

"Do you know the name of that ship, mate?" continued Andy, in husky tones.

"Nonsense! you're daff, Andy! How should I know it?"

"Do you know her skipper's name?" repeated Andy, with even greater excitement than before.

"Haud your tongue, ye crazy loon!" returned the other, peevishly.

"But I know 'em both, Malster Jotham!" cried bawling Andy, shaking his head aloft with nervous passion. "The craft's the *Seagrave*, and her skipper is the pirate Seagrave! Ha! ha! my old witch-mither wasn't a fool! The first glist o' your tower lights your own hairs hame frae the sea!"

Before the thunder-stricken auditor could turn upon him Andy had vanished from the chamber, and Jotham heard him crashing down the winding staircase with break-neck leaps. Jotham leaped for out of the window, and saw the fishermen and wreckers making ready with their life-boats. He saw Andy emerge from the tower's foot and burst among them, inspiring them with frantic gestures. He felt a strange, hot feeling come over his old breast—a wild desire to go down and also help—but he could not move. He could only look and think. The surf was tremendous at the very foot of the tower, but one life-boat was already afloat, with Andy at the stroke-oar, before the old man dared to turn his eyes seaward again. When he did so, his glance was riveted to the spot, for the white garments of a woman flittered and gleamed at the schooner's taffall; and now but a few rods intervened between the vessel and her fate.

The crew had apparently given themselves up for lost, for they seemed to stand motionless upon the decks, as though stupefied with fear, and their boats were evidently lost, as there nowhere appeared to be any attempt to launch one. But one brave, like form, which Jotham thought he recognized as Seagrave's, moved ceaselessly among the nervous men, as though to encourage them, with now and then a cheering gesture toward the white-robed form at the taffall.

Andy's life-boat, urged by ten stout seamen, had almost crossed the foaming height toward the outer reef, when, just as a terrific peal of thunder shook the earth, followed by increased deluges of rain, the schooner made one bound, and was seen to strike a rock with fearful force. The waves, receding for a moment left her almost literally pinned in situ, impaled upon the sharp horns of the reef.

Even then that one brave form, fearless in the very jaws of death, was seen, axe in hand, having away at the remaining mast, and evidently inspiring his crew with cheery shouts. A wild hurra of admiration rose from the throats of fishermen on the beach, and even Jotham set his teeth still harder as he gazed. But the sea was stronger than a mortal arm, however brave. Billow after billow lashed the schooner down from the rocks and trampled her into fragments. Just as Andy's life-boat gained the reef, the last vestige of the schooner disappeared among the rocks and blinding spray of the further side. It was then, and not till then, that the heart-broken Beverly quitted his look-out to seek poor Margaret in the cabin near by.

The tempest continued for a few hours, and Andy's life-boat returned to the beach with the rest at the stroke-oar empty. The survivors could not explain their comrades' absence, but one of them said that he had seen the luckless fisherman spring upon a rock and make his way toward the wreck.

The next morning the beach was littered with fragments of the schooner. There were many corpses washed ashore. Some were from among the vessel's crew, but many were the nude bodies of black men with iron fetters still clamping their limbs. Two of the bodies were fished in each other's arms, and clasping each other by the throat as though they had gone down in a death-struggle. These were Andy Graef and Seagrave, the slave captain.

But the last corpse that was found was that of giddy Jean Beverly, with her yellow hair all tangled with sea-weed, and her cheek much paler and thinner than when she left Nantucket. And this did the first gleam of that old raised light-house there welcome the erring one home from the sea.

THE LATE LIEUT.-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.

WINFIELD SCOTT was born near Petersburg, Virginia, on 13th June, 1786. His father, a farmer, died when he was five years old; when he was seventeen he lost his mother also. Though but little is known of his childhood, it may be inferred, from his attendance at the High School at Richmond, and subsequently at the College of William and Mary, that the death of his father had not deprived the family of a maintenance. Unlike many of our great men, there is no reason to suppose that Scott was compelled in early youth to work for a living. At the age of twenty, after the usual studies, he was admitted to the Virginia bar, and spent nearly two years in unsuccessful efforts to obtain practice, first in his native State, and subsequently in South Carolina. Had clients been forthcoming, the country might have lost a great soldier and gained a respectable lawyer. As it was, a natural taste for arms had time to develop in the idleness of the circuit, and was stimulated by the prospect of a new outbreak of hostilities with Great Britain. In 1806 Congress increased the army, and on Scott's earnest solicitation he was appointed, in May of that year, when he was barely twenty-two, a Captain of Light Artillery.

For the next three years his life was not of public interest. He was sent to Louisiana, and

there, with an indiscretion not unusual in a fiery youth, he used expressions respecting his superior officer which led to a court-martial and to his suspension from the service for a year. At the present day no officer in Washington's position would prosecute a young captain for talking foolishly about him at a dinner-table. But sixty years ago public men were more sensitive, and even Senators appealed to the Senate to be protected against newspaper criticism. The suspension was a lucky accident for Scott. He devoted the idle year to close study of his profession at the house of his friend, R. WATKINS LAMON, and thus fitted himself for the work he had to do.

It came soon enough. After a forbearance unparalleled in history, on 18th June, 1812, Congress declared war upon Great Britain. On 12th October following Scott, now Lieutenant-Colonel of Artillery, made a forced march through a heavy storm to Schlosser, and offered his services to General VAN RENSSELAER, who was about to attack the British works on Queens-town Heights. Whether the adventure was a wise one has been a matter of debate. Judged by the result, it was not. It may well be said that, before embarking on the enterprise, the General in command ought to have made sure both of adequate transportation and of the fidelity of his troops. But the people's heart was smouldering under the disgrace of Hull's surrender, and—as before Bull Run—every one said that something must be done to sustain the morale of the army. So CURTIS and VAN RENSSELAER advanced in boats, in small detached parties, and effected a landing; fought gallantly enough, against desperate odds, until one officer after another was disabled or killed, and intelligence was received that the New York militia refused to cross the river. Scott was on the Canadian side, and practically in command, when the fatal news came. Mousing a log in front of his troops, he briefly described the situation:

"Hull's surrender must be redeemed. Let us die with arms in our hands. There is no retreat!"

And the little band, consisting of less than 800 men, resisted the whole British army for more than two hours. At last, pressed by sheer force down the hill-side, they were driven to the water's edge, and further resistance being impossible, they surrendered. Scott thus began the practical study of his profession in defeat and imprisonment.

Every school-boy is familiar with the story of his interview in his prison with the two Indian warriors. The giant JACONA, a Hercules of the forest, had so often fired at him in the course of the battle that he could not understand how the tall American still survived, and with a rude hand tried to feel for the wounds he felt sure he must have inflicted. All the gentleman's blood in Scott was roused.

"Oft, villain!" said he, throwing the savage back: "you fired like a squaw!"

"We kill you now," was the response of the grinning savage.

And but for a swift leap to the rear, where he grasped a sword, and the timely appearance of a British officer of the guard, his career might have been ended by the tomahawks of his victors.

Not less familiar to all readers is his dispute with his captors about their Irish prisoners. On the deck of a transport in the port of Quebec the British officers had mustered their Queens-town prisoners, and were separating the Irishmen from the Americans. They required each prisoner to answer a question, picked out the Irishmen by their brogue, and set them in irons as traitors. As soon as he discovered what was going on, Scott ordered his men to keep silence, and they obeyed in spite of threats and caresses. Out of this transaction grew the famous debate on the right of a British subject to expatriate himself. The British Government at first threatened to execute as traitors 28 Irishmen, taken prisoners at Queens-town. Our Government, through Scott, who was soon exchanged, set apart 23 Englishmen, prisoners of war, as hostages for the 23 Irishmen. Wild with rage, EARL BATHURST then put in close confinement 46 American officers and non-commissioned officers to answer for the 23 Englishmen. And Mr. MANROSE retaliated by setting apart 46 British officers to answer for the 46 American officers and non-commissioned officers. This settled the question. The 23 Irishmen were never brought to trial, and at the close of the war were released. And though the British Parliament has never formally admitted the right of a British subject to expatriate himself—indeed, only three or four years ago that right was expressly denied by one of the highest courts of the realm—it is not likely that Great Britain will ever again attempt to enforce her peculiar views against naturalized citizens of the United States.

But little glory was won on the northern frontier in 1813; what little there was belongs to Scott. The only successful operation of the year was the capture of Fort George, out of which work the garrison ran almost as soon as they were attacked. It was Colonel Scott, who with his own hands pulled down the British flag—his "long legs" having enabled him to distance Postres in the race, to the latter's great disgust. He subsequently commanded the advance of General WILKINSON's miserable expedition against Montreal, but had no opportunity of distinguishing himself, and was not sorry when relieved from duty under that incapable officer.

This and other failures satisfied Colonel Scott that, to win victories over trained British troops, our officers and soldiers must know more than they did. Accordingly, in the winter of 1813-14, he established a camp of instruction at Buffalo, became himself drill-sergeant for the officers of

a brigade, and as soon as his pupils were sufficiently instructed, saw that they imparted what they had learned to the men. By dint of hard work he had succeeded by spring-time in creating a full brigade of well-disciplined troops—perhaps the best brigade in the service. On 9th March he was appointed to their command with the rank of Brigadier. He told the Government that his brigade would give a good account of themselves, and he kept his word.

On 26th July the battle of Chippewa was fought. The commander of the American army, General BROWN, was far in the rear when it began. All the instructions Scott received were in these words, about a couple of hours before the first fire:

"The enemy are advancing; you will have a fight."

BROWN himself freely admitted that the glory of the day was Scott's. The battle was won by superior generalship; Scott succeeded in striking the British line obliquely and doubling it up. The force on both sides was about equal—say 3000 on a side; the killed, wounded, and missing about 16 per cent. on our side, and 25 per cent. on the side of the enemy. Quite a sharp affair, small as the numbers appear by the side of the heavy figures of more recent contests.

The battle of Niagara, LANDY'S LAKE, or BRIDGEWATER, as it has sometimes been called, was a still more bloody affair. It was a surprise to our side. False information had led General BROWN to believe that the enemy were moving on Schlosser, whereas the only change in their position was the arrival of some fresh troops. General Scott, at the head of his brigade, came unexpectedly upon the whole British army drawn up in order of battle, in a good position, at about 7 P.M. on 25th July. The odds were one of those which try a General. Had Scott attempted to retreat the enemy, three or four to one, would have overwhelmed him. He could not stand still under fire. He decided instantly to attack, and at the same time sent swift aids to the rear for the remainder of the army. The race succeeded. The English did not suspect that there was no one in their front but General Scott's brigade. They moved cautiously, and stood upon the defensive. By the time they discovered their mistake BROWN had come up with the remainder of his army, and the contest was nearly equal. It ended in our driving the enemy from the ground he occupied. Beyond this there was no result. The loss on both sides was about equal—say 20 per cent. of the force engaged.

These two battles demonstrated that the youth of 26, whose tall form was so conspicuous where the fight was hottest, and who seemed utterly reckless of his personal safety, was likewise a ripe and sagacious General. Connoisseurs like WELLSINGTON and KOSCIOUSKO pronounced his strategy in this campaign to be of the highest order. His men were enthusiastic over his personal bravery. Warned to dispense with some of the gaudy trappings of his uniform, which, added to his great height, made him a conspicuous mark for sharpshooters, he said, "No; if I die I will die in my robes." At Fort George he was the first in the work, though he knew that matches had been applied to the magazine. At Niagara two horses were killed under him, and he was twice wounded, once in the side, and again, at the close of the fight, very severely in the shoulder.

To a man like Scott, keenly sensitive to public opinion, and greedy of fame, his reward for the services he had rendered his country must have been peculiarly gratifying. "Vexatious by his wound, he was carried to Batavia, and thence, as he slowly recovered, on the shoulders of friends, to Geneva. Thence he was able to ride in a carriage, and he proceeded by easy stages to Philadelphia. His journey was one continued ovation. People turned out to meet the conqueror as they had turned out to meet WASHINGTON. Mothers brought their children to look at him. At Princeton, New Jersey, he was received at Nassau Hall, glorified in an eloquent speech, and honored with a degree. At Philadelphia the Governor met him with a division of militia. At Washington the President offered him the Secretaryship of War. This he declined, but accepted the rank of Major-General—the highest in the army at that time. Congress struck a gold medal in his honor. The Legislatures of Virginia and New York voted him swords and thanks. Like NAPOLEON, he had reached the pinnacle of fame and popularity at an age when most men are only just commencing life.

The next eighteen years were usefully spent in the public service. He enriched our military literature with several works of merit, which are still used as hand-books. He devoted attention to improving the condition of the army, and spent much time at West Point. He traveled in Europe, studied foreign military systems, and borrowed what his judgment approved. His old chivalrous nature loomed up when the cholera broke out among some troops in the West. With his own hands the fearless soldier nursed the sick and soothed the dying. From his position as Commander-in-Chief, he was in constant consultation with the Presidents of the day, and with increasing years his judgment ripened, and his opinions on topics not military were frequently sought by the best minds of the country.

It is perhaps too much to say that but for him the war of rebellion would have broken out thirty years before. Certain it is, however, that a majority of the people of South Carolina were as bent on rebellion in 1832 as afterward in 1860: equally certain that his wise precautions, the careful garrisoning of the forts, the quiet gathering of strength sufficient to defeat attack, the preparations to collect duties off Fort Moultrie, and the constantly implied asser-

tion that the Government would not hesitate to defend itself by force if assailed, had much to do with the collapse of nullification; and quite possible that similar precautions, taken in time by BUCHANAN, might have averted the civil war in 1861. He had shown so much tact and judgment in this delicate matter that the popular voice selected him to be "moderator" when the patriot war in Canada threatened to involve the country in needless hostilities. Once more he revisited the scenes of his early glories—this time to keep the peace and prevent war. He was as brave as ever. When an angry meeting of "sympathizers," furious at some violation of our territory by Canadians, threatened to invade the Province forthwith, he lectured them, and wound up with—

"You know me, and I tell you that, except over my body, you shall not cross the line."

By dint of hard work and telling speeches he succeeded in checking the sympathizers and preventing a war. A like service he rendered at a later date, when the northeastern boundary dispute threatened to involve Maine and New Brunswick in war. A still more difficult and delicate feat was performed by him in 1838, when he succeeded in removing the Cherokees from their homes in Georgia to their new reserve west of the Mississippi. To induce 15,000 people, old and young, to remove against their will from the homes of their fathers, to a new country a thousand miles away, without force, harshness, or cruelty, seems a problem pretty nearly insoluble; but Scott solved it, and actually won the esteem and affection of the Indians.

WINFIELD SCOTT was 60 years of age when the Mexican war broke out. With the exception of SUWAROFF, who was 65 when he defeated KOSCIOUSKO at Warsaw, and MARLBOROUGH, who was nearly 60 when he won Malplaquet, but few Generals have won victories at so advanced an age. Very few indeed of the great soldiers of history accomplished any thing after they had passed fifty. Scott was an exception to the rule. He had placed himself among the great soldiers of the world at an age when most men are mere boys, and now he was going to prove himself a still greater soldier at an age when most men are retiring from life.

The Mexican war was begun by the Mexicans, who invaded Texas. Expelled from that State, they were pursued by TAYLOR, and driven from Monterrey; but not even the victory of Buena Vista brought us nearer to a peace. General SCOTT told the Administration that peace could only be won by blows at the vital parts of Mexico: which he explained by suggesting an expedition against the city of Mexico from the base of Vera Cruz. There was at first considerable hesitation at Washington. Sound military men questioned the safety of an expedition whose objective point was some two hundred miles from its base, and there can be no question but Mr. POLK was extremely loth to add to the laurels of General SCOTT—a political opponent. But the credit of the Administration required success, and after much delay General Scott was dressed in November, 1847, to carry out his plans. To the Mexicans, the intelligence was not unwelcome. The castle of San Juan D'Ulloa they considered impregnable, and SANTA ANNA proclaimed that between Vera Cruz and Puebla they would find "many a Thermopylae."

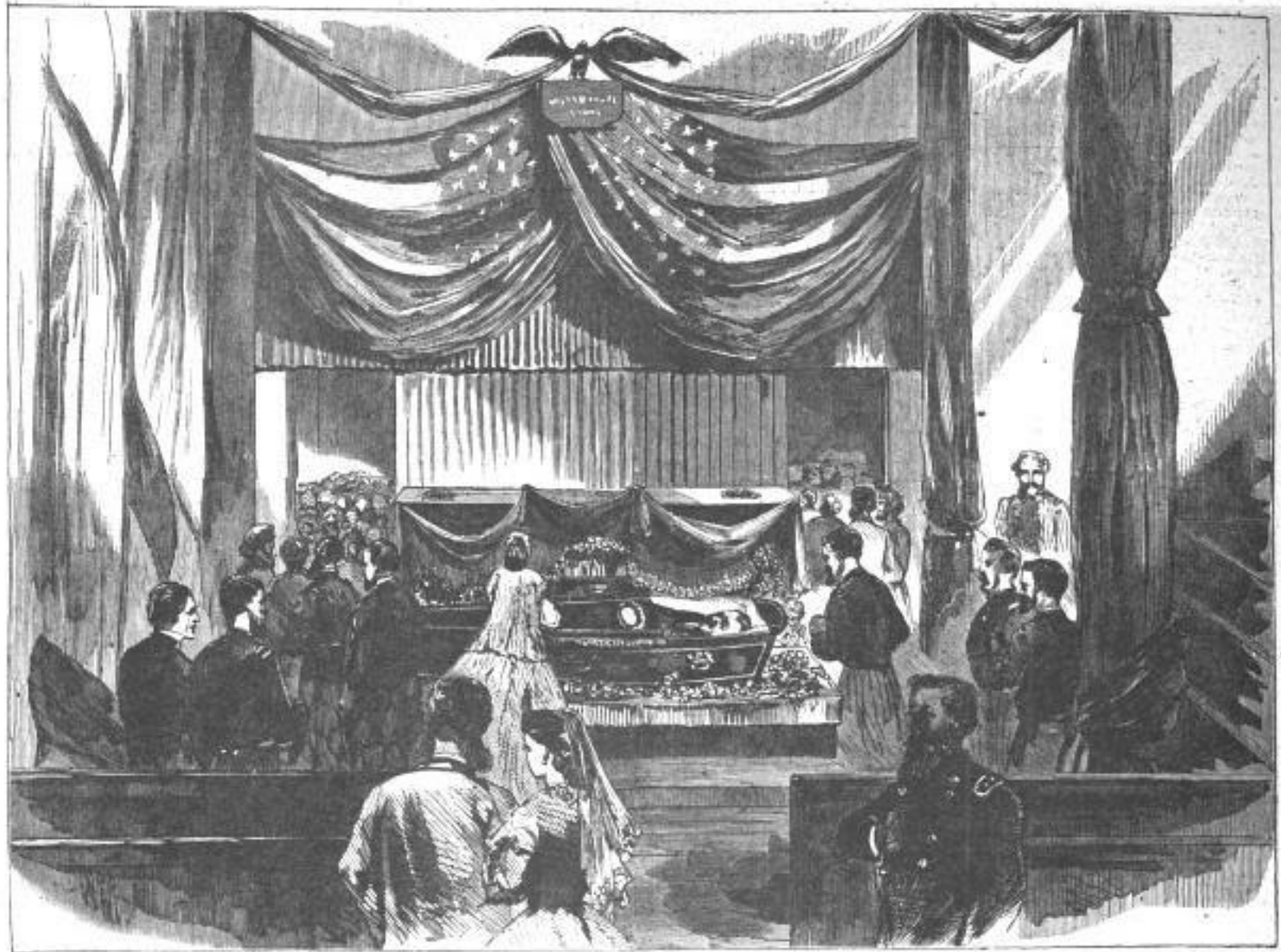
Yet they neglected obvious precautions. On 9th March, 1848, Scott landed his army without opposition three miles from Vera Cruz, and at once besieged the place. A fortnight afterward the bombardment commenced, and at the end of seven days the town and castle surrendered. Both foreign and domestic critics had predicted that General Scott would spend a year in vain attempts to reduce San Juan D'Ulloa.

A few days were spent in loading material of war, and preparing for the long march into the interior. In the second week of April the army moved, and on 15th the advance met the Mexicans under SANTA ANNA, at the defile of Cerro Gordo—a post naturally strong, and to fortify which the Mexicans had expended their best efforts. General Scott's course showed that age had not diminished his early vigor.

"The enemy's whole line of intrenchments," he ordered, "will be attacked in front, and at the same time turned early in the day to-morrow, probably before 10 A.M."

It was so done. Some of the Mexican works were stormed, others were turned; three thousand Mexicans surrendered with all their artillery, and SANTA ANNA, whose first experience of a Mexican Thermopylae must have been disheartening, mounted a mule out from his carriage, and rode rapidly toward Perote. The pursuit was vigorous. Through Jalapa and Perote, without halting or meeting an enemy, Scott's army pushed forward to Puebla, 115 miles from Vera Cruz, on 15th May, six weeks from the successful establishment of their base on the coast.

It was then that the real difficulties of the campaign began. To keep open a line of communications 115 miles long through a hostile country, full of defiles and mountain passes, with an army in all ten thousand strong, was a feat that has not been surpassed even in the late war. The difficulties of the situation were aggravated by lukewarm support of the General at Washington, and by querulous letters written by officers of his command to newspapers at home. Scott's manly soul chafed fiercely at criticisms which a man of less sensitive organization would have despised. But neither the capacious sarcasms of the War Department nor the ignorant cavils of newspapers diverted him from his purpose. By strenuous exertions he kept the road open to Vera Cruz, and at length, in August, he received the supplies and reinforcements he needed. As soon as he could count upon 10,000 available men, besides the garrisons required for his base line, he moved on Mexico.



SCOTT'S FUNERAL—IN THE CHAPEL.

It is not necessary here to recapitulate the familiar story of Contreras, Charubasco, Chapultepec, and the Belen Gate. It must suffice to say that by strategy and the valor of his troops Scott, with ten thousand men, in the open plain, beat SANTA ANNA, with twenty thousand behind strong works, and on September 14 entered the Gran Plaza of Mexico a conqueror. The exploits deserved and elicited the warmest applause from military critics in Europe. It reminded one of Napoleon's early feats in the war in Italy. Stunned by the unexpected result, the Mexicans made haste to negotiate for peace;

and when it was found that the victor demanded no exorbitant terms, did not seek to alter the form of their government, would accept no reward for himself, and merely proposed a plan of accommodation which, while guarding against a recurrence of hostilities, was equally honorable to Mexico and to the United States, they actually received him with enthusiasm.

His return to the United States, which should have been triumphal, was embittered by squabbles with his officers and bickerings with the Government. As was the case in McCLELLAN'S Army of the Potomac, many generals of the

Army of Mexico thought more of their own fame than of the success of the national arms; and the Administration, blinded by partisan prejudice, could only see in the conqueror of Mexico a formidable Whig competitor for the Presidential succession. By order of the Government General Scott had handed over the command of his army to General BURTAN, and returned home in October, 1848, to stand his trial before a court-martial on charges preferred against him by creatures like PILLOW, and to prosecute charges against other officers. A knowledge of the weak points of Scott's char-

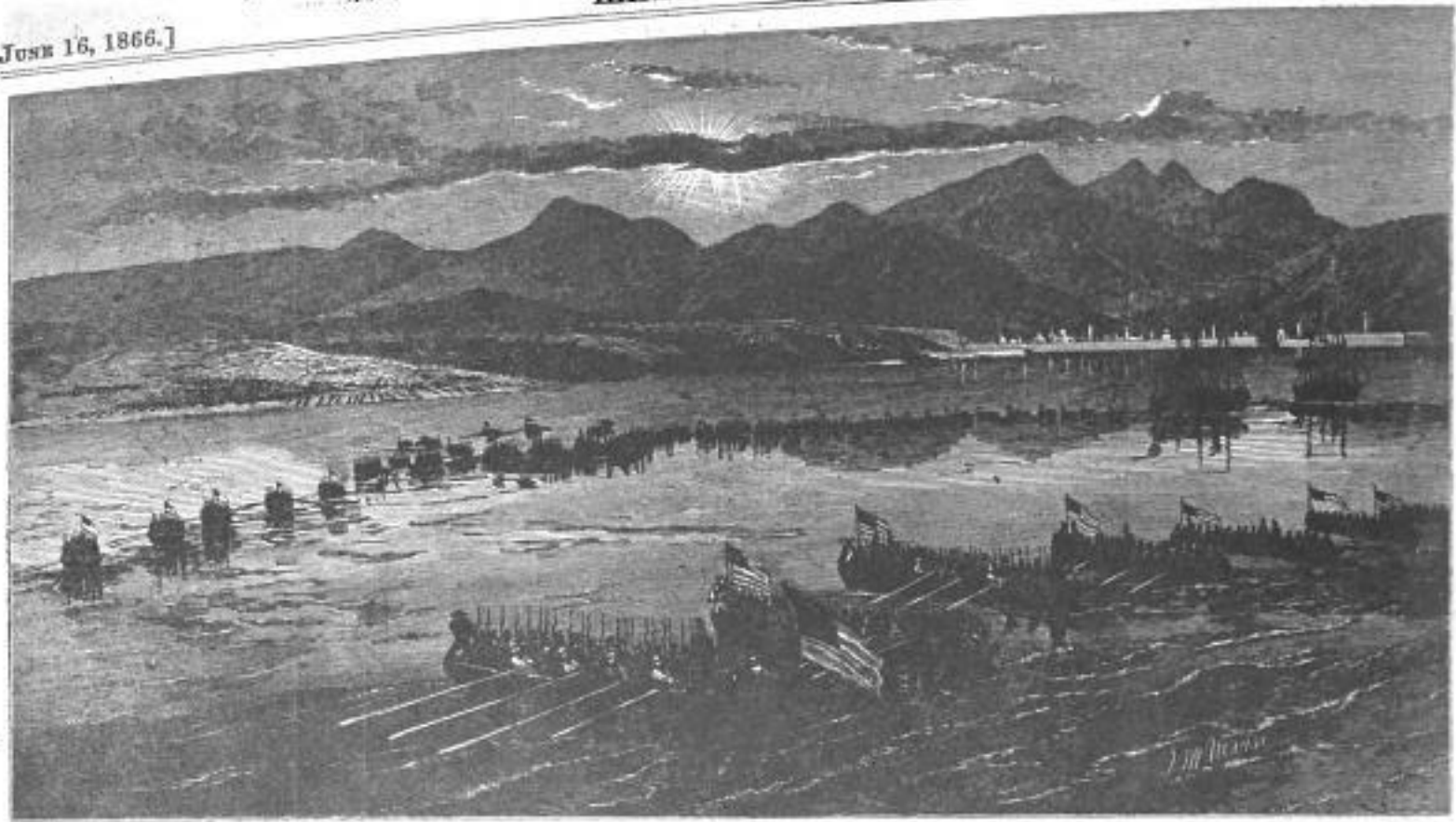
acter—of his readiness to accept an affront from the most insignificant person, and of his sensitiveness to indignities which a more callous nature would never have noticed—enabled unworthy men in the army and in the Government to wound him beyond bearing, and to goad him, in the extremity of his suffering, to retorts which did not become his greatness.

In June, 1853, nearly four years after his return from Mexico, the Whigs nominated him for the Presidency. He was beaten by Mr. FRISCO, his record on the slavery question being less clear than that of his Democratic antagonist. His letter



BATTLE OF LUDY'S LANE.

JUNE 16, 1866.]



LANDING AT VERA CRUZ.

to T. P. ARKISSON, written in 1848, on the subject of slavery, showed clearly that he didn't like the institution, and this was enough for ripening secessionists. Mr. PIERCE, on the contrary, was understood to regard slavery as the direct work of Providence. Such a defeat, on such grounds, involved a compliment.

In October, 1860, Lieutenant-General SCOTT (Congress had given him that brevet rank) was seventy-four years of age. His body was feeble; he was lame; he suffered from a painful disease; he slept badly. But his mind was clear enough to discern the signs of the times. Ten days before the Presidential election he called Mr. BUCHANAN's attention to the defenseless state of the Southern forts, and to the danger of their being seized by Southern rebels. With the guileless simplicity of his character, he never suspected the President of complicity with the traitors. Again and again, after the election of Mr. LINCOLN, he pressed his views on the Government; they were uniformly disregarded. His old comrade in arms, General CASS, was the only member of the Government who would listen to him, and he was too old to struggle against his colleagues. The others affected to disbelieve

his warnings, or checked over what they called his "senile terrores."

As inauguration day drew near, and the seizure of Southern forts by rebels and the passage of pretended ordinances of secession vindicated the soundness of General SCOTT's judgment, the traitors at Washington threw off the mask, and confessed that they regarded the Government as defunct. BUCHANAN actually countermanded the parade of the troops on WASHINGTON'S birthday—"for fear of irritating the South." General SCOTT—noble old Roman—grew stronger and sterner as other men in authority grew weaker and more disposed to temporize. He was not afraid of offending any body. His knowledge of the Southern character led him to apprehend an attempt to assassinate LINCOLN. By the aid of his detectives, he discovered the Baltimore plot about as soon as it was found out by the detectives employed by Mr. SEWARD and THURLOW WHEAT. This nefarious scheme baffled, his next care was to see that Mr. LINCOLN was not murdered on inauguration day.

Persons who witnessed that inauguration will remember that a large number of roofs on Pennsylvania Avenue were covered with men. Care-

less observers took them for spectators. They were, in reality, troops, armed with rifles. In the crowd were armed detectives, acting under SCOTT's orders; and in buildings adjacent to the Capitol were three or four batteries of horse artillery, fully manned and equipped; the most efficient of them commanded by a gawky young lieutenant—GODFRAY WERTZEL. Washington was, in fact, that day in a state of siege; though nobody, except, perhaps, the conspirators, knew it. If all passed off tranquilly, the event may, perhaps, be due to General SCOTT's thorough precautions.

Of the remaining years of General SCOTT's life there is little to be said. He soon became aware that at his age, and with his infirmities, he was not competent to conduct the War for the Union. Bull Run almost broke his heart; and though he lived to regret his designation of McCLELLAN as the fittest officer to succeed him in the supreme command, it was with sincere delight that he relinquished a responsibility which he was no longer able to endure. In quiet retirement, beguiling his leisure by the composition of an autobiography, he took the interest of a true patriot in the success of our arms; followed

GRANT and SHERMAN on the map with the eye of a connoisseur, and was never tired of extolling their merits to visitors. He had been sadly chastened of late. Many of his best friends had turned their backs on him. ROBERT E. LEE, his right hand, led the rebel army; another and a dearer one yet was suspected of even fouler treason; his wife's family were open rebels; his native State denounced him. With more humility and resignation than were his wont in younger days, he bowed his head to these afflictions, and drove the closer to his country as his friends departed from it.

Though he had no warning of his approaching death he was not unprepared. For some time he had expected his end; and had more than once sought religious counsel, and devoted his thoughts to a future world. He died, where he wished to die, at West Point—the place above all others which he loved, and where he will be best remembered. There are no "last words" of his to be recorded by the historian. His last act was to press, in token of approbation, the hand of the clergyman who proposed to read to him, as he lay dying, the noble service for the dead from the ritual of the Episcopal Church.



STORMING OF MOLINO DEL REY.



SCOTT'S ENTRY INTO MEXICO.

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For Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to print neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously. Circular sent free. Sheets of Type, Cast, &c., 10 cts. Adams Press Co., 22 Ann Street, New York, and 50 Lincoln Street, Boston.

\$2 MAGIC Timekeeper \$2
And Vest Chain, \$2 00.

A genuine English GOLD GOLD of SEVEN COURTESY Timekeeper, with accurate miniature Course in the dial, in handsome case. Beautiful and elaborate in design, of exquisite workmanship, and remarkable for its compactness and absolute certainty as a timekeeper. Fully warranted for 5 years; will last a lifetime and is a most accurate and reliable timekeeper. Possesses complete and satisfactory machinery for Ladies' or Gentlemen's use. Price each, small size, with a rich gold plated Great Vest Chain, only \$2. Mailed free. Address WALTER every where. Price list free. Address M. A. NEBLE & CO., Importers of Watches, &c., 8 E. 4th Street and Fulton St., N. Y. Established 1847.

Brilliant and Powerful Day and Night DOUBLE PERSPECTIVE GLASSES.



For Tourists, Sportsmen, and Theatre-goers.
Brazilian Pebble Spectacles and Eye-Preservers, to improve the sight of old and young without the annoying effect of frequent changes. Catalogue sent free by enclosing stamp. SIMMONS, OPTICIAN, 260 Broadway (under Ludlow House), N. Y.
THE KEY TO COMFORTABLE, CLEAN, AND QUIET HOUSES.
BROWN'S METALLIC WEATHER BANDS exclude DUST, MOISTURE, AND ODOR, STOP THE RATTLING OF SHUTTERS, and are warranted good for FIVE YEARS. Principal Depot No. 644 Broadway, New York, over the Manhattan Savings Bank.
Local Agents wanted every where. Send for circular.
THE WEST INDIAN HAIR CURLER.—Warranted to curl the most straight and stiff hair, on the first application, into short ringlets or waving masses curls. Send to any address on receipt of \$1. Address THE HENDERTON HAIR-CURLING CO., Box 2821, New York Post-Office.

Great Freckle, Tan, & Pimple Balm.

Now ready and for sale. It beats the world. Try it. Warranted. Sent to any address on receipt of \$1. Address THE HENDERTON HAIR-CURLING COMPANY, Box 2821, New York Post-Office.

\$150 A MONTH! New Success for Acute M. B. SHAW, Alfred, Maine.

\$1500 PER YEAR paid by SHAW & CLARK, Hallowell, Maine, or Chicago, Illinois.

MALARIA EVERY WHERE.

Scarcely has there been a season so fruitful as this of malarious diseases. Not only on the prairie and in the valleys of the West; but mostly in all the old haunts of Fever and Ague and Bilious Remittent Fever have these pestiferous diseases been unusually violent; but they have extended to towns and cities never before infested with them, and have even assailed the mountains and situated thousands of people supposed to have been placed by the laws of nature above their reach. Hence we are compelled to admit that a fatal element pervades the atmosphere all over the country, and should at once resort to the only approved preventive of its consequences.
Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.
A tonic as potent, an antiseptic as perfect, an alternative as irrefragable, and an stimulant so pure, that it soothes the human system to rest and builds all the profligate cause of disease. With the confidence that one placed in incompressible garments right over among blinding billows, the man who arms himself against malarial with this powerful digestive medicine may walk a fever-scorched district fearless of its insidious atmosphere. The inveterate and resistible in present or general in all parts of the country may be but the severest of a deathly scourge now on its way westward from the East. Prepare the system with
Hostetter's Bitters
for a successful battle with the malignant cause of all epidemics. Be wise in time. Sold every where.—New York World, November 5, 1865.

PRINTING PRESS FOR SALE.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, Five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 24x31. Price \$5000. The Press on which Harper's Weekly has been printed. Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 221 Pearl Street, New York.

JUNE 16, 1866.]

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

Have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

PRICE LIST.

- COLONG, 70c, 80c, 90c; best, \$1 20.
MIXED, 70c, 80c, 90c; best, \$1 10.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, 80c, 90c, \$1, \$1 10; best, \$1 20.
GREEN TEAS, 80c, 90c, \$1, \$1 10; best, \$1 20.
YOUNG HYSON, 80c, 90c, \$1, \$1 10; best, \$1 20.
JAPAN, \$1, \$1 10; best, \$1 20.
IMPERIAL and HYSON, best, \$1 20.

These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c; best, 40c.
W. H. Nevada, Valencia, Bourbon, Housekeepers, and Family who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in their articles by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we will sell at the low price of 20c, 25c, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c to \$1 20 by purchasing their Teas of the

Great American Tea Company.

No. 21 and 23 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street, Post-Office Box 5245, New York City;
No. 442 Broadway, corner of Bowler Street;
No. 208 Eighth Avenue, near Thirty-seventh Street;
No. 200 Fulton St., Brooklyn, corner Coenties St.

COUNTRY CLUBS, Head and Wagon Peddlers, and small Stores of which there are many thousands, all of which are doing well, can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of clubs we have each party's name marked on their packages as directed, by sending their orders to Nos. 21 and 23 Vesey St.

Our friends are getting up Clubs in most towns throughout the country, and for which we feel very grateful. Some of our Clubs send orders weekly, some not so often, while others keep a standing order to be supplied with a given quantity each week, or at stated periods. And in all cases (where a sufficient time has elapsed) Clubs have repeated their orders.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than Thirty Dollars had better send Post-Office Drafts or Money with their orders, to save the expense of collection by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

We return thanks to parties who have taken an interest in getting up Clubs. And when any of them come to New York we shall be pleased to have them call upon us and make themselves known.

Henceforth we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford.

The following letter tells its own story:

BROOKLYN, GREEN CO., Wis.,
May 8, 1866.

To The Great American Tea Company,
31 and 23 Vesey St., New York City;

The package of Tea I ordered of you came safely to hand. All are highly pleased with their Teas. Your best is superior to what our merchants call their best, and sell for \$1 to \$1 20. The Colong is far better than what they sell at \$1 20. I have never seen another order, amounting to \$120. I would send you a much larger one, but many of our farmers are so afraid of being humbugged. They say that if you give a good satisfaction this time as you did before, they will then "go on." Send the goods by United States Express, with bill for collection, as before. All bill by mail to myself. You will hear in a larger way from this section next time. Mark the box to my address. Respectfully yours,
W. H. MACK.

ORDER No. 2.

Table with 2 columns: Item Name and Price. Includes items like 5 lbs. Best Colong, 5 lbs. L. Adams, 5 lbs. Mrs. Howard, etc.

P. S.—Send 4 lbs. of your best Green Java Coffee, with price, to
W. H. Mack.

Our second order from Mr. R. H. Harrison, of Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Railway Shops, Fort Wayne, Ind., embraces a club-order comprising over 500 names of gentlemen engaged in the above manufacturing works.

All Manufacturing Establishments can save two thirds of the cost of their Tea by sending their orders to THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, Nos. 21 and 23 Vesey Street, New York City. (Post-Office Box 5245.)



Meeks' Cabinet Furniture Warehouse

Removed to the new White Marble Building, No. 622 Broadway, between Fourth and Great Jones Streets. NEW STORE, NEW STYLES, POPULAR PRICES.

These extensive warehouses afford ample facilities for the display of our immense stock, consisting of an elegant variety of Fashionable Bed, Medium, and Plain Furniture, which will be sold at Popular Prices. EP' Purchasers are invited to inspect the largest and best assortment in this country. No. 622 BROADWAY, New York City.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

MAMMOTH OIL ENTERPRISE AND GRAND GIFT DISTRIBUTION.
40,000 Shares of Stock to be Sold for Five Dollars each,

AND
40,000 Valuable Presents—One to each Shareholder.

\$20,000 IN GREENBACKS, BONDERS, AND OTHER VALUABLE PROPERTY, TO BE DISTRIBUTED AMONG SHAREHOLDERS WHO INVEST \$5 IN THE STOCK OF THE VANOVERBROOK OIL COMPANY, WHICH WILL PAY 500 PER CENT. PROFIT ANNUALLY ON THE AMOUNT OF THE INVESTMENT.

Distribution to take place Tuesday Evening, July 24, 1866, at

IRVING HALL, NEW YORK.

The merit of this plan is twofold. First, each subscriber to a \$5 share becomes a Stockholder in the Company, and entitled to the benefits of its success. Second, every person who purchases stock has a chance to receive a valuable present—a small fortune.

SPLENDID LIST OF PRESENTS.

Table listing various presents and their values, such as Brown Stone House, Frame House, Presents, Lots in the City of New York, etc.

HOW TO OBTAIN SHARES.

Forty thousand printed receipts will be issued, each entitling the holder to one share of stock in the Vanoverbrook Petroleum and Mining Company, and each accompanied by a card of admission (properly numbered), to the Grand Distribution, and entitling the holder to the present that may be drawn to his number on that occasion. The receipts and cards of admission can be had at book stores, and of agents throughout the country, at \$5 per share, or by enclosing the amount in a registered letter to

W. H. MITCHELL, No. 14 Chambers Street, New York.

Wines and Cordials.

I will send to any address, on receipt of One Dollar, directions for making the following Wines and Cordials, so extensively used in Great Britain, viz.: Scotch, Spanish, Raspberry, Marston, Claret, Champagne, Gooseberry, Currant, Ginger, Honey, Peach, Strawberry, and Elderberry, equal to imported Champagne. The cost is but trifling. Contains no alcohol. Pleasant to the taste, and exceedingly healthy. Address Thomas H. Golding, Lancaster, Ohio.

FIVE DOLLAR GOLD MEDAL SEWING MACHINE.

An entirely new and formidable Sewing Machine, Class I, especially adapted to FAMILY USE, with Pulver improvement. Warranted extra strong, elegant, and RAPID.

WILL REWIND UP FOR YOU. MAKE THE SEWING THE SAME AS YOURS. WILL NOT STOP A SEWING. IS A SELF-FEEDING.

STRENGTH, ELASTICITY, SPEED, SILENTLY, CERTAINLY, and CHEAPLY in use. Gives perfect satisfaction whenever introduced. One machine, Class I, for justly use forwarded by Express to any part on receipt of price, \$5. Address Gold Medal Sewing Machine Co., 2 E. corner of Ann and Nassau Streets, New York.

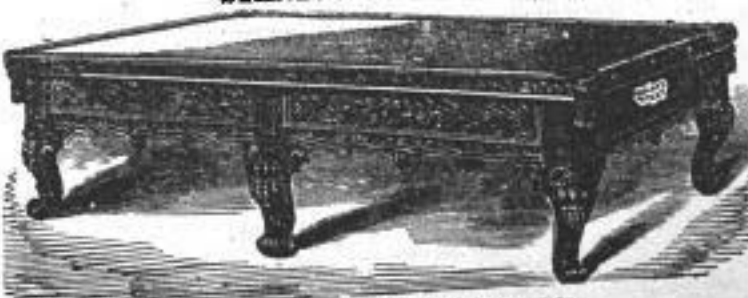


FISHING TACKLE.

In all its varieties, for sale by A. DRAPER, No. 23 Nassau Street, one door from Nassau Lane, New York.

Patent Sheep- and Cat-fish-Pan-Hook, a perfect trap; springs open in the fish's mouth; expeditious and lays all want them. Send 25 cents and stamp for two sample books, or \$1 25 for one dozen, and trade-price, to JOSEPH BRIGGS, 120 Broadway, New York. Room 25.

STANDARD AMERICAN



BILLIARD TABLES.

Approved and adopted by the Billiard Congress of 1863. The best and only reliable Billiard Tables manufactured in this country, and every article relating to Billiards, for sale by PHILAN & COLLENDER, Nos. 62, 64, 66, and 68 Crosby Street, New York City.

I. H. WALRAVEN, IMPORTER AND DEALER IN CURTAINS, WINDOW-SHADES, AND LINENS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

No. 686 Broadway, New York, 719 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

CLOSING OUT SALE

NEUFCHATEL WATCH CO.

Owing to the failure and sudden closing of the works and business of the

NEUFCHATEL WATCH CO.

A large number of fine Watches, manufactured especially for the United States, being heavy, fine-time time-keepers, intended to stand hard usage and sudden changes of temperature, are left in our hands for immediate sale. As agents of the Company, we are obliged to dispose of this stock for cash in the shortest possible time. We have, therefore, decided on the plan announced as the one that will be profitable to the desired result. This plan gives every one an opportunity of obtaining fine-time time-keepers at a price that all can command. An every certificate represents a Watch, there are no blanks, and every one who invests in this sale acquires a Watch at half the retail price at least; and, if all fortunate, one to wear with pride through life.

Remittances may be made at our risk in registered letters or by express, or post-office orders and drafts payable to our order, and we guarantee a safe return. This INSURE each delivery and sure return to every party. We warrant every Watch as represented, and satisfaction is guaranteed in every instance. Knowing the worth of the stock, we can give a guarantee to every purchaser. The price has been placed at the very low figure in order to insure immediate sale; and all who desire to improve the opportunity should make early application.

HAZARD, MOORE & CO.,

120 Broadway, New York, (late 202 Broadway.)

AGENTS FOR THE NEUFCHATEL WATCH CO.

THE FOLLOWING SPLENDID LIST OF

Fine Watches and Chains,

Worth \$350,000!

TO BE SOLD FOR

TEN DOLLARS EACH.

Table listing various watches and chains with their prices, such as 127 Gold hunting-cased Chronometers, 143 Gold hunting-cased English Pat. Levers, etc.

EP' All the above list of Watches will be sold for Ten Dollars each.

Certificate representing each and every Watch in the above list are placed in similar envelopes and sealed. Any person obtaining a Certificate, to be had at our office, or sent by mail to any address, can have the article called for on the return of the certificate, with Ten Dollars.

We charge for forwarding certificates, 50 cents each. Five will be sent for \$2, and three for \$5. The certificates must in all cases be returned with and accompany the money when goods are ordered.

All orders promptly filled and forwarded by return mail or express. Address

HAZARD, MOORE & CO.,

120 Broadway, New York.

5000 Agents Wanted. \$5 per day and expenses. Send stamp for circular to Bell & Co., Springfield, Mass.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR JUNE, 1866.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year \$4 00
An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Five Stars.
Subscribers, at \$4 00 each, or 5 Copies for \$20 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, \$8 00.

Circulation 112,000.

The Publishers will accept a limited number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazines, at the following low rates:

Table showing advertising rates: One Page, \$20 00; Half Page, 15 00; Quarter Page, 7 50.

Or \$1 50 per line for a less space. Average eight words to a line. HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

Circulation nearly 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year \$4 00
One Copy for Three Months 1 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Five Subscribers, at \$4 00 each, or 5 Copies for \$20 00. Payment invariably in advance.

The Bound Volumes of HARPER'S WEEKLY from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Table showing shipping rates: Cloth Binding, \$1 25 per Volume; Half Bound, 75 00.

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

Terms to Advertisers.—One Dollar and Fifty Cents per line for inside, and Two Dollars per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.



RATHER 'CUTE.

SMALL BUT SHARP-PASSIONER. "Look here! You didn't give me the Right Change just now!"

CLERK. "Too Late, Sir! You should have Spoken when you took your Ticket!"

PASSIONER. "Should I? Well, it's of no Consequence to me; but you gave me Five Dollars Too Much! Ta-ta!"

Robinson & Ogden,
BANKERS,
AND DEALERS IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 4 Broad St., New York,
(Two Doors from Wall.)

Collection made, with quick returns.
Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks,
Bonds, and Gold will receive our personal attention.

ROBINSON & OGDEN,
Bankers.

POLLAK & SON Mear-
schers Manufacturing, 221 Broadway,
near 4th St., N. Y., wholesale and re-
tail at reduced rates. Pipes and Blows
cut to order and repaired. All
goods warranted genuine. Send stamp
for Circular. Pipes \$5 to \$50 each.

Marvin's Patent
ALUM AND DRY PLASTER, FIRE AND BURGLAR
SAFE'S
Never lose their fire-proof qualities, corrode the iron, or
shrink their contents.
Safes and other safe for silverware.
MARVIN & CO.,
265 Broadway, New York.
113 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

E. REMINGTON & SONS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
**Revolvers, Rifles,
Muskets, and Carbines,**
For the United States Service. Also
**POCKET AND BELT REVOLVERS,
REPEATING PISTOLS,
Rifle Cases, Revolving Rifles,
Rifle and Shot-Gun Barrels and Gun Materials.** Sold
by Gun Dealers and the Trade generally.
In these days of House-breaking and Robbery, every
House, Store, Bank, and Office should have one of
Remington's Revolvers.
Circulars containing cuts and description of our Arms
will be furnished upon application.
E. REMINGTON & SONS, Illus, N. Y.

MUSICAL BOXES,
Playing from one to thirty-six dif-
ferent tunes, and costing from \$5 00
to \$60 00. The most complete stock
ever offered for sale in New York.
Fine ornaments for the parlor, and
pleasant companions for the STRAID.
M. J. FAILLARD & CO., Importers,
21 Maiden Lane (op stairs), New
York. Musical Boxes repaired.

FOR PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS.
Stereoscopes, Magic Lanterns, and Dissolving Views,
with pictures from all parts, and of every interesting sub-
ject, made by **JAMES W. QUINN & CO.,** 224 Chestnut
Street, Philadelphia.
Printed and illustrated catalogue sent gratis.

MADAME JUMEL'S "MANMARIAL BALM" for es-
tablishing and beautifying the form. Mechanical ap-
pliances used when necessary. Madame Jumel's WREN-
KLE OILY EXTRACT. Depot, 343 CANAL STREET.
Orders mailed to Agent for Madame Jumel promptly at-
tended to. Send for Circular.

MERCHANTS, BANKERS,
And others should send to all parts of the United
States by **HARDEN'S EXPRESS, 45 Broadway.**

Ladies & Gentlemen
OUT OF THE CITY,
TAKE YOUR OWN MEASURE AND SEND TO
E. A. BROOKS, AGT.
Importer and Manufacturer of
BOOTS, SHOES, &c.
575 Broadway, New York.

Directions for Measuring the Feet.
First. Place the foot upon a piece of paper and trace
the outline of same with a pencil, which will give the
length and spread of the foot, as shown in figure A.
Second. Make the following measurements, in
inches and fractions, with tape measure, as shown
in figure B, viz:
1st.—The ball of the foot.
2d.—The last toe.
3d.—The length of the
4th.—The Heel.
5th.—The Arch.
6th.—The Gait.

THIS HOUSE IS THE LARGEST IN THE CITY, AND WAS
ESTABLISHED IN 1848.

Best Shirt Collars, "diamond, Snow-White," \$1. Send
"red" and "grey." Hildes & Puggen, 75 Nassau St., N. Y.

O'BRIEN'S NATIONAL PRIZE CONCERT
WILL BE HELD AT
The Rink,
Thursday, July 5th, 1866.

THIS HALL, BEING THE LARGEST IN THE CITY, WILL ACCOMMODATE ALL WHO WISH TO
ATTEND. IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE CONCERT THE DRAWING WILL TAKE PLACE.

One Hundred Thousand Dollars
IN VALUABLE PRIZES INCLUDING
Twenty-three Thousand Dollars in Money,
WILL BE GIVEN TO THE TICKET-HOLDERS.
ONLY 100,000 TICKETS AND 25,000 PRIZES,
Being One Chance in Four.

The First Prize is Ten Thousand Dollars in Cash.

The Drawing will positively take place at the time mentioned. The prizes are all purchased, and will be delivered
immediately after the Concert; and a full statement of the drawing and list of the winning numbers will be sent to
every ticket-holder. Parties whose numbers appear on the list will forward their tickets at once, with full directions
for shipping goods or money. I have published a NEW BOOK, containing a full list of prizes, describing how the
prizes will be drawn, and how parties not in the city are to send for them, and, indeed, answering every question
about the Concert, besides containing much other valuable information, which I will send free of charge to every one
buying a ticket and inclosing five cents to pay postage.

Inducements to Clubs:
I WILL SEND
For \$ 4 00..... 5 Tickets..... 30 Tickets.
For 7 00..... 8 Tickets..... 40 Tickets.
For 10 00..... 12 Tickets..... 50 Tickets.
For 17 50..... 20 Tickets..... 100 Tickets.
For 21 00..... 30 Tickets.....

Money can be sent at my risk by Draft, Post-Office Order, or Registered Letter. Always send your full Name,
State, County, and Post-Office.
ORDER TICKETS EARLY. At this time, June 1st, not over 10,000 Tickets remain unsold, and this number will
soon be exhausted. Money received after the Tickets are all sold will be promptly returned.
M. O'BRIEN, 122 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO.

Representatives: William Schanz, N. Y. City; L. Prang & Co., Boston, Mass.; U. Taber & Co., New Bedford, Mass.;
Frazier & Tappin, Rochester, N. Y.; J. M. Bradstreet & Son, Chicago and New York; Goodell & Co., New York City;
L. A. Hill & Co., Boston, Mass.; Butler, Perigo, & Way, Baltimore, Md.; Wm. M. Kuhl, Cincinnati, Ohio; Rice
& Allen, Chicago and Kalamazoo; Wm. B. Egan & Co., Chicago, and every other, banker, and merchant in Chicago.

LOCKWOOD'S
(Licensed by the Union Paper Collar Company.)
MOULDED COLLARS,
The Trade supplied with all Styles and Sizes at
93 Reade Street, N. Y. & 255 South Third St., Phila.

THE UNITED STATES PRIZE CONCERT,

To have been given at CROSBY'S OPERA-HOUSE on MONDAY, MAY 29th, 1866, will be postponed
until MONDAY, JULY 2d, 1866, on which occasion HALF A MILLION DOLLARS
IN PRIZES will be presented to Ticket-Holders, including

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS IN GREENBACKS.

THIS POSTPONEMENT is an unavoidable necessity, not so much in consequence of the number of tickets yet re-
served as the positive necessity there is for a proper registration of those already disposed of, which has been delayed
in consequence of the negligence and carelessness of a portion of our Agents in making their proper returns. We ad-
vise all parties waiting tickets to send for them without delay, as we have but a limited number yet on hand. We
wish most particularly to impress upon the minds of our Agents the importance of their making their returns at once,
and of receiving whatever errors may have crept into their reports immediately. We will pay to those sending for
tickets that if they should all be sold at the time their order is received the money will be returned. No applications
for new Agents for the sale of tickets will be considered, as we have no more than sufficient tickets for those Agents
we have already appointed. Tickets are for sale at the principal Hotels, Book and Music Stores in the city, and at
our Office, 122 Dearborn Street; price \$1 each; sent by mail on receipt of price and stamp for return postage. We
invite the particular attention of persons wishing to order tickets by mail to the following

Special Terms, or Club Rates.
Any party procuring a club of five or more names for tickets, and forwarding us the money for the same, will be
allowed the following concessions, viz:

WE WILL SEND

5 Tickets to one address for..... \$4 50	30 Tickets to one address for..... \$25 00
10 Tickets to one address for..... 9 00	40 Tickets to one address for..... 35 00
15 Tickets to one address for..... 17 50	50 Tickets to one address for..... 45 00
And 100 Tickets to one address for..... \$50 00	

In every case send the name and post-office address of each separate subscriber. Money, by draft, post-office order,
express, or in registered letters, may be sent at our risk. All communications should be addressed to

WIGGINS, BRADFORD & CO.,
122 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

The proprietors will devote to the Lincoln and Douglas Monument Fund \$1000; also there will be \$2000 reserved
from the proceeds of the drawing, for the same purpose.

Representatives—Hon. Major Dan. Mason, Ex-M.C., of Ind.; Hon. Ira J. Laycock, of Kansas; Hon. William LaFayette
well, Lyons, Iowa; Hon. Joseph Knapp, of Chicago; Hon. C. Graves Smith, of Minn.; Jacob Foreyth, Agt. M. & E. L.,
Chicago, Ill.; M. Krumpholtz & Co., Importers of watches, Chicago.

Proposals for inserting this advertisement are requested.

SOMETHING NEW.

A SET OF ROCK-CRYSTAL JEWELRY, comprising
BREAKFAST-PIN AND EAR-RINGS, \$7 50.
A FULL SET DITTO, comprising BREAKFAST-PIN, EAR-
RINGS, NICKEL-PLATE, AND BRACELETS, \$9.
Forwarded to any address free of receipt of the price.
F. P. PERKINS & BROTHER,
Importers of East India and Fancy Goods,
122 Broadway, New York.

THE NATIONAL REVOLVER.

This new celebrated Revolver ex-
ceeds all others for compactness, ef-
fectiveness, durability, power, and safe-
ty in carrying. It is light (14 oz.), small
only 1 1/2 in., with larger metallic water-proof cylinder
20-100 ball than any Revolver made of same size and
weight. Send for Circular. **GEO. A. BURROCK,** 33
Rockman Street, New York.

PESTACHINE

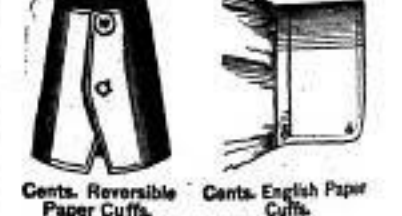
It is the best Restorer for the Hair, and an excellent
dressing. Invented by Dr. RUOFF; manufactured by
ORIN SKINNELL & CO., Springfield, Mass.; and sold by
DEMAS BARNES & CO., New York.

UNION ADAMS,
HOSIER, GLOVER,
AND
SHIRT MAKER,
No. 637 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK CITY.

100 SPLENDID PHOTOGRAPHS of Female Deu-
ties for 25 cents. Address
D. L. FOX, 24 Varick Street, New York City.

EMPLOYMENT
\$2,000 A YEAR PAID AGENTS.
MALE & FEMALE FOR PARTICULARS
ADDRESS **W. G. WILSON CLEVELAND, O.**

WARD'S
Paper Collars
AND CUFFS FOR
LADIES
AND GENTLEMEN,
Wholesale & Retail,
387 BROADWAY, N. Y.



NOTICE TO THE TRADE.
A wholesale price-list sent by mail.

THE REISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION



JUN 24 1866
LIBRARY

Vol. X.—No. 495.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1866.

[SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
\$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



WALL STREET, NEW YORK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WILLIAM B. AUSTIN, NEW YORK.]

Vertical text on the left margin, including names like 'J. D. S. Jolley' and 'W. S. T. Lewis & Co. Wall St. N.Y.' along with small illustrations of eyeglasses.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1866.

THE REPORT OF THE CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE.

THE Report of the Congressional Committee upon Reconstruction is so able and conclusive that we wish it might be universally read. It is the Constitution and common sense applied to the situation; and after the passionate and pettifogging spirit in which Reconstruction, the most important of all our present questions, has been so often discussed its tone is manly and dignified. There is nothing exactly new in the arguments of the Committee, but the Report is an unanswerable statement of the conclusions to which the commonsense of the loyal part of the country had arrived, and upon which, as we believe, it now reposes.

Those conclusions are in brief that the rebellious States were left, at the close of the war, without other valid government than the military authority of the United States, directed by the President as Commander-in-chief; that the civil government of those States could become valid only upon recognition by Congress, and that the resumption by those States of their relations in the Union can occur only upon such conditions as Congress may prescribe. The folly of the assumption of ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS and the late allies of the rebellion, that the moment a rebel State was forced by arms to surrender it regained untouched and without condition every right and privilege it had enjoyed as a part of the Union is conclusively exposed by the Committee. "To admit such a principle for one moment would be to declare that treason is always master and loyalty a blunder. Such a principle is void by its very nature and essence, because inconsistent with the theory of government and fatal to its very existence."

To know the condition of the late rebel States it was necessary either to take the opinion of the President solely, or to sift the evidence upon which that opinion was founded and enlarge the range of testimony. This latter course was adopted, and the impression left upon the Committee is again that of the great mass of Union men in the country. The condition of the States in question is precisely what was to be expected. It is a feeling of intense regret that the struggle could not be prolonged, and of bitter hostility toward the Government. But while this is natural to any party defeated in so fierce a contest, the Committee find that it is peculiarly strong in the States in question. "The conciliatory measures of the Government do not seem to have been met even half-way. The bitterness and defiance exhibited toward the United States under such circumstances is without a parallel in the history of the world." It is remarkable that Mr. SEWARD in his Auburn speech states the situation exactly the other way. "The work of reconciliation," he says, "has outstripped expectation. Indeed, it has never had a parallel in human affairs." We presume that the private conviction of most of us, based upon all the various public and private evidence of the year, will confirm the Committee's judgment rather than Mr. SEWARD'S.

After the most careful consideration upon adequate evidence the Committee believe that adequate security should be required for future peace and safety, and they suggest, as the result of natural concession, the amendment determining civil rights, equalizing representation, disqualifying certain persons for office under certain conditions, and disowning the rebel debt. This amendment has been already adopted by the Senate in a moderate and generous sense, and will undoubtedly be approved by the House. As there is nothing in it which is not strictly in consonance with the views which the President has often expressed, we hope that for the sake of harmony he will not oppose it. If, however, a bill should be offered for his signature, postponing the admission of any late rebel State to Congress until the amendment had become a part of the Constitution and had been ratified by the State, he would undoubtedly veto it. It seems to us, for many good reasons, advisable that each suspended State should be restored upon its individual acceptance of the condition, and we hope that such may be the final judgment of Congress.

Thus this most important Committee concludes its labors, and concludes them worthily. It has been severely derided and insulted by the most malignant enemies of the Union and Government at the North and South; and even the President's impatience has betrayed him into disparagement of it. But we challenge any cavalier to produce from history an instance of a settlement by a victorious government so honorable, so reasonable, so free from vengeance, so tenacious of the spirit of a truly free government. There is no lately rebellious citizen of the United States who "acquiesces" honestly in the situation who can declare it ungenerous or unjust, while every faithful citizen will heartily commend it as the true popu-

lar platform. The substance of this Report is sure to be filtered through editorials and speeches, so that it will become familiar to the country. But Union clubs and committees could do no better service to the good cause than to multiply legible copies of it.

OUR NEUTRALITY.

THE President's late decisive proclamation of neutrality in the Fenian raid upon Canada was derided by those who snarl at all his acts, but was of necessity cordially approved by all thoughtful citizens in whose minds passion and prejudice had not obscured the sense of national honor. We are at peace with Great Britain—a peace which the interests of liberty and civilization require to be maintained—and to insist that we shall wink at the desolation of a neighboring colony of that power by such a body as the "Fenian army," because Great Britain played fast and loose in her neutrality during our late war, is simply childish and preposterous. To plead the dishonor of England as an excuse for our own, is to dispute the palm of shame.

We vigorously denounced the insincerity of British neutrality. We derided it as dishonorable to the last degree. We swelled with indignant scorn at the miserable subterfuges of the British Government in the matter of the *Alabama*. Were we right or wrong? Was her conduct honorable or ignoble? Of course we have not changed our opinion—and why, then, should we sneer at our Government for refusing to do precisely what we think is dastardly in the British Government to have done? The strictest freedom of speech in debating the wrongs of Ireland or of any other country we properly tolerate. The organization of an Irish Republic in Union Square is an innocent diversion of the subscribers to Fenian bonds. The call to send arms to Ireland or the exhortation to strike at Canada, are all permissible, for they are thus far words merely, mere wind. But if the attempt is made to send arms, they are justly seized. If men attempt to put their vows into execution from our territory, they are justly opposed. And if the movement be apparently concerted and imposing from its numbers, the proclamation of neutrality is a simple Executive duty. Our only regret is, that the Government should have apparently countenanced the movement by releasing JOHN MERRICK at the request of a Fenian deputation. To release him was not unwise; but to do so upon such a request was to commit a double blunder, for it was both a recognition of Fenians and a discrimination among American citizens founded upon birth. As Irishmen, American citizens have nothing to ask of the Government—and as Fenian Irishmen (to use an Irish figure of speech) still less.

There is nothing more commendable in our history than our consistent and conscientious observance of neutral duties, which was honorably acknowledged by "Hibernicus" during the *Alabama* debates. It began with the existence of the Government itself. President WASHINGTON declared the strictest rule, and enforced it. In 1793 there was war between England and France. The friendship for our late ally and antipathy to our recent foe were yet warm, and JEFFERSON, the especial friend of France, was Secretary of State. But WASHINGTON and JEFFERSON both acted promptly and efficiently. They did not wait for proofs of intended expeditions to be furnished by the representatives of either belligerent. "As soon as it was perceived that such enterprises would be attempted orders to prevent them were dispatched to all the States and ports of the Union." In 1805, when Mr. JEFFERSON was President, he equipped a fleet to enforce neutrality, and "to bring in the offenders as pirates." In 1818 President MONROE compliments "the whole community" for its honorable fidelity to neutral obligations. In the border troubles of 1838-40 Mr. WEBSTER, as Secretary of State, declares the intention of the President to bring "to exemplary punishment" all the violators of law and disturbers of the peace upon the Canadian border. In 1848, when the Germans were trying to unite in one great empire, their Government sent commissioners to this country to buy a steam war vessel. But learning that the buyers were interested in the little *Schleswig-Holstein* war, our Government forbade the sailing of the steamer, nor was she permitted to depart until, after long negotiations, the buyers gave bonds in \$900,000 that she should never be used against any nation with which we were at peace. In 1855, during the Russian war, the Government seized Mr. LOW'S bark *Moway*, although it considered the complaint of the British consul improbable, and it proved to be totally unfounded.

In the recent instance not only our uniform precedent and the general reason of such cases, but the intrinsic inhumanity and folly of the belligerent acts demanded the strict enforcement of neutrality. The attempt was to sunder the British empire by seizing Canada by that part of the Irish population of the United States with whom their most conspicuous religious and political leaders will have nothing to do, and who were earnestly dissatisfied from

the enterprise by the recognized head of the revolutionary movement. There could be no conceivable result of such a mad foray but bloodshed and sorrow. It is true that Canada looked on coolly when rebel raids against us were plotted under her eyes. But is that Canadian conduct to be the model of ours? Did the offense of Canada, great as it was, deserve that her soil and cities should be exposed by us to such a horde and such a spirit as ravaged New York in the July riots of 1863? Even the correspondent of the *New York Herald*, which has incessantly magnified Fenianism, admits, in speaking of the invading "army," that "the most of them were nothing more or less than an armed mob, roving about wherever they pleased, robbing the homes, and insulting and abusing women and children." If our laws and precedents had not forbidden our connivance with so horrible a tragedy as this raid would have been, if unchecked, certainly our common humanity and common sense should have forced us to interfere; and the President is to be heartily thanked for his fidelity to the national honor.

THE PROBABLE WAR IN EUROPE.

TEXAS will apparently be a Conference of the European powers, but it is generally conceded that war is unavoidable. This will not seem strange to any one who reflects that there is a universal wish in Europe to reconstruct the map, as it is called. That can be done only by peaceful negotiation or by war. But what chance is there among the conflicting claims, and hot passions and ambitions of the various powers, that a harmonious redistribution could be made? The wisest heads are clearly of opinion that it is hopeless, and that it may not be possible even to hold the dogs of war in leash until the Congress dissolves.

Meanwhile the number of troops upon a war footing is already enormous. The northern army of Austria alone, under General BISMARCK, upon the frontiers of Prussia and Saxony, is composed of 380,000 men and 500 guns. The Austrian force in Venetia is 190,000 men, while the Austrian reserves comprise 800,000. Vienna is being rapidly fortified. The Italian army will contain more than 500,000 men, of whom 250,000 are already in the first line, and are inspired with the utmost enthusiasm. The Prussian force is immense, and Europe is already a camp once more.

There are two elements which have not been much considered, but which may prove to be of great importance. These are Russia and the Republicans. The people of Europe at this time would hardly allow the struggle to be merely a dynastic combat. They would seize the moment of universal tumult to claim further rights; and when once a war begins of the necessary proportions of this, it is impossible to foretell the end or the results. A great deal more than was meant will be both won and lost.

A. J. HAMILTON AND A. H. STEPHENS.

ANDREW J. HAMILTON OF TEXAS, and ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS OF GEORGIA, are representatives of the two spirits between which, from this time forward, there will be "an irrepressible conflict" in the late rebel States. They are both natives of slave States. They have both been slaveholders and Democrats. They have both been recognized political leaders. They are both men of intellectual ability, tenacity, and force. But the heart and hand of one are set toward the future, those of the other to the past.

When the other Southern leaders of the Democratic party took up arms against the Government STEPHENS warned them to pause. He pleaded that he was as true as they to State sovereignty and slavery. He declared that with him the Union was subordinate to "the South." He tried to show them that "the South"—meaning the ambition of those leaders and the interests of slavery—could still control the Government, and that open rebellion would be ruin. But the conspirators were bolder than he, although less astute. Possibly they felt that the conscience of the American people, which was now clearly awakened, could not be put to sleep again, because it had caught a glimpse of the eternal truth that the national interest was coincident with justice, and that therefore every year's delay was fatal both to their ambition and its unholy object. But whatever their motive, they shouted with RONNET TOOMAN that if the sword were not put into their hands they would seize it—and they did so. STEPHENS became silent, and floated with the current, and was made the Lieutenant of the conspiracy. Then he opened his mouth to say what even WIGFALL and the most foolish and fierce of the conspirators hardly dared to breathe—that the express intention of the new empire was to surpass Dahomey, and its Government was to be founded upon the crime against human nature itself which civilized mankind had elsewhere scornfully spurned.

But when the conspirators declared themselves in TEXAS HAMILTON defied them. In

fiery appeals to the people he exposed the nature of the conspiracy and the purpose of its chiefs. He showed the benignity and blamelessness of the Government, declared its intrinsic power, and foretold its overwhelming triumph. His voice was an inspiring bugle blast of patriotism, and no man's attitude in any formidable crisis was ever more heroic than his. Hated and denounced by the rebel chiefs, he stood fast and cried aloud until to stay longer was useless; and then, hunted by men fiercer than blood-hounds, he made his way within the Union lines. There he continued his work. His voice was heard every where encouraging the loyal heart of the country, until, with the victory which he had prophesied, he returned to Texas as Provisional Governor. Of all those who have filled that office HAMILTON alone clearly comprehended the situation. He understood the struggle. He knew and trusted the principle which had prevailed, and he was resolved that that principle should inspire the policy of reconstruction in his State, because that only promised peace and permanent union.

HAMILTON and STEPHENS are both again conspicuous, both are again leaders of public opinion at the South. STEPHENS declares that his principles and convictions are unchanged. He still holds to the right of secession. He "acquiesces" in the result because all force of further resistance is exhausted. An ardent rebel, he proudly reaffirms his faith in the principle of the rebellion, and denying the right of the Government which he has vainly sought to overthrow to exact any security for its safety, he haughtily claims "share in its control." Encouraged by his position the old spirit of "the South" revives, that spirit which has been so terribly proved fatal to the Union and the Government. HAMILTON, on the other hand, says plainly to STEPHENS and his friends: "You have made it necessary for them (the loyal people of the United States) to make certain requirements of you, and they will do it in such a manner as that they will never be disturbed again by a rebellion. I would do the same, and so would you if placed in a similar position. You would not permit any State to go back until you had assurance of the hearty submission of the people in a manner not yet given by the people of Texas." Then, with a directness and force which must rather amaze STEPHENS and his friends, HAMILTON, after declaring the freedom to be the equal of any of them before the law, exclaims: "As a friend of the Government of the United States, as a friend of humanity, and as a man of truth and honor, he is immeasurably the superior of any pardoned but unrepentant rebel."

When one man says so, many men think so. General HAMILTON announces that there shall now be the utmost freedom of speech, and that the truth shall be told fearlessly. He will be supported by those who believe that the United States will see fair play, and the debate between the old silence and despotism of slavery and State sovereignty, and the new speech and inspiration of Liberty and the Union will be opened. It will be hot and sharp, but the issue is clear. With the formation of a true Union party, the real character of "acquiescent" like STEPHENS, who hold to the things that are passing away, will be revealed, and a healthy political condition will ensue. As a conciliator, as a peace-maker, as a patriot, as a true American, ANDREW J. HAMILTON is as superior to ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS now, as he was superior to him in wisdom and patriotism during the war; and it is by such men as HAMILTON, and by such principles as his, and not by leaders like STEPHENS that the true reconstruction of the late rebel States will be effected.

THE FEAST OF FOLLY.

IN the time of Queen ELIZABETH of England the fashions imported from the Continent were so extravagant and ruinous to private fortunes that the Queen, who had three thousand dresses in her wardrobe, issued a proclamation against extravagance in dress. We have no Queen, but we certainly have need of the proclamation. The wild waste of money in the most vulgar ways is a matter of profound public concern. It tends directly to make marriage difficult, and whatever limits honorable marriage threatens public morality.

Our feast of folly is the more contemptible that it is imported. Our vanity is second-hand. New York is apparently content to be a cast-off Paris. Like a pert maid it smirks and ogles in the discarded dresses of its mistresses. It waits for Paris to be hooped before it enlarges its skirts, and mockingly reduces them when Paris dwindles. The follies of Long-champs are daring, original, and preposterous. But they are the follies of one of the richest and most corrupt of European courts. The same follies, carefully imitated in New York or at Saratoga or Newport, are only feeble and farcical.

Does an honest young man, earning his living in New York, and hoping to marry his sweet-heart on some happy future day, wish to see her spring the Princess MARIANNE or the superb Mrs. B——, a noted divorcee in Paris, at whom even newspaper correspondents laugh



THE SOUTHERN METHODIST BISHOPS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY LEWIS, NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.—[SEE PAGE 386.]

Daily.

Merrill.

Palmer.

Duggell.

Anderson.

McTear.

Plummer.

Wright.

McLain.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.)

INSIDE
A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.
IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



MR. WRIGHT AT HOME.

CHAPTER XXIII.

If ever a man was justifiable in flying to the flowing bowl to-night surely that man is Alonzo Wright. True, he has made solemn oath not to take another drop, Christmas having witnessed his last awful frolic, with the death of a favorite negro man somehow mixed up in its frantic festivities, until next Fourth of July, unless, Mr. Wright most carefully stipulates in his vow, we gain our independence before then; in which latter case he, Tim Lamum, Dr. Peel, Bob Withers, and a few other like spirits, are solemnly pledged to each other to have about the greatest time of it yet known on earth; Captain Richard Simmons moving and assisting unanimously to carry said proviso.

A dozen times has Mr. Wright ~~assisted~~ Anne, hanging with silent importunity upon his arm on this as well as every other occasion of his leaving home for Somerville, that he will not taste, touch, smell a drop, not even go on the side of the street where the grocery is. For Mr. Wright is far from being an austere father. Anne has grown up in his eyes the fairest and loveliest and most thoroughly accomplished of women. There is a droop in her large blue eyes, a wave and fall in her fair hair, a mould of her form, an altogether indescribable sweetness in manner and tone which would attach any father in the world. In addition to her being his only child and chiefest companion, she is her dead mother over again. Very often, indeed, of evenings, when Anne sits at the piano, her fingers straying over the keys from one piece to another, singing half a song here, another half there, breaking out in some brilliant bravura, or idling through the tangles of a schottische, does her father sit, cigar in mouth, looking at and loving her with all the admiration and love of his soul. A rather small, light-complexioned man is Mr. Wright, but your big burly people never feel most. It is in the slight-built organizations you find fire and force; leanness and ferocity are coupled in the wild-owl, vivacity and venom in viper and rattlesnake.

In fact, ~~the~~ Anne at least is "all the world to" her father. At the head of his table; her graceful form about the house all day in diligent housekeeping; persuading and remonstrating with the servants, who serve the family wondrous well under the double impulse of mortal terror of "Maa 'Loon," on the one side, and devoted attachment to "Missanny," as they call her, on the other; even when Dr. Peel or other company are being entertained in the parlor, Mr. Wright, proudly conscious of Anne from the moment he awakes in the morning till he kicks off his boots at night, can join in whatever denunciation of the Yankees is going on between him and the gentleman with whom he is conversing, and be keenly alive all the time to the ever-varying loveliness of Anne on the other side of the room.

Why conceal these bitterest pangs of remorse which give such intensity to Mr. Wright's paternal affection? Yes, Anne is like her mother, most like that mother when at her loveliest; and there were hushed whispers in the community in which Mr. Wright lived at the time of his wife's death, vague rumors from family servants, and from friends who prepared the body for burial, of bruises and marks. Let us say so more about it where nothing certain is known. No man knows better than Mr. Wright that he is a devil incarnate in his cups, and the demonic love of liquor which possesses the man is restrained only by his love for his daughter, and mortal dread of what he may do to her in some moment of intoxication.

And yet, reasoning with thousands of other Secessionists at the same instant, if ever a man was justifiable, every thing to the contrary not-

withstanding, in drowning his sorrows in the bowl to-night that man is Alonzo Wright. As an almost universal rule, even those of the Secession leaders, in the army and out of it, who never drank before, are taking to drinking now. As to those who have drunk hard all along, these do nothing else now at all.

"Why, look at it, gentlemen," says Captain Richard Simmons, who sits to-night on the counter of the grocery, his left arm around a pillar, from which hang the fly-specked muscans of red, white, yellow, and blue paper cut into meshes adorning the ceiling, expressing, for Tim Lamum, who sits dead drunk in an adjoining arm-chair, and for Bob Withers, who smokes in silence, and for Dr. Peel, whose speech is exclusively oaths, and for Alonzo Wright, who is brooding over the times, seated on the card-table, his slouched head down over his eyes, the painful feelings of all.

"Only permit your eyes to range over the situation, as Lamum says in the *Star*. A Yankee, gentlemen, Lamum is," adds Captain Simmons, impressively. "It may be a weakness inherent in my nature; I've tried to master it again and yet again. I will be frank with you; I can not. My soul abhors a Yankee. Never mind about his professed devotion to the Confederacy. A lifetime spent in fiercest ardor for it would not satisfy me. My nature revolts from a Yankee. There's old Nobby—a Yankee school-master! Who so loud and strong for the South? Insisting on shaking my hand every time we met over our glorious victories. I pledge you my word of honor, gentlemen, I always went straight to my room at Staples's and washed my hands with soap every time. Natural antipathies? For one, gentlemen, I loathe, abominate, detest, execrate—"

"Oh, hold your horses, Simmons, by George! who knows? You may be one yourself. Feddled the ware for years for what we know. Very likely all your talk only a Yankee trick to throw us off."

"If it is by such buffoonery, Bob Withers, you seek to divert our minds in this dark hour of our country's distress your remarks are beneath, because doubly beneath, my notice. Charleston fallen, gentlemen!" continues Captain Simmons, dismissing Mr. Withers from existence by a slow wave of his hand. "I can not realize it. The fact is, it is a thing which can not be realized. I can imagine Wilmington fallen. I do not deny that Petersburg and Richmond are polluted by feet I never dreamed would tread them. That General Lee has surrendered, though it was infinitely worse than death to me, I can because I must believe. Nor do I refuse to acknowledge that Mobile is occupied; that Johnston, whom I revered next to Lee and Davis, has also surrendered. Dick Taylor's surrender smites us to-day like the hand of fate. But Charleston! From every other consideration my soul revolts to Charleston. I can not realize it, gentlemen. I may succeed in some degree by the time I have retired at night, but the first thing I know I find myself sitting bolt upright in bed, during the silent watches of the midnight hour, in a cold sweat, and exclaiming, 'By Him who made me, it is not, must not, shall not, can not be so! Charleston? C-h-a-r-l-e-s-ton! Impossible!'"

"Why not get up a theory, Simmons?" says Dr. Peel, scrupulously neat in attire, while the rest are disordered in apparel to the last degree; in the highest spirits, whether from liquor or not, though he does not show any signs of intoxication other than that, while his comrades, Bob Withers excepted, can not drink enough to float them even to ordinary water-mark. "You proved to us, Simmons, in this very room that Charleston, Wilmington, Petersburg, and Richmond, if evacuated, would only be so in pursuance of Lee's new plan of abandoning the seacoast and concentrating in the interior—a new plan, splendid plan. When Lee surrendered you were ready for that. Lee always had a reason for what he did. Lee had sent all his veterans to Johnston, and surrendered as a consummate rascal! Come, Captain, you have never wanted for a theory before; make haste. Where is your inventive faculty? Some brilliant scheme, if we only knew what it was, behind all this news you are wailing over." And Dr. Peel flashes his white teeth upon him, in singular spirits considering the times.

"Sir," replies Captain Simmons, with oracular dignity, "I wait to hear from President Davis. I can see deep meaning in the consummate silence of that Washington of our glorious revolution."

"You can? By George, I can't! What is the use of being a drove of geese still, gentlemen?"

It is Bob Withers who proposes the question, rising from his seat to do it. Very much inflamed is Bob's face these trying times, from excessive weeping, perhaps. But it is an honest, sensible, good-humored, Bacchus-like face, too.

"I always looked on the thing as a big spree, and you know I always said so. I knew it was all wrong from the start, ruinous and wrong as any thing gets to be in this world, a tremendous frolic. We all went into it. Of course I wasn't the man to stay behind. It was the wildest, most expensive, biggest spree you ever saw, and I pitched in. Yes, and would do it again tomorrow if it was to do over again; never backed out when half a dozen fellows invited me to go in. When the whole South got drunk, think I'm going to keep sober? But the smash up has come at last—it will come. Broken windows and crockery and tables to pay for, headache, empty purse, black eyes, men killed. But wasn't it the grandest blow out! But I knew all along it was a spree, always said so; they could never humbug me, by George! with their lies. No, Sir-ree, bob!"

"There is this one consolation, gentlemen,"

remarks Captain Simmons, more Chesterfieldian the drunker he gets, with a solemn air, and waving gracefully aside the volatility of their Mercutio—"one consolation which fills my nature in this hour of darkness with profound satisfaction—the killing of Abraham Lincoln. Had I an offspring I would have him baptized Booth Simmons. Even in my pangs of bitterest mortification at the failure, if failure it is, of our beloved Confederacy, I say to myself, 'Captain Simmons, Captain Simmons, you forget that Lincoln the tyrant is at this moment in eternal perdition. Like the balm of some place of which I was instructed by pious parents—Gilead I think is the name—the reflection soothes, at least for the moment, the anguish of my spirit.'"

"The last place I would think you would wish Lincoln to go to, Simmons," remarks Dr. Peel, with great surprise.

"Exactly what I was going to say, Doctor, by George!" puts in Bob Withers.

"May I request an explanation, gentlemen?" asks Captain Simmons, with his staidest air.

"I would think you would much rather he had gone to heaven. You have hated him so much here one would suppose you would regret being associated eternally with him hereafter," replies Dr. Peel, with Mr. Withers's cordial assent.

"If there be a thing which disgusts me more than all besides with inobriety," says Captain Simmons, with slow and unspokeable scorn, "it is the reckless impiety and irreligion too often connected with it. No merit in myself, seeing my early advantages, my inculcated habit of worshipping from earliest infancy in the sanctuary. Be drunkards, gentlemen, if you must," adds Captain Simmons, with impressive solemnity, "but not scoffers—no, not scoffers. 'Tis the voice of the scoffer, I hear him complain.' Not exactly that, but something to that effect was intimated—"

"We respect your piety, Simmons," interrupts Dr. Peel. "It is fully equal to that of Parnon Barker, at least; he told me to-day that it was not so much the hand of Booth as the hand of God. His only regret, he says, is that Booth did not kill him on the day of his inauguration. Dozens of church-members—lying Sam Peters, Dr. Ginnis, and the like—say they are glad of the assassination, regret that it failed in the case of Seward, hope the good work will go on. Even that little saint, Ellis, the sincerest and best of them all, got almost drunk with joy over it." From this statement, however, the writer of these lines distinctly withholds his belief.

Let us step out of this choice set of companions, only for a moment, to say a word as to the way in which the killing of Mr. Lincoln was received in Somerville.

There is Jen Badd. When Staples, every hair on ~~his~~, rushes into Jen's shop and an-

nounces the glorious news, that dirty-faced artisan pauses long enough, with suspended file, to say, "Ah!" with genuine surprise; to add immediately after, as he continues his filing at the gun-barrel clenched in the vice before him, "Just what I always said." It is but history to record, however, that when Dr. Warner drops in a moment after to ask after Mrs. Badd's very precious health, and to tell Jen—of course that was altogether a secondary motive—the news of the surrender of General Lee, which comes by the same mail, but which Staples has neglected to mention, the gun-smith stops altogether from his work, and, adding largely to the darkness of his nose by a long reflective rub thereof with his forefinger, has genuine joy in his eyes while he says, "Precisely so, Doctor; what I always thought."

The fact is, no sentiment, whatever it was, whether Union or Secession, has ever been advanced in Jen's hearing since the war began which has not met in Jen a ready assent. Like hundreds of thousands of others at the South during this period, Jen has but put in practice Talleyrand's famous maxim—that words were given to us to enable us to conceal our thoughts.

There is Mr. Ferguson, too. Very eagerly he pines in the dispatch announcing the assassination, with every thing relating to it, but as the grandest of all lies, the very blossoming and perfection of the lies of the period. Only his sincere affection for Mr. Arthur will afford him patience with the unshakable belief that gentleman gives to the news from the outset. He even condescends, the Scotchman, to argue with his friend. Mr. Lincoln would have been assassinated in Richmond if at all. How could he have been killed in a crowded theatre, and the murderer escape? Besides, it is known that Mr. Lincoln is a member of the Presbyterian Church, and consequently no attendant at theatres. Can not Mr. Arthur see that the news is manufactured to accompany and neutralize the tidings of Lee's surrender? The trick is too transparent.

A tremendous amount of evidence it took to convince us Secessionists that Vicksburg had fallen, and all the rest; we do not want to believe it, you observe, therefore we won't. Alas, we should all be descended from the same Adam! But the amount of evidence it required to satisfy us Union people that Burnside was repulsed on the Rappahannock and the like is incredible. If the heart would not get so dreadfully in the way of the head!

As wide apart as Heaven and Hades are the brutal rejoicings of red-faced Mrs. Smithers and the sincere regrets of Mrs. Bowles over the same event. Not even Mrs. Smithers's deliberate and permanent sentiments, let us hope.

"I regret it; Alice deno, even more than I would deplore the fact of General Lee's surrender, if such preposterous news should prove true,



THE QUIL.

and total change in Dr. Peel's manner as he stands before him. "That is all. You are safe up to a certain point. Take care."

And the preacher has left the room as suddenly, yet as coolly too, as he entered it, leaving Dr. Peel, who has not even attempted to speak, wilted down behind him. Yes, wilted down is the word, whatever rallying of passions there may be afterward; as if some gorgeous palm-tree were to have the life suddenly withdrawn from its towering height and tropical foliage.

Whether this were the cause or not, there is no telling how long Dr. Peel may have continued, on the occasion of Bob Withers's mention of Mr. Arthur, to have cursed him; nor how zealously Bob, risen somewhat unsteadily to his feet to do so, might have wielded his cudgels in favor of Mr. Arthur, whom never since the war began has he failed to defend on every instance of attack, and the instances are very many of Mr. Arthur's being denounced in his presence; no telling, we say, how long the altercation may have proceeded, when a singular diversion therefrom occurs.

"Dr. Peel," says Alonso Wright, whom all had supposed asleep, suddenly rising from his seat, pushing back his slouched hat, which has all along covered his slant broodings not slumbering, drawing his revolver, cocking it, pressing it against Dr. Peel's broad chest, with his finger on the trigger—"Dr. Peel, look here! I want to know, now and here, what do you mean?"

"Mean?" Dr. Peel is of a ghastly pallor as he asks the question, not daring to stir a hair's breadth; even Captain Simmons stops his maulin chant, and, with Bob Withers, is silent with amazement, as much at the sudden and peculiar tone of Mr. Wright as at his action.

"Mean? In reference to what?" Dr. Peel rather gasps than articulately asks the question, quailing under the deadly light in Mr. Wright's small, half-closed eyes, as well as at that cold peculiar voice.

"In reference to her," replies that individual. "Oh!" It is but an exclamation from Dr. Peel's parched lips; but it indicates at least partial relief. "You forget that others are present, Mr. Wright. I will speak with you alone on that point with the greatest pleasure," he adds immediately.

"Humph! That is a fact. I had forgotten they were here with us. I was thinking. Come now," and, slipping his revolver, after uncocking it, into its leather case at his side, Mr. Wright rises.

"With pleasure. In one moment, Sir. But one word, gentlemen," says Dr. Peel, pausing as the door. "You will oblige me, oblige both Mr. Wright and myself, by making no allusion whatever to this little matter. I beg your promise on your honor you will not mention it to any one, gentlemen," adds the speaker, still more anxiously, as some new thought seems to pass over his mind at the instant. "Do I have it?" he asks, with eager look at each.

"Certainly," says Bob Withers, with a good-humored nod. "Most assuredly you may rely upon my honor," adds Captain Simmons in his gentlest tones, with a reassuring wave of his left hand, and knowing nothing at all of what is going on. "Permit me to entreat you, however, not to abandon the flowing bowl, which inebriates, though, alas! under our depressing circumstances, it fails to cheer."

But the two are gone. Not is there any record of their conversation thereafter. Only this—an old family servant testifies to having overheard Dr. Peel remark the next afternoon to Mr. Wright in the parlor at the latter gentleman's house, a few moments before Anne comes in to give them, at her father's request, a little music. The two gentlemen had arrived from town very late the night before. Pretty much all day they had spent in riding out over the plantation in company. At dinner the servants, as well as Anne, had remarked that Mr. Wright, though pale and exhausted as he always was after an excess, was in the highest, wildest spirits, peculiarly affectionate toward his daughter. Dr. Peel, on the other hand, attracted the attention even of the dullest of the servants waiting upon the table. At times he would join in the conversation, lead it in his liveliest manner, full of anecdote and laughter. Again his countenance would fall, he would cease to converse, seem to be buried in deepest thought, sallow, drooping, drinking eagerly and frequently of the wine upon the table, and, after dinner, upon the side-board, as if to obtain a supply of stimulation which had been suddenly cut off from within.

The very servants waiting upon the table and about the house that and the evening days compared notes in the kitchen even then, as well as months afterward, upon the singularity of Dr. Peel's manner toward their young mistress. Now addressing himself to her in his easy, bold, sparkling way as of old, although by an evident effort, as if he forced himself to do so against his natural choice. Then glancing at her again furtively, fearfully, with an indescribable mixture of admiration and apprehension, not without quick side looks as of deadliest terror at Mr. Wright himself, playing the host with all the ease of the master of a household toward a favored and welcome guest.

But it was this which the old house-servant Alfred spoke of often after as having overheard Dr. Peel say to Mr. Wright, in evident pursuance of a previous conversation:

"You may rest confident, Sir, that it will not be by my fault. But I have little hope. I fear, greatly fear you are mistaken."

"Stuff, nonsense, Doctor. I will take the chances on you any day." Alfred testifies to his master's having made reply just as Anne entered the room. "Faint heart, man, never won fair lady." And surely father had never cause to be prouder of or more affectionate toward a daughter than did Mr. Wright this afternoon. No wonder he so openly manifests that pride and affection.

You may have observed, Miss, or Madam—you, Sir, certainly have—how the ladies, especially the younger ones, suddenly and surprisingly bloom out upon our planet in the early spring. It may be some cunning alteration in their dress, doing with subtle skill for themselves, in the way of adornment, what the Creator does then for bird and bristly and flower. Or it may be that nature, in clothing at that season the plains with verdure, the lower animals with freshness of skin and plumage, forgets not to give them a softer light to the eye, a sweeter dew to the lip, a deeper bloom to the cheek, a gentler ripeness to the form in the case of woman, who is undoubtedly the dearest to her heart of all Dame Nature's numerous family. And, it may be, the eye and the imagination are themselves quickened by the stirrings of spring in us men also to view things in a brighter light. Whatever be the reason therefor the fact is so.

And never woman that May morning exemplified it more than did Anne Wright. Clothed in a modest dress of some crazy hue, her fair hair in abundant curls about face and neck, her complexion of a softer glow, and her eyes of a deeper blue, she beams upon her father and upon his guest with a beauty surpassing any thing they had either of them ever before imagined in her. Her every motion and tone even are modulated to a livelier, at the same time gentler, melody. Who knows what presentiments connected with their visitor were not moving in her blood?

When left alone together in the parlor by Mr. Wright, who has to see for a moment to the fire plowing of his corn, Dr. Peel and Anne know before a word is spoken that the eventual hour of their lives has arrived. It is the man not the woman who is embarrassed. Quiet and modest and pure as she is, the whole thing is with her so much a matter known and settled as to being no new, or intensely agitating, thought with it. During the years now of Dr. Peel's visiting at her father's house, though he has made no formal proposals, she has learned perfectly well that he loves her, and that—she loves him.

But it is strange so bold a man as Dr. Peel, one so supremely self-satisfied and independent in bearing heretofore, should seem as if smitten by an ague. His face has grown of an ashen yellow, contrasting badly with hair and eyes so dark. And there is a fastidiousness about these latter, a trembling about the large and bejeweled hands, an irresolution and timidity, upon which Anne grounds her own guesses and composure. In fact, the two seem to have completely changed places, only there is something altogether indescribable in the bearing of Dr. Peel, to which even the words mean and cowardly may be given. To any other than poor little Anne he would have the aspect rather of a condemned criminal covering under sentence than of a confident lover. The simple fact is, strange as it may seem, Dr. Peel seeks to know his fate at Anne's hands to-day, only because the alternative is to receive it in more serious shape still at the hands of her father.

"But I am anxious you should know—should not be deceived. In fact, if you know all I know you would—I am convinced it would be useless in me to expect your fear."

It is Dr. Peel who says it, more nervous and vulnerable even than when, half an hour before, his conversation with Anne began. But Anne only laughs, as composed as he is the reverse, laughs a joyous and confident laugh.

"I am a poor man," continues the lover, and repeats it eagerly, as if it was a sudden and welcome thought—"a poor man, a very poor man, indeed. You may have imagined me to be rich. I confess I have given you false impressions on that point. I am extremely poor, Miss Anne; not at all able to support you as you should wish and naturally expect." And he looks at her with eager eyes.

Anne laughs more than ever. "You have told me that you love me," she says, as if she loved to repeat the assertion. "What do you think I care about whether you are rich or poor?"

Dr. Peel walks the room like a baffled man. Another thought strikes him. He eagerly seizes upon a gilded Bible lying upon the table, advances upon Anne as if to say something, then returns it in haste to the same spot as eagerly, and continues to walk the room in evident distress of mind.

"Dr. Peel," says Anne, at last, a blush burning over neck and face, "I do not understand all this. If you do not really love me, do not really wish—"

But Dr. Peel is at her feet before the words are out of her lips, in passionate accents assuring her of his affection, only there is the covering, fearful manner over it all, hardly venturing to look her in the eyes even in his warmest protestations. "No, no, no, not that, not that, Miss Anne. I only was anxious to save you from—not to deceive you," he says, hurriedly.

"You will see what proof I give of affection." And he goes to the table, gets the Bible, and seats himself beside her as with a desperate calmness. "That you may not blame me I am about to put my life in your hands. Will you swear not to reveal to any one what I tell you?"

Anne laughs, wonders a little, gazes upon the anxious face of her lover, lays her little hand upon the book, curiosity creeping uppermost. "Why, what in the world," she begins.

"What I tell you will shock you terribly. If it were known to your father he would kill me instantly, here in this room."

Anne gazes upon the agitated man with blue eyes widening with wonder, curiosity, and deeper affection for this splendid suppliant. "It will not bind me a bit more than I would have been," she says, at last. "Yes, to please you,

I'll swear; and I do wish you and pa would let me do all the swearing." And she lifts the book to her lips.

"Not even to your father?" says Dr. Peel. "Not to a living soul. Why, what on earth?" "Miss Anne," says Dr. Peel, in most impressive manner and with lower tones, "you and your father have been greatly mistaken in me. I am—an no Secessionist at all; I am a—Union man."

Anne sits looking at him with wonder, taking full note of his, to her, handsome face and form; it is as if an emperor knelt at her feet. "A Union man! Why, Dr. Peel, who would have thought of it?" troubled, wondering, bewildered for whole minutes.

"I knew you would reject me when you know it. And I swear to you it is so," continues Dr. Peel, watching her face with painful inquiry.

"A Union man? Why, who in the world! Oh yes," Anne adds, rapidly, half in earnest. "It's a great pity, a very great pity. Pa and I thought you the very best Southern man we ever knew. But then I'll give you pa's newspapers to read. Besides, I could convert you myself. I will tell you all how they treated us, about—wasn't it about Kansas or Nebraska? one or the other; and how they wanted to free our negroes, and what women's rights people they are, and all their terrible atrocities, and the way they have marched their soldiers over our country burning and plundering. Oh, ever so much! I am certain I could convert you"—glowing with beautiful confidence—"positively certain!"

"Never, Miss Anne. Not even you. I always have been a Union man. Will be one for ever and ever," says Dr. Peel, very slowly, and Anne sits wondering and troubled, while her lover watches her with anxiety.

"Ha! I never thought of it. Dr. Warner there in Somerville, Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Brooks; there is Mr. Arthur, too—over so many in Somerville are Union people, they say," breaks in Anne, at last, "and they are not such desperately bad people either. Besides," and the artless girl puts her fair curls from her glowing cheeks, and laughs with delight, "there is Mrs. Sorel, and the girl I love most in the world, Alice Bowles. I know she is Union; she told me so herself; or, at least, she wouldn't say she wasn't, couldn't make her do it when she was here last week. Yes," added Anne, eagerly, and with a blush, "and Alice's own mother, too, is a good Secessionist; and I needn't be Union, must I? Please not. I never thought of that. Yes," she added, with the glad haste of a child, "and then the war is over. Pa himself says we are whipped. Very soon there won't be such names as Union man and Secessionist as all, will there?" And the difficulty has passed as entirely away beneath her ardent affection as a cloud before a summer's wind. "If you only say you really and truly love me," she adds, with archness and joy.

"Love you? I love you as the flowers do the light. I adore you as you adore God," breaks out Dr. Peel, with feverish energy, but with the cowering eyes, the shrinking and apprehension of manner as before. And again the baffled lover walks the room, Bible in hand, in deepest, most painful thought, while Anne wonders and—laughs.

"Miss Anne," says Dr. Peel, "I have not told you all yet. Remember your oath," and he holds up the Bible in his hand. "My life is in your hands. There is another thing I must tell you. If your father had guessed it, had the faintest suspicion of it, he would shoot me down here as sure as you are sitting there. Had I better not tell you? You will reject me with horror."

Anne looks at him with blue eyes opening again with wonder. But love is fast rallying all other sentiments in her heart, for it is master of all else in a woman, to its support. Here is this man, whom yesterday she loved yet so feared, the grandest and most powerful of all men she ever knew, he is at her feet, has put his utmost confidence in her, will hide nothing from her, places even his life in her hands.

"I have sworn; you need not fear me." She wonders and laughs—"Why, what on earth?" "Miss Anne," says Dr. Peel, coming near her and speaking in lowest tones, "I am an altogether different man from what your father and yourself have supposed me to be—totally different in every sense. I am not an officer in the service of the Confederacy. I am, really and truly, an agent, have been from the opening of the war an agent, an active secret agent of the Federal Government. I am one this moment. I intend to be one so long as the Government wants me. There! All I ask is that you only reject me, not tell your father or any one else till I can get away." And Dr. Peel, with sallow face and cowering eyes as before, watches her lips as if for his destiny.

Poor Anne! The matter is altogether too much for such lovely curls, and blue eyes, and rosy cheeks, complexion, and lithe, childish form. She is bewildered, stunned; passes her hand wearily over her brow, tries to think. Love bestirs itself in her bosom, summons all the sentiments of the soul to its aid. Romance! Anne has long dreamed of a hero of romance as her true knight; if ever woman had such a lover she now has. There is a glory and a grandeur, too, these latter days, in the very name of the Federal Government; it is something very much to be deputed, but very powerful and magnificent; and all this vague grandeur now falls like a mantle around her lover. Pity, too. Yes, if my father knew it he would lay him dead on that floor. One little whisper to her father, and—she knows him well—there are the rapid cracks of a revolver, and this stately Prince of hers lies his length on that parlor floor a dead man in his blood. Her lover is in her power, and he deliberately placed himself there—such his confidence

in her. Besides, it strikes her with wonderful force; what a brave man! To think of his spending years in Somerville, being here now with a sword suspended over his head—why, it is the very chivalry of romance! Love him? She never so dreamed of loving him. She loves him the more she thinks. Reject him? Reject him now she knows all this? It would be like rejecting the whole universe!

"Dr. Peel," she says at last, lifting up her eyes like those of a little child to his face, "did you say that you loved me, loved me really and truly?"

With singular contrariety between cowering eyes and impassioned words, Dr. Peel renews his protestations vehemently.

"I will marry you," she says, quietly and simply; placing, as she says it, her little hand in his.

The strong man is convulsed with emotions beyond his control. He grasps the little, soft hand, and lets it go. He groans and curses half aloud. He actually weeps. Anne notices the beads of perspiration start upon his brow. He lifts her hand to his lips, and lowers it again before touching it with there. And all through his agony it is with cowering eyes. Anne is astonished. There rises against her love a great amazement, which, like a billow, threatens to overtop and bear it down.

She follows him with alarmed as well as wondering eyes while he, again risen from her side, paces the floor in agonies of perplexity. The tears actually trickle annotated by him down his cheeks; he grinds his teeth, and curses under his breath.

"Miss Anne," says he, at last, "I have not told you all even yet. The worst is to come, infinitely the worst. Do you think you could love me, be my wife, cleave to me whoever and whatever I am?—but the emphasis he puts into the words can not be written. Don't answer yet. Think. Imagine of me the worst possible thing that your imagination can frame—the very worst—the very, very, very worst. Stop! Do not be in a hurry. Think!" And the man ventures to look straight at her, with the look, ghastly and dreadful, of a criminal convicted of the foulest of crimes.

"Dr. Peel, I am an innocent country girl," says Anne, at last, even placidly. "I have had no mother to guide me since I was a little child. All you have told me this morning has astonished and shocked me. I am so bewildered I can hardly think at all. But one thing I know. You have told me a thousand times this afternoon that you love me with all your heart. I can not understand what you mean by what you now say. But I know that I love you and will marry you. Is that not enough?" asks Anne, like a little child. "Though what in the world you mean—"

"Hallo, man! did over a fellow need more than that?" It is Mr. Wright, who breaks in upon them, having opened the door unperceived by either in their excitement. "Why, Peel, you look more as if you had seen a ghost. You little rascal, Anne, I didn't know you could cove and terrify a man so, you little tartar! Yes, I heard her, Doctor. All right! Kiss me before you go, Anne. The fact is, Dr. Peel, I have taken a fancy to you! I knew it was all stuff what you insisted about Anne's not having you. It was because you had not asked her—and no one would ever have suspected you of holding back!" And Mr. Wright rattles on in the highest spirits.

Before sight Dr. Peel, after an interview with Anne, has arranged with Mr. Wright that the marriage is to take place almost immediately—for pressing reasons. "Meanwhile we will keep it all, of course, a profound secret. And I must leave the day of the wedding with Miss—Miss Anne; most pressing and important business," the lover says.

Dr. Peel may be a happy man, but he seems to be singularly cold and hard—with always the cowering eyes.

AT SEA.

Far away, the flowers are growing,
And the sweet June breezes blowing,
Rich warm light on hay-fields glowing,
Stoopy cattle, homeward going,
By the leafy hedgerows lying,
Lights and shadows waver o'er,
Lovingly, the lovely shore,
Far, far away.

Here the winds are round us sighing,
And the desert waves replying,
And the sea-net skimming, flying,
Round our ship, her rough track plying,
Day and night still changing, dying,
Round our course—for evermore
Passing from the lovely shore,
Far, far away.

Far away dear hearts are sending
Thoughts of love, all space transcending;
Dear and honored knees are bowing,
Voices sweet for us ascending,
Many a note of blessing blending—
Mighty blessings, following o'er,
Guard us to that other shore,
Far, far away.

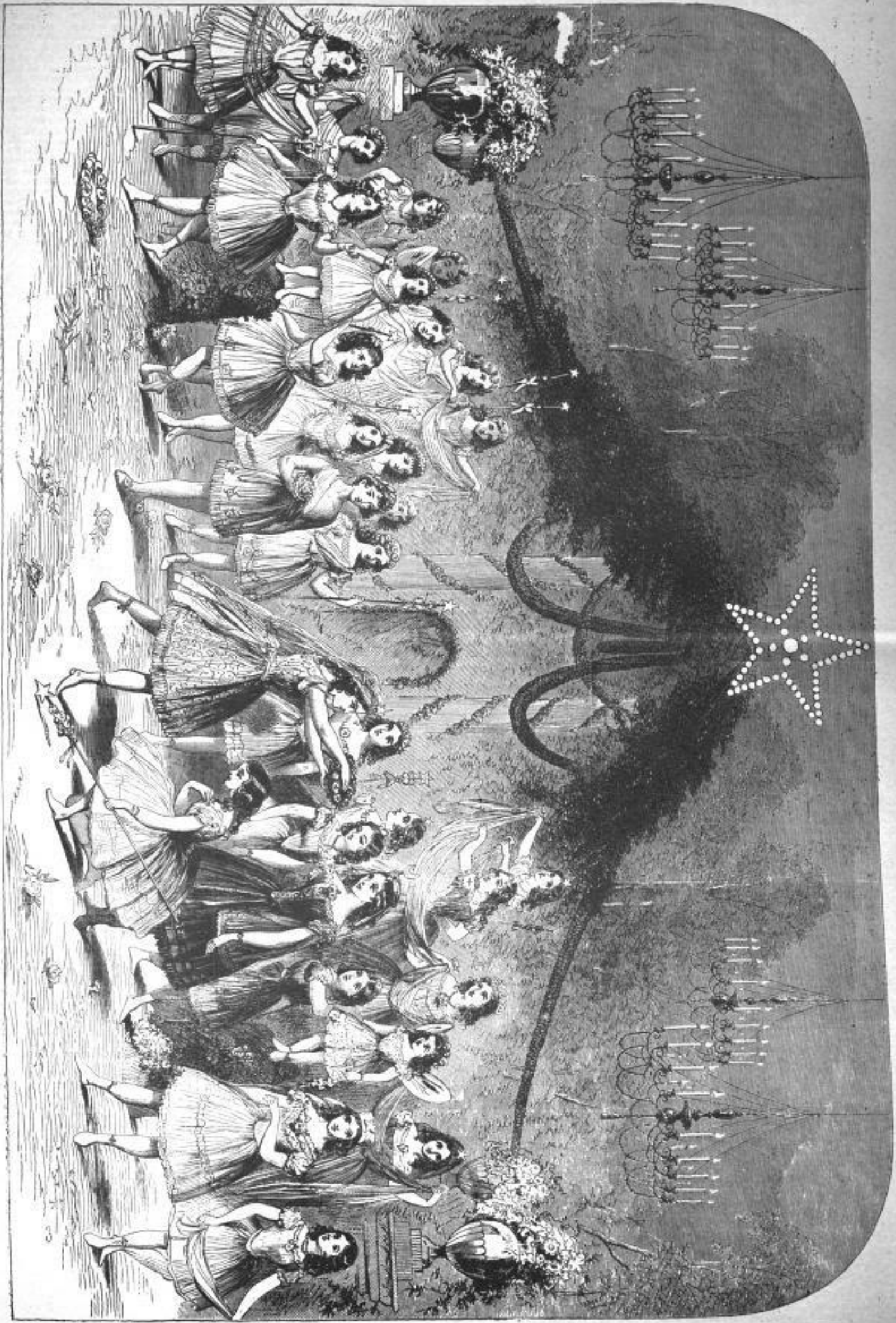
Moonlight on the waters sleeping!
Sea, in golden glory sleeping!
Stars, your watch above us keeping!
Waves about us rolling, leaping!
Winds these liquid mountains leaping,
Light us, tell us, bear us o'er
To that other unknown shore,
Far, far away.



NOON AT THE PRIMARY SCHOOL FOR FREEDMEN, VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI.—[SEE PAGE 398.]



PRIMARY SCHOOL FOR FREEDMEN, IN CHARGE OF Mrs. GREEN, AT VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI.—[SEE PAGE 398.]



MARDI-DAY FESTIVAL AT NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.—[See Page 392.]

BARS IN THE LANE.

By GEORGE COOPER.

After the milking was over
Annie would follow the cows
Half a mile, down to the clover,
And turn them in to browse.
Neat little figure is Annie,
Handling the bars in the lane,
Letting down ever so many
Just in the sunlight's wane.
Wild-roses blooming beside her
Much not her cheeks' lovely red;
And her leaves, trying to hide her,
Dance at her musical tread.
Witching curls peep from her bonnet—
Peep like bright birds from their nest;
And her hair—oh to have won it!—
Beats with a gentle unrest.
Lips may be humming a ditty,
And faces may show unconcern;
But secrets there are—what a pity
That some are so easy to learn!
Now while the robins are nesting
Why does she wait in the lane?
Though, if white arms need a resting,
No one, of course, could complain.
Light in the farm-house are gleaming,
And bars must be laid in their place;
But little Annie stands dreaming,
A blush on her beautiful face.
Is it late? Not that she cares now;
Ah! merry eyes, mild and brown,
Could you not tell why she wears now
Just the least mite of a frown?
Over the path by the mill-side
Some one would wander by night;
Some one who came from the mill-side,
Lured by two eyes that are bright.
Meadow and valley grow stiller
Under the earlier stars;
Would it be strange if the miller
Help Annie to put up the bars?

FLINT AND STEEL.

LOOKING at me now you can hardly realize what
a gay, willful, careless girl I was in my teens, when
I was Stella Martin, instead of "Grandma Flint."
I was an only child, and my parents made an idol
of me. Their love showed itself (like more's the
pity) in letting me have my own way in every
thing. Short of my running into fire or water, I do
not think they ever restrained me, and unless it
might have been the noon or stars, there was no-
thing I cried for that I did not have. When I went
to school I met with resistance and discipline for
the first time, but my gay temper, pretty looks, and
coaxing ways made me a favorite with teachers and
scholars, and I soon had my own way almost as
much as ever.
When I was fourteen I declared myself tired of
our quiet village life, and persuaded my parents to
let the farm and remove to a large town, where I
went to a fashionable school and made new and gay
friends. I enjoyed myself thoroughly for nearly
four years; then I met a power that no prayers or
persuasions, no tears or passion of mine could move.
The power of Death. It had never come near me
before, but now it snatched away my dear, gentle,
indulgent mother. My grief was so unreasonable
and violent that my health became affected. I
hated the town and its gayeties, and father gladly
took us home to our quiet red farm-house on the
hill, surrounded by its well-known corn-fields and
pastures, and overlooking the winding river and
straggling village.
There had been many changes in our absence,
but the one that concerned me most was, that the
Geertz had moved away from the farm next ours,
and it was now occupied by a family of orphan girls
all younger than I, and under the care of a brother
much older. Prissy Flint, the eldest girl, soon came
to see me and we became fast friends, for she was a
tender, kind, loving little thing, always glad to be
guided, and we were both mourning our mothers.
We were constantly together, for our homes were
only a quarter of a mile apart, and the path through
father's corn-fields and along the best-tree lane to the
Flint orchard was a very pleasant walk.
The elder brother was away teaching, but Prissy
had a great deal to say about him, and I soon learned
that "brother Edmund" was the light and the low
of her life. Every plan, every opinion, every wish
had been formed by or must be referred to him.
She quoted him, praised him, and referred to him
till I was weary of his name and perfections. She
was so unable to do any thing without his knowl-
edge and approval that, with my hatred of control
and dictation, I soon took a violent prejudice against
him. It was strengthened by hearing his peevish
sneer and his opinions deferred to by every one I
met. At sewing-circles the girls would ask me:
"Have'n't you seen Edmund Flint yet?" "What
a pity!" "You'll be sure to admire him." "But
you needn't expect he'll admire you; he's as cold as
ice." "Even you can't break his heart, Stella."
"He hasn't any to break," said another. "Oh
yes he has, but Stella isn't the kind for him. She
isn't good nor steady enough."
"She won't dare to carry on in the singing seats
when he gets home," said Sally Bowers.
"And why not, pray?" I retorted, losing patience
at last.
"Wall, you try and you'll find out—that's all,"
was the reply.
"O, don't," implored little Polly Colby—"Ed-

mond Flint's as good as the minister. He makes
us all behave."
"I shall not be afraid of him. I shall do just as
I please."
"O, won't you go with Prissy then."
"O, you would think he was a king, by the way
you all talk," I returned, scornfully. "I shall not
bow down to him, you will see. And now do let's
talk of something else."
As usual, my will prevailed. I had always been
the queen and leader before I went away, and now,
with my town dresses and manners, I had easily re-
sumed my sceptre. Spring and summer passed
away; I had recovered my old health and spirits;
Prissy and I were more intimate than ever, and her
brother was still absent. One Sunday morning I
waited for her to call for me as usual on her way
to church; waited till it was late, then hurried on
alone, and, arriving heated and annoyed, found her
in her place in the choir, and the "long prayer"
began. I was very irreverent then, and began to
question her at once, but she only colored, and put
her finger imploringly on her lips. Not a word
would she speak till the prayer was over, and then
only a hurried whisper.
"Den't, Stella, please; brother's here, and he
never likes me to talk in church time."
I threw back my head scornfully, and caught a
glimpse of a tall figure and a grave, brown face in
the tenor row. I was careful not to look that way
again. He should see that I, at least, took no in-
terest in him, the conceited tyrant; but I couldn't
help listening for his voice with great curiosity
when the singing began. With all my wish to find
fault I could only admire its perfect sweetness and
wonderful flexibility and compass. This only irri-
tated me the more, and I determined to plague him.
If I couldn't make Prissy talk I would make her
laugh, and as soon as the sermon was fairly under
way I began to draw caricatures in my hymn-book
and show them to her. I was very clever with my
pencil, and soon had the poor girl in an agony of
suppressed laughter, and could hear her brother
snoring uneasily.
I rejoiced, but not long, for a hand was placed
on her shoulder, and a stern, handsome face bent
down between us, whispered a few words that
changed her laughter into remorseful tears. Not
another look would she give at my sketches. I
was not to be so easily put down, and soon had a
new one passing around among the more reckless
members of the choir. Presently Dick Price, the
minister's son, a wild scamp of a boy, leaned over
and said,
"Let's see the fun, Stella," and some one hand-
ed the book toward him. Hardly had he grasped
it, when I heard that new voice, quick, low, and
decided.
"Give it to me, Dick; are you not ashamed of
yourself? If you have no reverence for God's house,
you might, at least, have some regard for your fa-
ther."
I felt that the book was surrendered, and as utter
silence fell upon the gallery; and I knew that for
that day, at least, my power had gone to my rival.
Mortified and angry, I sat through the remainder
of the services, and almost hated my own voice
when I found how beautifully it blended with his
in the last hymn. Part of the music was arranged
for two voices, and, either in mischief or in compli-
ment to our superiority, it was left to the new-comer
and me. Excitement, emulation, and defiance made
my tones ring out like a bell. I knew I was do-
ing wonderfully; but through the plaintive, minor
strain, and along the old swinging fugue, and out
into the burst of glad triumph at the close, went
ever with mine, in perfect harmony, that clear,
strong, vibrating tenor, soaring and falling and
floating, strengthening, surrounding, and perfect-
ing mine.
After it was over I remembered my anger and its
cause, and, not wishing to encounter the remarks
of the girls, I would not stay for Sabbath-school, but
went home without even speaking to Prissy. In
the afternoon I did not feel in spirits for any active
mischief, but took satisfaction in pretending to sleep
all through the sermon, and in avoiding Prissy's
gentle attempts at consolation.
In the evening I wandered restlessly out to walk,
but had hardly left the gate when I saw Prissy and
her brother coming. They were talking earnestly,
and I had time to spring back and crouch behind
some lilac bushes before they passed. Then I heard
her soft voice pleading:
"But she is so bright and gay, so witty and pret-
ty, and fond of me!—oh, brother!"
How my face burned as he replied:
"Beauty without gentleness, wit without rever-
ence, intelligence without discretion. Such a char-
acter I can never admire, and I can not think her
a desirable mate for my dear little sister."
I started up in angry tears and watched them as
they walked away. I knew that timid little Prissy
would give me up, but it was not she I watched so
keenly, but her tall, manly brother, with his firm
step, dark curly hair—cold, brown eyes, and reso-
lute expression. There was nothing I could de-
spise or ridicule. I had to acknowledge to myself
that he was more attractive than any young man
in town—one any girl might be proud of—and he
had decided that I, the Queen of the Village, was
unfit to be his sister's friend—I, who had been pet-
ted and courted all my life, in the place where he
was a comparative stranger! From that moment a
wild contradiction of feeling with regard to him
possessed me—a determination to hate and defy,
and a wild longing to gain his good opinion. "Such
a character I can never admire" often rang in my
ears, and stimulated new one and now the other of
these feelings. "Beauty without gentleness, wit
without reverence, intelligence without discretion!"
Often and often, in self-humiliation, I would own it
was true; and again I would passionately assure
myself that he was hard and unjust.
We were constantly meeting in the choir, at
singing-school, sewing circles, sleigh-rides, and all
the village gatherings; but I had carefully avoided
being introduced. Occasionally circumstances had
compelled him to pick up my book or hand me a

chair, but the civility was always coldly offered and
haughtily accepted. Prissy had gone away to
school.
Many weeks passed by, and my power and popu-
larity waned, and Edmund's as steadily increased.
One afternoon in November I went to help decorate
the school-house for some exhibition or concert we
were to have, to raise money for the church. He
was not there, so I had a merry time, and, being
interested, stood until all were gone except Ben and
Sally Bowers. It was getting dark, and Sally ran
home for another candle, our only one being low.
All was done but the motto over the door, and that
nearly finished, when the evergreen gave out. Ben
hurried into the woods for more, leaving me alone
for a few moments. I thought I would hang up the
letter O we had just made; so, slinging it over my
arm, and taking the candle in my hand, I climbed
the ladder, and had just adjusted all to my satisfac-
tion, when my feet somehow slipped, jerking me
downward so suddenly that the sleeve of the arm I
was holding above my head caught on a big nail
and was held fast, while my left hand, which held
the candle, was thrown against the crisp wreath,
and they blazed up in an instant all around my face
and fingers.
I could not free my right arm; every time I tried
seemed to fix the stout sleeve more firmly, and only
made the ladder tremble dangerously under me.
"Ben! Ben!" I shrieked, "Come quick! quick!
I'm in trouble!" And then I heard a man's step
and voice close by.
"Take the candle!" I cried, "and then get up
here, somehow, and lift me down. My sleeve is
caught, and I can't move, and the ladder is slip-
ping!"
The candle was snatched in a moment, and then
I heard one of the desks wrenched up, dragged below
me, and some one tall springing upon it clasped my
wrist with strong, steady hands, lifted me, freed my
sleeve, and as the ladder fell from under my feet, held
me close in his arms and jumped lightly to the floor.
For one dizzy moment my head leaned against him,
while the blazing wall, the dim rows of desks, and
the wintry twilight landscape beyond the open door,
blurred together and then were gone.
But the cold air revived me soon, and opening my
eyes I looked up and found, with a start, Edmund
Flint's dark face, softened and anxious, bending
over me.
"Is it you?" I exclaimed, with ungrateful em-
phasis.
"Yes, it is I," he said, and his face became as
cold as usual, as I straightened myself and stood
alone and away from him.
For a moment we looked full and haughtily into
each other's eyes, then mine fell, mastered, and I
trembled as I said:
"Thank you for helping me so quickly and kindly.
I don't know what I should have done. I am very
much indebted to you."
He only bowed and went back to tear down and
trample out the burning wreaths, while I went out
and sat on the door-step waiting for Ben and Sally,
for I felt too weak to go home, and my burned hand
pained me cruelly. Presently he joined me.
"You mustn't sit here; you will get cold. Take
my arm, and I will go home with you."
"I prefer to wait here for Sally and Ben."
"Then I shall stay with you." He sat beside
me.
"Why didn't you drop that candle?"
"Because it would have set fire to those pine
boughs and then to the ladder."
"That was very brave and thoughtful of you.
Did your hand get burned much? Let me see it."
His quiet, authoritative air annoyed me. I said no-
thing but concealed my hand under my shawl.
"Do you hate me so much that you had rather
suffer than let me help you? I wonder you let me
lift you down."
"I thought it was Ben."
"And were angry when you saw who it was?"
"Yes."
"You are very honest at all events. I suppose
you will not deny that you dislike me?"
"No."
"Perhaps you will also tell me why?"
"If you choose to hear."
"I do."
"Because, then, you took away from me the love
of the only girl I cared for. I was motherless and
lonely, but you thought me unfit for her. You
shared me before all the choir, and you told Prissy
I had 'beauty without gentleness, wit without rever-
ence, intelligence without discretion.'"
He turned red and pale as I vehemently spoke.
"Did my sister tell you that?"
"No, I heard you as you passed my gate, and I
have disliked you ever since."
"You had reason to," he said, gravely, "and I
thank you for giving me an opportunity of saying
that I am very sorry I judged you so harshly from
one interview. It was wrong of me, and I beg your
pardon. I have now seen you truly brave, and
thoughtful, and honest. I never saw a girl before
that was all of these; and you must allow me to say,
now that we are speaking so frankly, that I admire
you as much now as I disliked you that Sunday. I
did take Prissy away because I saw she would do
wrong rather than offend you, and I was afraid to
have it so. I know you have thought me hard and
tyrannical?" I nodded.
"We can call ourselves equal then as to first im-
pressions; but I hope that is past now. Please let
me look at your hand."
His frankness and simplicity, his apology and
praise had altogether disarmed me. I was in much
pain, too, and held out my hand at once. He was
shocked at its appearance, and going quickly to the
spring behind the school-house brought back a quan-
tity of soft, wet moss, in which he gently wrapped
it. Ben now appeared; he had lost the path, and
wandered away, and was astonished and concerned
at my adventure; but I saw his requish eyes shine
when I had to let Edmund pin my shawl, tie on my
hood, and go home with me, while he remained to
repair damages and explain to Sally.
From that night Edmund perseveringly sought

me, in spite of the coldness and rudeness my pettish
often led me to assume, for fear he should suspect
the power he was fast gaining over me. People be-
gan to gossip about us; the village was divided.
Some said it would be a match, others declared that
as "Stella had never minded any body and Edmund
had always been obeyed, it was impossible."
But love made it possible. Long afterward he
told me that at the moment he took me in his arms,
"so small and delicate" (as used to say), "but so
fearless and spirited; when I felt your proud little
head sink on my shoulder, I felt it shoot through
my heart that you were for me, and faith and all
I loved you as my own from that time."
With me it was different. I felt his power from
the first, but I was too haughty and willful, im-
patient of control and reproof, to yield easily even to
love. He was naturally imperious and stern, and
had no understanding of caprice or impulse. His
life was ruled by principle and religion, and I often
shocked him, and he often hurt me. Many a weary
discussion we had, and many a stormy interview—
for we were as different as possible, and yet we loved
each other dearly all the time. The boys and girls
loved to get us together. "Here come Flint and
Steel," they would say; "now we shall have knocks
and sparks."
At last one June evening Edmund called at the
door and asked me to come out to the gate a mo-
ment. I went, and there by the lilac bush where
I had crouched nine months before stood Prissy,
whom I had not spoken to since. She sprung into
my arms and cried for joy. I gave one proud glance
at her brother, which he met so implacably that I
returned her kisses and cried too. Then we had a
long talk, all three, and agreed to forgive and for-
get and be the best of friends for ever and ever. By
and-by I walked home with Prissy, and then Ed-
mund returned with me. The locust-trees along
the lane were in bloom, and the night air was heavy
with their sweetness. You know now, Annie, why
I have always loved it, for it brings back to me that
quiet summer evening when my true, brave, level,
the noblest man I ever knew in God's earth, offered
me the treasure of his love; me, the vain, unedu-
cated child, so little worthy to have won it. And
I did not appreciate it even then; happy as I made
me, proud as I was of it, I often tried it to the
ground, and gave him and myself many bitter hours
before I learned the lesson that the girl who does
not love well enough to obey does not love well enough
to marry.
Of course I do not mean when points of conscience
are concerned; that is another thing; but outside
of that, in every engagement and every marriage
questions of expediency, preference, and judgment
will arise, and blessed and happy then is the who
loves well enough to find submission easy. But,
as I said before, I had to learn this lesson by suf-
fering. We were engaged two years, and besides
many minor quarrels, we twice came very near
parting forever because of my wicked, haughty de-
termination to do my own way and accept neither
advice nor reproof.
Once when we were on the river with a party of
others I persisted in going where the ice was thin
because Edmund had said, in his quiet, absolute
way, "You mustn't go beyond the bend, Stella."
I made no answer. When he was gone I had the
girls laughing and saying I had found my master
at last; and one jeeringly said I didn't dare go,
and was quite as much as Prissy now. Stung by
her foolish words, I flung myself away from Prissy
and hid boldly out upon the forbidden place. One
moment of exultation and then the ice cracked,
quivered, and, as a wild scream came from the girls,
I went down into the death-cold river. Some of
the boys ran after Edmund, and Ben Bowers flung
himself flat near the opening and caught my cloak
as I came up, and then, with faces pale as lead
across, they managed to help me out; and the first
thing I saw was poor Prissy flat on the ground in a
faint, and Edmund running toward us white as
she was.
You can imagine how ashamed I was. But he
never reproached me by a word, and after a week
of sickness and gentleness I was as gay and mighty
as ever.
At another time I was invited to go on a sleigh-
ing party with Frank Prescott, a handsome, reck-
less fellow, an old admirer of mine. Edmund had
never approved of him, and he said at once he could
not allow me to go. I declared I should not con-
sult him; he was jealous and tyrannical; and I
intended to go. At last he said if I did we must part,
and I said, "Very well."
I went. Frank was sober when we started; but
when we stopped at the Half-way House, and had
a dance and refreshments, I saw what I had to ex-
pect, but was too proud to say a word over to Pris-
sy, who had come with her brother. When we
started to return my partner was so intoxicated he
could not drive. I took the reins and drove care-
lessly fast, for I was now really frightened. Happi-
ly had we left the other sleighs behind when Frank
threw his arm around me and kissed me again and
again with his hot, hateful lips. I screamed as
loudly as I could, but all control of the horse, who
plunged up a bank and threw us both out into the
deep snow. I scrambled up without just as Edmund
and Prissy overtook us, and with tears of anger and
shame told my story. It was some consolation to
have Edmund drag my tormented by the collar to
my feet, and make him repeat the banished epilo-
gy before he was flung back, sobered, into the sleet.
But all the way home, while I lay crying in Pris-
sy's arms, I had no word or look from my love.
Stern and silent he sat. It was a terrible ride, and
ended in a cold "Good-night" at my door.
I was heart-broken all the next day, and finally
consulted my girls and sent a line, asking him to
come to me. We had a long, sober talk. I went
out to be forgiven and petted at once, but he said
No. How noble and unselfish he was! I cut my
member his quiet, firm, and cold as he told me that
though he loved me better than his life, though I
filled his heart, though with all my faults he loved
my every look and tone and could not be happy
without me, yet he feared that he was unsteady to

me—that I did not love him well enough to bear with his stern temper, and so we had best part. I saw that he was in earnest; that he sincerely preferred my happiness to his own, and was resolute; though his face was pale with pain as he refused my caresses and coaxing. Oh, how little and poor and mean and unworthy I felt—how senseless my past willfulness!

In that moment a new and great love filled my heart; I felt a thrill of assurance that to be guided by him would make me happier than to rule a world. That under the sway of his love, controlled as it always was by high principle and wise judgment, I should be more content than if left to my own caprice.

At last I made him understand this, and then we were blessed indeed; and through the forty years of our married life there was never again more than a momentary cloud between us. Had he been of a mean or tyrannical nature we should have quarreled more and more; but he proved so noble, patient, and just that it became my pride and joy to acknowledge his authority.

When God called him from me twenty years ago, when the brave, clear voice was only a faint whisper, and his once strong arm could not lift the weary hand that lay so light in mine, he told me:

"Stella, you have been the great joy of my life; if I could live it over I would alter nothing in you; I would only try to serve God better and love you more." And then God's gates were opened for him and I was left desolate, only praying that I might follow soon; but the Lord willed that I should live on, long past my beloved, past all my early friends—past strength and usefulness and sight, but not past memory. That gives me still my youth, my husband, and all these happy years.

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THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER, Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

The lists went by the next day's mail. It was such a fair, soft spring afternoon, in spite of the March wind that went roaring about, peering after squirrel-cups, and alder flowers, and I know not what, that every body had gone out. Mr. May drove off soon after dinner to Hickory Corner, the nearest village, saying nothing, like a wise man, of what he might find at the freight-station. Mrs. May was away on some good errand among her poor neighbors; and the children were clustered in the work-shop, watching Sam.

I'm afraid that people who are fond of yellow satin and such light trifles would not have admired this old work-shop; but the children thought it perfectly charming. It was but a room in the carriage-house, with two extremely cheerful and dusty windows, where whole generations of spiders had spun their threads and woven their tapestry unobserved, dealing out summary justice, with but short imprisonment nor even the form of a trial, to all such wasps, gnats, and blue-bottle flies as came in their way.

In the middle of the room stood a long work-bench; and the sides of the room, and every corner and window ledge, were full of tools. Tool-chests stood on the floor, boxes of nails and screws, old pieces of iron, odd hinges, lay in the window. Here hung up a saw and there a long plane, with twenty other things of which the children knew not even the name. At present their whole attention was fixed upon Sam—watching every mark of his gimlet, winking their eyes at every blow of his great hammer—so they stood in a trance of pleasure.

Sam was working away at a small box with a sloping roof, or rather with ends prepared for a sloping roof; and two other such boxes stood on the work-bench, each being roofed in with neat, classifying pieces of glass.

"I don't see what the glass is for, after all," said Lily.

"Don't you?" said Sam. "Suppose we should break out all the glass in our windows some cold night, what then?"

"Oh, to be sure! the glass keeps the heat in. But then how does it get in, Sam? you can't make a fire in this little place."

"This little place would burn up pretty quick if I did," said Sam. "The heat gets in through the glass, Lily, from the sun. And it gets in better and quicker when the glass is sloped in this way toward the sun than if it were set up straight as it is in our windows."

"I wish I understood why," said Clover.

"Papa'll tell you some day, or I will," said Sam, hammering away. "I haven't time just now."

"Here's papa this minute," said little Primrose.

"Why, so he is!" said Lily, going to one of the dusty windows. "He's left the wagon, and is coming over here with a big, big package in his hands."

Sam looked up for a moment and said, "Ah!" with an expression which proved that he understood the package thoroughly; and then began to whistle "Yankee Doodle," and to use his hammer with great energy all at once.

"Sam likes something," said Primrose, with a laugh. "He always does when he whistles that." "Sam likes several things—Primrose among the rest," said her brother, stooping down to kiss her. "But here's papa."

And Mr. May entered, bearing the great package. Such a package! with long, white handles sticking out steep, and sharp, black points and corners piercing the brown wrapping paper below. The whole tied up and bound together with "furry strings," Lily said, as if on purpose to keep curiosity at a respectful distance. The children clustered round, asking at least a question for every string; Sam stopped his whistling, indeed, out of respect to his father's pres-

ence, but there was the faintest smile of pleasure on his face as he laid down his hammer and stood still to watch the proceedings; and as for Mr. May himself, he was clearly as eager as the children, but he would not answer a single question. There he stood, untying some strings, cutting others with his knife, laughing at the children, giving them a pat or a kiss, as the case might be, but still at work on the package.

Such a package! I must say again. It was utterly bewildering and mysterious. And, like an Arabian Nights' difficulty, vanishing into another just as great, the large package presently revealed itself (when the fourth string was cut) into three packages—each one wrapped up in stiff brown paper, tied round with numberless strings, out of which peeped white handles and black corners, just as before.

"There," said Mr. May, with great satisfaction, taking the three packages in hand, and measuring the respective length of the white handles, "this tallest one is for Clover, and the next for Lily; and this smallest of all must be for Primrose! In fact, it looks just like her!"

"Papa?" said Clover, doubtfully, as she took the package.

"I know! I know!" exclaimed Lily, tearing at the brown paper which shrouded her. "It's our tool! our garden tool! Oh, papa, how good you are! Oh, whatever shall I do with these strings! What is the use of tying things up so! Oh, Sam, I see the end of something sticking out of mine!"

And Lily tugged at the strings, and pulled, and tore the paper off, leaving the strings yet on; and finally caught up Sam's chisel, and began to work at the fastenings with that in an alarming way.

"Here, here!" said her brother. "If that is to be the style of operations, you may as well have help and a better tool." And Sam took out his knife, and quickly cut the cords, one after the other.

Clover, meanwhile, was patiently untying her knots, one by one. She had hardly spoken, had not exclaimed at all; but two pink spots in her cheeks grew very deep as she wrought with the hand, unyielding bits of twine, her fingers trembling with eagerness, though they labored on so steadily.

Little Primrose, on her part, was another picture. After one prolonged look at her package, as if to find out wherein it resembled her crimson merino and golden hair and little white ruffs, she stood at a sort of "parade rest;" the package "grounded," her small fingers clasped tight about it, and her whole attention given to Clover's knots and Lily's fingers; her eyes dancing as each fastening gave way. Then, when brown papers fell to the ground, and the bright little steel tools, with their neat white handles, came full into view, Primrose gave one long "Oh!" of wondering delight; and then, as the only other thing she could say, turned round to her father and held her little mouth for a kiss.

"Why, Prim, do you like them?" said Mr. May, laughing and holding her fast, package and all.

"Well, young ones, be as happy as you can, I must go." And with a silent embrace from Clover, and a rather vociferous one from Lily, Mr. May departed.

"Now, Sam," said Lily, "put your work right up and tell us all about these things. Oh dear! I never was so happy in all my life!"

Sam laughed, and sitting down on the work-bench drew Primrose into his arms.

"Does not this little one want to see her tools?" he said.

"Oh yes!" said Primrose. "But my fingers aren't strong enough."

"Mine are," said Sam. "There, you sit up here by me on the bench, and we'll untie all these knots, and talk to Clover and Lily at the same time. What do you want to know about first, Lily?"

"This, I suppose," said Lily, displaying one of her tools, "is a spade."

"That is a spade. See what a beauty of a little one papa has got for Primrose! with a wee, wee handle just big enough for her little fingers. It's perfect."

There could be no doubt about that, from the way the little fingers took hold of it.

"But I thought you were going to dig the ground for us, Sam?" said Lily.

"So I hope to do the first time. But then there may be light digging to do afterward, and transplanting, and all that."

"And we want to learn how, any way," said Clover.

"Well, what's this?" said Lily. "Oh dear! these come Jack. Now we'll have a bother."

"This?" said Jack, unconsciously catching it from Lily's hand, "ha! a fine tool, I declare! This, young ladies, is called a rake; and it is chiefly useful for tearing your flower leaves into long strips, to make them look fringy. It adds very much to the striking effect of a flower-garden."

"You hush, Jack," said Clover, giving his shoulder a gentle tap. "I know a little about rakes, Sam, what's this?"

"A trowel." "And trowels are used for digging up stones, and conveying them to the gravel-walk or the grass," said Jack.

"They're for transplanting," said Sam, smiling, "for digging up little obstinate weeds, for filling flower-pots, and for smoothing the ground where you want to sow seeds."

"And this," said Jack, taking up another tool, "is commonly called Neptune's trident, which you perceive it resembles. In the sea, as used by its original owner, it was excellent for spearing fish; but by the strange mutation of mortal things it is now used in gardens, to spear caterpillars, gnats, and earth-worms. This one of Prim's, you see."

"Indeed mine won't be used for any such thing," said Prim, indignantly. "Spear caterpillars, truly! I don't mean to have one in all my garden."

"How nice!" said Lily. "Only I don't mean to have any weeds. Oh, I'm so happy! Come, let's go and show 'em all to mamma."

"But just wait till I gather up my strings," said Clover.

"Leave 'em here," said Lily, "you don't want 'em."

"They may be useful," said Clover, solemnly.

"Ha! ha! ha!" said Jack, turning a scornful smile in one corner of the work-shop. "Such model gentlemen! One will have no caterpillars, and 't'other will have no weeds; and the other—I don't know, I'll keep watch about Clover's. She's an old-fashioned as a gray rock, and about as steady."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Scarcely ten years ago, at the Government expense of a New England Secretary, a faithful there was read, entitled "A Visit to the Moon." In this there was a description of a dinner party given to the Lunarians; and we remember being struck by one fact that was stated, namely: that the Lunarians of our acquaintance—having reached a point of perfection that even Delicissimo might envy—dispensed entirely with eatables. In place of them were causing little steam-engines, conveniently fitted up, running around the dining-table on circular tracks, and distributing every imaginable delicacy to the guests. We believe, also, that there was some contrivance for conveying the viands to the mouth of each individual. We give publicity to these statements, in the hope that some enterprising person may hasten to make his fortune by appropriate inventions. We will lay no claim to the patent right. And in these days of "dying ships" nothing should be considered impossible.

There are machines for every thing nowadays. Sewing, writing, printing, washing, laughing machines (say not go so be called), and so on ad infinitum. It may be mentioned, however, that as yet no successful thinking machine has been invented; and here is a chance for somebody! The day may not be far distant when authors and editors, sitting only at their desks, may turn a crank, and the machinery spring, leap back, close their eyes for a comfortable nap, and ready to feed a thrilling novel or a learned editorial all ready for the press!

Speaking of usefulness reminds us of a little note recently found among a package of law papers in the pocket of a New York lawyer. It is without date or signature:

"Dear Sir, I'm curious to learn how you make the new washing machine go. You said you were told it would save you the price in six weeks or so. Can you wash whatever you want to? From a shirt to a pair of lace curtains? and has the water pipe where the water runs a guarantee to wash all the buttons? I imagine you probably wouldn't, but, however, it possibly may—don't you think, slowly turning the crank, you could certainly wash baby? I suppose after breakfast on Monday, as you go out to blank your bottom, you stop on the way to the kitchen and do the work's washing with ease. And after a little more practice, I imagine, my precious leather, you'll do all the washing with one hand, while you polish your boots with the other."

"Since you were the person to buy it, do you use it yourself all alone? Or sometimes let kindly try it, while you stand and laugh at the fun? Does the handle flutter your hands? Do the rollers get rusty and squeak? Is the thing what it's cracked up to be? And if it's cracked up, does it hold in the water at all? Why should a poor washing be so much more to be feared than a 'dignit'! Besides, can you more if you will, I ask for the pleasure of knowing: Do you (perhaps) wash-machine still, or do you keep it going?"

A little attention to the condition of some of the city railroad cars would not be out of the province of the Board of Health. Many of them are kept in a state of filthiness almost intolerable. The old, rusty cushions, which have served the public for years and years, should be removed, and clean cane-bottomed seats substituted.

A large silk establishment in Boston was recently examined by the authorities of that city. Four large mules, weighing probably two thousand four hundred pounds, were discovered, and they investigated the contents of one of them. It was filled with refined writing, and on taking a sample for experiment, they found that mixing it with water gave a very good imitation of milk.

A new method of managing boarding-school young ladies has been recently adopted at a seminary in Indianapolis. The other day the principal learned that some of his pupils had packages of letters from young gentlemen in the city—rather explicit. Exasperated beyond endurance he caused the young ladies to stand up before the entire school and read the letters in full, with the names of the writers. There was a fluttering in the school.

Professor Agassiz has been presented with a large and beautiful collection of fishes by the Emperor of Brazil. A pleasant autograph note accompanied the gift.

Small as ladies' bonnets are nowadays the newspapers can't let them alone. One says:

"A lady in the country wrote to a friend in the city to purchase for her a new spring bonnet. She desired the crown to measure seven inches—just enough to cover her waterfall—and a red ribbon."

Another anecdote:

"A new bonnet is out—a common white handkerchief is placed over the top of the head and tied under the throat, with a wreath of roses in the shape of a horseshoe on top."

Still another:

"A new style of bonnet has turned up at Richmond, Indiana. It is described as 'consisting of two straw, tied together with a blue ribbon on the top of the head, and red bands suspended at each of the four ends of the straw. Price, nineteen dollars.'"

A Dutchman now being called upon to testify in court as a witness, exhibited a singular confusion as to his own identity. The usual question being asked, "What is your name?" he replied, "Yes, I recall myself Fred, but maybe you don't know—it is Yewwep. You see, change, mine mother she have two little boys; one of them was an old one was my brother, or one was my brother and 't'other was me—I don't know which; and I was almost so old as my brother was young, or my brother was almost so old as me—I don't know which, and mine mother she don't; and one of us was named Fred and 't'other Yewwep, or one named Yewwep and 't'other Fred—I don't know which; and one of us got died, but mine mother she never could tell whether it was me or mine brother what got died; so, change, I don't know whether I am Fred or Yewwep, and mine mother she don't know."

Those who have hitherto failed in making for themselves a place in the "Pat's Corner" may find consolation in a bit which we cut from an exchange:

"A gentleman in Scotland has preserved an old number of the Greenock Advertiser, containing the following announcement:

"John is Correspondent.—T. G.—The line was meeting 'On Linden, when the sun was low,' are set up to our standard. Poetry is evidently not T. G.'s forte."

These two little gems of thought are full of truth and beauty.

"The last, best truth which comes to late perfection, even in the kindest soul, is tenderness toward the hard."

Schlesinger toward the unobscuring warmth of heart toward the cold, philosophy toward the idealism.

"Christian grace is like perfume—the more they are pressed the sweeter they smell; the more they shine brightest in the dark; the more they are shaken the deeper and they take, and the more fresh they bear."

It is stated in the Paris Journals that on the recent journey of the royal family to Aversa the Empress was attended in the "most simple style." Her dress is described as of rich black green silk, with an immensely long train, which was covered with small jet stars; a tiny anti-slip, likewise studded with jet and trimmed with galunet; and a white steamer bonnet of the Luncheon form, studded with jet and set with Northern blue ribbon strings—such was Her Majesty's traveling costume. An anecdote is told relating to this Aversa journey which shows how observant the Empress is, and how graciously her remarks are responded to. Among the attendants who came to welcome Her Imperial Majesty, M. Canella Doucet was conspicuous in his dress as comrade-general, having been grandly seen during the winter in his academic robe. The Empress soon singled him out, exclaiming, "You are every where, and always in a different form?" to which M. Doucet replied, "Yes, Madame, I do change my costume very frequently, but my sentiments never."

Among the new materials for summer dresses are the pique, which are worn this season so as to look as though they were merely ribbed, and they are generally covered with a pattern. The patterns include brocade arabesque patterns; there are also flowers and hares, and several other designs, generally on white grounds. Pique is very popular for dress-making, and the newest pattern in this material is stripes of a dark color with large dashes or ovals, or stars in the stripes; the ground of the dress is either white or color color.

As a change, there is a new material called the pique. It is made of very fine wool, with satin stripes, and is something like the rosette (cherry) mode. It is very pretty in light color, such as the low blue, pink, maroon, and sea-green. It is not expensive, and many pretty promenade toilets are made of it, trimmed with ribbon of the same color and with thick fringe.

It is not such a difficult matter to be well dressed in summer without spending a great deal of money, as most generally be the case in winter. Freshness is the great merit of a summer toilet.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Why was Noah's ark like a smoke-house?—Because it had a lion in it.

Vienna Success.—"Taking a Sight."

DEAR SIR, I have just been informed, by one competent to know, that one of the most lucrative positions in that of a postmaster. We can easily believe it to be much more so than that of Postmaster, but that it is worth fifty thousand pounds a year is a downright fact, and so we will. I suggest the remark that such a view must come out of the numbers so well known as a Philistia.

"A lot of copper are in play!" said Mrs. Partington, as her eye caught an account of some mining operations. "I don't wonder they have the profits and every thing else with it. I don't wonder they had in looking for copper diggers, for copper is very plentiful."

BOARDING-SCHOOL, GREEN'S LAMENT.

Perchance I shan't see you in court, With anger, when you bid I quit, To tell me that the milk is sour, And give me food my head is pale! My weakness was 'twas vain to tell When even salt becomes a self!

A rabbit's head is but a skin, My being is dissolved in vain! For water I need swallow not; The laws I find about it in sight! I grumble at the loss I take, Like old John Rogers at his stake.

A word to you, my tender friends, I'm bound to tell it unto you, No language but the French can lead An old enthusiast in the crowd; The brass work of all their talk Is, silly people are the world.

"What is the future state?" said a clergyman to a sprightly little girl. "Heaven, Sir." "No, no," said the clergyman. "I mean what is the real degree of opinion of men and women?" "Why," replied she, after a little hesitation, "I suppose they are to be married."

A Times or Lam.—A forged bank-note.

Why is an over-worked horse like an umbrella?—Because it is used up.

Why is a beef-steak like a locomotive?—It's got so much steam without it's taste.

A Providence can not preserve a ship. The word is "sheep" in his mouth. Being an iron-clad, he said to a boy, "I shan't die a war ship?" "No," answered the boy, "it's a rat."

A Box Striver.—A turpentine.

At a fancy-dress ball in Paris recently, a lady was seen in a very low-bodied dress, white flannel and wearing an abundance of green grass. She was politely asked by a gentleman what she presented. "The 'w. Moss' or." "At low life, then, Madame?" The lady blushed and the gentleman smiled.

The Hawk's Progress.—Over the flower-beds.

JUSTICE BELMONT.—On Good Friday, in a town in North Wales, an elderly minister, with a full pate, judiciously selected for his text, "My sins are greater in number than the hairs on my head."

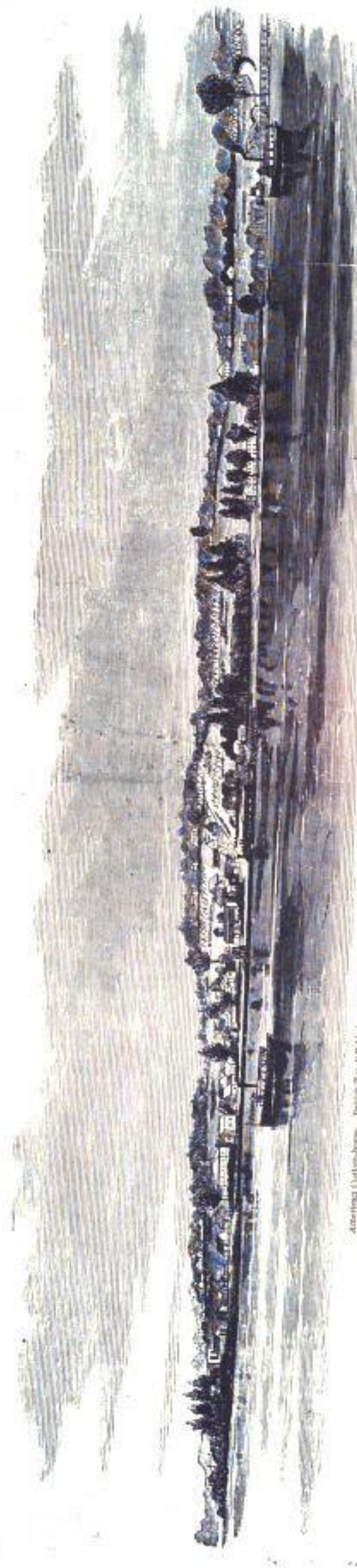
A GOOD PLACE FOR PATENT HAIR DRESS.—Canada; for there the hair is always gray.

In an old family Bible in Connecticut the record of a birth is entered in this wise: "Elizabeth Jones, born on the 19th November, 1788, according to the best of her recollection!"

A baker has invented a new kind of yeast. It makes bread so light that a pound of it weighs only twelve ounces.

If a young man spends two hours with a young lady every night, and her old folks don't make any fuss about it, and his old folks don't make any fuss about it, the two young folks may be said to be engaged.

A Yankee made a bet with a Dutchman that he could swallow him. The Dutchman lay down upon the table, and the Yankee, taking his big toe in his mouth, slipped it secretly. "Oh, you are lying me," said the Dutchman. "Why, you old fool," replied the Yankee, "did you think I was going to swallow you whole?" "Well," said a hen-pecked husband, "go to bed." "I won't," said the wife, "I will be married!" "Why is an alarm of fire in the night like a chicken-broth?—Because it spoils the nap."



American Custom-house, British Flag, &c. &c. &c.
FENIAN RAID INTO CANADA—VIEW OF WATERLOO, NEAR FORT ERIE, WITH BRITISH CAMPS, ETC.—[SKETCHED BY J. P. HOFFMAN.]



THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "MICHIGAN" WITH CAPTURED FENIANS ON A SCOW-BOAT.—[REPRODUCED BY J. P. HOFFMAN.]

THE FENIAN RAID.
 We give on this page and on page 397 illustrations of the Fenian invasion of Canada. Waterloo is just a little way from Fort Erie. The following extract from the *Army and Navy Journal* gives a very good account of the raid:
 On Thursday, May 11, a considerable number of Fenians had quietly gathered into Buffalo, calling themselves laborers, bound for California. At about half past two next morning they had collected at Black Rock, some three miles north of Buffalo, and here they at once crossed the Niagara River by the aid of two logs and four canal-boats. They landed safely, under the green flag, and at once took possession of the ruins of old Fort Erie, just at the place where the lake narrows to the river. Their number was somewhere from 1000 to 1500. Their military organization consisted of four regiments, the Thirtieth, or Tennessee, the Seventeenth, or Kentucky, the Eighteenth, or Ohio, and the Seventh, or Buffalo, besides an Indian detachment. All these had Colonel O'Neil, formerly known as having enlisted a regiment for the rebels of such of our soldiers in the horrible sea at Andersonville as preferred the honor to death.
 This crossing had been successfully concealed from the United States authorities. At embarking in the Fenian feet the men received arms and ammunitions, but no commissariat seems to have been organized. They at once cut the telegraph wires leading into Canada, tore up the track of the railroad near them, and advanced westward along the lake shore toward Fort Colborne, at the mouth of the Welland Canal.
 The first Canadian force to come into actual conflict with the Fort Erie Fenians was a body of about 1000 Voltigeurs, under Colonel Ross or Bonanza, which had been ordered to Fort Colborne, while another force, under Colonel Pascoe, was advancing upon the Fenian rear, up the Niagara River, via Chippewa. Ross's troops met O'Neil and his Fenians about 8 A.M. on the morning of Saturday, June 3. O'Neil was advancing westward, and now took post at Limestone Bluff, somewhat less than half way from Fort Erie to Fort Colborne. There was a sort of battle, in which—though there are various reports—the Canadians seem to have displayed their superiority, and to have advanced in pursuit of them as if already victorious, when the Fenian line was merely falling back to rectify an error. Many of the Fenians are veterans of the Rebellion, and not to be discouraged by a charge; so they charged by means in their turn upon the confident Canadians, and very easily disposed them. But the losses are reported as only 4 killed and 15 wounded on the Fenian side, and 23 killed and wounded on the Canadian side.
 After pursuing the beaten Canadians for some distance the Fenians fell back toward Fort Erie. They had imposed some provisions at that place, but their supplies quickly fell short, notwithstanding what they could find in the vicinity. More Canadian troops were coming up to Fort Colborne; Pascoe's force was approaching from Chippewa; the Michigan and one or two logs had effectively closed the Niagara River to reinforcements. As the Fenians approached Fort Erie again they had a brush with a small Canadian force, but easily dispersed it; and at night, worn out with fatigue and hunger, the Fenians attempted to creep back into the United States. Their main body was promptly captured, with the logs conveying them, by the Michigan; the stragglers and pickets were left on the Canadian side, and were taken by Colonel Pascoe's force, which went into camp at Fort Erie; and the left-hand movement of the Fenian invasion was over, and a failure, and its troops were prisoners to United States District-Attorney Davis, though in the immediate charge of Captain Barnes, of the Michigan.
 The sketches on page 397 show the ruins of Fort Erie and the flag captured from the British at Ridgeway by the Fenians.
 Since this failure other attempts have been made, but have not succeeded.—The Fenians made a great mistake when they began the work of emancipating Ireland with the infraction of the laws of the country of which they were the adopted citizens. The President's proclamation, and the vigilance of our military force on the frontier, will prevent an early repetition of the collision at Fort Erie and Ridgeway.

FENIAN RAID INTO CANADA—SKETCHING ON THIS IS OF JUNE BETWEEN THE BRITISH AND THE FENIANS.—[REPRODUCED BY J. P. HOFFMAN.]



FENIAN RAID INTO CANADA—RUINS OF FORT ERIE.—[SKETCHED BY J. P. HOFFMAN.]



CONGRESS HALL, SARATOGA, NEW YORK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. S. AVERY.]



THE FENIAN RAID—BRITISH FLAG CAPTURED BY THE FENIANS.—[SKETCHED BY J. P. HOFFMAN.]



THE FIRE IN SARATOGA—BROADWAY THE MORNING AFTER THE FIRE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. S. AVERY.]

THE FIRE IN SARATOGA.

CONGRESS HALL HOTEL in Saratoga was destroyed by fire on the morning of May 23. At twenty minutes past twelve the flames were discovered in the north wing of the building, and issuing from the apartment known as the ironing and linen room, wherein the women ironers had been at work until an unusually late hour on the night before to be in readiness for the annual opening of the house, which was to take place on the very day of the fire. The frailty of the immense structure was soon apparent in the instantaneous spread of the flames, and but little more than an hour elapsed before it was a complete and impressive heap of ruins. The glare of the fire was plainly visible in Troy, Albany, Schenectady, and throughout all the adjacent country.

The loss involved in this fire was nearly \$200,000. Congress Hall was built in the year 1812 by Mr. GAZDUS PERMAN, and it was while superintending the work upon the building that he fell and injured himself, and afterward died of his wounds. The hotel was kept in the family for a number of years, when a Mr. VAN SCHENCKHOFF bought it. He left it in his will to Mr. KRESLER, his son-in-law; and in 1850 the only surviving heir, Mr. E. V. KASSER, came into possession, all his relatives being burned or drowned, or both, on the ill-fated steamer *Henry Clay*. Mr. H. H. HARMON, the last proprietor, bought the house on the 9th of September, 1854, and had retained his right in it ever since. He has had partners with him, but he himself had been the man of the establishment. The large number of improvements which had been made in and around the hotel are too numerous to mention, but they were such as made it equal, if not superior, to any in the place. A new office had been made in the front of the building, which included the rooms formerly occupied as a bar-room, and extended back as far as the piazza. The bar-room had been sent down stairs, as also several other branches of hotel appointments. Mr. HARMON had announced his intention of opening the hotel on Monday, May 23.



THE FIRE IN SARATOGA—RUINS OF CONGRESS HALL.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. S. AVERY.]

WHY SHAKE HANDS WITH NEIGHBOR JONES?

My neighbor Jones is of portly mien, His face both smooth and bland, And he has a terrible way—to me— Of heartily shaking my hand. Now there is nothing of which to complain In a good and hearty shake, But upon my word with my neighbor Jones I feel as if handling a snake. He meets me at church in the midst of a crowd, Or sometimes he meets me alone, And his eyes they glare with a grayish stare, And the look of a rounded stone. I am getting afraid of my neighbor Jones, Of the touch of his clammy palm, And I am afraid that his stony eyes Have always a meaning of harm. I know that, one day, when my pig broke through Into Jones's pasture field, He kindly opened my garden gate, When they rained my early yield. I know that when Sam, my brindled cow, Was choking in yonder lot, That Jones sat still on his fence and watched, But Jones to me came not. I know that Jones, in digging a well, Cut off the stream of mine, And I know that Jones both chuckled and laughed, As though the joke were fine. And I know that Jones has threatened the law For things not worthy a song; But I always give in to my neighbor Jones, Though the principle is wrong. I know that Jones once pulled at the ear Of Billy, my eldest born, And that I incurred, by my peevish way, My Billy's utter scorn. That Billy declares when he shall grow big That there's death to Jones's ears, But still I have hope he will change his mind, Like myself—when Jones appears. But why do I shake old Jones's hand? It is not for love, I am sure. Or rather, why let him shake hands with me, When his shaking I can not endure? I wish that the fashion of shaking hands Would go out with the spring or fall, And I ask, when I think of my neighbor Jones, Why do they shake hands at all?

THE HONEST THIEF.

There once lived in St. Petersburg an aged man, who, though poor, had always been noted for strict honor and integrity, and whose whole course of life was regular as clock-work. Each morning he left his modest dwelling at precisely the same hour, passed through the old-clothes market to his Bureau, and after his six hours' labor was accomplished returned home by the self-same route. His garments were shabby from long service, and the covering of his cap was worn to shreds. The urgent solicitations of his daughters finally induced him to replace the latter article; and seeing some of a green color one day in a shop window, he went in and inquired the price. The shopman, however, refused to sell them, on the plea that they were already bespoken, and offered to show him others of a different hue; but the old man had set his heart on green. "Well, then," said the man, "if you must absolutely have it, take it, and if needs must I can fish another by to-morrow to take its place." The bargain was accordingly concluded, and the next day no small excitement was created by the appearance of the cap, which elicited from his colleagues smiling congratulations upon his successful purchase. Two days afterward, the heat being intense in the Bureau, he felt in his pocket for his handkerchief, in order to wipe the perspiration from his face, and drew forth, to his great astonishment, one of fine India feather silk. He showed it to his colleagues, and inquired if he had not by mistake appropriated another person's property; but one and all disclaimed all knowledge of it, and agreed unanimously that it must be a surprise from one of his daughters. "Children," said he, upon his return to his house, "who has done this? Do you wish to make me vain in my old age?" His daughters also declared their ignorance of the matter, and, after many needless guesses, finally made up their minds that it must have been put in his pocket by their cousin, who spent the last Sunday with them; and the handkerchief was carefully put aside by their father. On the following day, as he was carefully spreading his coat-tails in order to seat himself at his desk, he felt something hard in both his pockets, and putting in his hand brought out from one a gold watch and from the other a well-finished purse. This time his reason was overwhelmed; but after long reflection he formed a sudden resolution. He had been more punctual than the other officials, and was alone in the room; he therefore determined to say nothing to them of his discovery, and as soon as the office hours were over he went directly to the Chief of the Police and solicited a private audience. He then produced the watch and purse, and related the history of the handkerchief. After the Chief had fully possessed himself of all the particulars he said: "It is very singular! Has nothing of the kind ever happened to you before?" "Never before last week." "Have you made any change in your... with in that time?" "No."

"Recollect!" "Oh yes, certainly! I bought a new cap!" "Tell me how and where you bought it." The old man told him every thing connected with his purchase, upon which the chief laughed heartily, and exclaimed: "Poor, honest man that you are, you have become a member of a band of thieves! Do you not perceive? The twenty caps of the same shape and color were to serve them as a mark of recognition; and as every pickpocket seeks to divest himself as quickly as possible of his stolen goods, they have taken you for an accomplice, and transferred these articles to your pockets. We are greatly indebted to accident and to you. Take this money and buy another cap from one of the principal magazines; then bring this one back immediately; for as I hope to have the whole gang in my power to-morrow you must not run the risk of being arrested also." The old man went into a shop and purchased another covering for his head; but as he was about to tie up the cap in his handkerchief, in order to take it back to the police-office, he found in the crown, to his no small surprise, a costly piece of lace. He hastened to deliver this fresh booty into the hands of the Chief, who again burst into a peal of laughter when he beheld the despairing countenance of the honest thief. The necessary measures were immediately taken. Two dozen detectives were made acquainted with the form of the cap; and simultaneously, at precisely the same hour, every possessor of the sign was placed in duress vile.

THE SOUTHERN METHODIST BISHOPS.

The Episcopal College of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, consists of ten Bishops, three of whom are not assigned to regular duty because of their advanced age, and four were elected and ordained at the late session of the General Conference, held in the city of New Orleans. We present this week a representation of the whole body, with the exception of the venerable Senior Bishop, SOOLA, whose feeble health detained him from the Conference at which the photograph was made from which an engraving is rendered. The subjoined sketches give an outline of the main facts in the history of each, with his distinguishing characteristics: 1. JOSHUA SOULA is a native of the State of Maine, and is now in his eighty-sixth year. He entered upon the work of the holy ministry in the last year of the last century; was ordained Deacon in 1807, Elder in 1808, and Bishop in 1824. He is a man of large build, powerful physique, and majestic appearance; has endured immense hardships in the pioneer work of the itinerant ministry, and exerted a very great influence upon the growth of Methodism on this continent. For several years he has been relieved from regular Episcopal duty, and in a serene old age is waiting his change at his simple residence, near the city of Nashville, Tennessee. 2. JAMES OSBORN ANDRANIK was born in Georgia, in 1794; entered the ministry in 1812; was ordained Deacon in 1814, Elder in 1815, and Bishop in 1832. Without learning, he made his way by the natural powerful eloquence of his preaching and the pious industry of his pastoral labors. He is genial, warm-hearted, and simple. He has retired from the active Episcopacy; but in memory of his former labors, and in respect for the great purity of his character, he is warmly cherished by his Church. 3. ROBERT PATRICK is a native of North Carolina; born in 1799; a Licentiate in 1818, a Deacon in 1822, his ordination having been delayed by the absence of Bishops; an Elder in 1824, and a Bishop in 1846. He is a man of high intellect, strong passions, magnanimous spirit, and considerable culture. He is represented as the philosopher of the Episcopal bench. He seems sluggish in his movements, but is powerful when aroused. Often impatient, he is always generous. His knowledge of law makes him an excellent presiding officer. As a preacher he is exceedingly unequal. When he succeeds his pulpit efforts are very impressive; his failures are total. He was, we believe, President of La Grange College, in Alabama, when elected Bishop. His uttered opinions have great weight in the Annual and General Conferences. 4. GEORGE FORREST PATRICK was born in Georgia, in 1811; began to preach in 1830; ordained Deacon in 1832, Elder in 1834, and Bishop in 1854. He is affable, careless in his manners, very handsome in face and person, with a dark eye and a remarkably charming smile. In the pulpit he has had the reputation of great brilliancy. He is still a powerful preacher. His voice is like a bugle; it strikes you from afar. Not remarkable for discrimination, he carries his messages by the force of the enthusiasm his magnetic style seems to kindle. He is a liberal thinker and a genial companion. In Georgia his influence is unrivaled. 5. JOHN EARLY was born in Virginia. He is believed to be in his eighty-second year. He was admitted to the Virginia Conference in 1807; was ordained Deacon in 1809, Elder in 1811, and Bishop in 1854. He is a man of remarkably commanding presence. In all crowds where he is a stranger his appearance attracts immediate attention. It is a combination of the Apostle and the General. He was born to command, and he does command. He has been a great worker. His energy is tireless. At his advanced age he can travel as much as any of his colleagues; and although, by reason of his multitude of years, he has been relieved from the burden of Episcopal labor, and takes his place with Bishops Andrew and Soala, his presidency at the late General Conference is said to have shown his clear head and strong hand, grasping and managing the reins to the last. 6. HERRARD HENRI KAYANAGOR, a native of Kentucky, was born in 1805; entered the ministry in 1823; was ordained Deacon in 1825, Elder in 1827, and Bishop in 1854. He is a hearty Christian—very simple, very discreet, slow in the chair on a point of order, very reliable upon points of

law if time be given, happy, pure, peaceful, much loved and much respected. As a preacher he requires a long time to fire up, but when heated he is a pulpit engine of several-prosper-power. 7. WILLIAM MAY WIGHTMAN, a native of South Carolina, was born in 1806; entered the Conference in 1828; was ordained Deacon in 1830, Elder in 1832, and Bishop in 1865. He is below the medium height, with a head and face not very indicative of high intellect, yet he is in reality a man of very considerable ability and elegant culture, has been editor and professor, and was President of the Southern University when he was elected to the Episcopacy. Those who are intimate with him manifest a warm affection for his person and character. 8. Enoch MATHEW MARVIN was born in Missouri, in 1825; was a Licentiate in 1841; ordained Deacon in 1843, Elder in 1845, and Bishop in 1866. He is a tall, thin, cadaverous man in his appearance, wears his hair long and careless, is wholly unshaven; has a clear, blue, deep eye, a high intellectual brow, and a nose which makes his whole face look like the portrait of CALVIN. His mental endowments are lofty, his temper gentle, his spirit Christian, his preaching very superior, and his laboriousness—notwithstanding his apparent feebleness—really exemplary. 9. DAVID SEYM DOGORY was born in Virginia, in 1810; entered the Conference in 1829; was ordained Deacon in 1832, Elder in 1833, and Bishop in 1866. He is slender, graceful, pleasant, cultivated, and eloquent. He is a good man, a scholar of considerable acquirements, and a delightful and edifying preacher. He has been editor of several periodicals and a professor. 10. HOLLAND RICHMOND M'TYRE was born in South Carolina, in 1824; entered the ministry in 1840; was ordained Deacon in 1843, Elder in 1849, and Bishop in 1866. He has been editor of several Church periodicals. As a preacher his matter is solid, but his delivery is slow—very slow; as a writer he is most lucid and pungent. Nothing comes from his pen which does not arrest attention. He is very vigilant and very sagacious. He never barks at what he thinks wrong; he bites, always putting his teeth into the point of the error. He is upright in person and character, has a steel-gray incisive eye, and a hard face, which is wonderfully relieved by a remarkably illuminating smile. He is a man of rare executive power, and upon this characteristic his friends base their hopes of a most useful Episcopal career for this youngest of the four Bishops called to that office by the Church at its late General Conference.

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

Mr. A. E. W.'s sketches on pages 397 and 398, illustrating the May-day Festival at New Orleans, Louisiana, and the Freedmen's School at Vicksburg, Mississippi, are thus described by the artist: "FREEDMEN'S SCHOOL AT VICKSBURG. "One of the most noticeable features of these schools for freedmen is the cleanliness and good clothing of a majority of the scholars. Of course there are ragged and rough specimens, but these are not the rule. It is one of the many evidences I have found in Mississippi of the general well-being of the negroes, and their capacity to take care of themselves. These scholars, embracing all ages from the grand old down to the infant, are attentive, and master their tasks without any appearance indicating that the labor is irksome. The lady teachers, with a little tact, do almost any thing with them; and, although all teaching is a wearisome business, I should judge that these people showed the average intelligence displayed in the New York public schools. The Superintendent of the schools, CHAPMAN WARREN, considers that in all that pertains to language they are, perhaps, ahead of white children in quickness of apprehension. How far their capacity for education would carry them is doubtful. That these schools will vastly improve the colored people there is no room for doubt; the evidence is conclusive on that point. The school-house is a dilapidated affair, and the owner is anxious to get it into his possession again. The location of the school will have to be changed. The prejudice of the Southern people against the education of the negroes is almost universal. "MAY FESTIVAL IN NEW ORLEANS. "New Orleans has been the scene of a number of festivals during the present month, in honor of May and the flowers. "The Germans have, according to time-honored custom, swilled and guzzled lager, with additions in the shape of loud-smelling rye-bread, louder saucings, and absolutely noisy garlic and cheese; after which they danced in the hot sun, in a mob, upon a platform, perching happily, and causing the air to reek with recollections of the above-mentioned commodities. The Fenians have had their little picnic (in peace), and other May picnics are in contemplation; but the prettiest festival was that of a dancing-school—patronized, I was informed, by none but the children of the 'élite' of New Orleans. "This entertainment came off at the French Opera-house, where the little pupils resolved themselves into an amateur ballet-corps, and gave tableaux and fancy-dances, succeeded by a ball, in which the spectators were allowed to join after eleven, the hour when most of the little ones went home. "The tableau selected for the sketch is the crowning of the May Queen of the Fairies by Morning, Night standing near by, and a little boy, personating Bacchus, ready to present a bouquet—although what in the name of goodness Bacchus has to do with the fairies dependent is unable to tell! Prettiest 'three-year-olds,' who might be the originators of all the jokes attributed to that age in the 'Editor's Drawer,' occupied pedestals in the character of Cupids. Gas, candles, flowers, scenery, and, above all, blue-dye, made quite a pretty spectacle; and the children acquitted themselves with a self-confidence and ease quite remarkable. The New Or-

leans children are much older, so to speak, than the children of the North. Those who have reached the mature age of twelve have left childhood entirely behind them, and are prepared to—and do—act the part of men and women. "Going to school at a very early age, the climate, like a hot-house, forces them quickly to maturity; but whether the average of life is so long as in less forward countries is very doubtful."

CROONS FOR THE CRADLE.

FULL well I recollect the rhymes, The ballads of my cradle times, © Nursery! For often Emma Jane would bring Her darning to my crib, and sing Of—well, of almost any thing! © Nursery! She rocked my cradle to and fro The while she chanted soft and low, © Nursery! And I remember how I hung On all she said, on all she sung; For I was musical, though young, © Nursery! She said, "There was a little man!" Ay, marry, thus the tale began, © Nursery! "He had a little gun," she said, "With bullets that were made of lead" (They generally are, I've read), © Nursery! Anon she sang about the fall Of Humpty Dumpty from a wall, © Nursery! And then her voice would sink again To something of a softer strain— Some exhortation to the rain, © Nursery! She said that if it went away It might return another day, © Nursery! She sang to me of Jack and Jill, Who came to grief upon a hill, Through taking up a pail to fill, © Nursery! I would I were a child again, To hear the songs of Emma Jane, © Nursery! Oh! cradle-days forever flow! Young hopes forever overthrow! I walk the world alone—alone! © Nursery!

NOTE AND PRECAUTION.—Ladies afflicted with disorders of the face, called moth-patches or freckles, should use FRANK'S MOLE AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by Dr. R. C. FRANK, Dermatologist, 69 Bond St., New York. Sold by all druggists.

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THE REISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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"THE HALT."

This picture, from a painting by THOMAS NAST, has lately been on exhibition in Chicago, and the Chicago Tribune thus speaks of it:

"A pleasant farm-house, shaded with vines; a tired soldier, leaning upon his gun, taking a cup of water from the farmer's wife—the children looking on in youthful wonder; you can not see their faces, but you know how they look. A little farther on a soldier sitting down tantalizing a dog; a splendid distance and background, with a baggage-wagon and soldiers, beautifully-drawn foliage, and delicious bits of sky. Such is THOMAS NAST'S 'Soldier's Halt'—hard, perhaps, in coloring, and filled with idiosyncrasies, and yet bearing the impress of great talent. Better or more conscientiously elaborated foliage you will rarely see, and the same as to sky and atmosphere. NAST is well known to all art lovers. He is known to every body as the delineator of the splendid cartoons in *Harper's Weekly*."

LEWIS CASS.

THE Hon. Lewis Cass died at Detroit, Michigan, on the morning of June 17.

Before the late war Cass was held by our people to occupy a very large place in our history—he was looked upon, in some sort, as a monumental figure. Just that place he can never hold again in the popular estimate, simply because the war of the rebellion has, like a vast cataclysm, swept away many former political and military idols from their lofty pedestals.

The New York Tribune thus laudably epitomizes the life of General Cass:

Lewis Cass was born in Exeter, New Hampshire, the 9th day of October, 1781. His father was a commander in the Revolutionary army, and took part in the battle of Benning's Hill, Ticonderoga, Princeton, Germantown, etc. The young Lewis was educated at Exeter, and studied law at Marietta. He was admitted to the bar in 1800, and practiced with success during several years. In 1804 he was elected to the Ohio Legislature. Being placed on the committee instituted to inquire into the



THE LATE LEWIS CASS.

movements of Colonel Hays, his hand drafted the law which enabled the local authorities to arrest the same and locate engaged in that enterprise as their presence from the Ohio. He also drew up the address to Mr. Jefferson, embodying the views of the Ohio Legislature on the subject. In 1807 Mr. Cass was appointed Marshal of the State, a post which he filled until 1810. In the year of 1817 he volunteered to join the forces at Detroit under General Hays, and was named Colonel of the Third Ohio Volunteers. Colonel Cass commanded the advanced guard when the army moved from Detroit into Canada, and drew up the proclamation addressed by the General to the inhabitants of that country on their arrival in it, and commanded also the detachment which destroyed the British forces posted at the bridge over the Chippewa.

Shortly afterward Colonel Cass was included in the expedition which moved on the signal of the American army, and, after making his report at Washington, was appointed to the Twenty-seventh Regiment of Infantry, and, after a short interval, promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General.

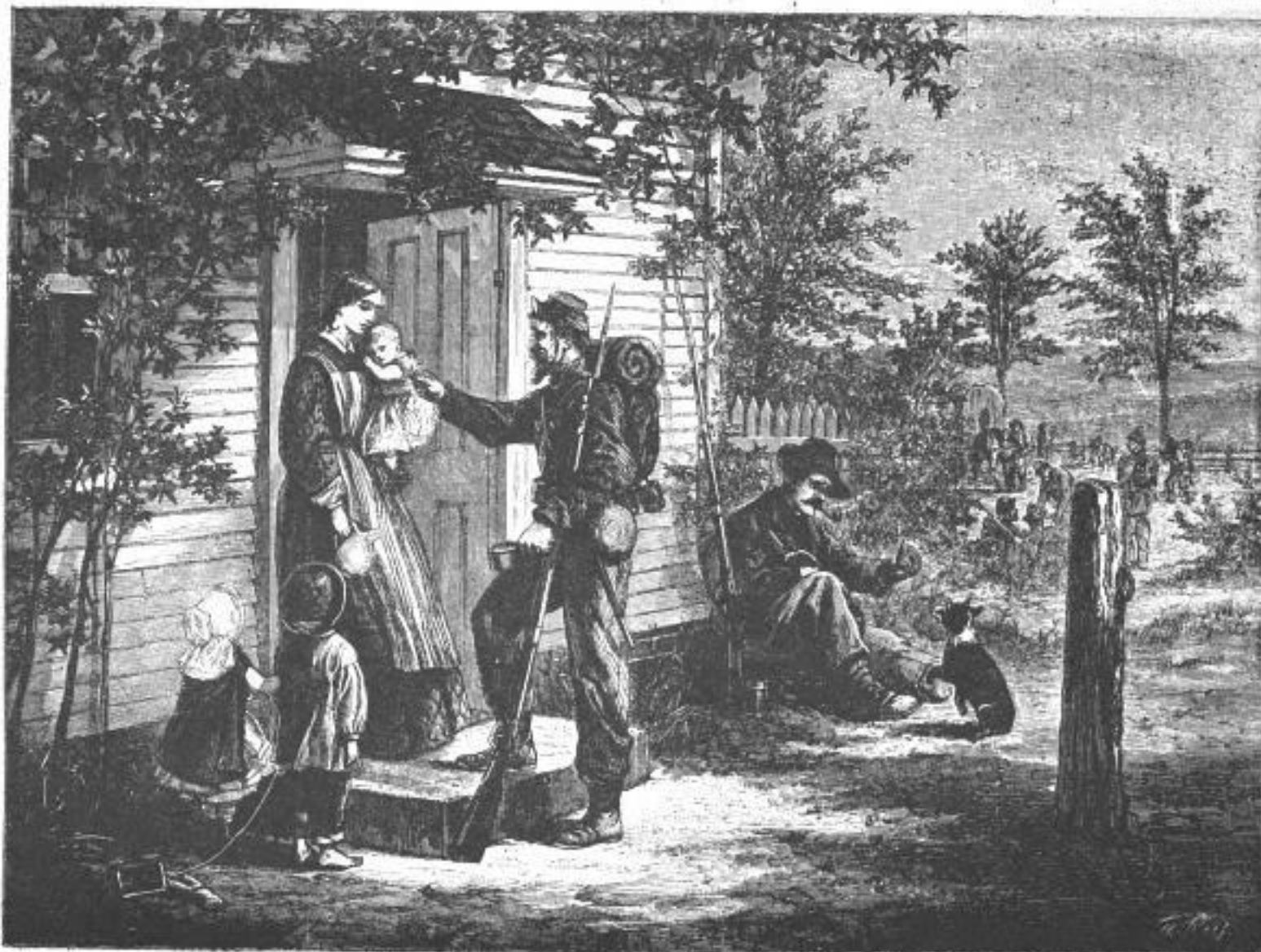
He took part in the pursuit of General Pakenham, and in the triumph at the Mexican town. At the close of his campaign he was left in command of Michigan, with his headquarters at Detroit, a position he discharged for the post of Civil Governor over the same State in October, 1812.

In 1814 he was associated with General Harrison in a commission to treat with the Indians, who had been hostile to the United States during the war. In 1820 he succeeded himself permanently with his family in Michigan. From the year 1817 to 1825 General Cass was the most instrumental in the various treaties concluded during the peace between the United States and the different Indian tribes located along its entire frontier. In 1826 he was made President of an historical society established in Michigan, and in the following year delivered an important address embodying the early history of the State, and bringing it down to the period when it became a part of the Union.

In 1826 he received the degree of LL.D. from Hamilton College, New York. In 1827 he was made Secretary of War by the then President, General Jackson. It was during his tenure of this office that the war of the Severn Indians broke out, a military task by some has been attributed to his want of judgment. In 1830 the same President appointed him Minister of the United States to France, where he published a book entitled "France, the King, Cass, and Government," in which Louis Philippe and his supporters are somewhat lavishly praised.

In 1842 President Taylor having been proved in power by the death of General Harrison, General Cass was, at his own request, recalled. From his return to America many acts of his life were felt to be peculiar, and of very interesting character. He now declared himself in favor of a high protective tariff, a distribution of the proceeds of the public lands, and of the reconstruction of a bank of the United States.

These views brought him in close alliance with General Taylor, of Pennsylvania, and that portion of the Whig party who had a strong



"THE HALT"—A SCENE IN THE GEORGIA CAMPAIGN.—[FROM A PAINTING BY THOMAS NAST.]

of whom *FRANK* speaks would in this country as zealously discontinue a cruel fashion as he declares they could successfully oppose a cruel war, they would not be the less public benefactors. For any fashion is cruel which compels vast expense. Any fashion is cruel which encourages extravagance. Any fashion is cruel which debases society, and every thing which gives money the reward of merit is degrading.

The wife of Prince METTERNICH, the Austrian ambassador in Paris, now dictates the fashion. The Empress is obsolete. If *FAMOUS* beauties should wear cowhide boots, cowhide boots would be de rigueur in the choicest circles. If she should drape her pretty person in cloth of gold and throw hoops out of the window, the streets of all the great cities in the world would become impassable, and the drawing-rooms every where would glitter with splendor. What a power this lady has! For if she wore a plain straw hat and a plain dress, simplicity and economy would be the fashion. But, after all, what is her right divine? If she chooses to wear a hat of old Venetian sequins on her head, why should the sycophants of Saratoga take to chasing themselves with gold dollars? If she chooses to draggle a satin train along a gravel walk, why should the dames of Newport wipe the sea beach with silk? Why does not each dainty American dame show her equality with *F. AUSTRIAN* by following her own sweet will and regulating it by the eternal fitness of things? To be fashionable is not necessarily to be womanly and ladylike. What if those who can effect it should resolve that only what is womanly and ladylike shall be fashionable?

FORT MONROE AND ANDERSONVILLE.

JEFFERSON DAVIS is charged by the Government of the United States with complicity in the assassination of President LINCOLN, and the Government can not decently parole him until it has withdrawn that charge. Should it be withdrawn he would remain a prisoner under indictment for treason, which is also a capital crime. So long, however, as he is imprisoned upon whatever charge humanity requires that he be well treated, and that there shall be no delay in his trial. There has, however, been a foolish attempt to excite sympathy for him and odium against the Government by depicting him as a martyr, a Bastille sufferer, a dignified and pathetic victim of a haughty and cruel Despotism. Yet there is no other prisoner in this or in any country charged with a capital crime who is so comfortably lodged and honorably treated as JEFFERSON DAVIS. He has a casemate properly furnished. He has a daily bill of fare such as no other prisoner in the world enjoys, and which would amply satisfy any honest man. He has the range of the ramparts upon which to breathe the ocean air, and he has books, newspapers, wife, and friends around him. He has, or had, a physician also, who apparently sat at his feet to catch the drops of wisdom that fell from his mouth; a physician who has prepared a book about the prisoner whom he calls "ex-President" and "distinguished captive."

Let us not forget that this man, for whose comfort sentries must tread softly, for whose delicate stomach the bill of fare must be daily changed, for whose gratification the recreations we have named are provided, is the same man who could see from his house in Richmond the island upon which Union prisoners were slowly starved and frozen, and who knew that thousands of his fellow-men imprisoned at Andersonville were pitilessly tortured into idiocy and death. Not the least pang of their horrible bodily suffering would we have retorted upon JEFFERSON DAVIS; not one touch of retaliation should the American people allow to be visited upon him. But when they are asked to believe that he is tortured by the authority of their Government, it is wise for them to perceive the difference between the treatment he receives from the Government which he sought to destroy and that which he contemned in the case of those who strove to defend it. Nor will those people forget that the same papers which furiously denounce the pretended cruelty of the Government toward him were silent over the awful tragedies of Andersonville and Belle Isle, or faintly denied them.

MOSES F. ODELL.

THE name of MOSES F. ODELL, who died a few days since at his home in Brooklyn, after a long and painful illness, has been of late very conspicuous as that of a most faithful and efficient public officer, and as a leader among those Democrats who on the most stringent partisan sympathy could not seduce from the plain path of patriotism. Although he had always been a Democrat and an active party man, President of the Empire Club, Assistant-Collector of Customs under Democratic ascendancy, and Democratic Representative in Congress, he devoted himself ardently at the outbreak of the rebellion to the support of the Government; served with the utmost diligence upon the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War; effectively aided the raising of troops, and was a constant, helpful, and sympathetic visitor in the camp and hospital.

Strongly attached to his party name and traditions, he did not hesitate to follow his convictions, and sign the report that virtually censured McClellan; and he voted for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia and for the Emancipation Amendment. Had he been still in Congress we believe that he would have declined to yield to the ignominious policy of opposing every humane and just measure intended to secure equal rights, and would have voted for the Constitutional Amendment recently adopted.

His official career, like his private life, was spotless. Energetic and sagacious, he clearly comprehended his duty and promptly did it. It is stated, we believe without contradiction, that President LINCOLN, who saw and justly valued his worth and efficiency, offered to Mr. ODELL the office of Collector of New York. But Mr. ODELL suggested that FRANCIS KING would be a more suitable officer; and Mr. KING was subsequently appointed, while Mr. ODELL was made Naval Officer. For many weeks he had been necessarily absent from his post, suffering acutely from a disease which he knew to be mortal. But in illness as in health his warm religious feeling kept his soul serene. For many years he had been a devoted member of the Methodist Church, and especially interested in the Sunday-school. At the annual summer festival he was always present, directing and cheering; and thoughtful of the children to the last, he asked to be carried to the window when they marched by at their late celebration, that he might see the blithe parade and show his young friends that his heart was with them in death as in life; while but an hour or two before he died he sent for some of his old Sunday-school scholars to sing to him the hymn he loved, and so peacefully sank to rest.

Mr. ODELL will be long and kindly remembered even by many who did not personally know him, but who had learned to honor his patriotic fidelity.

EXERCISE VERSUS DEFORMITY.

A CROOKED back is a very common thing in ladies, as every dress-maker knows; but a taller sedition finds this deformity in gentlemen. On this point Dr. WARREN of Boston says: "Of the well-educated females within the sphere of my experience about one-half are affected with some degree of distortion of the spine." A very judicious French writer goes even farther than this, and says: "It is so common that out of twenty girls who have attained the age of fifteen years there are not two who do not present very manifest traces of it."

Whatever discrepancies there may be between the estimates of different observers, all agree that the deformity is very common, especially in females that are delicately brought up. Why is it so? Is it a necessity under the circumstances, or can it be avoided? In accounting for it much has often been said about posture in study, and pictures are introduced into some books on physiology for schools to show what are bad postures and what are good ones. It is commonly enjoined upon girls that they should sit bolt upright in order to keep the spine in a straight position, and thus prevent its becoming crooked. Though posture has much to do with producing deformity, as you will soon see, this teaching is radically wrong. This sitting steadily in one position, however straight, is directly calculated to make the spine crooked; while variety in posture, allowing the spine to be sometimes straight and at others bent this way and that, tends decidedly to prevent deformity. If it were not so we should more often find a crooked-backed boy than we now do, for boys are generally allowed this variety of posture, while girls are expected to sit up in what is deemed a very proper attitude, which is certainly a very stiff and uncomfortable one, especially if the back be permitted to have no support.

Let us look at the rationale of the matter. What is it that keeps the spine straight? Or, rather, what is it that enables it to assume a straight position at any time in the midst of all its bendings in one direction and another? Observe how it is built. Here is a column of twenty-four bones, with elastic cartilages between them. It is the compressibility of these cartilages that allows the spine to be bent and twisted this way and that, and it is their elasticity that enables it to assume the straight position. We have then in this column of chain of bones twenty-four joints, in each of which nature intends there shall be some motion; and nothing can be farther from her intention than to keep this column as straight and unbending as a stick. For the very purpose of bending and twisting it in its joints there is a very complicated arrangement of muscles the whole length of the back. And whenever the spine is straight it is made so by an exact balancing of action between the two halves of the body, and they do so uniformly, except when called upon to do otherwise in the various motions to which we subject it.

This disposition of these muscles is always carried out when they have their natural strength and fair play. But very commonly in the schoolgirl which is necessary to give vigor to the muscular system, and weakened muscles never act regularly, and so can not maintain that balance of action needed to prevent deformity in what they hold or move. In the enfeebled girl, therefore, the muscles of the back fail to hold the spinal column firmly. At the same time the other parts of the apparatus, the cartilages and ligaments, partaking of the general feebleness, lose their usual degree of elasticity, and so fail in helping to straighten the column after its bendings. The stretched ligaments do not contract as well as usual, and the compressed cartilages remain somewhat compressed. What is the result? The column becomes deformed, and of course in directions governed by the predominant positions assumed.

But this result does not come alone from the general debility occasioned by a deficiency of exercise

in the body at large. There is a local deficiency over and above this general one. The muscles of the back are less exercised than the other muscles of the body. There is a special restraint put upon them in two ways. First, custom does it. It is not considered proper for the girl to bend and twist the spine with the freedom that nature designs, and which is allowed to the boy. When she sits she must always have the erect posture, and when she moves it must be in such a way that no one could suspect that there are any joints in the spine, and it might be reasonably concluded that she has a single long back-bone, in place of the twenty-four bones with which the boys are endowed. The mode of dress also helps to secure this inaction of the muscles of the back, and the consequent stiffness of motion. As well might we put splints and ligatures on the limbs as on the trunk of the body; the result would be the same—restraint on natural motion, and consequent disease.

One thing more. The exercise which the muscles of the girl get is not only insufficient, but it is wrong in character. It is too much one thing. They are obliged to hold the spine in one position, and therefore get wearied out, just as in the old-fashioned punishment of holding a book out at arm's-length the muscles of the arm are wearied out. And many a back-ache has come from this cause, nerves being permanently injured as well as the other parts of the apparatus by this unnatural management.

We say, then, to mothers and teachers, let that beautiful and complicated apparatus for motion, the spinal column, have all the motion that the maker of it designed in girls as well as in boys. Free it from all shackles, and let it have fair play. Let it bend itself and twist itself, and it will have a straightness that no splints or supports can give it. It was made to keep itself straight, and it will do so if you will let it.

LITERARY.

"Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border," by Colonel R. B. MARCY, first published by the HARVARD, is a truly valuable contribution to our knowledge of the remote West and of the Indians of the plains. Indeed, we know of no other work which so fully satisfies curiosity in regard to a race which is fast perishing; and the simple style of Colonel MARCY is admirably suited to record the results of his extensive observation. The story of his winter expedition over the Rocky Mountains is one of the most exciting chapters of Western adventure; and he does not forget the natural interest of the reader in the quaint characters and picturesque or illustrative incidents of the region. Colonel MARCY's book will be of permanent value, and the publisher will be grateful to those who have persuaded him that he should not allow the rich results of his long and laborious and habitable experience to remain unsold.

"Lectures on the Study of History," by GOLDSWIN SURRIS. This is another most timely and remarkable work, also from the HARVARD. GOLDSWIN SURRIS is known as one of the ablest thinkers, admirable scholars, and very, snowy writers in England. This volume contains the lectures delivered by him upon opening his course as Regius Professor of History at Oxford, and his pleasant and instructive paper upon the University itself is added. This is not the place to enter upon any discussion of the principles which are asserted and illustrated by Professor SURRIS. They will be variously estimated by scholars and cultivated readers, but none will deny the power and brilliancy with which the Professor's opinions are presented. They are the results of profound familiarity with history, and of shrewd insight and reflection; and the work is that of a master, not of a tyro. Professor SURRIS disputes the philosophy of history as maintained by COBBIN and BOCKLE, and we do not recall a more cogent and vigorous analysis of their theory than these lectures contain. The work, which is very brief, is indispensable to every one who would understand this most interesting discussion; while the manly, sincere, and delightful style, with the essential attraction of the subject, will not fail to charm the general reader. The lectures upon the American colonies is especially interesting to us, not only from its topic, but from its revelation of the lofty cosmopolitan sympathy which makes GOLDSWIN SURRIS much more than an Englishman, and which invites every generous mind to strive with him for the "fraternalization of the world."

THE COMING IN OF THE "MERMAIDEN."

The moon is bleached as white as wool,
And just dropping under;
Every star is gone but three,
And they hang wide asunder—
There's a sea-ghost all in gray,
A tall shape of wonder!
I am not satisfied with sleep,
The night is not ended;
But look how the sea-ghost comes
With wan skirts extended,
Stealing up in this weird hour
When dusk and dawn are blended!
A vessel! To the old pier-end
Her happy course she's keeping;
I heard them name her yesterday—
Some were pale with weeping,
Some with their heart-bunger sighed:
She's in, and they are sleeping.
Oh now with fancied greetings meet,
They comfort their long aching;
The sea of sleep hath borne to them
What would not come with waking,
But the dreams shall meet be true
In their blissful breaking

The stars are gone, the rose Moon comes,
No blush of maid is sweeter;
The red sun half-way out of bed
Shall be the first to greet her;
None tell the news, yet sleepers wake,
And rise, and run to meet her.
Their lot they have, they hold; from pain
A keener bliss they borrow,
How natural is joy, my heart!
How easy after sorrow!
For once, the best is come, that hope
Promised them "to-morrow."
JEAN INGELW.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

June 22: In the Senate, the amendment placing \$100,000 at the disposal of the Secretary of the Treasury to improve the fisheries, under certain restrictions, the salaries of the clerks in his Department, was agreed to by a vote of 23 to 11.

June 23: In the House, the Senate amendments to the joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States were adopted by a vote of 179 to 72. Mr. Stevens closed the debate. He concluded that the amendment would not be adopted as an improvement on the present one. In his judgment, it contained the serious defect of the existing, both State and National, and would give the next Congress and President in the near-future a veto. With their enlarged base of representation, and the exclusion of loyal men of color from the ballot-box, he saw no hope of safety unless in the prevention of improper meddling acts which should do justice to the freedmen and reject disfranchisement as a condition precedent. While he saw much good in the proposition he did not prefer to be satisfied with it. This will be no reason for its speedy adoption, he believed. Let us talk what we can get now, and hope for better things in further legislation, in making acts or other provisions.

June 24: In the Senate, the bill to define the number and regulate the appointment of the officers in the Navy was passed, 23 to 11. It provides that the officers of the Navy shall consist of one Admiral, one Vice-Admiral, ten Rear-Admirals, twenty-five Commodores, fifty Captains, sixty Commanders, one hundred and thirty Lieutenant-Commanders, one hundred and thirty Masters and thirty Ensigns, and in other grades the number to be fixed by law. The pay of the Admiral shall be \$10,000 per annum.

June 25: In the Senate, a veto message was received from the President, containing his objections to the bill enabling the New York and Montana Mining Company to purchase certain public lands.

In the House, a resolution was adopted appointing a Commission to investigate the late case of assault committed on Mr. Gilmore, of Iowa, by Mr. Lawrence, of Kentucky. The Senate bill to regulate the appointment of lieutenants in the Navy was passed. The joint resolution to provide for expenses of the Paris expedition, was passed, 51 to 25.

The number of deaths in this city last week was 365, being a decrease of 58 from the number of the previous week. It is the lowest in the corresponding week of 1865. Prof. Snow is delivering a course of lectures before the Imperial Society and the Hygienic Association, respectively, on "Discoveries in his recent tour up the valley of the Amazon. He was very high recommended from his rapid and successful explorations, May 2.

Nebraska City papers of the 15th inst. state that the State organization has been secured, and the Union State set on a working China majority in both branches of the Legislature elected. This result was mainly expected, as an early well-organized vote was given in favor of the Union. It was found the Territory was fully ready in their hands. Nebraska has a population of 45,000—an increase of 7,000 since 1860.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE IMPENDING WAR.

The Conference at Paris has been adjourned. Austria would only be one of the countries to be included that some of the Powers represented would be obliged to accept of territory.

The Conference of European states on June 5 the following statement in the House of Commons in answer to General Peel's question as to whether the Conference had been given up: "I am sorry to state that I cannot give an answer substantially in the affirmative to the question of the right honorable and gallant gentleman. The first communication made to the British Government was a telegraphic message received last night from France, stating that, in the opinion of the French Government, the Conference was at an end, in consequence of the answer from Austria imposing conditions that were entirely impracticable. We are now in possession of the Austrian despatch upon the subject, and the substance of it is: 'We required a definite assurance that all the Powers which were to take part in the projected Conference should be ready to renounce the pursuit of any special or particular interest to the detriment of the general tranquillity; and the Austrian Government went on further to explain that settlement by saying that the work of peace which the Emperor had in view could be a condition to be accomplished, it appeared to them indispensable that it should be agreed to beforehand from the deliberations of the Conference any thing that would tend to give to any of the States who were then invited to the meeting any territorial augmentation or increase of power. The requirement of such an agreement beforehand was regarded by the French, next of France as equivalent to the refusal of a conference, and as rendering it impossible; and the Government of England are agreed in their view of the case with the Government of France. All prospect of the meeting of a Conference must therefore, I fear, be regarded as at an end.'

War it seems most likely. Austria has three-fourths of a million of men in the field. She is, or thinks herself, a full match for all her present adversaries. Her population nearly equals theirs, and she has the Middle States of Germany, with an army of 250,000 men, formidable in her, and likely to meet in her favor if the war lasts. In Italy the Austrian army, stretched in one of the strongest positions in Europe, may offer the enemy to exhaust its strength against the Quadrilateral. In the north Field-Marshal Benedek, the ablest soldier of the empire, is at the head of an army which may strike a sudden and crushing blow. From the frontier of Bohemia he looks northward and eastward over the plains of the Prussian Kingdom, and sees no insurmountable obstacle to the progress of Berlin or the conquest of Silesia. Whatever may be in store for the Austrians they are at this moment convinced that the outbreak of war will give them energy and revenge, and deliver the empire forever from the designs of its enemies.

The convention of the Bohemian States by General Galles is looked upon by France as an act of direct provocation. The Nord Deutsche Zeitung says that the Austrian declaration to the Diet is little calculated to strengthen the peaceful hopes which the plan of a Conference had raised. The convention of the States, a political measure, can not be regarded otherwise than as a glaring violation of treaties, and an attack upon the sovereign rights of Prussia.

In the mean time Prussian troops have entered Hildesheim, and the Austrians have concentrated at Altona. Austria has instructed Galles to send an armed expedition to Bohemia.

BUNKER HILL.

BUNKER HILL is a round, smooth elevation in Charlestown, Massachusetts, 110 feet high, commanding the peninsula of Boston. It was connected by a ridge on its southern slope with a smaller elevation known as Breed's Hill, 75 feet high, the crests of the two hills being about 700 yards apart. These heights are famous for the battle fought on them between the Americans and the British, June 17, 1775. The city of Boston was at the time occupied by the British General, GAGE, who had just received large reinforcements, under Generals BURGESS, HOWE, and CLINTON. The American forces, with their headquarters at Cambridge, knowing little of military discipline, and made up of independent companies of militia and volunteers, were under command of General ARTHUR WELLES, who had under him FRESCOTT, PUTNAM, GAMBLEY, STARR, and PERRY—men who had learned the art of war in the battles with the French. This was the situation when Colonel Prescott, with 1000 men, was sent to seize the hills commanding Boston. Bunker Hill was occupied first, but the position was abandoned for Breed's Hill, nearer Boston. During the 17th Prescott was reinforced by PUTNAM and WARREN. Intrenchments had been thrown up, and the Americans awaited the attack, which came shortly after noon. The British numbered about 2000 men. The attack was made in front, the British moving up to the breast-works. — But they were repulsed again and again in several charges, until at length the ammunition of the Americans gave out, and the latter were compelled to retreat. The loss of the British was over 1000 men, that of the Americans 400. — Among the killed was General WARREN.

The Monument commemorating the battle stands in the centre of the grounds included within the redoubt on Breed's Hill. It is a square shaft of Quincy granite, 221 feet in height, 31 feet square at

the base, and 15 at the top. Inside the shaft is a winding staircase of 294 stone steps, which leads to a chamber just under the apex. This chamber has four windows, which command a magnificent view of the surrounding country. The corner-stone of

the Monument was laid on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle, June 17, 1825, by General LAFAYETTE, then the nation's guest, when DANIEL WEBSTER pronounced an oration to an immense audience. About forty survivors of the battle were

Emperor have tended to the preponderance of Austria in Germany, and, internally, to the centralization of power. On the 26th of April, 1854, he married the Princess ELIZABETH-ANNELE-ERGENIE, daughter of MAXIMILIAN JOSEPH, Duke of Saxe-

present on that occasion. The Monument was completed in 1842, at an expense of \$150,000. It was dedicated June 17, 1848, the oration being delivered by Mr. WEBSTER, and the President of the United States, with his entire Cabinet, forming a part of the vast audience.

FRANCIS JOSEPH I., EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

FRANCIS JOSEPH I., Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, was born on the 18th of August, 1830. He is nephew of his predecessor, FERDINAND I., and eldest son of Archduke FRANCIS CHARLES and of the Princess SOPHIA, daughter of MAXIMILIAN, King of Bavaria.

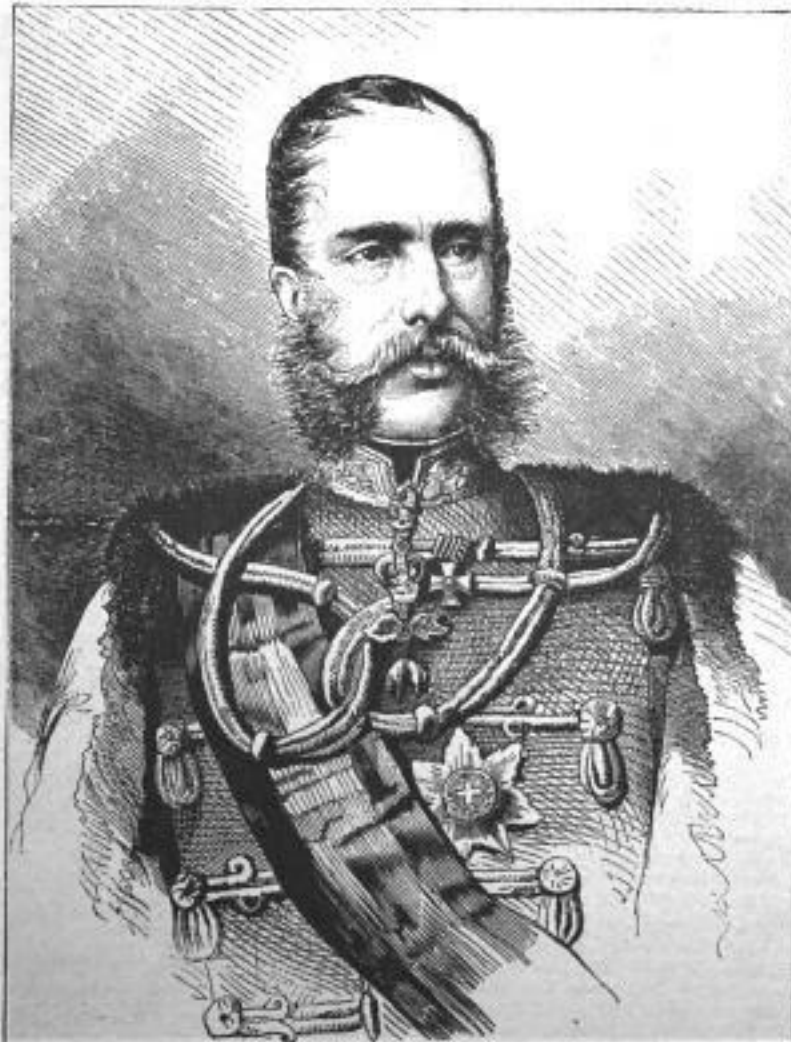
The Emperor FERDINAND, tired of the cares of royalty, and the victim of disease, abdicated at Olmutz on the 2d of December, 1848. The same day his only brother, the Archduke FRANCIS CHARLES, waived his claims to the throne in favor of his son, who was declared of majority at the age of sixteen years.

The first years of his reign were disturbed by civil war. Hungary was in revolt, Sardinia had invaded the Milanese, and the Austrian empire seemed to have reached the brink of dissolution. The young Emperor had come to the throne with the promise of giving to the whole country a free, constitutional Government—a promise which he could not then, and which afterward he was not disposed to keep. The intervention of the Czar in Hungary and the victory of Novara combined to save him his throne. The reaction was terrible, and a large number of the revolutionary leaders were condemned to death.

All the efforts of the Emperor have tended to the preponderance of Austria in Germany, and, internally, to the centralization of power. On the 26th of April, 1854, he married the Princess ELIZABETH-ANNELE-ERGENIE, daughter of MAXIMILIAN JOSEPH, Duke of Saxe-



BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.—(Photographed by W. S. ADAMS.)



FRANCIS JOSEPH I., EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.



LUDWIG B. VON BENEDEK, THE AUSTRIAN GENERAL.—(See page 406.)

ria, who has given him two daughters. During the Crimean war the Emperor of Austria openly manifested sympathy with the Allies, but gave no material support to their armies.

In 1859 the war in Italy came on. What followed—the victories of the French and Italians, the loss of Lombardy to Austria, and the compromise of Villafranca at a time when Prussia seemed on the point of forming an alliance with Austria—is well known to our readers. There was a new Hungarian agitation in 1859, and a war seemed imminent, but the imperial proclamation of October 25, and the suitable concessions made by the Emperor, prevented its occurrence.

The Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH has created an order which bears his own name. He has devoted himself to the military administration of affairs, and is virtually his own Minister of War. In 1859 an attempt was made against his life, and he received a trifling wound.

LUDWIG RITTER VON BENEDEK, THE AUSTRIAN GENERAL.

THE AUSTRIAN Emperor, FRANCIS JOSEPH, has intrusted to Field-Marshal LUDWIG RITTER VON BENEDEK the command of the Austrian Army of the North, which lies on the borders of Saxony and Prussia.

BENEDEK is a Hungarian and a Protestant. He was born in 1804, at Oldenburg, and after the usual course of training at Neustadt, he entered the Austrian army as a cadet in 1822. He obtained the rank of Colonel in 1843. He took a prominent part in quelling the Galician insurrection in 1845; and in the memorable Italian campaign of 1848, under RANZOVIC, he distinguished himself at the retreat from Milan, at Oseno, and especially at the battle of Curtatone, for which he received the order of Maria Theresa. In 1849 he contributed to the reduction of Mortara and to the victory of Novara. Ten years later, in the war of Italian independence, BENEDEK was one of the few Austrian Generals who exhibited very great military capacity. He commanded the Eighth Army Corps, and especially distinguished himself at Solferino, his division being the last to leave the field.

Both among the nobility and the lower classes BENEDEK is enthusiastically admired. When, on May 12, he made his headquarters in Vienna, he was greeted with applause by the people and the army. To the latter he said:

"Soldiers! I bring you my whole, warm, soldier's heart, my iron will, my highest confidence in you, my unwavering trust in Almighty God, and, with all these, the faith which I derive from my former success as a soldier!"

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INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By GEORGE F. HARRINGTON.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Yes, Sir, the grandest sort of a spree; and, as you well know, Simmons, I always said so from the start, by George! This is the smash up, Sir, and a smash up it is, ain't it?"

"Mr. Withers, I have refrained so far with the very desperation of hope. I can refrain no longer. It is as you say; I confess it, it is," says Captain Simmons, indignantly dignified. "Yes," continues he, with the solemnity of a prophet and exceedingly disappointed Dr. Nansen, "I can tell you that fellow Neely, in regard to a question of mine, he informed me last he had ceased to think at all, that there was only variance where once he had possessed."

"There is a Yankee, but now for honest, honest men ever before, and, being a Yankee, he is the worst element in connection with me. I have seen him many a time, and I have heard him many a time, but I never saw him."

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RECONSTRUCTION.

in the fact that the United States are disbanding their armies; that Europe must certainly intervene also; that a just God—Mr. Ellis writes a series of articles to that effect—can not, will not, ought not, must not, shall not, abandon a cause so manifestly His own; that if we will only hold out a little longer, a foreign war or something else may turn up for our deliverance.

People hardly even read a line of all this. For four long years they have believed with a belief passing all calculation, but even the faculty of belief is wearing out. Nobody has any regard even for Brother Barker these days; people withdraw their children from his Sabbath-school, or suffer them to stay away unapproved, and never go to church themselves; the very best members sink, for the time, into a coldness, not to say apathy, which language fails to express. Haggard, restless, sallow, lean Brother Barker, from the crown of his lank hair to the soles of his sorrowful feet, in countenance, apparel, and bearing breathes only desolation and despair. At times even he flares up, however.

"Never," he says to Bob Withers, taking up again the refrain of the general creak—a refrain, however, which, vigorous and unanimous at first, is fast dwindling down to the rare and solitary cry of an individual here and there—"I, for one, will never live under Federal despotism; never, Sir, never, never! I will go to Mexico, to the Sandwich Islands first. Rather," says Brother Barker, with a savage gleam in his eyes, "I will stay here and agitate."

"Do what?" asks Mr. Withers, who has taken Brother Barker in his hand and excited him up thus, exactly as a child rubs a match to see it flax and burn blue, only for the melancholy fan of it. "Do what?"

"Agitate, Sir, agitate, agitate! A-d in getting up another revolution, if it is eight years hence."

The fact is, we good Secessionists in Somerville, having duly sown the seed, are now harvesting in our whirlwind, and the crop is terrible.

Mr. Arthur endeavors to promote a certain piety for them in his bosom by summing it up in conversation with grim Mr. Ferguson:

"You can hardly imagine a rain more complete," he says. "Take Colonel Ret Roberts as an instance. He has proved demonstrably mistaken in all upon which he staked his sagacity and judgment. He endures the rigors of defeat, after and repeated defeat, military and political. He has lost all his property, especially his means. He may not own a dozen North America's; but he has lost his property in the Confederacy, and now has no way to get it back. He may not have much money, but he has lost his property in the Confederacy, and now has no way to get it back."

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ble of—instruments made meet by these very times, you see, for the Master's use."

And very clearly, indeed, does this minister see it to be his duty, in and out of the pulpit, to preach conciliation, moderation, and all the kindred Christian virtues; mingling much more with men than for years past, suppressing all partisan exultation, glowing with quiet enthusiasm instead in this direction. But joy in the result? Gratitude to God for it? The feeling is a much more quiet one than he had imagined it would be in anticipating it in dark days, which seem a hundred years ago now; but ah, it is an unspeakable one!

Yet, as these eventful days of May, 1865, sweep along, a new hue of feeling suddenly colors the wide and roaring current. Union men in Somerville had dreaded the rise of a bitter feeling against them which might result in the destruction of their lives and property. They are lost sight of, or thought of only with respect, in the new feeling which suddenly and angrily flushes the surface, especially among the soldiers returning by thousands to their homes. It is a feeling of bitter wrath against their own officers, partly because of individual grievances at their hands, chiefly on account of the belief, deep-seated and universal among the army, that the officers, with scarce an exception, have been engaged all along in such systematic swindling in cotton and commissary stores as no country has ever before known. The feeling has been long growing—growing for years. Military subordination suddenly thrown off, it bursts forth with terrible vehemence. Speculators, too, outside of the army, share the deep hatred of the soldiers. The universal cry is, "While we have been enduring privations for years, suffering and without pay, these have been at home making money. At least they shall share with us!"

Suddenly officers and speculators find themselves in the very camp of enemies more to be dreaded than the Federals, and they, after a moment of bewilderment, are flying in all directions. All Government property in reach is in some instances broken into and plundered. The stores of speculators share the same fate. Demoralized by plunder, the soldiery fall next upon any supplies in reach under the same plea. No house in Somerville and throughout the State safe from their search on the least suspicion, or none at all, of secreted Government supplies. Until, at last, every man in Somerville, the officials most of all, first secretly prays for, then openly desires, ardently desires the arrival of the National forces as his only hope.

"I wish to Heaven they would come!" Dr. Ginnis does not hesitate openly to say the day the soldiers disinter twenty sacks of coffee from beneath the corn in his crib. And yet, only a week before, the pious Doctor, in acknowledging in husky voice that we are whipped, that the war is over, had darkly adieu, "For the pec-

ent, Sir, only for the present!" with terrible intimations of gloom and gesture of a guerrilla war to be waged for, at the least calculation, forty years to come.

Even after the surrender of Lee Mrs. Smithers has denounced the panic of the hour as a mere panic. Smithers has speculated, in some complicated manner, in paper-money. The postmaster Smithers is, but of course it was not Government money he used, turning the paper into specie, and that less sugar, and that into negroes. Yes, negroes. That is Smithers's weakness, negroes.

"Just as soon as this little panic is over," Smithers demonstrates to his wife, "those negroes will bring twice what I gave. Soon as the war is over, Aramistey, one negro will bring more'n I paid for 'em."

Yet the panic increases rather. Smithers has as much as he can do to secrete about his place what valuable property he has. Colonel Ret Roberts's house is searched by the soldiers on one side of him, and Mr. Neely's on the other, and the soldiers say they are successful, too, for Government stores. Even long, red Mrs. Smithers is terrified. With a tub and cloth ready on the front porch, and a child on the look-out, whenever a squad of soldiers happen to pass, Mrs. Smithers, dropping every thing to do so, is on her knees upon the porch scrubbing the floor for dear life—the idea being to impress on the minds of the soldiers the fact that the house is inhabited only by the poorest of people. Until, at last, even Mrs. Smithers is as wrathful against the Federals for not coming as she ever was against them for coming at all.

"I must do you the justice to say so, Dr. Warner. I have never yet had an illusion, even in this dark hour, of any desire on your part for the Federals to come."

It is good Mr. Ellis who says it, seated in the Doctor's parlor at this critical period. Mr. Ellis has dropped in for medicine for his ailing wife, and in fact has never entirely dropped Dr. Warner on political grounds; the Doctor is so fat and easy and good-natured it is almost impossible to do so on any grounds. Very cold has been Mr. Ellis's manner to the Doctor; very crisp his "Good-mornings, Sir!" in passing; very reticent each to the other during the Doctor's professional visits upon Mrs. Ellis; but both are men too thoroughly good at heart to lose all "electric affinity" for each other.

"Of course," continues Mr. Ellis, in his nervous manner, "I regret you have not been more decidedly Southern, Dr. Warner. I disapproved of Secession as much as yourself, Sir; it was wrong. But when we of the South were actually attacked then I buried all that. Even if your brother or father is in the wrong, would you not defend them if attacked? My country right or wrong, Sir! Your upholding Mr. Arthur in his course has pained me. In fact, I do most



"OH, MOTHER, MR. ARTHUR IS KILLED!"

heartily disapprove"—Mr. Ellis always kindles as he goes—"of your lukewarm support of the Confederacy. I think it wrong, very wrong."

Mr. Ellis need not have reproached himself at all for saying that. He was not a bit to blame. Mrs. Warner only used it as a pretext; she had almost fretted herself and Sally, her two hundred pounds' weight of black cook, to death for an opportunity ever since the surrender of Dick Taylor, the last of her hopes, to say it.

"And you think Dr. Warner wrong, do you, Mr. Ellis?" she breaks in, whirling like a gust round from her sewing-machine to say it. "Wrong? Wrong? Ha! And you to sit there and say it, after God himself—and you a pious church-member too—has Himself shown what He thinks of Secession. Mr. Ellis, I've known you for years, respected you too, and you are under my roof. But this much I must say to you—you are crazy, as crazy as any lunatic that ever was put in a strait-jacket. And for you to believe in that lying, thieving, murdering—hold your tongue, Dr. Warner!—retreating, looting, cheating, repudiating Confederacy, the greatest swindling concern this earth ever saw! And after it is actually gone to pieces too! I wouldn't say a word, Dr. Warner, but it is more than I can stand. You are wrong—wrong—wrong! A quiet, sensible man when it began. A quiet, sensible man, holding your tongue in all the raging folly when you saw you could do no good, all through these—these four long, long, bad, bitter years. Standing by your minister when he only wanted to be nothing but a minister and let politics alone. Yes, I know what you would say, Mr. Ellis. I am not ashamed to confess it, now I see my error, more shame to you sticking out in what you see now is all wrong. Yes, I'm glad of the opportunity to acknowledge how wrong I've been, specially to my own husband. Not that I expect to turn angel. He married Helen Morris, and Helen Morris I'm certain I'll be till I die. But I am sick in my very stomach of Secession—sick to death. Here you've been telling Dr. Warner it wasn't the Federals whipped us, but the speculating and stealing, from the highest officers downward. Confessing with your own mouth that the whole thing was rotten, needed only a touch to make it crumble of itself like a rotten, rotten old pumpkin. And Dr. Warner is wrong—wrong—wrong!" intensely sarcastic, in shrillest F sharp.

"I tell you what, Dr. Warner," rising suddenly from her seat, upsetting her sewing-machine in doing so, and crossing the room rapidly to her husband. "I've been burning to say it. I'm glad Mr. Ellis has stirred me up to say it—yes, and to hear me say it sits right there. I'm proud of you, Dr. Warner. You do not talk out as much as I could wish; but all these four years you've had ten thousand times my sense. There, never throw it up to me I've said it, and I'll be sorry in ten minutes I told you; but it is only the solemn fact, you provoking old thing!" And Mrs. Warner throbs her arms about that weather-beaten farmer's neck, as he sits with the old droop of his head lower than ever, awaiting the blowing out of this most unexpected gale, stoops down, kisses him upon his bald forehead, rises again, and exclaims astonished Mr. Ellis; the casual-guests open their widest, hysterical but defiant.

And good Mr. Ellis finally leaves the house, having obtained a good deal more medicine than he came for.

Mr. Ellis, wild, shrilled, bewildered, thrice in age what the past four years should have left him, looks up, as he walks home, to encounter the cheerful fire and the hearty good-day of Mr. Arthur riding by. It is as the new era in contrast with the old. Only the minister chides himself for not having worn a soberer manner—nothing he abhors more than any even accidental triumph over his old friend—chides himself for his aspect, under the circumstances, of cheerfulness even. But how can I help it without playing the hypocrite? he asks himself.

But he rides fast, for he has a letter from Mr. Sorel's returned son for Mrs. Sorel. He thinks it must be from Frank, her long absent boy, only he does not know the writing upon the envelope, very much worn and dirtied by being brought so far in the soldier's knapsack. There is a singular fear thrilling to his heart as from the touch of the letter, taking it out of his breast-pocket when he gets out of town to look at it again—a creeping influence, a crawling cold. As he rides it gathers over him, a fever, a vague apprehension, so that he almost starts to bend himself called by some one from among the corn in a field to his left.

Drawing in his horse he sees it is a rough black-hand, who is looting near the fence—a savage of a negro, with his hair done up in little tails around his brow, the woolly beard in want patches over his face. Mr. Arthur, as the negro takes off his fragment of a hat, recognizes him as Colonel Juggins's Jen.

"Good-mornin', Mass Arthur. Jest one minute. Hope all well, Nor. I want to see you. Any way, I seed you ridin' along, an' it comes upon me to tell you—" the boy says, scratching his head, shifting his hat from hand to hand, looking eagerly at Mr. Arthur, agitated and confused. "Orange he say, you hold your tongue, you fool, none of your business. Orange is a jus-out like you, but somehow— Look hyar, Mass Arthur, ebry body say you mighty good man—"

"I am in a hurry, Jen."

"One minute, Sar. Case is dis. Suppose a man owe you money, keep promisin', promisin'—"

"Well, Jen, any other time. I have a letter for Mrs. Sorel from Frank," begins Mr. Arthur, touching his spur to his horse; for a leading feature in this gentleman's character is hurry and impatience.

"You better hear me?" It is all the boy says, but there is emphasis so peculiar in the tones, as they fall upon the rider's ears rods off, that he halts his restive horse and rides back.

"You know that man—Peel is his name—Dr. Peel? Ha! needs'tell me, Sar; I kin see you know him. I nuffin to say of him, Massa, not one word to say," adds the negro, with earnest depreciation. "He rich, big, splen-did man. Nobber saw him myself in my life. Nobber heard him say one word. Nobber spoke one word to him in my life; may Great Massa up above strike me dead in dis fence corner if I ebber did!"

"What about him?" asks the rider, with breathless eagerness.

"I hear tell he goin' to marry Miss Anne Wright, marry her dis berry mornin'—"

One instant, only one instant, the minister sits on his horse still and cold and pale as marble; the next he has got a at his horse's best speed toward Mrs. Sorel's house, but toward her house only because it is on the road to Mr. Alonzo Wright's.

Arrived there, he throws the halter of his horse over the post, and hurries in; it will take him but a moment. It is the force of habit which causes him thus to stop, and hurry to his bedroom to be one moment there, only one moment, upon his knees—if ever in his life rarely to-day. Meeting Mrs. Sorel in the passage, he places her letter in her hand and hurries by. Before he has well closed his room door he hears her cry. That cry, peculiar to her sex, never uttered by them save when wrung from the deepest distress, he understands. Frank is dead, killed probably, dead certainly. Yet he stands trembling with impatience none the less when the white-haired mother, in the agony of her grief, casts herself upon his bosom, crying:

"Oh, Frank, Frank! I knew it was coming, but I can not, can not bear it. Help me, oh my Heavenly Father, help, help!"

How strange it seems, how cruel! Mr. Arthur has no word hardly of consolation for her, does not draw her down beside him upon her knees in even the briefest prayer in that terrible hour. With but an impassioned word, a mere syllable, in fact, of consolation, he uncouples her aged arms from about him, puts her by gently but firmly, and hastens past with cold, set face.

Fresh impetiment. As he walks rapidly down the front walk, he meets a lady coming up it with hurried step. She is veiled, but he would recognize the form if it were only by the quickened beatings of his own heart. Even then it forgets for one instant all the world beside, and bounds toward her with the truest and strongest instinct it is capable of. And she recognizes him in the same moment, lifts her head bowed down upon her bosom, throws back her veil, reveals her face all discolored with weeping. She starts impetively toward him as she does so, yet draws back even in the act itself with freshened color in her face.

"Oh, Mr. Arthur, such terrible news!" she says. "Rutledge, brother Rutledge, my only brother! And I fear it will kill mamma. I was in school. They gave her the letter first. A soldier brought it. It will kill mamma. I didn't know what to do. I rode out to see if Mrs. Sorel, to see if you—"

"In there, in there—see Mrs. Sorel! Not now, Miss Alice, dear Alice! Mrs. Sorel, Mrs. Sorel!" he interrupts her, in hurried tones; and Alice, amazed even in her anguish, sees her lover unfasten his horse, hurry past her with cold, set face, mount and ride rapidly off in the direction from Somerville. The next moment she and Mrs. Sorel are weeping aloud, clasped in each other's arms.

Not two hours after Mr. Arthur rides from Mrs. Sorel's gate, Mr. Wright, Dr. Peel, and Brother Barker alight at the gate of the first-named gentleman. Mr. Wright is evidently incensed, Dr. Peel is dressed with unusual splendor, even Brother Barker is as bright and fresh as his best black suit can make him. But all seem hurried and heated. Brother Barker is pallid beyond all precedent, which is saying a good deal, for very sallow and yellow, indeed, has been his complexion for the last two months.

"I told you so when you wanted me to have that man come out here to-day. Devotedly as I was attached to your daughter, Sir, I tell you plainly I would rather forego her hand than have such a fellow officiate."

It is Dr. Peel who says it as they ride up to the gate.

"A Union man, Sir, a bitter Union man. As I said at the time, a regular Federal spy in our midst. A—hypocrite!" Almost the entire stock of Dr. Peel's profanity interposed between the two words. "You did right to kill him, Sir, perfectly right. Even this clergyman could not object under the circumstances. We will ride in to-morrow and surrender ourselves. Acquit you! You will receive the thanks, Sir, of every Southern man in Somerville. Besides, as a spy, even the Federals could not touch you for shooting him."

"Look here, Peel," says Mr. Wright, seizing upon that gentleman's arm as he is about to open the gate, steadying himself with difficulty as he does so. "I told you I ought not to have drunk a drop there in town. Under the circumstances, you see. Out of respect to Anne, Dr. Peel, look here. I love my daughter, you, parson—what is it? Parker? Barker? I love that daughter of mine there in this house. I love her because I killed her mother, you see; not shot her, you know—it was with a big music-book, I believe. Besides, Anne's a good daughter; best girl, prettiest girl on earth. No, you don't," with a firmer hold upon Dr. Peel's arm, who is endeavoring to open the gate. "Wait. Champagne? How much was it? It's my impression you put something in it. I ought not to be drunk before Anne to-day, told you so five hundred times there in Somerville. Hmph, if

I only had half a thought you did, I'd—Parson Arthur? Why didn't you hit him yourself? However, I fired at him once myself in the old gin, and missed. Did you ever hear me tell about it, Mr. Parker, Marker—what is your name?" with great indignation at the clergyman present, and copious oaths.

"Not now, Mr. Wright," entreated Dr. Peel, in his most persuasive manner. "We've got the license, Miss Anne is waiting—"

"Think I care one cent?" interposed Mr. Wright. "Yes, I did kill that Parson Arthur, plucky fellow, though, he was. Ought to have seen him that day down there at the old gin. Kill? Why," and Mr. Wright took his revolver from its leather case at his waist, "see this? See how smooth it revolves? All you've got to do is to cock it—see?—point it at your man, one little, little touch on this trigger, and—down he goes. Arthur ain't the first man I've killed, by a long sight; nor won't be the last. Why, gentlemen," continued Mr. Wright, with an air of perfect sincerity, his eyes half closing as he looks at each in turn, and his voice in that peculiar low key which can not be described—"if either of you were to give me cause, half a cause, a shadow of a reason for it, I'd kill you here and now—kill both of you with the greatest satisfaction, rather do it than not. You see I like such things. Ever since that day I up with the big music-book—you see I had been drinking—"

"Mr. Wright," interposes Dr. Peel. "We have the license, here is the clergyman, Miss Anne sees us. I ask you as a father if you think it respectful to Miss Anne Wright—"

"Put it on that ground, do you? Well, let us go in. Only, wa'n't it over in a flash?" and he confronts his companions as they proceed up the walk toward the front door. "Here we were riding along talking about—what were we talking about?—never mind. All on a sudden down upon us comes that fellow Arthur—rides well, rode well, I mean, didn't he? What was he saying? Oh, yes, Colonel Wright, Colonel Wright, one word with you, Colonel Wright, wasn't that it? You says, Peel, what was it? Oh, yes, Mr. Wright, you say, yonder comes a man I know to be a Yankee, a Federal spy, and my mortal foe, about him down! What did you turn so yellow for, Peel? your lips were white, screamed like a wild cat you did, didn't he, Mr. Larker, Parker; what—a very large oath—"is the reason I can't keep your name in my mind? Never mind. What was it? I said. Let's hear what the man has to say, Peel. Then you whips out your six-shooter and fired. Missed, of course. Fellow kept right on steady as steel, didn't wince or draw rein. What did he say? For God's sake, Colonel Wright, one word with you! Then over in a flash, wa'n't it? I had out my revolver and fired. I assure you, gentlemen," and Mr. Wright brings the assurance with oaths. "It was like that day with my wife. I didn't even know I laid hold, or intended to touch that music-book—you see she was playing on the piano at the time; it was over before I knew it. Something in here," says Mr. Wright, gravely, and laying his hand on his bosom, "not myself. It wasn't there the moment before. It is gone the instant the thing is done. What you would call the devil, parson; wouldn't you? Ning out."

"Really, my dear Sir, it is very difficult—" Brother Barker begins, snatching feebly, rubbing his hands together, glancing for aid to Dr. Peel. "Think I may kill you? you are a coward, Arthur wasn't. Riding steadily up. One word, Colonel Wright, for God's sake, one word! his right hand up that way. Then I fired for his left breast button, last of the row, and—down he went. Never," added Mr. Wright, impressively, "whatever you do, gentlemen, never fire merely at a man. Always aim—I always do—for some distinct something—a button, a brass-pin, something of the sort on him."

And so they turn to go, Dr. Peel foaming with impatience, but afraid to cross the man, Brother Barker wishing that he had been on some distant appointment instead of in Somerville when they came for him that morning. Nor does his dismay decrease when Mr. Wright suddenly turns upon him when they are on the steps of the parson.

"What was that you said at the time, parson? For Heaven's sake let me get down and see if he is killed, wasn't it? I says, I've brought you out to marry Anne and I'll kill you too if you—yes that was it—kill you too, if you try it. You pucker up your face and say, rolling up your eyes, as if it was a grace at table, it is the awful judgment on him of God. It's very curious," adds Mr. Wright, as they enter the door—"in these difficulties I am like a spectator looking on; know all that is done, remember every thing that is said perfectly well, a kind of two of us in the thing at the same moment, a cool one and a hot one, and which is me and which is the devil I never can tell."

Only all this is pale and colorless delineation of Mr. Wright's words, the criticism and fervor of his profanity being omitted. As to the facts, they were as he stated.

And the minister lies bleeding, apparently dead, in the road where he fell. His horse, startled by the shots and his rider's fall, had fled from the spot for a few hundred yards, had then stopped to graze, and so had by nightfall found his way to his stable-door, carrying fresh alarm for his owner to a household already scientifically distressed.

Mrs. Sorel had gone to town with Alice hours before and has not returned. The servants, greatly afflicted by the loss of their "Mass Frank," doubly afflicted by this new calamity—for they are all greatly attached to Mr. Arthur—hasten to inform Robby in the house of the arrival of the riderless steed. A few hours before that sedate little boy was only "Robby," now he is "Mass Robby" with the servants. His mo-

ther, too, has clasped him to her bosom, wept over him, and kissed him as her only child. In spite of his anguish Robby is not without a new sense of importance. Scarcely afflicted in regard to Mr. Arthur, to whom he is ardently attached, with tears streaming afresh down his cheeks, but with the gravity of the oldest of men, he gives charge to the household to be careful, generally, during his absence, and rides in through the darkening twilight to Somerville, meditating soberly and with a sense of having attained, during the last few hours, years of growth.

Entering at last the house of Mrs. Bowles, so well known yet so long unvisited, he steals quietly, as is his wont every where, into her chamber. But even Robby's sobriety of soul is startled at the deadly hue upon the face of that lady, lying, a mere shadow of her former self, partly in the arms of his mother, who sits upon the bed—all the alienation of the last few years utterly gone, and the two friends more to each other now by far than ever before; while Alice comes and goes silently and gently, not without a pleasure in the reconciliation of the hour, even in her deepest sorrow for her dead brother, and for her mother fast following him. Common affliction has robbed every coldness between these two, made keenly alive, by and during their years of separation, to all they really see to each other. It touches Alice to observe how, in a mutual manner and tone, these two sorrow-stricken and white-haired friends are more to each other, like the schoolmates of years ago, than grown persons.

"Read it yet once more, Eliza dear; just once more, please. Not from the beginning—that passage about his being a high-toned gentleman," Mrs. Bowles is saying as Robby steals quietly in.

"No officer in the army could have been more ardently beloved—" No, that is the wrong paragraph," Mrs. Sorel says, searching for the passage in the soiled and crumpled paper in her hand, wet with tears, and already known by heart, every line of it, to these three. "Yes, here it is," continues Mrs. Sorel, at last, reading from the letter: "It has been my lot to be thrown with many officers from the State of our common birth, very many of all grades during the war; but among them all, I am free to say that Captain Rutledge Bowles stood pre-eminent as a high-toned gentleman and most gallant soldier. It was only after Colonel Carrington had frequently expressed his hearty approval of the killing of Lincoln that Captain Bowles spoke at all upon the subject; nor then, until Colonel Carrington had pressed Captain Bowles for an utterance of his opinion. The very strong, language used by your lamented son in denunciation of the crime in question was but characteristic of the man, as I have already remarked in full. Nor has Colonel Carrington even the excuse of intoxication, which the delirium of his language and conduct on the occasion would seem to indicate. Some excuse may be found for him who slew your son in the intensity of chagrin and bitterness attending the fall of Charleston. But, in the interest of truth it should be stated, so far as any exasperation on this ground should have affected any one, that individual might have better plead it in the case of Captain Bowles, he being a South Carolinian by birth, than Colonel C., who is well known to be a native of Connecticut. And this is the general rule—"

"That will do, Eliza," and the pale sufferer places her thin hand upon the paper. "I thank God for it, Lizzie dear. I did hope, even pray, that Rutledge Bowles might fight, even if he must fall there, upon some great field of victory within South Carolina. My heavenly Father has granted my prayer, though not as I thought. He has fallen on that soil—fallen in even a nobler cause—fallen in detestation and denunciation of a dastardly crime; the nobler in him to denounce it, to die for denouncing it, so it was a crime against the man in all the world whom we both—Rutledge Bowles and myself I mean—hold in greatest dislike. An inscrutable Providence, Lizzie"—and here the wasted hand waddens feebly about the sunken temples—"has been against the South. We won't discuss it, dear. I have tried to understand it; tried, and tried. If you only know, Eliza," said the grief-stricken woman, with earnest eyes upon the friend on whose bosom she leaned, "how hard I've tried! I've laid awake long nights through, when Alice here slept sweetly by my side, trying to make it out—trying so very, very hard. I have gone over the whole Bible in search for light, Lizzie. I have wept and prayed so! Don't be offended with me; we won't say any thing more about it; but I can not see how South Carolina was wrong. I know God rules, dear; does nothing but what is right; but we ought to have succeeded, Lizzie. I always feel that—"

"Mamma, please, you know what Dr. Warner—" begins Alice, who sits beside her mother, with the humble pleading of a little child, and moistening the thin hand clasped in her own with tears.

"I was only going to speak about the terrible fall of Charleston, and about those awful scenes in Columbia—but you are right. Only I try and try"—the hand taken from her daughter's grasp, and touching the forehead here and there with fragile fingers. "I do not, I can not understand—"

"But you were speaking of Rutledge, Alice," says Mrs. Sorel, mindful of the daughter's own appealing to her through tears, and in gentlest tones.

"Yes, Lizzie, I know, and you know too, how foolish I have always been about Rutledge Bowles—except Alice here, all I had on earth; but I think even this moment more about South Carolina and its defeat and all than I do about him. You know how we have both been trained so that, Lizzie; it is part of my—my very heart;

I can not help it. That Abolitionists should actually conquer us!" and again the frail hand goes to the brow, unspeakable bewilderment in her eyes.

"But I too have lost my son, Alice—my Frank. Let me read you the letter again." And in quiet tones, but with the tears trickling down her cheeks and glittering upon the white sheet as she reads, Mrs. Sorel again goes over the few words of her letter, brought in the same package with her friend's, telling of the death of her boy, after long sickness, in the hospital at Richmond. The letter is roughly written by a couraier, many words misspelled, but all to the effect that it was the death of a Christian youth fully prepared to die, his last breath filled with messages of love to his mother and Robby, and confident expectations of reunion with them in a world where war is forever unknown. Very peaceful and quiet his death, breathing quiet and peace even through the first anguish of the bereaved mother.

"And there is this too, Eliza, about Rutledge Bowles," says the pallid sufferer, returning immediately, though after deepest sympathy with her friend, to her own sorrow. "Alice will tell you I told her, when I recovered from my fainting fit it was my first thought, as it is now my consolation. It is better he should have died, Lizzy, now that South Carolina is defeated. Rutledge Bowles could not have endured to see it, dear. To live under the rule of Abolitionists would have been to him a living agony and humiliation worse than death. It is better as it is. Though why our heavenly Father should have permitted—" And as the wasted fingers seek the forehead, Robby can no longer keep silence. He has stolen silently by his mother's side, she aware of his presence there, but too absorbed in the sorrow of her friend and herself for her to notice him.

"Oh, mother, mother!" says Robby, the tears beginning to flow afresh at the sound of his own voice, "Mr. Arthur, Mr. Arthur!" and breaks down.

Alice is seated by the bed, gently drawing out through her hands the long white tresses of her mother, too full of sorrow to speak, but at the name she turns so sharply around even her mother can not but remark it, her lips parted, every vestige of color gone from her cheeks.

"Oh, mother, Mr. Arthur is killed! His horse—" But Robby can get no farther, for Alice has fallen forward upon the bosom of Mrs. Sorel in a faint, and all is confusion.

[To be Continued.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

It is somewhat curious—even if one visits a first-class restaurant on a Sunday—to notice the compulsory change of "progress" which some unthinking epicures are forced to make upon the passage of the new tables. An attentive waiter at Deimos's arrangements with care and dexterity a tray for a gentleman who is evidently dining "à la carte" shows. The order for dinner is given, reading with: "And bring me a bottle of Royal Rose." "No wine at all served today, Sir." The thoughtful gentleman looks up in surprise—evidently he has not been to church, and apparently has not even thought of his being Sunday. "No wine?" "No, Sir, not today." "Ah!" responds the disappointed applicant, glancing reflectively at the occupied tables in his immediate vicinity; "well"—another investigating glance—"bring me a bottle of Champagne cider." And this order being complied with, and the opening "pop" sending his imagination, the recipient tries to fancy himself enjoying real Champagne.

The workings of the Excise Law are awakening fine discussion on the question of temperance; and in an enlightened republic free discussion eventually results in enlarged views, and a final triumph of right principles.

A Portland paper remarks—and the suggestion is worth the attention of other cities—"The authorities ought to establish water fountains at various points about the city to meet the wants of the thirsty. People must have something to drink. It is never wise to cut off a popular and vicious indulgence without giving an innocent and healthful pleasure in its stead."

In a little town away "down East," efforts were once made to have a couple of beer pumps for the convenience of the people. The matter was brought up at a town-meeting, but was voted down because the necessary was rather low. Whereupon an orator made the following effective speech: "There's Mr. Jones, he's gin up selling milk; you've just voted that we can't have any water, and the Legislature says we ain't to have any liquor! We've got about two inches of snow on the ground, but when that's gone we shall be in a fix! Then what are we going to drink?"

Perhaps people might take to nature's pure beverage if they had a good chance to get it. It has been stated that during the summer a "jar of cool water near the door of every liquor shop will do more to diminish the rum-seller's business than a policeman on guard." Numerous water fountains have recently been established in London, and have had a marked effect upon the beer shops. One dealer threatened legal proceedings against the authorities for allowing a drinking fountain to be opened near his house, alleging that it had diminished his returns more than twenty-five per cent.

The Portland journals announce that an awful discovery has just been made with regard to the wholesale destruction of the Southern tribe in France. It seems that the "picnic pyramids" of little birds which are so noticeable in French markets are killed by poison! It is asserted that treason-like quantities of such venoms are sold for the purpose. The drug is bottled with grease and spread over the fields at every period of the year. This information has created not a little alarm among epicures.

deprived of hair and strength. People who prepare and deal in articles of food should have sufficient knowledge to prevent such reprehensible practices as endanger the lives of eaters.

Structures have been very abundant notwithstanding the unusually cool season; and "Les Chans and Strawberry Festivals" have been very fashionable, as they generally are in June. These festivals are in many cases given for the pleasure or benefit of Sabbath-schools; and the little folks enjoy them vastly, to say nothing of the "children of larger growth," who are so busy with the good things for the purpose, purchase, or exhibiting in the Sunday-school Library. And speaking of selling good things reminds us of an anecdote, which contains a suggestion that any charitable lady is at liberty to follow—if she pleases!

"A nobleman recently went to the sale of fancy articles lately held at the Ministry of War, Paris, for the benefit of the poor. He first asked the lady at the stall what was the price of a beautiful silver case. 'Two hundred francs,' was the reply. 'No, no, I'll take it,' said the lord. 'And this jewel-case?' 'Eight hundred francs.' 'No, no, I'll take it,' said the lord, holding a note of five francs. 'The price for any thing else?' said the lady. 'An' I replied by, 'what I wish to be sold to be compared with any of these articles, but for a price.' 'What do you wish?' 'To kiss your fair hand.' The lady blushed, recoiled, and replied, 'Three thousand francs.' The lord grandly kissed the proffered hand, given with some hesitation—but what will not charitable ladies do for the poor? 'I want something else,' said the lord; 'a lock of your hair.' 'That will be six thousand francs.' 'That is nothing,' said the lord, on receiving the lock of hair which the lady cut off for him. 'Six and three are nine,' said the noble lord, and, handing 1800 francs to the lady, he nobly departed pleased with his bargain."

There is a good deal to be deduced from a short poem which we find in an exchange. It is from the pen of William L. Burroughs:

THE TWO DESTROYERS.

Once on a time a pious Moslem, saying His morning worship in their style of praying, Just as the early sun had lit the skies— Beheld a phantom through the mist arise— A phantom hideous as the dream of death. "What art thou?" said the saint, with timid breath. "I am the Plague!"

"And whither tends thy race?" "To slay ten thousand men in yonder place." "Do not, I pray thee, if such prayer may be." "It rains I see enough." "The destiny?" "Oh, then, if Allah willeth my path of doom; Let the ten thousand know their woe's doom; But in the prophet's name I do explore, When thou hast slain ten thousand, slay no more!" "To hear is to obey!"

The vision passed, And o'er a multitude its shadow cast, After the plague was over, at the place, And hear in which it first revealed its face, Again the horrid phantom hovered—and new Out spoke the body woe: "Whence comest thou?" "From yonder place."

"How many hast thou slain?" "Twenty thousand strew the plain!" "Then, best! there are twenty thousand dead!" "The truth, with frenzied lips the phantom said, 'Fall twenty thousand more death's power confer. I smote ten thousand, four struck down the rest."

A singular account is given in a recent Mobile paper of a youthful prisoner, about 16 years of age, confined in the city jail, but who could not be kept there. Six different times his limbs were placed in iron, the strongest and most intricate, but all to no purpose. Then the officer manacled him by drawing his wrists together behind his back, after which he put on a tight-fitting pair of patent handcuffs. He then drew his arms close behind him and put on a pair of cuffs stretched by a short chain, above his elbows. A chain was then attached to the cuffs at the wrist, which extended down to the shackles which were closely fitted and locked on his ankles. The officer then jokingly remarked to him: "Now, Boston, if you wiggle yourself out of that dress I will guarantee that the sheriff here will give you the freedom of your cell, and so long as you behave yourself you will never again be locked in this jail." The young man declared he was a burglar, and in less than three minutes after he was left alone he stood without an iron upon him—the deed evidently being accomplished by slight of hand. It is said that he is a native of New York city, and has graduated from the Tuolome.

The London Quakers speak with a mixture of earnestness and sarcasm against the practice of bleaching the hair, which so many brunettes, paying reckless homage to fashion, are miserably practicing. It says: "The practice is simply ruinous; one that, if followed again and again, will change one's thick tresses of brown or black into something, for color, like a signed cat's back; for texture not unlike a convict's tusk of picked and unraveled oakum. At any rate, brunettes should be contented. Having bleached their tresses, they should go into a chlorine bath and bleach their skin to match. The operation would be painful, but fashion does not heed pain. The result even is doubtful; but the experiment might be worth trying. We have seen a portion of a dead negro's skin bleached white; whereas there would seem to be hope of success in a live brunette." The speculator announces that there is now sold in Paris a dye which instantly changes white or flaxen hair into the most glorious gold, which is nearly instantaneous, and never falls, or can fall. It is called orpiment, is the golden sulphuret of arsenic, and has only one trifling drawback, which those who want it probably will not mind. It kills, but as inevitably and as swiftly as does arsenic wood.

A very comical-looking vehicle is now the fashion in the Bois de Boulogne. It is hung on the finest springs, and is like the car of a water-sprayer—a theoretical one. There is but room for the fair driver and her petticoat, and she sits in as completely as an oyster does its shell. There are no hinges on, either their behind or her or the side; and on account of its peculiarities it is called the Kaulative by the ladies, and the Apocryph by the gentlemen.

They rather vaude us in England in regard to matrimonial advertisements, judging from the following, which present the matter with unalloyed frankness to all desiring wives:

Ade Emily Jenny, just sixteen, fair, blue eyes, and handsome, would like to be married as early as possible. Received, who is seventeen and pretty, having rich golden hair, wishes to marry a tall young man, about twenty-four years of age. Violet wants to be married to a tall man. She is tall, and very good-looking. Lilla Hook would dearly like to be married. She comes in first-class society, and has £2000 a year. She is eighteen, tall, and strikingly handsome.

Some of the applicants put the matter rather upon the ground of duty and decency: Mary G., who has good looks, but does not wish to speak of them, wants to be married. She has read her Bible, and knows that marriage is the destiny and honor of woman. She is twenty-three. Catherine E. B., who has dark brown hair, and soft brown eyes, with pretty features and nice figure, wishes to fulfill her woman's mission, and marry. She will have money.

Victor Hugo's home is situated in the most lovely spot that ever landscape painter dreamed of. Placed upon a height, it overlooks the city, the fort, and that immense horizon of the sea where sailing vessels to traverse the flight of even gulls itself. The house is colonaded in

Gormery, where it settles lively curiosity. Wonders are related of it, enhanced by the mystery overhanging a threshold till now never crossed by the Gormery world; it is said to contain furniture worthy of an emperor's palace. The apartments and galleries have been entirely constructed from designs by Victor Hugo; he passed three years in drawing them. The rarest curiosities adorn the interior; for Victor Hugo, who loves to live in the past, has a taste for antique furniture.

Individuals in general, and ladies in particular, will be delighted at the good news which comes from a country situated between Honduras and Nicaragua. It is stated that there is a territory inhabited by the Mosquitoes—not the fish, but human beings—who have just been discovered. The ladies and gentlemen of the tribe are very small, but their hair would rejoice the heart of a Truffaut, being curiously long and extremely beautiful, parting in the middle in the style called Tom Joady, and descending on each side for two yards or more according to imagination. The color is even varied, and in some of it a light yellow, showing how nature adapts itself to fashion at the right moment. The officers of the frigate Thetis, cruising in that coast, who have had the honor of discovering these sons and heirs of the Mosquito land, have not had a large supply as locks of hair to their lady-loves—and to the merchants; and a just-ruled company (black and white, perhaps, by immediately formed, for the serving of the heads and collection of this useful and necessary article of commerce. The company will be called the "Whigton."

The last new thing in vegetable is really quite a startling wonder. The plant comes from Java, but we are told that it has been fairly tried in the open market in London and succeeds perfectly well. Think of a radish, says the Pall Mall Gazette, with seed-pods about three feet long, and sometimes growing five or six inches in diameter and weight! We can think of nothing like it except Jack's immortal bean-stalk, which authoritatively described plant is nevertheless not spoken of as good to eat, whereas this radish is said to be as palatable as it is monstrous. The pods are the edible portion, and when half grown you may pull them or eat them as a suspended part in a salad. When they are full grown you may boil them, and they taste like a combination of asparagus and green peas.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WANTED: for—burgh, in the Term, Plain Cook; to wash, dress, and milk a cow. Good character indispensable.—Apply at 66 — Street.

The paper from which we extract is Scotch, and not Irish, or we should have attributed to a bull the cow that wanted washing and dressing as well as milking.

LATHER REMEDY FOR BRUITS.—Use freely externally on the hair, grove, and take it internally to clear the system.

THE GIFT.

TO A FRIEND AT A FENCIBLE. Ah! good was your gift, false friend, It hid mine eyes with tears, With quags did his poor brow red, And made me sin for more. Gave of my sufferings and my woe, Begone!—I've had enough; You laughed to see how I wept; 'Twas you who gave the snuff!

HAIR LIVES OF INDIVIDUALS.—The compulsory purchase of land by a railway company is levied added to it. The buyers take a site in the seller's face.

What is the difference between a turned and a speaking trumpet?—One is hollowed out and the other is hollowed in.

THE NEEDLE-WOMAN'S EXPLANATION.—Ahem! Why should the British Government strive to abolish the use of the shuttle in Ireland?—Because it facilitates against the security of the crown.

WRITTEN AFTER GOING TO LAW. The law, they say, great Nature's chain connects, That ceases not most prodigious effects; In us behold reversed great Nature's laws— All my effects lost by a single snuff.

A Chaucerian Society awarded their annual gold medal to the author of the following specimen of burlesque in reality: Why is a man cutting grass like Otello?—Because he is a scow (Hart).



In a Black report we read, a few rights since, "The Government are a fraction better." Which governments?

In temperance in diet. Our first parents ate themselves out of house and home.

Of unity, paying with attachment upon an elephant in a moment, what the lawyer? "What kind of a boat is that ain't" lay with his tail?"

What commodity is always afforded at cost?—The Law.

Shakespeare says that "use strengthens habit." Somebody states that he tried the experiment on a coat, but it did not answer at all.

What things increase the more you contract them?—Debts.

A company is on-ly retained. Four heavily loaded a day for a couple of months will put you in the way of one that will astonish all your friends.

If you can't cross a fish to him, try your persuasive power upon a cross dog, and you will be sure to succeed.

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM THE CHAIRS.—Get rich. An old farmer was selling a library at auction. He was not very well read in books, but he seemed the thing, credited to book, and went ahead. "Have you here," he said, "Harrison's Progress of the Progress; how much is it for?" "How much do I care for the Progress?" "Two shillings," said the old man. "I'll take it for the Progress," said the old man. "I'll take it for the Progress," said the old man. "I'll take it for the Progress," said the old man.

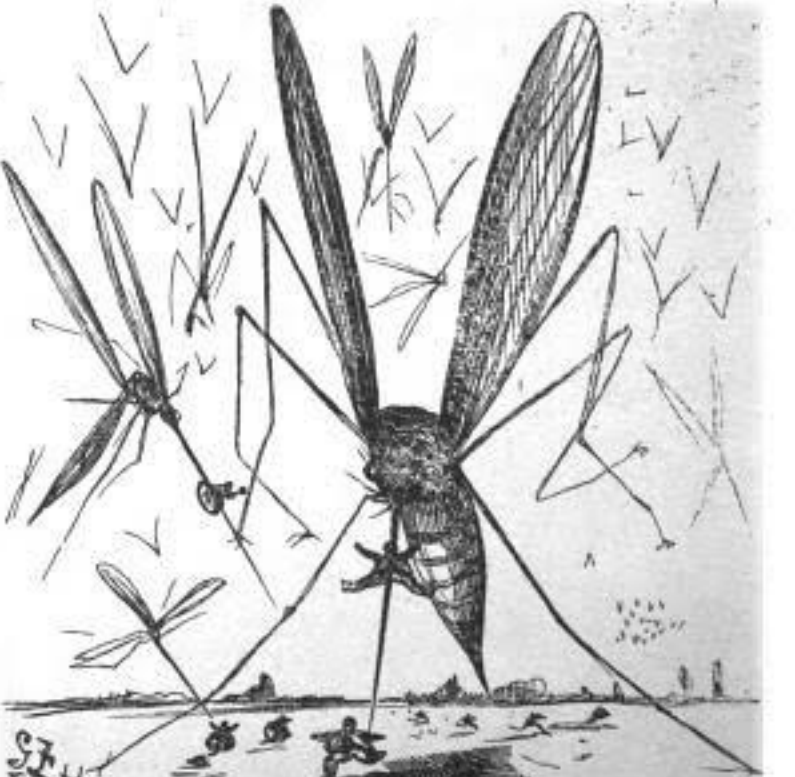
REFRESHMENTS. The best drink for a principled man is a "stern march," although the notion is, would probably being him to "the world's" ocean. Speaking of principled men, would it be inappropriate to divulge a law from an illustrious pugilist? "A new pugilist?"

The following list of refreshments includes many (in different drinks not found on the wine list of the popular hotels): For baskets—covered wine. For workmen—stagnant wine. For alchemists—the old port. For rising operations—colored water. For vegetarians—colored wine. For mountaineers—mule wine.

THE ISLAND OF GEORGE.—It is stated that the new island which has appeared off the coast of Greece has been named George, after the young king. And even? We trust that the island, which was struck up unexpectedly by a regular, regular, regular in the same way that the Ministry was placed on the throne of Greece, will not see him the example of disappearing again, as these volcanic islands continue to, the subject arising from a drop of the crater. And though we a good many orders given in Greece going ripe for a distribution.

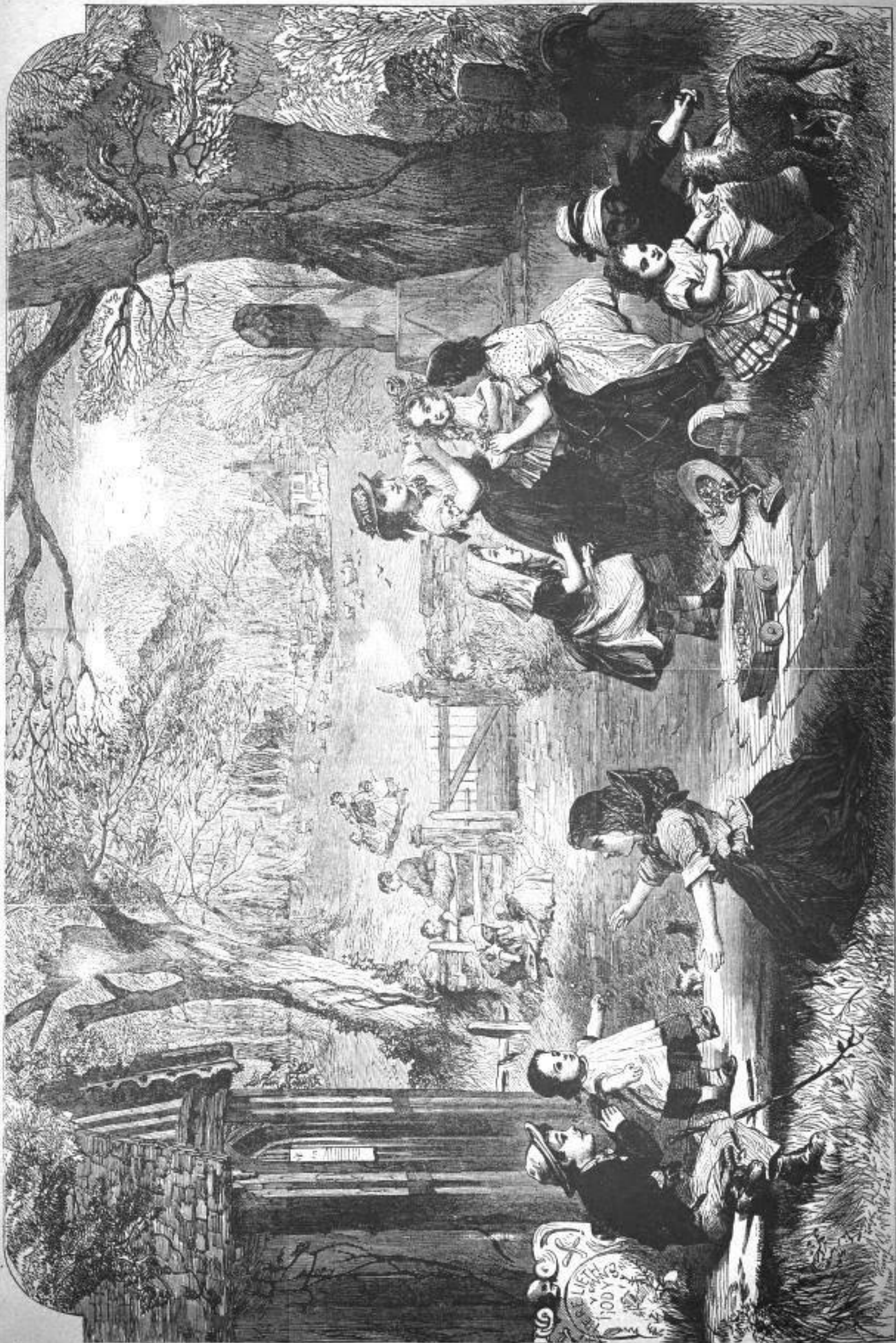
A grim, hard-headed old judge, after hearing a business dispute from a contentious young barrister, advised him to pick out some of the feathers from the wings of his imagination and put them like the tail of his judgment.

If you would enjoy your meals be contented, a every man can not tell whether he is eating bread or sugar or stewed umbrellas.

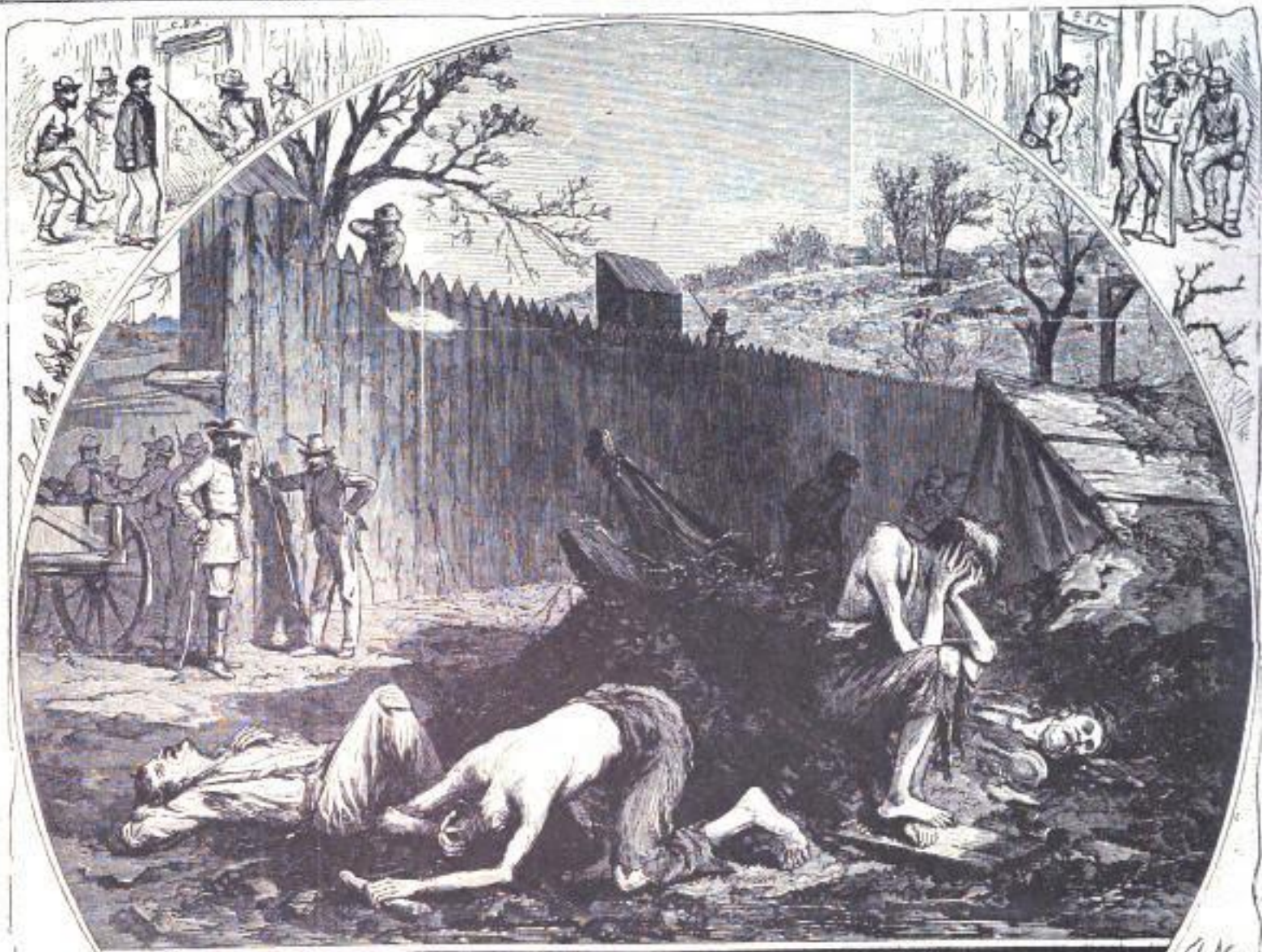


THE MOSQUITO.

A Plate from an Illustrated Work suppressed by the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company, entitled "The Insects of New Jersey."



"SPRING."—[From a Drawing by A. Herr.]



THE CONTRAST OF SUFFERING. ANDERSONVILLE & FORTRESS MONROE.

Sh. May



TREASON MUST

BE MADE ODDIOUS.

DREAM-HAUNTED.

I HAD taken a lease of Gledhills of my friend Mr. Leonard. The latter, before he would consider the business settled, insisted upon my sleeping one night at Gledhills. "Dobson and his wife, who have charge of the house, will find you a tolerable dinner, and make you up a comfortable bed. I will walk over in the morning at ten and see you; and then, if you are still in the same mind that you are in now, I will have the agreement drawn up at once, and you can enter upon your occupancy the following day."

The autumn day was drawing to a close when I found myself walking up the avenue toward the old mansion at Gledhills. An old man answered my summons at the door. He bowed respectfully at sight of me, and informed me that Mr. Leonard had sent word that I was about to dine and sleep at Gledhills, and that every thing was prepared for my reception. As I crossed the threshold the great door closed behind me with a dull, heavy crash, that vibrated through every corner of the house, and awoke a foreboding echo in my heart. Preceded by my earliest guide, when age and rheumatism had bent almost double, I crossed the disclate-looking entrance-hall, passed up the grand staircase, and so through a pair of folding-doors into the drawing-room, beyond which was a suit of smaller rooms, of which two had now been set apart for my service. How child and cheerless every thing looked in the cold light of the dying day! Now that the glimmer of sunshine rested no longer on the place, my fancy refused to invest any of those bare, desolate rooms with the pleasant attributes of home; and already, in my secret mind, I half repented my facile eagerness in being so willing to accept, without further experience, this worm-eaten old mansion, tenanted, doubtless, by the ghosts of a hundred dead-and-gone folks, as a shelter for my household gods, a home for all that I held dear on earth.

The two rooms set aside for me I found to be comfortably furnished, in a neat but inexpensive style; but when I understood from the old man that ever since the death of the last tenant, three years before, they had been furnished and set aside, ready for the reception of any chance visitors, like myself, who, either by their own wish or that of Mr. Leonard, might decide to pass a night at Gledhills, and that three or four would-be occupants before me had so slept there a night each, and had gone on their several ways next-morning, never to be seen under that roof again, I began to think that there might perhaps be something more in Mr. Leonard's stipulation than was visible on the surface.

Having dined, and done ample justice to Mr. Leonard's cloret, and being possessed in some measure by the fumes of interest, I took my cigar and strolled along the corridor, and so came presently into the great empty drawing-room, in which the members were now playing a ghostly game of high-and-low. It was unoccupied and destitute of furniture, and its creaked floor creaked and groined beneath my tread, as though it were burdened with some dreadful secret which it would fain reveal, but could not. Outside each of the three long, narrow windows with which the room was lighted was a small balcony, below which stretched a velvet expanse of lawn, set here and there with a gay basket of flowers, the whole being shut in by a clump of aspen trees. I have said that the room was destitute of furniture, but I found after a time that it still contained one relic of its more prosperous days, in the shape of a family portrait, which still hung over the mantel-piece, as it had hung for half a century, or more. When I became aware of this fact I fetched one of the candles out of my sitting-room, in order that I might examine the picture more closely. It was a full-length portrait of a man in the military costume that was in vogue toward the end of last century. The face was very handsome, with a proud, resolute beauty of its own, that would have been very attractive but for a vague, repellent something—a hint of something tiger-like and cruel lurking under the surface of that artificial smile, which the artist had caught with rare fidelity, and had fixed on the canvas forever. It must have been something in the better traits of the countenance that taught me to see a likeness to Mr. Leonard; and I could only conclude that the portrait before me was that of some notable ancestor of the present master of Gledhills.

The fatigues of the day and the solitude to which I was condemned drove me to bed at an early hour; but there was something about the novelty of my position that precluded sleep for a long time after I had put out my light, and I remember hearing some clock strike twelve while I was still desperately wide awake, but that is the last thing I do remember, and I suppose that I must have slid off to sleep a few minutes later, while still in the act of assuaging to myself that in sleep there was for me an impossibility. Whether I had slept for hours or for minutes only, when I woke up in the weird land of dreams, is a point on which I can offer no opinion. I awoke to that consciousness which is possessed by dreamers, and which, in many cases, is quite as vivid as the consciousness of real life; but throughout the strange, wild drama that followed I was without any individuality of my own; I had all the consciousness of a spectator without the responsibility of one. I was nothing; I had no existence in my own dream; I was merely the witness of certain imaginary occurrences, which took place without any reference to me, and which I was powerless to prevent or influence in the slightest degree.

Before me was the drawing-room at Gledhills—I recognized it at once by the portrait of the soldier over the fire-place. The walls, painted of a delicate sea-green, were hung with numerous pictures and engravings in rich frames. A thick Aubusson carpet covered the floor, and in the huge fire-place a wood fire, that had nearly burned itself down to ashes, was slowly expiring. The furniture was chintz-covered, and curtains of chintz draped the three high narrow windows. Standing in one corner, between the quaintly-carved legs of a mahogany chiffonier, was a tall Marlboro jar, with an

open-work lid, from which was exhaled a faint indescribable perfume, as of the broiled sweetness of a hundred flowers; in the opposite corner stood a harp; books richly bound were scattered about the room, which was lighted by a number of wax-candles fixed in lustres over the mantel-piece.

Seated at a little fancy-table was a girl, eighteen or twenty years old, making-believe to be busy with her embroidery, but with a mind evidently preoccupied by some more important subject. She had on a short-waisted white dress, after the fashion of those days, from which her long narrow skirts fell away in delicate folds, utterly guiltless of all modern modes of extension of circumference. Her face was beautiful, and she had the air of a person quite conscious of that fact; but underlying this charm of regular features there was something resolute and proud, that carried the mind back, as by an instinct, to the portrait over the fire-place. She had loosened the thick masses of her chestnut hair, and they now fell low down over her shoulders, confined only by a narrow band of blue velvet. Round her neck was a thin chain of gold, from which hung a locket, which she drew every now and then from the bosom of her dress, and pressed with feverish eagerness to her lips. The same impatience was visible in the way in which she would put a few quick stitches into her embroidery, and then pause, with the needle in her fingers, to listen intently, and so lapse into a dreamy, absent mood, out of which she would wake up in a minute or two with a start, and begin to ply her needle again as restlessly as before.

That something for which she was so impatiently waiting came at last—a low, clear, peculiar whistle, heard by me so distinctly through the mist of my dream, and remembered so well when I awoke that I could afterward reproduce it exactly. The young lady started to her feet the moment the signal fell on her ear. Her eyes flashed with a newer radiance: her soft lips parted into a smile; while from her bosom upward a lovely flush spread swiftly, as though Eden had touched her that instant with his torch, and already the celestial flame were coursing through her veins. A brief minute she stood thus, like a lovely statue of Expectancy; then she hurried to one of the windows, and drawing aside the long chintz curtain, she placed a lighted candle close to the window as an answering signal. Then, having withdrawn the candle and replaced the curtain, so that the window from the outside would seem quite dark again, she left the room, to return presently with a ladder of this rope, to which were affixed two hooks of steel. Her next proceeding was to lock the three doors which opened into the drawing-room, and having thus secured herself from intrusion, she passed out of sight behind one of the curtains; and then I heard the faint sound of a window being cautiously lifted, and I knew, as well as though the whole scene was visible to me, that she was fixing the rope-ladder to the balcony by means of its hooks, and that presently her lover would be with her.

And so it fell out. A little while, and the curtain was lifted; the lady came back into the room; and following close upon her steps came a tall stranger, dark and handsome, like a true hero of romance.

"My darling Lenore!" "My dearest Varrel!"

He took her in his arms, and stooped, and kissed her fondly; and then he drew her to the light, and gazed down into her eyes, in which nothing but love for him was then visible, and then he stooped again and kissed her not less tenderly than before. His roquelaure and hat had fallen to the ground, and he now stood revealed a man of fashion of the period. As before stated, he was eminently good-looking, with languishing black eyes, and a positive smile such as one usually endows Romeo with in imagination. He wore his hair without parting of any kind, in a profusion of short, black, glossy curls, in which there was no trace of the elaboration of art, and he was clean-shaven, except for a short whisker that terminated halfway down his cheek. He wore a blue coat with gilt buttons, swallow-tailed, short in the waist, and high-collared. His waistcoat was bright-yellow as to color, crossed with a small black stripe; a huge eal depended from the top of his black small-clothes; and the Hessian boots in which his lower extremities were encased were polished to a marvelous degree of brilliancy. His cravat, white and unstarched, and tied with a large bow, was made of fine, soft muslin; and the frilled bosom of his shirt had been carefully crimped by conscientious feminine fingers. In this frill he wore a small cluster of brilliants; while a large signet-ring, a genuine antique, decorated the first finger of his right hand.

Such was the appearance of Sir Derwent Varrel; and absurd as a costume like his would now seem on the classic flags of Bond Street or St. James's, it yet became the baronet admirably, while he in return lent it a grace and distinction which made it seem the only attire proper for a gentleman.

"Why did you not come last night?" said Lenore. "How after hour I waited for you in vain." "Twas not my fault, dearest, that I did not; of that rest well assured," answered Varrel. "Business that brooked not delay kept me from your side. I was hugely chagrined."

"That weary, weary business!" sighed Lenore. "Tis ever men's excuse. But now that you are here, I will not be melancholy. Ah, that I could be forever by your side!"

She nestled her head shyly on his bosom. He stroked her chestnut hair softly with his white hand, and looked down on her with a crafty and sinister smile—such a smile as might light up the face of a Fowler when he sees the fluttering innocent which he has been doing his best to entice begin to turn longingly toward the snare.

"Little simperton!" he replied, pulling her ear. "You speak as if what you long for were impossible of attainment; whereas one word from you would make it a blissful certainty, and render two loving hearts happy forever."

"I can not, Varrel—I can not say that word. Ah, why does my father dislike you so much?" "A'y faith! how should I know? But dislike it

not the word, little one. You should ask, why does he hate me so intensely? There are those who gladly calumniate me, and for such he has over a ready ear; for I am unfortunate enough to have many enemies, and doubtless twice as many faults."

"No, no, I will not hear such language," exclaimed Lenore. "In time my father will relent, and then—"

"Never, girl!" said Varrel, fiercely. "Colonel Leonard is not made of melting stuff. His hatred of me he will carry with him to the grave. Never look for change in him. Sweet one," he added, changing his tone in a moment to one of low-breathing, imploring tenderness—"sweet one, as I have told thee before, both thy fate and mine are dependent on a single word from those rosy lips. Be mine, in spite of every one! I am rich and can supply thy every want. We will go abroad; and in some lovely Italian valley, or fair life of the eastern sea, we will forget our by-gone troubles, and watch the happy days glide softly past, while rounding our lives to that perfect love which alone can bring back Eden to this weary earth. Oh, Lenore, dearest and best-loved, flee with me at once and forever!"

She was standing by the little table, smiling, trembling, and yet with tears half starting from her lids, while he, kneeling on one knee, was covering her hand with passionate kisses.

"Oh, Varrel, you try me almost beyond my strength!" she murmured. "But I can not, I dare not do as you wish. You know not my father as well as I do. He would seek me out and kill me—and you too, and you too, Derwent! wherever we might be. His vengeance would be terrible and pitiless."

"Tisid little pass!" he said, half scornfully, as he rose and encircled her waist with his arms. "Am I not competent to protect thee against the world? Fear nothing. For this house of bondage, for this stagnation of heart and soul, I will give thee life and light and love. Thou shalt exchange this—"

"Hush!" exclaimed Lenore, suddenly, with a smothered shriek. "I hear my father's footfall on the stairs. To the window, Varrel, or you are lost!"

One hasty kiss, and then Varrel dashed aside the chintz curtain, and sprang to the window, only to fall back next moment into the room like a man stricken in the dark. "A thousand devils! I have been betrayed!" he exclaimed. "The rope-ladder is gone, and I see the figures of men moving about the lawn. Lenore, you must hide me!"

"Too late—too late!" she sobbed. They both stood for a moment as though changed to stone, while the footsteps came with a heavy tramp along the echoing corridor, and halted outside the door. The eyes of Lenore and Varrel turned instinctively to the door-handle, and they saw it move as it was tried from the other side, but the door was still locked.

"Opea, Lenore—it is I!" said a stern voice from without; and the summons was emphasized by a heavy blow on the panel of the door.

"Oh, Varrel, I dare not disobey!" said Lenore, in an agonized whisper. "Hide yourself behind the curtains; perhaps he may not know of your presence here; and when he shall have gone to his own room we must plan your escape. Hush! not a word. Hide! hide!"

"Why this foolery of locked doors?" said he who now came in. "Am I to be barred out of my own rooms by a child like you?"

"The night was so dark, and—and I felt so lonely, and—and—"

"And—and you did not expect your father back so soon?" he said, mimicking her tone with a sneer. "Is it not so, you white-faced jade?"

"Indeed, papa, I—"

"Don't prevaricate, girl!" he said, with a savage stamp of the foot. "Come, now, you will tell me next that you have had no visitors—eh?"

"Indeed, no, papa," said Lenore, with painful eagerness.

"Been quite alone ever since I left home this afternoon?"

"Quite alone, papa."

A faint dash of color was coming back into her cheeks by this time; she began, perhaps, to hope that after all this questioning his suspicions would be allayed, and he would go to his own room. If such were the case his next words must have undeceived her terribly.

"You lie, girl—you lie!" he said, in a voice whose sternness was not without a tremble in it; and as he spoke he touched Varrel's hat contemptuously with his foot, which up to that moment had lain unheeded on the floor. "Oh, that child of mine should ever live to deceive me thus!" His clasped hands and upturned face seemed to appeal to Heaven against the falsehood that had just been told him; but next instant the look of anguish died from off his face, and his features settled back into more than their former hardness as he strode across the floor and flung back the curtain, behind whose folds Varrel was concealed. "Behold the proof!" he cried.

"Behold the damning proof! Oh, Lenore!"

For a moment the two men stood eyeing each other in silence. Lenore, with a pitiful cry, fell at her father's feet, but he headed her no more than if she had been a stone. In the father of Lenore I beheld the original of the picture over the drawing-room mantel-piece; only he seemed older and more grizzled, and his features more deeply marked with the carving of Time's chisel than in his portrait. He had on a sort of military undress suit, with a pair of heavy riding-boots and spurs, and a short heavy whip in his hand.

"This, Sir Derwent Varrel, is an unexpected honor," said Colonel Leonard, in a tone of unaccounted irony, as he made the baronet a sweeping and ceremonious bow. "Pray—pray let me beg of you to emerge from an obscurity so uncongenial to one of your enterprising disposition. That is better, Lenore, child; let us have a little more light on the scene—it is a pleasure to look on the face of an honest man—and we may, perchance, need it all

before we have done. More light, girl, do you hear? And now, perhaps, Sir Derwent Varrel will favor us with some explanation—any, the most simple, will, of course, do for us—of how he came to be hidden, like a common thief, behind the curtains of my drawing-room."

Varrel's pale olive cheek flushed deeply at this little speech, and a dangerous light began to glitter in his eyes as he stepped out of his hiding-place, and advanced into the room.

"Colonel Leonard shall have an explanation as simple as he desires," he said. Then he stopped to refresh his nerves with a pinch of snuff.

"You are aware, Sir," he resumed, "that I love your daughter; that several months ago I would fain have made her my wife; and that your consent alone was wanting to such a union."

"Precisely so," said Colonel Leonard in the tones of tones, as he balanced the handle of his riding-whip between his thumb and finger.

"You might prevent our marriage, Sir, but you could not keep us from loving one another," said Sir Derwent, proudly.

"In other words, my daughter had will sufficient respect left for me to refuse to wed you without my consent; but you had not sufficient respect for her to refrain from using your influence over her weak girl's will to induce her to desert her father, and to consent to nocturnal assignations with a libertine like yourself. Love! The word is soiled is coming from such lips as yours. You and I, Sir Derwent Varrel, had high words together six months ago, and I told you then that I would rather see my daughter lying in her coffin than wedded to such a one as you; and those words I repeat again to-night. Come hither, girl," he added, seizing Lenore roughly by the wrist, "come hither, and choose at once and forever between me and this man, who has taught thee to lie to thy father. What do I say? Nay, there can be no choice between such as this man and me. I tell thee, girl, that thy ignorance can not fathom the depths of such iniquity as his. A gambler so deeply tainted that in no society of gentlemen is he allowed to play; a libertine so vile, that to couple a woman's name with his is a passport to dishonor; a sharper and blacker, who has been twice hooted off the Newmarket course; a bankrupt so desperately involved that only by a wealthy marriage—with such a one, for example, as the heiress of Gledhills—can he hope even partially to retrieve his fortunes. Bah! what thy country-bred ignorance knew of these things?"

"Hard words, Colonel Leonard, very hard words," said Sir Derwent, disdainfully; "but, I am happy to think, utterly incapable of proof."

"Hard words! ay, hard enough to have moved an innocent man to righteous anger, but not, as it seems, to flutter thy slow-beating pulses ever so faintly; and that because thou knowest them to be true. Proof! Here's one out of a dozen. Who lured sweet Mary Doris from her home in yonder valley, and hid her away in London past the finding of her friends? Who held the simple village beauty lightly for a month or two, and then discarded her to starve or die as she might think best? Who bet you, Sir Derwent Varrel, unless this letter also lies—a letter signed with your name, and found in the poor child's pocket when she lay with white staring face and dripping hair in the dead-house by the river. And now it is my daughter then seekst to entrap!"

As Colonel Leonard drew from his pocket the letter of which he had been speaking, Lenore, with a low cry of anguish, sank fainting to the floor; and the horror-stricken Varrel reeled backward like one suddenly stabbed.

"Reptile! it is time the score between us were settled," said Colonel Leonard, with a venomous ferocity of tone. "Only one of us two must leave this room alive." "I can not—I dare not fight with you," murmured Varrel. "Oh! do not try that to escape me thus. You refuse to fight. Then take the punishment of cowardice." And with that the heavy thong of Colonel Leonard's riding-whip whistled through the air, and came down on Varrel's neck and shoulders twice, twisting round his face on the second occasion, and leaving a thin livid wheal across his cheek when it had cut into the flesh. Varrel's first impulse was to shrink backward with a mingled cry of rage and pain; but the next instant he closed with the Colonel, and wrestling the whip from his hands, flung it to the other end of the room.

"Give me a sword—a pistol—a weapon of any kind!" he cried, hoarsely. "This vile treatment absolves me from all consequences. Colonel Leonard, your blood be upon your own head!"

The Colonel smiled sweetly on him. "Well spoken," he said, "only that you express yourself somewhat after the Puritan fashion. Your cry to arms is worthy of all praise, and I hasten to comply with it. In this cabinet, Sir, are a couple of as pretty playthings as ever gladdened the eyes of a gentleman. Volla! they are both alike in every particular. The choice is yours."

Varrel's fingers closed over the hilt of one of the rapiers thus presented to him; and while he tried its edge and temper, by running his finger and thumb appreciatively along its length, and by bending its point back nearly to the hilt, Colonel Leonard dismounted himself of the careless over-coat in which he was enveloped; and next minute the two men fronted each other.

"Gardez-vous, Monsieur!" cried Colonel Leonard as he made the first pass.

It was thoroughly understood by both of them that they were fighting for dear life—that neither of them must look for mercy from the other. Both of them were excellent swordsmen, but Sir Derwent had the advantages of youth and agility on his side, and he pressed the Colonel hardily, who, while keeping up his defense warily, yet felt himself compelled to retreat step by step before the desperate lunges of his antagonist.

The clash of the swords seemed to rouse Lenore from the stupor into which she had fallen. With her hands pressed to her temples, and with glaring eyeballs, that followed every movement of the con-

batanta, she staggered to her feet. Her lips moved, but no sound came from them. Perhaps she was asking herself whether it were not all a hideous nightmare, which the first breath of reality would dissipate forever. With the same mingled look of horror and unbelief on her face she watched the two men coming slowly down the room again, for Colonel Lenore was still slightly overcome by his more youthful antagonist. The rapier clashed together; bright sparks flew from their polished blue-black surface, as they struck each other, and heat and quivered like things of life in the grasp of the sinewy hands that held them.

The combatants were just opposite the spot where the half-demented Lenore was standing like one incapable of motion, when suddenly, at a movement in theirs, the point of Colonel Lenore's rapier snapped off; an advantage which Varrel instantly followed up with a dextrous stroke, which sent the Colonel's broken weapon flying across the room. Lenore, with the quick instinct of love, divined her father's danger; and the same moment that the rapier was twisted out of his hand she sprang forward with a wild, frantic cry to shield him with her body from what she knew must follow, and the sword of Varrel, aimed at her father's heart with all the strength which hate and the desire of vengeance could lend to such a thrust, passed instead through the body of the hapless girl. Her father's arms caught her as she was falling. "Papa—kiss—forgive," she murmured in his ear; then a stream of blood burst from her lips, she shuddered slightly, and was dead.

Colonel Lenore passed his quivering lips tenderly on her forehead; then lifting her in his arms, he carried her to a couch. "Lie there for a little while, sweet, foolish darling," he said. "Perhaps I may join thee on thy journey before long."

Varrel, who was like a man half-mad, would have rung for help, but Colonel Lenore, by a gesture, forbade him to do so. "You and I, Sir," said the Colonel, "have still our little business to arrange."

"Great Heaven! what would you more?" exclaimed Sir Derwent.

"Revenge my daughter's death!" said Lenore.

"Her death was a pure accident."

"Granted. She died to save my life, and that life I now devote to avenging her memory. What I said before I say again—only one of us two shall quit this room alive. Here are two pistols; one of them is loaded, the other is unloaded. Choose one of them. In three minutes that clock on the chimney-piece will strike the hour. At the first stroke we will fire across this table; and may Heaven have mercy on the soul of one of us!"

"It would be murder!" said Varrel, in a low voice, while a cold sweat broke out on his athen face.

"Call it by what name you will," said Lenore; "but as I have said, so it shall be. Dare to refuse, and by the great Flood of Darkness, whose true son you are, I will thrash you with yonder whip within an inch of your life, and send you forth into the world branded forever as a coward and a rascal!"

Sir Derwent wiped the perspiration off his forehead with his lace-bordered handkerchief, and his dry lips moved in faint protest. His courage was beginning to waver. The slow, patient ferocity of his enemy was not without its effect upon him.

"Choose!" said Colonel Lenore, as he laid a brace of pistols on the table. Varrel hesitated for an instant which to pick, and Lenore smiled, grimly. No fresh arrangement of position was necessary, they being already on opposite sides of the table, on which poor Lenore's embroidery was still lying, as she had cast it aside in the first flutter of hearing her lover's signal.

"Colonel Lenore, I must make a last protest against this bloody business," said Varrel.

Again the Colonel smiled. "In ten seconds," he said, "the clock will strike. Be ready."

There was a great contrast between the two men as they stood thus, fronting what for one of them must be inevitable death. Colonel Lenore's bronzed cheek looked even darker than usual, and his eyes seemed to burn with intense hate as he stood gazing at his antagonist from under his lowering brows; but his extended arm was firm as a bar of steel. Varrel was evidently nervous. His lips had faded to a dull bluish white; he pressed one hand to his chest occasionally, as if to still the throbbing heart beneath; while the other, which held the pistol, trembled slightly in spite of him.

Four seconds—three seconds—two seconds. The deathly brooding stillness that pervaded the room was something awful. One second. The silver bell of the little French clock had not completed its first stroke before the two triggers were pulled. A flash, a report, and a gust of smoke from one of the weapons, and Sir Derwent Varrel, shot through the heart, fell back dead.

"So perishes a thorough scoundrel!" said Colonel Lenore as he gazed into the face of his dead enemy.

Suddenly a door opened, and showed a very old lady, with white hair, and clad in a white dressing-robe, standing in the entrance. From the movements of her hands you understood at once that she was blind, or nearly so.

"Henry! Henry! where are you?" she cried. "Some one find a pistol just now. Oh, call me that you are not hurt!" and she advanced a step or two into the room.

A spasm of anguish passed over the face of Colonel Lenore. "I am here and well, mother," he said. "Pray, return to your own room. I am sorry to have disturbed you."

"And Lenore," said the old lady, plaintively, "why has not Lenore been to kiss me, and say good-night? Has the child gone to bed?"

"Lenore is asleep, mother," said the Colonel, in a whisper. "We must not disturb her. She shall come to you in the morning."

"Straps—straps," murmured the old lady; "she never forget me before;" and with that she turned and went slowly away, groping with her hands before her; and the Colonel, falling on his knees, buried his face in the white dress of his dead

daughter. At which point the whole machinery of my dream dissolved away, and I awoke.

There was no more sleep for me that night. So lifelike and vivid was my extraordinary dream, so much did it seem like a part of my own personal experience, that the effect left by it on my mind was not lightly to be shaken off. Lenore's wild cry as she flung herself into her father's arms, the voices of Varrel and Lenore in angry dispute, seemed still to echo in my brain; and I felt that every minute incident of that terrible tragedy must henceforth be, as it were, a part of my own life. Impelled by some vague feeling which I could not resist, I quitted my bedroom, and waded, half-dressed, into the great desolate drawing-room, the scene of all the strange incidents of my dream. The ghastly splendor of the moonlight filled it no longer; it was as cold, dark, and silent, as some vast tomb. As I stood in the doorway, longing, and yet afraid to enter, a gust of slight wind sweeping up the valley rattled the windows of the old mansion; and what seemed like a low, responsive sigh, came to me out of the gloom, a sigh so unutterably sad, that, with a shudder, I stepped backward and shut the door.

I was very glad when ten o'clock came, and brought Mr. Lenore, punctual to the minute. "It is only what I expected," he said, when I had given him an outline of my singular dream; "and I may now tell you, Sir, that precisely the same dream which impressed you so strongly last night is dreamed by every one, no matter who they may be, the first time they sleep at Gladhills, and never afterward; and this sleep—for I may truly call it by that name—has hung over the house from the night on which the tragedy, which you witnessed only in imagination, was worked out in all its dreadful reality within these walls. You will now understand why I requested you to sleep one night at Gladhills before finally deciding that you would take the house; and it remains for you to consider whether your wish, whose health you say is delicate, could undergo such an ordeal as she would assuredly have to pass through the first night of her sojourn under this roof."

I decided that she could not endure the trial, and gave up Gladhills.

A STORY FOR GROWN PEOPLE.

BY A VERY LITTLE BOY.

"AND how would you like it yourself?" said Willie's fairy godmother, knitting away very fast on her spider's silk stockings.

Willie's mamma opened her eyes wide, under the magic border of her nightcap. This was before the dressing bell, you understand; and the fairy godmother having slipped down the chimney, had perched herself on the bedpost, where she sat in spectacles and high-crowned cap, with her legs twisted around the post, looking more like a night-mare than a respectable fairy godmother.

And, said mamma, yawning:

"But see must have discipline, you know." "I agree with you," said the fairy, sharply. "So to commence with, get up; you should be ashamed to hesitate and dawdle there. You ought to have the habit of springing up promptly at the first tinkle of the bell."

Now if mamma was any thing at this particular moment she was sleepy, and she put her nose down among the pillows, and gave herself a little twist, and would have liked very well not to hear the fairy godmother.

"What a perverse, unmanageable person you are!" said the fairy, disapprovingly. "If you could see now the expression of your face, and all because I request of you something that is for your good! How slow you are with your lacing! and so, mamma, not the brown dress, but the gray one, if you please!"

"But why not?"

"Do you answer me back?" cried the fairy; "the gray dress I say, and no arguments."

"But it is no—" commenced mamma, when,

"Silence!" commanded Willie's fairy godmother, with such a look in her little black eyes that mamma thought it prudent to comply, and get into the gray dress as fast as possible, though she disliked it, and only wore it on dismal occasions like washing days. It fitted ill, and she felt ill-dressed, and she was very watchful at being twitched out of her sleep; and though she did not dare to explode, she did splash the water and twirl about the ewer; and—

"Such evidences of temper must be punished," declared the fairy, solemnly. "You will remain at home to-day in place of calling on Mrs. Greenleaf."

"But Mrs. Greenleaf sails for Europe this afternoon," cried mamma, aghast.

"Sorry to deprive you of your farewell; but as you remarked to Willie, when you kept him at home from the picnic that he had anticipated for six weeks, I do it for your good, my dear."

"She is my dearest friend, and I must see her," said mamma, resolutely. "She would never forgive my absence. Really, dame, this passes a joke."

"So Willie thought. You may remember he threw himself on the ground in a sort of despair, and that he would not be comforted; but as you very properly remarked, ill-temper must be curbed."

"But," interrupted mamma, almost beside herself, "you surely don't comprehend—"

"Did I ever say Yes when I had once said No?" asked the fairy godmother, astutely. "I am sorry for your disappointment, but—why tance? We must have discipline, you know."

Here the breakfast-bell rang, and as by this time mamma's temper was turned entirely wrong side out, she went down to the breakfast-room and seated herself with a sullen face, while the fairy godmother took her place at the head of the table with a smiling air of having been very patient in doing her duty.

"And what silk mamma this morning?" asked papa, looking at her in surprise.

"We have had a very naughty mamma here," said the fairy godmother, smiling more than ever.

"A very rebellious, cross little woman she has been this morning!"

All the people at the table concentrate themselves in a stare at mamma, who feels gullier and worse than ever.

"You don't tell what made me ill-tempered," thinks mamma.

"Very sorry to hear this!" said papa, disapprovingly.

Out flies the cork of mamma's bottled wrath.

"You would be cross, too, if—"

"Mamma! mamma!" Papa and fairy godmother in full chorus, "How dare you, Madam! Go and stand in the corner!"

Mamma stood in the corner, and would have liked to have butted her head through the corner, only that was manifestly impossible. There was not a ray of light in mamma's sky. Every body disappeared of her; nobody would give her a chance to explain; and there was the intolerable disappointment about Mrs. Greenleaf! and if at any time she found herself gradually settling down to something like serenity, why there was the fairy godmother to stir her up again. She would omit no order.

"And I am afraid this is to be one of our unlucky days," says the fairy godmother, with a smile that made mamma angry in a moment. She had trouble with cook.

"You see you commenced badly," remarks the fairy, soothingly.

She was nervous with the children.

"Oh! it is of so much importance to begin the day properly," observes Willie's fairy godmother.

Do what she will, mamma can not get away from the irritating remembrance of this unlucky commencement, which is perpetually set in her way for her to stumble over; and then, this was really a day of misfortunes. There was a fine staircase of Night—mamma's perpetual delight! Papa had imported it for her. It was the one extravagance of their plain little drawing-room; and on this morning Martha, while dusting, described her doer a little too vigorously; and there was the statuette in pieces on the ground. Mamma sat down beside it with a face that looked like crying.

"Tut! tut!" said Willie's fairy godmother. "It is a pity, to be sure; but then, just think how many mamma have no bread and butter and shoes for their little children."

Which was true; but that did not mend the statuette, and mamma looked still more like crying.

"You are as childish as Willie," said his godmother, watching mamma from under her spectacles. "He cried for his lost box of paints, and would not be comforted by the little heathen children; and you will not be consoled by the mamma who not only has no statuette but no shoes."

Then mamma was busy with a pudding. She baked it with her own hands; for she had made it after a recipe of the fairy godmother, and, if a success, it was to surprise papa. At the critical moment, as she was placing it in the oven, she was seized with a doubt. Something about sugar and spice was to be done to the pudding at the last moment. Query: Which last moment? Just before going into the oven, or just before coming out? She ran up stairs to ask the fairy godmother.

"Hush!" said the dame, who was counting her stitches.

"I just wish to ask—"

"I desire you to be quiet," said the fairy, severely.

"Sit down in that chair, and neither presume to speak nor stir till I give you leave."

Mamma sat down. She was a grown-up mamma; to be sure, but then Willie's godmother was a fairy, and could make her over into a spizak, if she chose, with one twist of her knitting-needle.

Tick! tick! Five minutes by the clock; ten! Mamma's pudding standing in the oven, mamma fuming on the chair, and the fairy counting her stitches. Five minutes more, and there was a patter and rattling in the chimney—fairy visitors for godmother. They pulled up chairs, and pulled out their knitting, and talked interminably. Mamma edged up, and the clock ticked off the minutes with uncomfortable rapidity.

Commenced mamma at last: "Do tell me about my pudding. It will be—"

"Hush! hush!" cried the fairy godmother, shocked.

"Little mamma should be seen and not heard. Really I am quite ashamed of you;" and went on talking. And of course you know what had happened to the pudding by the time that the old ladies had tripped up chimney again. It was turned to a cincher.

Mamma was miserably vexed.

"You have a little patience as your son," calmly observed the fairy godmother. "When Hal Green offered to lend his pony he rushed home to ask your permission for the ride; but, you remember, you were engaged with Miss Tattle, who was on one of her endless histories, and you would not permit him to speak; and so he sat counting the minutes; and when she finally took her departure it was too late for the ride. I remember you reproved him for his want of resignation."

There was no time for further pudding attempts, and finding a book mamma sat down to forget her annoyances in reading. Just as she reached the interesting chapter she heard the fairy godmother:

"Mamma! mamma!"

Away ran mamma, with "What is wanted?" and—

"I wish you would go up in the attic and hunt me some spider's web," said Willie's godmother.

"I am almost at the end of my ball of silk."

"How disagreeable!" muttered mamma, and was instantly relaxed with,

"How selfish you are! I am sorry to find you so disinclined."

Mamma found the spider's web, tore back to her book, reached the middle of the interesting chapter, and heard the fairy godmother again.

"Mamma! mamma! I wish you would cease and hold this spider's web," said Willie's godmother.

"Tiresome old thing!" said mamma, and, giving up her book in despair, sat down at her sewing when the spider's silk was wound.

"You hold your work very awkwardly," said the fairy godmother; and presently,

"Why do you not manage better with your children? Do you hear them now?"

And ten minutes after,

"What a sulky expression you wear! It is really very unbecoming! Why are you not more pleasant and cheerful?"

And when she had nearly completed the garment,

"Mamma, put up your work," said the fairy, suddenly.

"I have only ten stitches more," urged mamma.

"But put it away at once," commanded the dame;

"I require instant and perfect obedience."

Mamma folded away the frock, sticking the needle in it crossways, as if it had been the fairy.

"And how has our mamma been?" said papa, coming in just then.

The fairy shook her head.

"We have a bad report to-day, I am afraid. Mamma has been sulky, disinclined, impatient, and rebellious. I am really pained by her perversity."

"Are you?" cried mamma. "Why then did you take such pains to bring about all these fine results? You commenced the day by a disagreeable and perfectly unnecessary restriction about my dress, because I did not endure it with a smiling face; you proceeded to inflict on me a grievous and irreparable disappointment; and not satisfied with that, you called the family attention to my ill-humor, omitting all mention of the cause, and forbidding me to explain. You have worried me through the day with ceaseless reproaches and commands, and then rebuked me because I did not look cheerful under the discipline. You spoiled an entire afternoon by refusing me a moment's attention. You broke in on my occupations on the most absurd pretense, and then exclaim that I am irritated. You yourself have been the cause of what you so much dislike. You worry and cross and fret with a continual and venacious supervision, that would strain to their utmost the principles and patience of a saint."

"You acknowledge, then," said the fairy, "that you, a grown woman, would be fretted out of amiability and self-control by my system; but pray, Madam, is it not your own fault? When did you ever find fault with it before? When you inflicted on your son a disappointment as unbearable as the one you yourself have suffered, you never asked what caused the ill-temper, for which you punished him, or if the punishment was not too great for the offense. When you follow him about all day, with continual fault-finding about very small matters, you expect that he will bear with a smiling face and mood his ways at once; but when you are pursued in the same way you find that it only makes you cross, and stir up the worst part of your nature; and yet he is a little boy, and you are a grown mamma. When Willie's game or project is spoiled, because little boys must not interrupt, and you will not hear him till it is too late, you are shocked that he is sulky and aggrieved; and yet how intolerable it was to sit, while your pudding was spoiling, for want of an answer to a simple question! and you are, a grown mamma and he is only a little boy. You insist that he, a little boy, must leave his most delightful occupation, at the height of its interest, without even a look of dissatisfaction; and yet how hard you, a grown mamma, found it to practice what you preach! You say I am the cause of your shortcomings to-day. If that is so, then, in a limited degree, you are the cause of much of your son's naughtiness; for I thought I could not do better than imitate the system of such an experienced and sensible mamma as yourself, and I have simply copied you to the letter; and if the system works so ill when tried on yourself, is it not just possible that, though rules and a steady and firm system of discipline are absolutely required in a family, that a system of discipline, enforced with an utter disregard of the tastes and feelings of its object, is a tyranny, even when enforced by a mamma—And a few guiding rules are an indispensable as a boundary fence; but that restrictions and regulations, thick-set all through the day, are so many traps and snare-words for unwary little Willies; and that a mamma ought not to require more patience, self-control, and forbearance of a little child than she could see herself in precisely similar circumstances?"

Papa smiled, mamma pouted; and I, Willie, having heard it all, have written it all down for the benefit of those poor grown people, who have been so busy all their lives in teaching us that they have never had any time to teach themselves.

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PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

MARRIAGE OF A COLORED SOLDIER.

This wedding seemed to me somewhat remarkable, inasmuch as the bride was only thirteen, and the groom only about seventeen years old. A lady, looking at the sketch, thought the decent appearance of the party and the taste shown in the bride's apparel exaggerated for the sake of appearance. This, however, was not the case; the scene is given just as it appeared. The bridegroom was a musician, a straight, well-built young fellow in his best uniform. The bride was a light-colored woman in a dress low enough to meet the requirements of the fashionable society of New York. They listened thoughtfully to the worthy chaplain's remarks; and the whole affair was creditable to the colored folks assembled on the occasion. As we left they were all sitting down to a very fancy bridal supper; and the band—of which the new-made husband was a member—was playing outside. It was not an aristocratic marriage, but there was a fiddler ready, and it is safe to surmise that the company enjoyed themselves.

SCENE IN FRONT OF WASHINGTON HOTEL, AT WASHINGTON.

The scene in front of the Washington Hotel is characteristic. As you go South you notice the gradual disappearance of reading and writing rooms, and of decent sitting-rooms for the guests. Thus the sidewalk becomes the only available place for



MARRIAGE OF A COLORED SOLDIER AT VICKSBURG BY CHAPLAIN WARREN OF THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.

loungers. Being more limited than in larger cities, when, in Vicksburg, the pavement is covered with chairs, there is not much space for passengers, es-

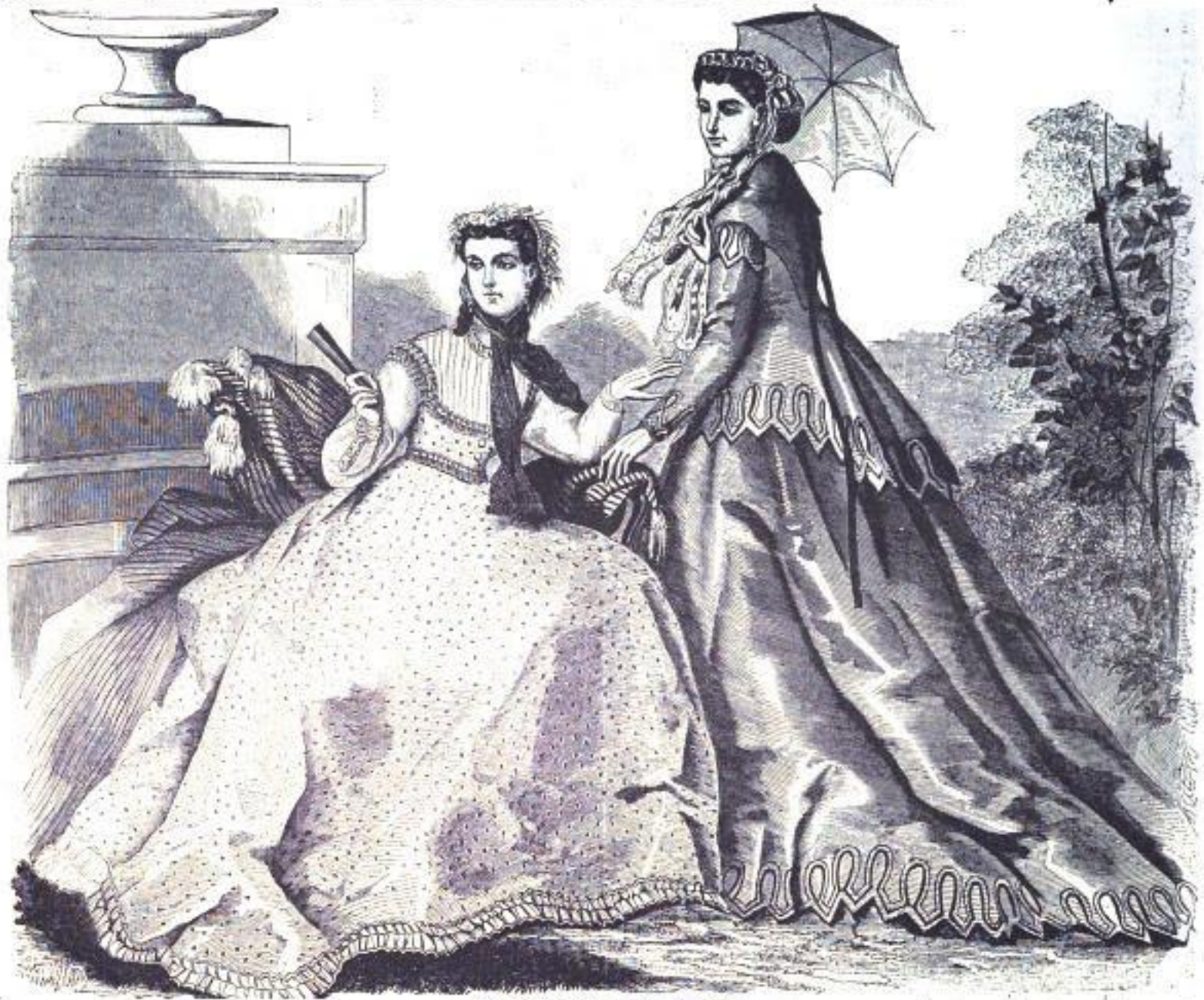
pecially ladies, to get by. They do not seem to mind it though, but thread their way through the gentlemen and the tobacco-juices with comfortable

fertility. It is not agreeable to ladies in New York to have to pass the groups of loungers at the hotels. What would they do if the aforesaid loungers brought

chairs out and spread themselves all over the sidewalk, smoking, spitting, wrangling, and so forth? A. R. W.



SCENE IN FRONT OF WASHINGTON HOTEL, VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI.



PARISIAN TOILETS.—[See Page 414.]



PARIS FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1866.—[See Page 414.]

PARIS FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

The rain and the east wind having at last given place to bright sunshine and moderately warm weather, ladies' toilets, which during the past month were only in course of development, now exhibit a very decided change. The most striking invention of the moment is certainly the robe en fourreau—jacket, skirt, and jupon being all of the same material, and all trimmed to correspond. The jacket is usually very short, and generally made so as not to fit close to the figure, in which case it is merely fastened at the neck. The skirt, which commonly has a slight trimming half-way up its seams, is looped up in folds, to the ends of which silk tassels are sometimes suspended; while beneath it is displaced the jupon, trimmed in a most elaborate style with scrolls, vandykes, rosettes, crosses, crests, diamonds, or other geometric patterns. Occasionally the jupon, instead of being of the same material as the robe itself, and trimmed to correspond with it, is of plain silk of the exact color of the trimming of the robe, with perhaps a single or double row of ribbons running round the bottom. These dresses are made in almost every variety of material.

The robes displayed by the "grand monde" recently at Longchamp, when the great race for the Grand Prix de Paris came off, were of the most magnificent description, and comprised the very latest varieties of the mode and all the colors of the rainbow—bright blue, green, puce, and rich gold-color silks—the brilliancy of the last was subdued, however, by its being covered entirely over with open black lace; striped foulards and gaze de Chambéry in rose-color, porcelain blue, violet, green, and orange, or silver gray or white grounds. Some were made en fourreau, and the wearers of these, with their chapeaux Lamblin, merely wanted crooks in their hands to look very like those exceedingly elegant and most artificial-looking shepherdesses which one meets with in the pictures of BOUCHER and WATTEAU. The majority of robes were, however, with trains of considerable length, and almost the whole of them were made with jackets of the same material, and commonly cut into the most fantastic forms. Thus, some had long lappets hanging down in front and still longer lappets hanging behind, looking not unlike a bird's tail; others were elaborately notched and scalloped round the edges, and many had long open sleeves that hung down almost as low as the knees. The majority were fastened with elegant bands round the waist, but, when the jacket was exceedingly short, it hung quite loose, except at the neck. These robes, when of some positive color, were trimmed with white or black lace, and, occasionally, with straw passementerie, the effect of which was extremely beautiful; while the lighter shades and the striped patterns were trimmed, for the most part, with satin ribbons. The predominating colors of the flowers in the bonnets, and also the bonnet-strings, were, almost invariably, of the precise tint of the trimming of the robe; or, when the robe was of a decided color and trimmed with lace, of the same shade as the robe itself.

If the spectacle which Longchamp presented may be regarded as any indication of the coming mode, the days of crinolines are certainly numbered. The majority of the more elegantly-dressed women seem to have entirely abandoned it. These magnificent robes, with long trains, worn with a plain white jupon, with a broad ruche at the bottom of it, certainly looked most graceful without its adventitious aid, though it must be confessed that the robe en fourreau, spite of the fullness of its looped-up skirt, looks somewhat scanty when worn without crinolines.

Malins are just now coming into vogue, and many of the new patterns are not only exceedingly brilliant in color, but tasteful in design. Floral patterns, consisting of large wreaths and bouquets, and long, trailing clusters of flowers, certainly predominate, though robes, with borders of delicate floral patterns, seem likely to become most fashionable.

For evening dress something like a contest may be said to be going on between foulards and other materials of quiet tints and small patterns and striped and other foulards of the most brilliant hues. Of novelties among the former may be mentioned the foulard alone, the pattern of which is composed of flying birds in gold-color silk; secondly, a foulard, with rose-leaves, sprigs, and buds scattered indiscriminately over the ground; and, thirdly, a foulard, with feathers of different hues symmetrically arranged. Among the richer kinds of foulards may be classed those with carnine and black, or violet, or turquoise-blue stripes, interspersed with clusters of flowers or simple white daisies on silver-gray grounds; and one with a pattern formed of peacocks' feathers of the most brilliant and most variegated tints elegantly disposed on a ground of pearly white. Other evening dresses are of gaze de Chambéry, striped with the gayest colors. When the corsage differs from the robe itself, it is not unfrequently composed of an entre-deux of fine lace and puff of tulle.

Ball dresses are of white tulle, sometimes with delicate artificial flowers tastefully arranged about the skirt, in other cases with rouleaux of white or some light color satin at the bottom of the skirt, the corsage being trimmed to correspond, and occasionally of white tulle embroidered over with silver thread.

There is no particular change to be noted with regard to chapeaux, except that the tulle, or mullin, or net strings, which are now worn extremely wide, have generally a blonde edging to them; the wreath, too, when joined together at the ends, falls now so frequently over the chignon as upon the least. Below is a description of a few chapeaux observed at Longchamp.

First, a chapeau of cerise color net partially covered with white lace, and with long glass beads hanging round the rim. In the front of the bonnet, which is depressed at the top, in the style of the Tudor cap, is a full-blown rose; a bunch of rose-buds hangs at the left side. The strings are

of cerise color ribbon. Next, a chapeau of rice straw, almost entirely covered on one side by a large heart's-ease; surrounded by a few leaves, and having some small heart's-eases on a puffing of net to form the front. A bunch of heart's-eases fastens the head net strings (edged with blonde) immediately under the chin. Another bonnet was of some delicate Italian straw, having a band of scarlet velvet running round the rim about an inch from the edge, and a similar band across the crown. On these bands were arranged clusters of large purple grapes, with rich brown and green leaves festooned over with silver. Other chapeaux were wreathed with bunches of grapes formed of imitation pearls; and one had a wreath of ivy and fig leaves, with small figs hanging in clusters over the front, the whole being on white aluminum beanie.

At Longchamp most of the parasols were of white or some delicate color silk, a few of them being covered with white lace. Attempts are, however, being made to introduce parasols wreathed round the edges with artificial flowers or embroidered over with daisies and crests, or with race-horses or bunches of flowers, all in their proper colors, on light-tinted and black grounds.

Ladies' boots are still worn very high and with tassels, as formerly. The fashionable bottines have merely the toes of leather, the remainder of the boot being of some thin, textile fabric of exceedingly minute pattern, and for which gray, with occasionally a narrow scarlet binding, appears to be the color most in favor. The heels of the boots, which are as tall as ever, are covered with the same material.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. Evening Dress.—Robe of black tulle fringed, covered with a pattern formed of small daisies, and ornamented at the lower part of the skirt with large crystalline tassels, and bordered with lace. Corsage with bands and belt of satin, edged with narrow lace to match the trimming on the skirt. Chapeau of white tulle, with an entre-deux of open lace.

Fig. 2. Evening Dress.—Robe and corsage of white Swiss muslin, or other similar material, embroidered with guipure, with belt to match. A row of ribbon round the bottom of the skirt. Chapeau of heavy straw, encircled with wreath of flowers. The strings, which are of green ribbon, are fixed to the top of the crown.

Fig. 3. Walking Dress.—Robe of striped tulle, caught up in folds so as to show a jupon of the same material. The trimming is of satin ribbon, with a narrow edging of lace and with small silver or glass buttons strung down the center. The chapeau is of gassed tulle, trimmed at the edge with a garland of white lace and with pearl drops suspended from the rim, which fall upon the forehead and on the cheeks. The strings are of tulle, bordered with white blonde, and are fastened together with a sprig of flowers.

Fig. 4. Walking Dress.—Robe and corsage of gray shawl material, trimmed with narrow or rose-color ribbon, ornamented with a delicate passementerie. The chapeau is of yellow straw, trimmed round the edge with a ruche of tulle, of the same color as the trimming of the robe, on which rests some large white daisies. At the top are bouquets of tulle, fringed by similar daisies. The double set of strings, neither of which are intended to be tied, fall loosely upon the breast.

PARISIAN TOILETS.

Fig. 1. Fashionable robe, white ground, with small, red disks. Over the lower margin of the skirt is a very narrow fringe of white tulle, gathered and bound on each side by a narrow ribbon of red silk. Corsage very low, with epaulettes formed by the continuation of a ruche similar to the fringe and placed on the upper margin of the corsage; a line ruche serves as a belt. Inner corsage of white muslin, high in the neck and with long sleeves. Straw hat, "Lamballe," with capotons, wheat ears, black lace, and wide "border" of black tulle.

Fig. 2. Blue silk robe, with "dentelle" edging, trimmed with silk ribbon of a little darker shade; above, and as a continuation of this trimming, is a ribbon which terminates in the middle of the back in two long loops and still longer ends. White straw hat, trimmed with crests of blue silk, blue ribbons, and puff of white tulle; narrow blue "border," very wide edging of white tulle sewing on outer "border." Blue parasol lined with white silk.

FANS.

When and where was the fan invented? The beauties of old Rome were as familiar with its charms as the proud-stepping dames of modern Spain; and ladies of every clime and complexion have adopted the mischief-working weapon of coquetry, and become skilled in the mystery of fanning a fan. Copper-colored dandies, born to use the tomahawk and scalping-knife, have rejoiced in the possession of turkey-plume fans; and the clever Japanese have turned the instrument to uses undreamed of by less ingenious nations. In the alien-hating dominions of the Tycoon, the schoolmaster brings usually archaic to book by rapping their knuckles with a fan; the fop uses it as a switch; the beggar makes it a receptacle for alms; the traveler seeks the useful information in its folds; the warrior brain a foe with its iron case; and it comes as a death-warrant to the high-born evil-doer.

The deacons of the Greek Church receive a fan upon being ordained, to remind them that they are expected to keep intrusive insects from annoying the superior priests in the performance of their public duties; and a large fan of white peacock feathers has figured in many a grand religious solemnity as part of the papal insignia.

In Shakespeare's day no lady thought of stirring abroad without her fan, the case of the toy devolving upon her gentleman-usher: even Juliet's nurse must have Peter to carry her fan; and many a poor lover, who had revisited a feather from his lady's fan, and worn it as a favor, hesitated at carrying his love to its legitimate conclusion, for fear of his ability to

Keep a lady waiting-room, And buy a hood and silver-handled fan With forty pound.

The most fashionable fans were made of ostrich, peacock, or other flexible feathers, fastened into a metal or ivory handle. Among the unconsidered trinkets snatched up by Falstaff's hungry jockeys, Pistol and Nym, was the handle of a certain Mistress Bridget's fan, for which a fence of the period paid the conveyers three shillings and ninepence. When Elizabeth housed her lord-keeper by dining with him at his house at Kew, a diamond-decked fan was one among the gifts with which he acknowledged her condescension. Fans, indeed, seem to have been always acceptable to her majesty; and

many such costly toys figure in the list of New-Year's gifts tendered by courtiers to their royal mistress. That terrible sea-bird, Sir Francis Drake, presented Elizabeth with a fan of white and red feathers, its gold handle enameled with one half moon of mother-of-pearl, including another of diamonds and pearls, forming a jeweled frame for a miniature portrait of herself. The Countess of Bath furnished another of swan-down, "with a mass of green velvet, embroidered with seed-pearls, and a very small chain of silver gilt, and in the midst a border on both sides of seed-pearls, sparks of rubies and emeralds; and thence a monster of gold, the head and breast of mother-of-pearl." A modest gentleman, who preferred to show his loyalty anonymously, sent the queen a fan of sundry colored feathers set in a silver-mounted agate handle. Leicester paid his court with a fan of white feathers, the gold handle ornamented with pearls, emeralds, rubies, and diamonds, and bearing "a lion rampant with a white bear mauling at his foot"—a device that may have been merely significant of his loyalty to the queen, but capable of being interpreted in a tenderer fashion by the woman. When Elizabeth died, the royal wardrobe contained no less than twenty-seven fans.

Tom Coryat was charmed with the elegance of the Italian fans. He says: "These fans both men and women of the country do carry to cool themselves withal in the time of heat, by the often fanning of their faces. Most of them are very elegant and pretty things. For whereas the fan consisteth of a painted piece of paper and a little wooden handle; the paper which is fastened into the top is on both sides most curiously adorned with excellent pictures; either of amorous things tending to dalliance, having some witty Italian verses or fine emblems written under them; or of some notable Italian city, with a brief description added therunto. These fans are of a mean price, for a man may buy one of the finest of them for so much money as countervailth our English great." The Italian gentlemen did not stand alone in their effeminacy. The butterflies of the Scotch Sobol's court carried fans to shield their tender faces from the rude wind as they rode to basquet or ball. "We strive to be accounted womanish," murmurs Greene, "by keeping of beauty, by curling of hair, by wearing plumes of feathers in our heads, which in wars our ancestors wore on their heads." This ridiculous custom seems to have had a long life, for Aubrey bears witness that in 1678 gentlemen were in the habit of carrying huge fans with handles half a yard long; serving not only for their protection and decoration, but coming into domestic use as instruments for correcting their grown-up daughters when troublesome or rebellious. The judges of the land were not exempt from the fan fever, and no less a man than Lord Chief-Justice Coke carried an enormous fan when going the circuit—a curious method of adding dignity to the majesty of the law!

Catharine of Braganza introduced the green shading fan into England, and it held its pride of place until the Revolution, when the folding fan came into vogue, and the old-fashioned feather fan (rechristened the matron's fan) was relegated to elderly ladies, as "more comely and civil for old persons than the former, which is shifted with nothing but vanity;" the vanity lying in the landscape, romantic scenes, and fanciful designs with which the folding fans were decorated. In Anne's reign the toy had lost none of its charms, nor had fashionable ladies acquired more decency, for we are assured that they only endured the intolerable fatigue of sitting out the morning-service at church by making it an occasion for displaying their fine fans, white hands, and brilliant jewelry. The fan must have made deep inroads on a fine lady's pin-money, since Sir Roger de Coverley thought the profits of a windmill should be set apart to find fans for his perverse widow, if she became Lady de Coverley.

To flirt a fan properly was an art only to be acquired with labor. Mrs. Abington, the actress, was a proficient in it:

"O' my, ladies, cry Abington;
Observe the fanning in her air;
There's nothing of the actress there:
Assess her fashion if you can,
And catch the grace of her fan."

Addison gives some amusing instructions in the use of the fan. Holding the fan was performed with the instrument closed, the excoctant first shaking it at one gentleman, then tapping her neighbor on the shoulder, next pressing her lips to the end of the fan, and finally letting her arm fall easily and gracefully by her side. This was to be learned in about a week. Unfolding the fan required at least a month's incessant practice; the manoeuvre comprising little flirts and vibrations, gradual and deliberate openings, and voluntary fallings asunder of the fan. To discharge fan was to make a pop as loud as the report of a pocket-pistol. To ground fan was to top it gracefully upon the table with a certain air, in order to take up a pack of cards, replace a falling pin, adjust a stray curl, or perform some equally important act. All these difficulties of fan-dill surmounted, the greatest remained to be conquered; but even fanning the fan might, with great perseverance, be mastered by an apt pupil in three months' time. "There is an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the flirting of a fan. There is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarcely any emotion in the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan; inasmuch that, if I only see the fan of a disciplined lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a fan so very angry that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it; and at other times so very languishing that I have been glad, for the lady's sake, the lover was at a sufficient distance from it. I need not add that a fan is a pride or a coquette according to the nature of the person who bears it."

When ivory, leather, wood, and paper superseded feathers in the manufacture of fans, artists were called in to add beauty to the delicate weapon that gave

Confines to the watchful dame,
To every other breast a fane.

Watteau fairly fanned his way to fame; Cipriani, West, and Reynolds did not disdain to use their pencils in the service of fashion, and we can readily accept Miss Barney's assurance that the result was more delightful than can well be imagined. But the painters were not allowed to have it all their own way; the engravers entered the list with vigor and success, and catered to the love of novelty with great profit to themselves. When Bachewell was the pet of the ladies nothing would serve for fan-mounts but representations of the church martyr at the bar. When Gallier's *Fanels* took the town by storm, every lady carried Liliput about with her; and when the *Beggar's Opera* made Gay rich, and Rich gay, fans were covered with copies of the songs and engravings of the scenes. A correspondent of Sylvanus Urban, writing in 1758, gives a curious list of a dozen designs he saw displayed by a row of ladies kneeling at the communion in a fashionable London church. Such subjects as the "Meeting of Isaac and Rebecca," and "Joseph and Potiphar's Wife," being Scriptural, might pass muster with a tender critic; but "Darby and Joan," "The Taking of Porto Bello," "The Humors of Change Alley," "Silence," "Vauxhall Gardens," "The Judgment of Paris," "Harlequin, Pierrot, and Columbine," and "The Prodigal Son," from the "Kate's Progress," were hardly in keeping with the occasion. The popularity of the printed fan-mounts seems, however, to have run counter to the interests of the English fan-makers, for they thought necessary to petition against the importation of them from abroad; and one of their advocates proposed the levying of a tax of sixpence and a shilling upon every paper and leather fan-mount, calculating to raise thereby a revenue of between twenty and thirty thousand pounds, to the detriment only of some half-a-dozen paltry plate-engravers, who were enriching themselves and starving hundreds.

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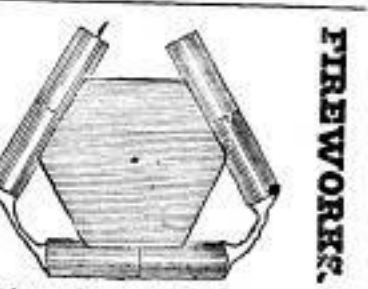
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TIONAL ORPHANS' HOME FUND,** under auspices of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Union, Washington, D. C.,
at **GRUYER'S THEATRE,** on Thursday Evening, August 2, 1866.
200,000 Tickets will be sold at \$1 each—75,000 Presents awarded, valued at \$250,000! \$25,000 of the Proceeds
to be given to the Soldiers' and Sailors' National Orphan Home Fund, \$25,000 to the Washington Male and Female
Orphan Asylum, and the Balance, after deducting expenses, to be paid to the Treasurer of the Soldiers' and Sailors'
Union of Washington, D. C.

ONE PRESENT TO EVERY FOUR TICKETS.
LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE AWARDED.

1 Three-Story Brick Residence, 11 Street, between Sixth and Seventh.....	\$24,000
1 Three-Story " " Second Street, near E.....	20,000
1 Three-Story " " Tenth Street, between M and N.....	8,000
1 Two-Story " " Tenth Street, between M and N.....	5,000
1 Two-Story " " Tenth Street, between M and N.....	5,000
5 Five City Lots, on Seventh Street, North.....	4,000
1 Splendid Carriage, Horses and Harness complete.....	4,000
1 Splendid Diamond Ring.....	2,000
1 Set of Diamonds, complete (Ears, Rings, and Rings).....	1,000
1 Grand Piano (Steinway's).....	1,500
1 Solid Silver Tea-Set.....	1,000
10 Grand Pianos, \$50 each.....	5,000
100 Gent's Gold Watches, \$20 each.....	2,000
50 Ladies' Gold Watches, \$15 each.....	750
5 Grand Melodions, \$20 each.....	1,000
25 American Case Silver Watches, \$15 each.....	3,750
25 Hunting Case Silver Watches, \$20 each.....	5,000
25 Diamond Rings, \$100 to \$200 each.....	2,500
25 Diamond Pins, \$100 each.....	2,500
40 Sewing Machines, \$100 each.....	4,000
20 Sewing Machines, \$15 each.....	3,000
20 Silver-Plated Tea-Set, \$75 each.....	1,500
50 Silver Custers, \$25 each.....	1,250
5,000 Clocks, Albums, Jewelry, &c., \$5 to \$10 each.....	25,000
10,000 Tea and Table Spoons, &c., \$2 to \$5 each.....	25,000
10,000 Card Sets, sleeve buttons, &c., \$1 to \$2 each.....	14,000
40,000 Books, Gallery, Engravings, &c., \$1 to \$10 each.....	20,000
Total.....	\$250,000

The awards will be made after the Concert, on the stage of the theatre, where three thousand persons can witness
it. A committee will be appointed by the audience to superintend the same.
Printed lists of awards will be published and supplied to Agents and Ticket-holders. Parties having tickets will
retain them until after the awards are made, and if their number appears in the list, they will forward their tickets
immediately, with full directions as to the shipping of goods or deeds for the property. Tickets for sale at all the prin-
cipal Hotels, Book and Music Stores in the City, and at the Headquarters, in the Mammoth Fair Building for the
benefit of the Soldiers' and Sailors' National Orphan Home Fund, corner of Seventh Street and Pennsylvania Avenue,
Washington, D. C. The Directors appeal to the liberality of the people to give this enterprise their kind support,
and thereby assist in relieving the wants of the Orphans of our fallen comrades.
MANAGING DIRECTOR: Major H. A. HARR. President Soldiers' and Sailors' Union; Colonel CHAS. F. CARP.
All persons desirous of acting as Agents are requested to act as Agents, but no commissions will be allowed.
Money should in all cases be sent by Post-Office Order, Draft, Express, or Registered Letter.
In every case send the name and Post-Office address, County and State of each separate subscriber, and inclose
stamp. All orders for tickets must be addressed to
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